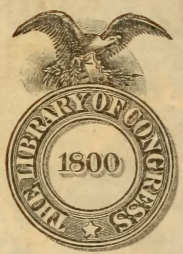


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# MOTION PICTURE

MAGAZINE

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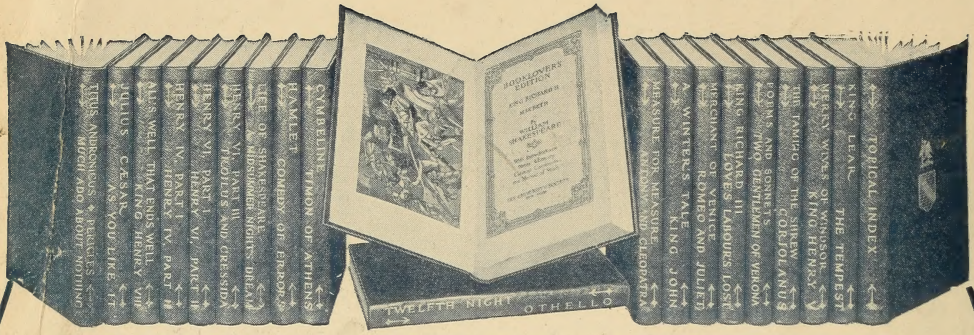


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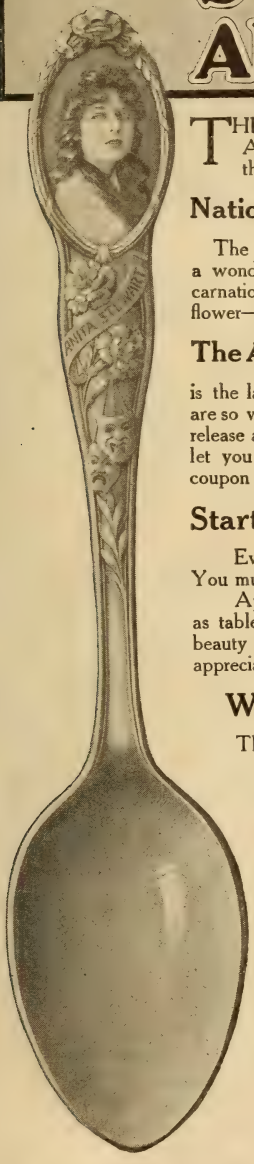


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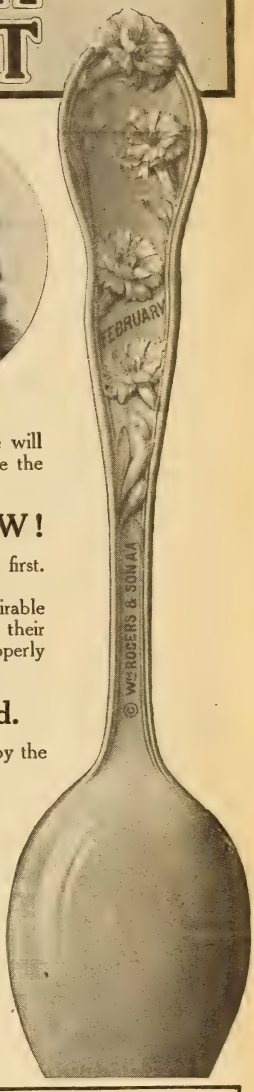


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# MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT

**will be the September number, and it will be on sale on August 15th**

## Price 15c the Copy, at Newsstands or by Mail. Size 9½ x 12½

The first edition will naturally not be on sale at all newsstands until a demand for this new magazine has been created. Hence, those who cannot secure a copy otherwise may mail 15 cents (coins or 1-cent stamps) direct to us at any time, and a copy will be mailed as soon as it comes from the press. Remember that first editions are always rare and valuable. We will give $1.00 each for copies of the first number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—so dont miss the first number of this great, new, handsome magazine, the handsomest in the world.

## *Remember the Date! Wait for It! Watch for It!*

For years the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have been asking us to make the magazine a weekly or a semi-monthly, and we have long felt the need of reaching our readers oftener than once a month—of delivering our message more promptly. During the last year or two the Motion Picture industry has grown by leaps and bounds, and so has our magazine; but twelve numbers a year are not enough to say what we have to say. Instead of changing our present magazine into a semi-monthly, which might displease some of our readers—principally those who feel that they cannot afford to pay fifteen cents twice a month—we have decided to continue our present monthly magazine just as it is, without any change whatever, and to issue another brand-new magazine, which will come out just fifteen days later. It will have very much the same departments as its sister, namely, a Gallery of Popular Players, Chats, Brief Biographies, Stories, Greenroom Jottings, and an Answer Department conducted by our own inimitable Answer Man. Those who wish to have their queries answered or their letters to the Editor published in the first issue may address them the same as before, except that on the top of each must be written, "For the Supplement." The same editors and writers, the same departments, the same printer, the same publisher—our own readers will surely be enthusiastic about this new magazine. It will not be necessary for readers of one publication to read the other, for each is complete in itself and entirely different from the other in material, altho the general character will be the same. The front cover will be a beautiful picture of Gertrude McCoy, in many colors. New stories, new features—nothing will be repeated.

Price 15 cents the copy; subscriptions $1.75 the year. Watch for final announcements in the September number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which will come out on July 31st.

## ADVERTISING RATES (until further notice)

Inside page, $100; fourth cover, $200; inside covers, $125; one column, $34; two columns, $68; one inch, $3.50. Size of text page, 8 x 10; size of one column, 2⅝ x 10; size of double columns, 5½ x 10. Hence, plates and cuts of standard magazine size can be used. Advertising forms close August 1st.

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# The Fakes and Frauds in Motion Pictures!

EVERY line of business has its swindlers. Ever since gold was discovered in California, the world has been flooded with schemes to swindle the public into buying stock in fake gold mines. The same is true about oil, copper, graphite, and nearly everything you can think of. When it became known that fortunes had been made in the theatrical business, the schemers and swindlers began to inveigle the investing public into putting money into the "show business," and thousands of "angels" have found, to their sorrow, that all is not gold that glitters.

And this is so of nearly every business in existence. We even have our church swindlers, and our charity swindlers, who prey upon the sympathies of a generous public. The Motion Picture is no exception. Tho comparatively a new industry, already the schemers are at work, and already thousands if not millions of dollars have been lost in this business. In a series of articles by Horace A. Fuld, to be published in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, it will be shown just how these schemers pull the wool over the eyes of the investing public. The first article will be "Selling Motion Picture Theaters" and the second will be "Getting Into the Film Business." Mr. Fuld is one of the best known writers on Motion Picture topics, and nobody is better equipped than he to handle his subject convincingly and exhaustively.

And here are a few of the other treats that we have in store for our readers:

**Moving Pictures a Tonic for the Eyes** . . . By A. M. Hughes
Showing not only that Motion Pictures do not injure the eyes, as some say, but that they actually improve the eyesight.

**Just Like You!** . . By Paul H. Simpson, Christchurch, New Zealand
Telling how New Zealand walks and talks, and how it is "mad on movies."

**Motion in Pictures** . . . . . By Dorothy Donnell
An article that is scholarly and replete with classic allusions.

**My First Visit to the Movies** . . . . . By Homer Dunne
An interesting comparison of the pictures today and those of ten years ago.

**Are Moving Pictures Greater Than the Press?**
By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A.
An able argument by a keen thinker.

**Expression of the Emotions (Teeth)** By Albert Levin Roat, A.M., D.D.S.
Showing how important the teeth are to the expression, and how to preserve them.

**The Millennium for Stage Folks** . . . . . By Robert Grau
In which this noted writer shows how and why Motion Pictures are now the Mecca for stage stars who once frowned upon them.

You will observe from these titles that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE aims to be more than a mere entertainer—that it seeks to instruct and uplift. It is not all froth and light reading. And as for the eight stories that are to appear in each issue, we are confident that no publication in America will contain such a choice collection of fiction. Besides, dont forget our many regular departments, such as Greenroom Jottings, The Answer Man, and Chats with the Players. Our July issue was an increase of 25,000 copies over the June issue, and before it had been on sale five days, the supply was exhausted and all re-orders from hundreds of newsdealers had to be refused. Hence, order your copies from your newsdealers well in advance or you may not be able to procure a copy of our September number. Our motto still is "Ever better," and we expect your verdict to be, as usual, "The best yet!"

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**MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

# Educational Department


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The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE does not want, and will not accept, any other kind of advertising, and it will thank its readers for any information regarding any of its advertisers who do not live up to their representations.

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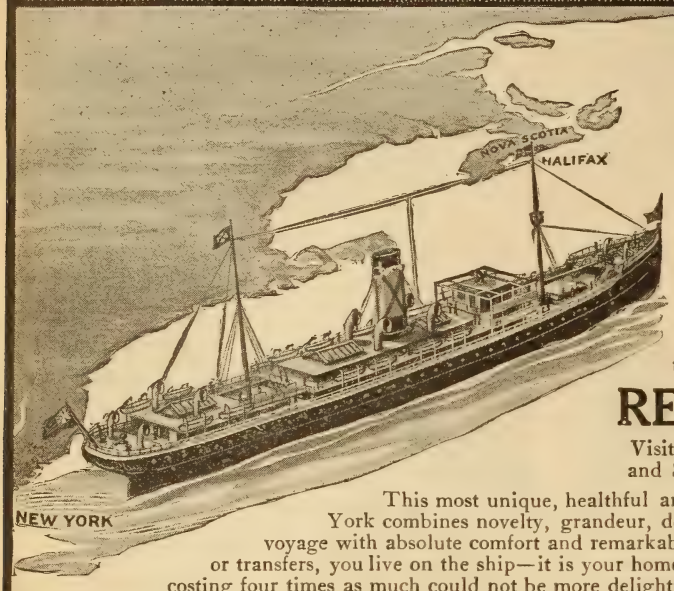


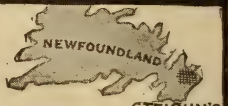


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**A Sales-Producing Medium**

# THE MAGAZINE THAT SELLS!

The March edition of the "Motion Picture Magazine" was 275,000 copies, but it was "Sold Out" before it had been on sale ten days.

The April edition of 288,000 copies met with the same fate within eight days after it was published.

Even the May edition of 294,500 copies was not large enough to supply the demand, and "Sold Out" was again heard all along the line before it had been on sale six days.

The July edition was an increase of 25,000 over the June edition, and, on account of the holidays, it was issued on Saturday, May 29. On the following Tuesday morning, after filling re-orders from theaters and news companies, we had scarcely a hundred copies left.

On the next day, the American News Company demanded five thousand more copies, and the numerous newsstands on the Brooklyn elevated stations wanted three thousand, too, but the order could not be filled. Ever since that day we have been kept busy returning checks to people who had ordered copies but who could not get a supply from their newsdealers nor anywhere else. The September edition will undoubtedly be at least 325,000 copies, and the "Supplement" 100,000 copies.

## THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUN 24 1915
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# MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

VOL. X NO. 7

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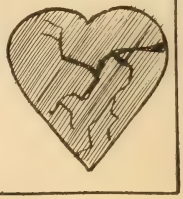
# The Greatest Moving Picture

by Calvin Goss

The greatest Moving Picture play?
Well, now you ask a question deep;
But as you ask me, I will say,
And will this same conviction keep:
The greatest play on any stage,
Whose scenes forever shift and flit,
Is going on from age to age,
And God in Heaven projecting it.

The sheeted dome of heaven the screen;
The sun and moon and stars the lights
That make it glow; clouds intervene,
And we descend from lofty heights
To look across the earthly plain
Where, silhouetted on the sky,
The mountain range or fields of grain
Are pleasing pictures to the eye.

The music may be sweet and low
That with the picture measures time;
The note of bird, the waters' flow,
Help swell the orchestra sublime.
And you and I, we play our part
In this, the greatest picture show,
In dramas of the loving heart,
As love and life still onward flow.



# Gallery of Picture Players

ADELE LANE
(Universal)

COURTENAY FOOTE (Reliance)

MILDRED HARRIS
(Mutual)

LILLIAN WALKER
(Vitagraph)

EDWARD EARLE (Edison)

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MARGARET GIBSON
(N. Y. M. P. Co.)

CARLYLE BLACKWELL (Lasky)

# JANE OF the SOIL

ESSANAY

by

FRANCIS WILLIAM SULLIVAN

This story was written from the Photoplay of JOSEPH ANTHONY ROACH

IT was one thing for Andrew Ferris and his wife, sitting in their farm-house parlor, to agree that their sixteen-year-old daughter should be sent to school and become a "lady"; but it was another thing to put it over on Jane. She—barefooted, in torn gingham, dead-shot with a rifle at one hundred yards, and dead-game sport at any distance—differed.

"YOU WIN, PA, AND I'LL GO"

"What fer do ye want me to be a lady, pa?" she inquired from the top of the corn-crib, where her helpless parent and half of the farmhands had chased her. "I'd feel so lonesome among all these hicks." She grinned pleasantly down on the adoring circle.

Andrew Ferris did not argue.

"Go up and get that girl and bring her down to me!" he commanded his forces. Scaling-ladders were brought, but Jane, her freckled, laughing face half lost in her mass of tousled hair, only gripped more tightly the club she had taken with her to her refuge.

"Come on," she offered; "but ef I see a head I'm a-goin' to hit it."

But history has written that even Joan of Arc was conquered, as was Boadicea, and, at last, even Jane had to bow to superior numbers.

"Reg'lar catamount, she be," declared Jerry, the chore boy, rubbing his skull as the triumphant procession wended from the corn-crib towards the house.

Yet, Jane had one more line of defense. As they approached the barn she conceived a brilliant idea.

"Pa," she said, "I dont wanna be no lady; but I'll be square. I'll roll the bones with ye for it. One shake of the box—and, if I lose, I'll go. That's fair enough, aint it?"

Ferris, who had never associated discipline with gambling, even remotely, refused. His daughter looked at him with disapproval.

"Oh, come on, pa; be a sport!" she adjured. "It's as fair fer you as it is fer me. Aint it, boys?" She appealed to the trailing farm youths.

Mr. Ferris was informed unanimously and copiously that it was, and, after a long battle, agreed. A couple of boards and dice were produced from the barn, and the entire group gathered about the throne of Chance.

The excitement was soon over. Ferris, with beginner's luck, threw a pair of fives, and Jane, despite the muttering of numerous magic charms, could only roll threes.

She gazed at the treacherous ivories a moment in surprise. Then she smiled and, stepping over to her father, offered her hand and pump-handled his man-fashion.

"You win, pa, and I'll go," she

told him. "And I'll come home such a lady as you never see."

Her father clasped the dirty little paw in his.

"You wont ever go to be ashamed of your folks, will you, Janey?" he asked, doubts assailing him.

"Ef I was, I wouldn't be no lady, would I?" she answered, with naïve penetration.

So it was arranged, and the next week, dressed in her brave country best, Jane drove to the station with her father. As they got out at the platform, the station-agent approached with a well-dressed young man.

"Here's a hand wants a job," he said. "Can ye take him on, Andrew?"

Ferris, after a moment's thought, assented, and, taking out a pencil, wrote a note for the youth to present to his foreman.

In the meantime, the stranger's rather weakly handsome face had lighted up at the sight of Jane's fresh young beauty, and, with the ease of his class, he commenced a conversation. But she, coloring, looked him carefully up and down, and turned away. His gaze followed her longingly as she walked towards the train.

Miss Slater's school, which was almost exclusively for girls whose parents had started something they couldn't finish, awed even the determined Ferris. His entrance with Jane took place while a group of stylishly dressed girls were in the principal's office, and both felt at once their incongruity.

Ferris pushed his daughter forward awkwardly and stammered his introductions. The burden of his halting speech was that he wanted Miss Slater to make a lady of Jane.

Perhaps it was because she herself had come to the school under distressing circumstances that Marion Doyle's heart drew towards the forlorn country girl. Supported by her two elder brothers, her desire for education had caused an unhealable breach between them. During a bitter quarrel on the subject, John, the elder, had ordered Ralph out of the house, and Ralph had gone, vowing never to return. They had not heard from him since, tho John had searched steadily.

Marion and Jane became fast friends. The latter girl grew and

THE KINDLY PRINCIPAL DID HER BEST

HE TOLD HER WHAT WAS IN HIS HEART

expanded like a flower. Her vocabulary enlarged as her accent narrowed; a disconcerting wit took the place of her catamount temper; and the little no-wits, who at first made fun of her clothes, commenced now to copy her patterns.

Marion, having a big brother, was permitted to receive him at the school, and thus John met Jane. She was twenty then, and dazzling, and John, once he had seen her, found a surprising number of occasions when he must visit the academy.

So, during that last year, the friendship grew.

It culminated at the commencement festivities. The night before Jane was to return home, she and John, after walking beneath the summer trees and warm stars, sat down on the steps of the school for their last talk.

But the talk was difficult. There seemed to be breathless intervals, during which their hearts pounded alarmingly, and John's voice continually stuck in his throat.

But the sweetness of the honeysuckle and the throbbing song of a hermit-thrush helped him, and, at last, he told her what was in his heart. And, as they talked, Marion came softly out on the veranda and saw them. She stopped, a strangely sweet look of happiness crossing her face, and then, still so quietly that they did not hear, went back into the house.

What John said, how he said it, or what he did, does not matter. The outcome of it all was that, when she went to bed that night, the last thing Jane did was to kiss the dear, new ring on her left third finger, while John sat up half the night telling himself that he was unworthy of the girl and assailing a blameless heaven with incredible thanks.

Pa Ferris had his lady. When she

got off the train at Beeston, next day, he scarcely knew her. Dressed in a tailor-made traveling suit, and with no trace of her former dialect, she seemed to him like the heroine of a story, which she was.

As they walked to the buggy, Jane came face to face with a down-at-heel, slovenly man, who seemed strangely familiar, and who stared at her with red-rimmed eyes. When they had driven away she questioned her father about him.

"Yes, that's the fellow I hired the day you left for school, but he didn't last long on the farm—shiftless and always drinking."

The man himself, struck by Jane's beauty, slouched off down the road after the rig and out of town, towards the Ferris place.

Once again at home, it seemed to Jane as if she had never been away at all. She ran upstairs and put on again her ragged, old togs of long-ago.

"The dear old place wouldn't know me if I tried to get acquainted in those stylish new things," she thought, as she slipped out the kitchen door.

So, from one familiar spot about the farm to another, she went, and then across the fields into the woods, where she had dreamed and played so often in her childhood.

Then, as she stood with her arms full of wild flowers, she heard a sound behind her, and turned. The shabby man she had noticed at the station was slouching towards her, an ingratiating smile on his face.

Instantly she walked away from him; but he followed, quickening his pace to equal hers.

"Aw, have a heart!" he wheedled; "I'm only admiring you. You've certainly got the class, and you seem to have the speed. Let's slow down and talk it over."

Jane of the soil stopped short and faced him, the old, fierce light smouldering in her eyes.

"You've said enough!" she told him, with ominous quiet. "Now, you move, and quick!"

But he only smiled indulgently, and then, before she could move, had swiftly stepped towards her and taken her in his arms.

After one instant of breathless amazement, she fought as in the catamount days of her youth, writhing and twisting with all her lithe strength. Back and forth they swayed, crushing down the fresh grass and trampling the wild flowers that had dropped from her arms. Then, as her strength was going and her breath coming in great gasps, his coat suddenly flew back, revealing a revolver thrust in a holster at his belt.

Quick as lightning, the instinctive thing was done. With a free hand she seized the pistol, jerked it loose, and, pressing it against his head, fired. An instant later, the smoking revolver in her hand, she looked down, horrified and really conscious, for the first time, of what she had done.

Then wild fear seized her. The thought that some one might discover the body, after having seen her enter the woods, brought a swift panic, and, with almost superhuman strength, she dragged it into a rocky cave. Then she fled, the realization growing in her mind that she was an outcast, branded with the mark of Cain. In the crisis, her first thought was of her lover and her duty to him now.

The next morning John and Marion Doyle, in their home three hundred miles away, admitted to their breakfast-room a white, pinched creature whom they scarcely recognized as Jane Ferris.

"I cant marry you, John—I've killed a man!" was the burden of the stunned girl's half incoherent words. "I'm going back to give myself up now, but I had to tell you first."

Scarcely understanding, beside himself, John pleaded. But she was firm, and at last he had to let her go—the engagement broken!

Half an hour later he received a telegram. It read:

> Man answering your brother's description found shot in cave near here. Alive, but mind affected. Come at once.
>
> CONWAY, *Sheriff.*

When Doyle reached Beeston,

THEN WILD FEAR SEIZED HER

Conway was waiting for him. He enlarged on the telegram.

"The man can walk," he said, "and is perfectly normal, except for the flesh-wound on his head and the fact that his mind is gone. I found him playing in the cave like a child, and I've had him treated and taken to my office. He's there now."

But Ralph was not in the office. Neighbors said they had seen him slip from the office and run back into the woods as soon as Conway's back was turned. On this information, Doyle and the sheriff organized a searching party and commenced a systematic hunt.

When Jane had returned from what she explained to her parents as a brief visit to Marion, she did not give herself up at once. Grief and morbid horror drove her, as if by some irresistible force, out into the woods, towards the scene of her crime. Almost like one hypnotized, she crept furtively into the cave.

Then she heard a sound, and, looking up, saw the murdered man standing before her.

For an instant they faced each other. Then, with a scream, she ran from the cave and out into the woods, on and on, until she fell, exhausted and sobbing, on the ground.

When Jane returned to a cognizance of time and place, night was falling, and her unfamiliar surroundings told her she was lost. Moreover, first flashes of lightning gave warning of a long-threatened storm.

Then the storm broke and drove her, staggering and drenched, before it, until a flash of lightning revealed a deserted hut in a little clearing ahead of her. She had scarcely forced her way in and recovered her breath, when she heard steps on the dilapidated stoop. Frightened, she hid behind a huge box in one corner of the room, and the next moment John Doyle, who had become lost from the sheriff's searching party, came in. But Jane, crouched in her refuge,

could not tell who he was, and was careful to keep out of sight herself.

John was trying to kindle a fire in the wrecked fireplace, when wild, eerie laughter came to them on the wings of the storm, and Ralph romped into the clearing. A moment later he caught sight of the hut and ran towards it. Cautiously he pushed the door open and, as he did so, saw before him the dim form of John who had sprung up at his approach.

The two, mutually fearful of each other in the darkness, leaped, and, in a moment, were locked in a furious life-and-death struggle.

But Ralph, weak from his wound, was no match for his brother, and the latter, catching him by the throat, hurled him back across a table, striking his head.

The next moment the door of the shack opened, and one of the sheriff's party entered. By the dim light of his lantern he saw the struggle, and tore the fighters apart, just as Conway, with the rest of his men, came in.

Then, as John turned, he and Jane recognized each other, and she ran to him, with an eager, glad cry.

Conway, who had been examining Ralph, uttered an exclamation, and helped him to his feet.

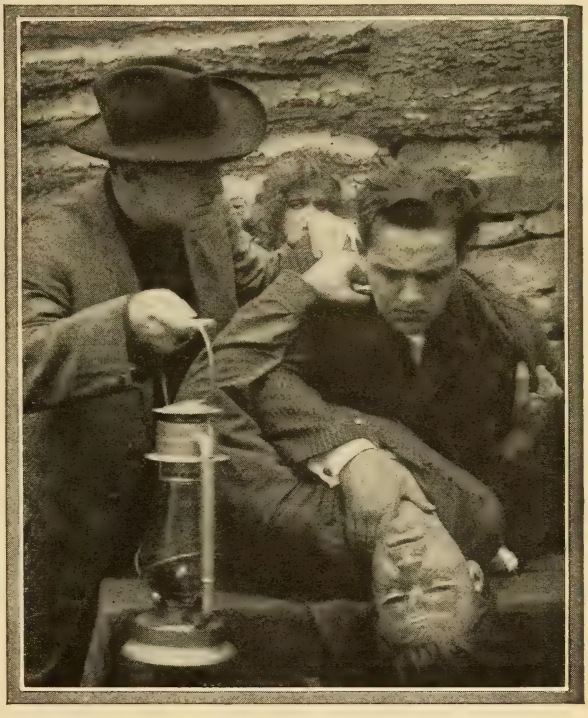
"By thunder! Mr. Doyle, this is the man we were looking for," he said, and John, by the light of his lantern, looked into his brother's face. For a moment he was stunned, as was Jane, to whom the relationship was revealed for the first time.

Vaguely, Ralph turned towards Jane, but she shrank from him in terror. At that, the memory the blow he had received in the struggle had restored to him, came back, and he dropped on his knees before her.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he stammered, in an agony of contrition. "Will you—can you—forgive me?"

"You snake!" cried John. "What have you done to terrorize her?"

Jane stood trembling, with half-closed eyes. The school memories of open-hearted Marion and the tale of her two brothers, the strong and the weak, flashed across her brain like the vivid images of a drowning man.



RALPH WAS NO MATCH FOR HIS BROTHER

"Up and out of here—out of my sight, you cursed rum-fiend!"

The passionate, infuriated words cut sword-like across her memories.

"John," she said, taking his hands and holding them tight, so that she felt the tremble all adown his strong body, "I was a sorrow once myself—a wayward imp of the soil. Your dear heart has turned mine into a generous one. Give Ralph a chance. He was your kid brother once—your little bedfellow. We are all of the soil—God wills me to help the weaker ones!

# Thru TURBULENT WATERS

## BY NORMAN BRUCE

EDISON

"GIRLS," said Dolly La Vere, *née* Sarah Field, whirling into the long, narrow room, where the chorus was putting on its eyebrows and complexions, "what do you suppose has happened?"

"You've met another meal-ticket," guessed Mae Miller, with a dab of her rabbit's-foot on her sallow cheek. "Come on—give me a knock-down, wont you, Doll? I aint seen a beefsteak for weeks."

"Old Mason's fired Her Highness an' handed you her job," said Glory Genung, spitefully. "I seen him call you over after the rehearsal. Thought he'd give yuh a raise f'r flatting in the second song and dancing out o' step twice——"

"Aw, shut up!" snarled Dolly, shrugging her shapely, bare shoulders. "You're jealous 'cause you're in the back row, Glory, that's what. No; but I seen the new leading man just now, and say!"

She rolled her blue eyes rapturously, helped herself to her neighbor's cold cream, and fell to work on her pretty face with a zest. "If he aint a lalapalooza, I dont know one!"

The tall, slender girl at the end of the row smiled to herself. For two years now Alice Robinson had passed from chorus to chorus, differing from one another, slightly, in costume and music, but identical in girls—the same chatter, the same jealousies and rivalries and mean, sordid, little ambitions. A new man was always a bone of contention to be growled over frantically behind the scenes, played up to, flirted with in front. She glanced down the row of anxious, painted faces, delicate color blooming on pale cheeks, rice-powder covering worry-lines, bloodless lips crimsoned by the rouge-stick.

"They're a lot of Tommy Tuckers," she reflected, whimsically, "dancing for their suppers. If they dont look pretty they'll go hungry. What a life!"

That it was her life did not occur to her. Alice ate in a little, white-tiled lunch-room on a humble street near the theater. All she knew of lobster-palaces and gilded restaurants was what the other girls told each other in her hearing. They did not understand her—could not place her

NOTE: This story was written from the Photoplay of GERTRUDE LYONS

among the few readily labeled types that made up their world.

"She's queer," they told each other, bewilderedly. "Why, she *pays* for all her meals! And she aint no worse for looks, either, tho, o' course, she aint what you'd call pretty."

She was not what you would call pretty, with her reedy slimness, her Burne-Jones face and pale-gold hair. That she was beautiful, these little show-girls, with their Forty-second Street ideals, could not guess, and the managers, who rate their chorus according to its popularity with the tired business man in the front row, gave her an insignificant place in their productions because of a certain knack she had of wearing a twenty-dollar gown as tho it were a Paris importation.

A shrill bell clamored down the room, sending the girls away from their mirrors with frantic snatches at hooks and ribbon bows. Alice, who had been ready for ten minutes, hurried out first into the confusion of Behind the Scenes. The stage manager, in shirt-sleeves and derby, was profanely superintending the placing of a cement fountain and three artificial palms, which were the *pièces de résistance* of a sumptuous garden scene at Monte Carlo. The electrician was struggling with a refractory moon which had shown symptoms of

THE MAN AND

a total eclipse at the afternoon's matinée. Supers, stage-hands and chorus-men stood about in every one's way, and the orchestra, beyond the curtain, tried gallantly to conceal the noise of hammering, with the latest syncopated waltz-song. As Alice stood in the shelter of one of the wings, holding her scarlet draperies —typical of the stage Monte Carlo— off the dirty floor, her eyes fell on a tall, broad-shouldered man talking earnestly to the manager near-by.

"The new lead," she thought. "Why—he looks like—— He *is,* I do believe——"

Surprised pleasure carried her toward him with outstretched hands.

"Mr. Temple!"

The leading man turned, with a queer start, a greenish pallor tingeing his handsome features. Recognition sprang to his eyes.

"Miss Robinson! You *here?* What a delightful surprise!" he said, nervously voluble. "Er—in fact, you startled me a bit calling me that name. I've changed it, you see. Delaney it is now—professional reasons," he laughed thru stiffened lips. "Wouldn't do to let Broadway on to the fact I'd been playing 'East Lynne' on the corn-tassel circuits, out West, for the last five years; would it, now?"

The girl looked up at him, puzzled, smiling a bit uncertainly. "Then I suppose Jane has changed *her* name, too," she ventured. "How is she, and where is she? I haven't heard a word from the naughty girl since we played 'The Two Orphans' to an audience of fourteen!"

Paul Delaney did not meet her eyes. There was a something in his dark, well-featured face that was not pleasant to look upon.

"My—wife," he said slowly, "died six months ago—very suddenly. I am all alone."

Alice Robinson gave a little cry: "Jane—*dead?*" Genuine grief undertoned her words: "Oh, I'm so sorry! Why, she always seemed so strong and well and happy, it's hard to think of her as dead! How sad that your success came too late for her!"

The leading man watched the mobile, wistful face quiver and droop, thru half-closed eyes. He noted, appreciatively, the poise of the small, gold head, the lines, the slender

shoulders. Why, the girl was a born actress! What an ingénue she would make with that young, appealing, drooping loveliness!

"It is good of you to pity me, Miss Robinson," he said. "I am a very lonely man—or I was till five minutes ago; but now I have found an old friend, and I hope a new one, too."

"Looker that!" whispered Dolly La Vere, sneeringly, to Mae, with a jerk of her shoulder toward the two talking in the wings. "Say—aint she the sly cat, tho? Lettin' on she was too good t' talk t' a Johnnie, an' then coppin' the new lead right under our noses—not 'at *I* care, tho! Guess little Dolly's got a few as swell as him any day!"

"Gee! but aint he makin' eyes at her?" marveled Glory Genung, with a pettish toss of her gaudy, brass-colored hair: "Goin' some t' get to the holding-hands stage *so* soon! I always said she was a wise one under that saintly make-up she wore——"

Bobby Burrill, in the silk hat and white spats of the "Millionaire Boys" chorus, strolled up at this junction, with tremendous news.

"Say, girls," he told them, impressively, "know who's in front tonight? Old Montrose, of the legit', and F r a n k Wentworth. They're goin' t' give us the once-over for their new show! Straight goods! Got it from headquarters. Wont quite break your little hearts, will it, when your Bobby leaves you to play leading man in the long-time?"

A flutter ran over the group. Dolly La Vere gave a hard laugh.

"No use!" she said grimly. "High kickin' wont get us out o' the pony class; but, as long as champagne an' French-fried grows in the pasture, I should worry! Come on, girls—there goes the curtain."

In one of the stage-boxes, two men watched the play closely, aware that, from the moment the curtain went up

THE WOMAN

to its final fall, they were the sole audience, as far as the actors went. The older—a puffy, flabby-cheeked man with keen eyes, that had found ten great stars in as many years—made frequent notes in a little blank-book. His companion, young and distinguished, sat with folded arms, watching the chorus, whenever it appeared, with such intensity, that fifteen of its sixteen members felt certain they had made a new admirer. The sixteenth—slim, palely golden, and grave—did not glance his way at all. As the red curtain, heavily plastered with lop-sided cupids, sank over the gaudy finale, Montrose turned to his companion with a curt nod.

"He'll do," he grunted. "I've had that fellow in mind for five years, ever since I saw him in a bum stock show at a tank-town, out in Kansas. Temple he called himself then; it's Delaney now, I see, but the same fellow—heavy, sullen, handsome brute, with a sledge-hammer power about him. He'll do."

"Looks as tho he drank," remarked Wentworth, frowning. "If you were to ask me, I'd say he was breaking the speed-limit going downhill."

"Drank? Sure; but he's the man for the heavy in 'The Lesson'—the one who defies his mistress, you know: bulldog jaw, thick, red skin, good looks, perfect type! I must have a word with him before we leave."

An usher was sent back to the leading man's dressing-room, and returned with Delaney still in his make-up and toreador costume. At the sight of his visitors a quick flash passed across the dark face.

"Pardon my appearance, gentlemen," he began, suavely. "What can I do for you?"

"This," said Montrose, brusquely, and, in a few words, offered him the part of David Marchinant in his new play, "The Lesson." Delaney listened, coolly, tho triumph flamed in his shifty eyes.

"You'll take it?"

"I'll take it," said the actor, quietly.

"Good!" Montrose picked up his hat. "I'll have Mr. Wentworth make out a contract for you. Rehearsals begin next week—or as soon as I find an ingénue to suit. I'll let you know later——"

"An ingénue?" Delaney hesitated, with a sudden vision of a pale face in a frame of shining gold. "I know some one that might do. At least, she is very beautiful."

"Humph!" Montrose scowled. "I can make an ugly woman beautiful, but I cant teach a fool to act. Who is the girl? The one you played with in Shawney's stock five years ago?"

What ailed the man? wondered Frank Wentworth, watching the sudden paling of the dark face. Delaney bit his lip.

"No, sir," he said. "That was my wife; she is dead. The girl I mean is Miss Alice Robinson."

"Never heard of her," snapped Montrose. "Bring her around to my theater tomorrow afternoon, and we'll see whether she's got the stuff. Good-night."

A snickering call-boy stuck his head into the chorus-room a moment later.

"Miss Robinson!" he yelled. "Mr. Delaney wants t' see you in the foyer."

He was accustomed to playing Mercury for the ladies of the chorus, but this was the first time he ever brought a message to Alice Robinson. The girl colored faintly, under the covert glances of her associates, as she hurried out of the room.

"Well, you gotter hand it to her f'r quick work!" exploded Dolly La Vere, vehemently, as the door closed. "Here, Mae, gimme your powder-rag, will you? I gotter date with a swell guy an' his limmy-sine!"

Delaney whirled about to meet Alice's low voice, tossing his cigar thru the open door. His gaze searched her. She felt as tho she had never been really looked at before, and, suddenly, under the dark eyes, she began to tremble, foolishly, like a child in the presence of a new experience.

"Miss Robinson—Alice," said Delaney, deliberately, "do you want to

become an actress—a real actress, and read your name in electric lights above Broadway?''

''Yes,'' she breathed; ''you know I do. That was why I left the old stock. I thought anything in New York would be a step up. But—you see I am still in the chorus. You—you dont mean——''

''I dont mean anything till I've seen you play,'' said Delaney, cryptically. ''You remember some of your old parts, dont you? Good! Then we'll hold a little, private rehearsal right now, if you'll let me come to your boarding-house.''

Three hours later Alice staggered to her feet, after her tenth death in Camille's tragic fashion, and sank limply into a chair, every nerve and muscle quivering. Delaney gave a short nod of approval and rose, taking up his hat.

''You'll do,'' he said curtly. ''You've got the makings of an actress—even Montrose will see that—and I'll train you. It will be worth my while.''

''It is good of you to do this for Jane's sake,'' said Alice, faintly. His hot hands came about her twisting, cold ones in a savage grip. His hot breath stirred her hair.

''Jane! Always Jane!'' he cried fiercely. ''Listen to me, my girl, and dont make any mistake about it. Whatever I do, I'm doing for *you*—not for Jane.''

She was not quite certain afterward whether he kist her or not. She was not quite certain whether she would have minded if he had. In one evening life had grown very complex and strange. She lay awake till sunrise, trying to think of Jane, her old chum—merry, happy Jane, with her sweet, old mother and silent, adoring father—Jane who had married Paul Temple and gone away and—it seemed—died so suddenly. But a dark, somber face came between her thoughts and Jane's memoried smile—the face that had bent over hers that evening.

''He said he would make an actress of me,'' she whispered faintly; then, with a queer, painful throb: ''Oh, what made him look at me that way?''

Mr. Montrose was almost satisfied with his first glimpse of Alice the next afternoon. He was entirely satisfied after a half-hour's watching of her work.

''Call Mr. Wentworth,'' he demanded of a stage-hand; ''we'll settle this thing right now.''

When Frank Wentworth saw the pale-golden head bent over the manuscript of the play, he whistled softly under his breath.

''That girl again!'' he muttered. ''It cant be—yes, it cant help being. There never were two heads of Blessed Damozel hair like that in this world.''

''Frank,'' commanded Montrose, ''make out a contract for Mr. Delaney and Miss Robinson to sign!''

''Miss Robinson?'' repeated Wentworth, slowly. There was that in his tone and look that brought a dull spark to Delaney's eyes. He glanced down at Alice and noted, mentally, the interested look she turned to the young lawyer. His heavy jaw snapped shut. He took a step forward.

''Better make them out for Mr. Delaney and Mrs. Delaney,'' he said deliberately. ''Miss Robinson and I are to be married very soon.''

Never afterward could Alice understand why it was she sat as in a trance and let the words go undenied. In the back of her brain a wee voice screamed: ''No! no! He is lying! I will not marry him! Dont believe it, you of the kind face and hurt, sorry eyes!'' But outwardly she sat white as marble and watched the business concluded as tho, not present, she were looking on at something happening a very long distance away. It was Delaney's voice that finally brought her back to earth again—an apathetic, spiritless thing who could only listen to his hot words and assent weakly.

''It's the best way, Alice,'' he told her. ''We'll have to be together constantly, rehearsing and all.''

''But''—it was the hidden voice

JANE'S FATHER IS DETERMINED TO FIND THE ELUSIVE ACTOR

making a last effort to speak—"do you—love me?"

She would never forget his laugh or the way he took her in his arms. "Love you? Oh, yes; I love you *enough!*" he said.

The next day they were married in Alice's boarding-house parlor, with a draggled audience of theatrical folk looking on and a sharp-featured young man, in clerical garb, droning the sacred words thru his thin nose.

ALICE ROBINSON REFLECTS AND REGRETS

Ensued for her a nightmare time. At first she tried pitifully to see Paul Delaney in the light of the husband she had visioned in her dreams. But the man was not cut to the pattern of a woman's happiness. Behind the suave, assured exterior he presented to the world was a different being—a hunted, sullen, irascible creature, who drank steadily, tho with remarkably small effect; who sat brooding bitterly for hours upon

hours; who kist her fiercely at times, and at others almost struck her. In one thing alone was he the same—his work. He was a tireless craftsman—a relentless teacher. Night after night he lashed the girl thru

THE AUDIENCE IS THRILLED BY

her part with merciless criticism, until even he was satisfied.

And so the first night of "The Lesson" came, passed, and was acclaimed by the critics "Another of Montrose's successes"; and Alice saw her name blazoned on the sky as Delaney had promised her. It was soon after this that the first of a series of strange things happened.

"An elderly man passed me on the street today," she remarked to her husband, at breakfast one morning, "and — do you remember Jane's father, Paul?—he looked exactly like him."

Delaney glanced up from a letter he had been reading, and Alice shrank from the white horror of his gaze. One instant it was as tho she had looked thru an uncurtained window into a dreadful place; then his eyes fell, and the horror was gone. He drank two cups of scalding coffee before he spoke, and the color came back to his thick cheeks.

"You'd better eat your breakfast without chattering," he said shortly. "We've got to get over to the theater and practice the shooting-scene again. Last night you fired into the air, and, of course, I got a laugh when I fell over dead."

But she noticed, when they went out into the street, that he looked furtively about as tho dreading some one. The cringing look did not leave him again thru all the dreadful days that followed to the end of Paul Delaney's life. Every morning, for a week, Alice saw him pick up a certain letter from the pile at his plate, lay it down irresolutely, then snatch it, tear it open and read the few lines of shaky handwriting inside. But her conjectures over the mystery were halted by a discovery of her own.

One afternoon, as she dozed fitfully

A SCENE FROM "THE LESSON"

in her room at the hotel, she was roused by the sound of angry voices in the sitting-room beyond.

"I tell you I haven't got the money!" Paul was snarling. "See here, Ford: come 'round here with any more of your threats and I'll have you arrested for blackmail!"

"Look well in print, wont it?" sneered another voice, nasal and vaguely familiar: "'Paul Delaney, the Popular Broadway Star, Marries His Leading Woman with a Mock Ceremony!' Better fork over, old man. It'll be cheaper in the end."

The room rocked before the girl's eyes. The floor rose and fell under her unsure feet, but she managed to reach the door and open it. The two quarreling men turned at the rustle of her presence. One of them was the sharp-featured fellow who had officiated at their marriage. Alice leaned heavily against the door-jamb, clutching her loose negligée at the throat.

"Is—it—true?" she panted. "Is it—true—you—only pretended to marry me? Is *that* true?"

A maid passing along the corridor outside let her dust-pan fall with a clatter at the shriek that came from the half-opened door of the room. She pushed it ajar and glanced in, in time to hear the beautiful actress's despairing cry:

"I wish to my soul there had been real bullets in the pistol last night! Oh—my God!—what is to become of me?"

In his dressing-room sat Paul Delaney, ready for the part he played on the stage as well as in life—the destroyer of a woman's happiness. It was almost time for the curtain-bell, but still he sat, slunk, motionless, in his chair, glassy eyes fixed on a scrap of paper between his rigid fingers. He had found it stuck in the mirror when he commenced to dress. The note ran, in crabbed, tremulous script:

At last I have a plan. Perhaps it will be tonight. Perhaps a week from now. Is life pleasant to you? This is my last letter.—JANE'S FATHER.

The tiny clock on the dressing-table tittered away the minutes light-heartedly. A knock on the door startled him to life.

"Curtain, Mister Delaney!"

"Coming," he answered, heavily. He held the note to the gas-flame, but it fluttered mockingly from his shivering grasp into a corner of the room. In a childish gust of anger, the man shook his fist at it.

"Stay there, then!" he shrilled. "I'm not afraid of you!"

But, under his bluster and braggart words, there was fear. It went with him—of him—onto the stage; it unsteadied his hand, turned his make-up into a sickly purple. The actors noticed it and whispered among themselves.

"Drink," guessed one.

"Look at *her!*" nudged another. "She acts like a sleep-walker, except when she looks at him, and then her eyes blaze! Guess they've been having it hot and heavy."

The audience noticed it with an uneasy sense of impending consequences. One man, in the top gallery, leaned forward intently, bloodshot eyes never leaving the star's face while he was on the stage. When the third act came he hardly appeared to breathe, so great was his interest and excitement. The scene moved swiftly to its tragic close. Defied and desperate, the scorned woman of the play snatched up the pistol she had hidden under a handkerchief on the table, pointed it at her former lover, and, exclaiming, "Die, then, you lady-killer!" had discharged it straight at his heart with unwavering aim.

Delaney staggered, smiled in a puzzled, silly sort of way, and then flopped, in a loose, sprawling huddle of limbs, upon the stage. The audience, sated with thrills, relaxed as the curtain went down, applauding with the perfunctory insistence of people who intend to get their money's worth, even if it is only a prescribed number of curtain-calls. But, to their surprise and indignation, the curtain refused to rise. At the end of three minutes' frantic clapping, a white-faced stage manager appeared, to say that Mr. Delaney had been taken suddenly ill, and the audience put on its hats and coats and trailed out, its chatter and noise turned to nervous whispering.

Montrose, smoking with Wentworth in his private office, was summoned by a chattering stage-hand to the star's dressing-room.

"Delaney's dead!" he told the producer—"she shot him!—there was real bullets in the gun she pulled!"

"I dont believe it!" exclaimed Wentworth, as he plunged recklessly down the stairs behind Montrose. "That girl couldn't have done it; I'd swear she couldn't on the Testament!"

The stage was set as for the play, but crowded with supers who had no part in the performance. And among them, unseen, invisible, stalked Death—the actor who never misses a cue. In a gilt and brocade stage-chair huddled Alice, watching the confusion with dazed, uncomprehending eyes. A spark flickered in them as Wentworth bent over her.

"I didn't know there were bullets there," she whispered with dry, difficult lips; "I didn't know."

The man's face quivered, but he repressed himself sternly. "Of course you didn't," he said cheerily. "Now, I'm not a criminal lawyer, but I want you to leave the case in my hands and trust me; you *do* trust me, dont you?"

"Yes," she sobbed, with sudden, tired tears; "oh, yes, I do!"

But the next morning Wentworth sat at his desk, staring down at his newspaper with gloomy eyes. It was all there—the quarrel overheard by the maid, the half threat about "real bullets"; he had not been able, yet, to find a weak link in the chain of evidence shackling her. He could not guess that across the city roofs an old man sat staring in horror at the same paper, crumpling the cloth on the cheap hotel table at his side. Yet, when the telephone at the lawyer's elbow rang, he took down the receiver with a reasonless flash of hope.

"Yes—I am Wentworth, the lawyer

ALICE IS ACCUSED

in charge of Miss Robinson's case. Who are you, please? *What?* Repeat that—Delaney's *murderer?*"

Two hours later Alice was sobbing quietly in Wentworth's arms.

"It was the father of his first wife," he told her gently. "I'm afraid the poor old fellow was insane with brooding over his daughter's wrongs. He confessed the whole thing, dear—changing the bullets and all—and I found his note in Delaney's dressing-room. And I've seen Montrose, and he offers to double your salary if you'll go on with the play!"

How hard it was for him to tell her this only the little, winged god of lovers knows. But Alice only wept all the harder, clinging to his coat as tho she could not let him go.

"No—I cant go back!" she cried, piteously. "Have you no feeling!"

She shuddered, with the poignancy of recent memories. "Could I ever act again a scene every move of which leads up to the death of—"

She could not go on, but he caught her meaning. "I never want to see the stage again!" she cried. "Oh, I want some one to take care of me."

She was tired—worn dangerously near the breaking point—so the man resolutely drove back the words that leapt gladly to his lips. But his voice shook with tenderness as he bent and kist her brow.

"And I want to take care of you, dear," he said simply. "God knows I do!"

# A TIMELY INTERCEPTION

BIOGRAPH

by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

It was at least an hour before sunrise, and only a few stray wisps of light from the crown of waking dawn had stolen thru the little, square panes of the farmhouse windows. One would have had to look more than once thru the dusky shadows that shrouded the "settin'-room" to have

made out the figure of a man slowly making his way toward the mantel-shelf with a groping motion of his hands, as tho pushing back the gloom. Now his hand has nearly brushed away one of the stiff-painted vases that stand guard over the sanctity of the room itself.

With a sharp breath he catches the ornament and stealthily replaces it, and then stands trembling and listening. Some one has stirred uneasily in the room above. It is some minutes before he moves again. Already it has grown much lighter, and there is anxiety in the movement of his hand as it tugs away at a piece of the base-board. In another minute it gives way, and he has thrust his arm up to the elbow in the gaping hole. His hand shakes treacherously under the weight of the tin box he drags out. He opens it with a jerk, feels within its shallow depth, and nods with satisfaction.

Two minutes later he steps out of the back door, and an observer would be amazed on seeing in the marauder the bent form of an old man. Furthermore, the face that is set toward the gilding rays of a rising sun is neither pinched by greed nor seamed by crime. Yet, with one hasty look at the upper windows, he hurries guiltily behind the grape-arbor and thence across the fields toward the distant town.

And that is just the way old Jed Simmons had been doing all his great deeds of loving sacrifice for more than twenty years—like a thief in the night! The need of aid and love and sacrifice would arise suddenly, as it always does in life, and a great deal of talking and weeping would follow. Jed would just sit off on one side and say nothing. Maybe he would brush away a stray tear or hide a sly smile. But that night there would be some *action*—a mysterious basket of food for the discharged farmhand's wife, a receipt for the doctor's bill sent to a ruined neighbor, or an anonymous gold-piece for the parson's widow!

Among those loudest in their accusations that old Jed was stingy and that he kept a tin box in the chimney-piece just like any common, ordinary miser, was his brother Jim. Jim Simmons was always losing his job, and taking his time in finding another. How he lived and supported his sickly daughter he—and Jed—alone knew. Fifteen years before Jed had sliced an acre off his farm and given it to Jim for a home-site. Since that time Jim had spoken not less than a million words against his brother, and not more than ten words to him.

On the morning that old Jed robbed himself, Jim was washing his face in a basin of cold water on his back stoop. His sharp eyes caught sight of the old man hurrying along the rail fence at the bottom of the meadow, and, becoming jealously suspicious of some good deed being done for some one other than himself, he slipped on his coat and set out after his brother. Both of them had a long wait before the savings-bank in Cranston opened. Jim's eyes opened wide when he saw the mixed pile of currency that Jed dumped out before the receiving teller. He worried little over the fact that he had probably lost his job at the near-by oil wells for not reporting to work promptly at seven a. m.

It was within an hour of noon when old Jed reappeared at the farmhouse. His daughter Jennie seemed more worried over the fact that Joe—Jed's adopted son—idled his time in making love to her instead of cultivating the cornfield. Nobody worried about poor old Jed, who spent the hours of his life giving them pleasure and sustenance. Whenever a crisis arose, old Jed shouldered it. He was their Providence, and Providence seemed munificent.

Thus old Jed had slaved and saved for twelve years, with a single joyous event in view. He wanted to clear up all financial obligations and get a thousand dollars ahead. The latter he had always deemed the necessary sum to give his daughter as a dowry—when she should marry Joe. Just as tho they would find it possible to leave him—or rather do without him and

the old farm! All these years he had said nothing; but, had they known it, he had obligingly slid out of their way and made every opportunity for lovemaking a golden one. He had been willing for years to shiver in the shade that young love casts on graying age, and to warm his old heart on the thought that these two were being made blessed thru his efforts. And, in giving all himself, their own generosity was dwarfed thru want of exercise.

As a fitting climax to his morning's work, he found the young lovers engaged in their happiest pastime. There was Joe groping about, shutting his eyes, while Jennie appeased a seemingly inexhaustible appetite by frequently giving him "something to make him wise," with the result that he looked sillier every moment. But old Jed was content in watching them, unseen, for nearly a half-hour, contrary to his penchant for incessant work—for this was to be something of a self-ordained holiday.

"Why, there's pa!" exclaimed Jennie, suddenly espying him. "Land's sake! where have you been, pa?"

"Only to town," he said, simply. "And I been hearin' good news for you two!"

"For me, too?" asked Joe, incredulously. He had picked up the whip and harness and was sheepishly backing out of the scene.

"Come here, Joe," said old Jed, kindly. "The fact is that I been watchin' you two outer the corner of my eye for more'n five year past, jest like I watched you today."

The two lovers looked very guilty and began assuming awkward positions with rapid frequency. Their rosy faces were turned to the ground, and their tongues were silent.

"Today I got some money," the old man continued, winking knowingly toward the top of the apple-tree in front of the house; "an' I aint tellin' where, neither. It's come Providence-like, jest as tho it was put by against the day my little Jennie here needed it, Joe—because you may have allus hear me say that my little gal couldn't never marry till I had a thousand dollars put away safe and sound for her weddin'-day."

Jennie nor Joe had never heard this, but they gave each other a look of amazement.

"So, you see, 'taint no use in hiding it from me no longer." Jed paused, and the young people assumed their former look of fear at the outcome. "I dont keer what you think; I'm tickled to death about it!"

Then Jennie threw herself into her father's arms and wept, while Joe chewed succulently on one of the harness-straps, a tear or two trickling down his cheeks.

"Come here, Joe," called Jed, a little hoarse with tears himself. "Take her—take her off my hands!"

He left the two of them standing awkwardly underneath the apple-tree, stunned and reeling under the blow of good fortune.

Jed made his way into the kitchen, suddenly become the most unhappy man alive, for he realized that he had given the treasure of his heart to another man. He poured himself a cup of half-cold coffee and dipped some left-over bread into it; but even this usually delicious repast would not pass his aching throat.

At length Jennie came in, singing, too happy to note the downcast spirits of her father. With his usual habit of self-abasement, he stole out into the fields, this time to hide a real grief, keener than any he had ever known before.

But a draught on old Jed's sympathy and generosity was approaching from another quarter, that threatened to demolish the happy fabric of Jennie's and Joe's betrothal. For Jed's brother, Jim, had lost his job, as he had half-suspected he would, and the knowledge of Jed's wealth in the savings-bank, coupled with the old man's unfailing good heart in times of trouble, interfered with Jim's finding another in a hurry.

Jim did not know anything about old Jed's resolution to use this money as little Jennie's dowry, else he might have paused in his plot to prey upon

his brother's soft heart. But in this Jed's nature conspired with Jim. To bring about the happiness of those he loved was one of the chief aims of the old man's unselfish life; but to relieve the distress of those dependent on him was his highest mission.

It was true that the mortgage on Jim's house was threatened with foreclosure, but even unprincipled Jim considered this a lame excuse to beg a thousand dollars. While he was deliberating, however, his frail little daughter, May, was suddenly stricken with typhoid.

The appeal that old Jed received from his ne'er-do-well brother was a genuine cry from an anguished father's heart, and it laid open a wound that only active service and golden generosity could hope to heal. Old Jed hastened over the path by the brook, that had been disused for so many years, that led straight to his brother's shallow heart.

The doctor had come, reluctantly, and showed little interest in the case till he saw old Jed's sympathetic face, that was like a wide-open door to heart and funds.

He immediately moved away from the side of the grief-stricken father to the bent man.

"It is serious, Mr. Simmons," he replied, in answer to Jed's anxious look. "In fact, I cant hold out any hope unless everything is done. A trained nurse must be near day and night——"

Jim was looking at his brother with eyes that dared not hope, tho they pleaded frantically. But Jed did not even see him, and his words interrupted the doctor's further enumeration. "We got to do what's to be done, doctor, so you mought as well do it—I'm responsible." He whispered the last two words as tho they might possibly grate on wounds already bared.

So the doctor went ahead, sparing nothing—least of all, Jed's pocketbook.

With no thought of saving—only of giving that which was dearest—old Jed himself sat up with the delirious child, mingling gentle words of prayer with her wild mutterings. Now and then he pleaded with her, with tears streaming down his weather-beaten cheeks, as he tried in vain to retain her hot, twitching hands.

So once again, in the chill of the dawn's half-lights, he trudged thru his fields, with the sweet burden of mercy weighing his tender heart. The two young and happy creatures were still in the thrall of slumber and love-dreams. An hour later he was downstairs as soon as they, with no word of complaint of the aching weariness that gnawed at his aging bones.

But at breakfast he told them of his brother's misfortune and of little May's grave illness. It was pitiful to see their blooming dream of love crumble under the sinister news, but, withal, continued association with the fine deeds that old Jed had wrought unceasingly had bred in their natures a fine fiber that now stood the strain against adversity.

So old Jed had wrought finer than he knew. He had built character and made of them all men and women. Even Jim—when he had lifted his head from the weight of grief of those critical days and moan-pierced nights —saw in the bent form of his elder brother a tower of strength and a power that was profound. In one night his petty prejudices and jealousy withered, and the morning's sun shone upon a new-born devotion that the grave alone could extinguish. One night he found old Jed sitting there by her bedside, his eyes closed and the weight of days and nights unconsciously shadowing his wrinkled brow. Jim could count something of the unvoiced price of it all, and a sob of anguished affection escaped his lips. He seized the limp hand that hung over the side of the chair and crushed it passionately within both his own.

"Jed! Jed! Yore ekal aint on the whole earth!" Before Jed could thoroly rouse himself, Jim was gone, and for days afterward he was at a loss whether that experience had been a deed of the flesh or a figment of hope and a passing dream. Not till

the day that the doctor pronounced little May out of danger did Jed learn that it was a living truth. Then Jim grasped his hand, and he saw in his eyes those same words again, only his tongue had not the power to utter them again.

"It aint nothin', Jim, I tell you," old Jed reiterated, altho the riches of Solomon had been poured into the lap of his heart thru this, his latest beneficence.

And thus Providence arrived just in time to take the place of old Jed, for things seemed to go generally wrong from this time on. And love and devotion had built up a strong bulwark to support the staggering fabric of their interest, too; for Joe and Jennie and Jim and May were united in the one thought and action of giving aid to old Jed.

The first calamity that followed little May's recovery was the foreclosure of the mortgage on Jim's house and home. It would not have been so hard to shoulder had not little May's sickness cost such an amazing amount. But old Jed said that the debt had to be met, and the mortgagee emphatically agreed with him. It took the last cent; so when the potato crop rotted in the ground because of the worst rainy season they had ever known, it left Jed with a deficit in the fall. There was enough income from some of the more fortunate yields to pay current expenses, but none left to buy winter wheat and a store of provender for the coming season of unproductiveness.

The winter that followed was a hard one, just how hard none but old Jed ever knew. With spring came a demand on resources, of which poor old Jed had none. There was no winter wheat this year to lay by credit for spring sowings, and autumn harvests were dependent on spring sowings. Frost was scarcely out of the ground when the final blow fell, in the death of Jed's old sorrel mare that had plowed and reaped all the yields for the past decade.

That afternoon old Jed slipped out and went to town.

"There aint much buyin' or sellin' in these parts now, Jed," his old friend, the Justice of the Peace, told him.

"Aint there, now?" exclaimed a crony, who sat hugging the stove. "There's a good deal of talkin' about a couple of chaps who air buyin' parcels of land hereabouts."

"What for?" asked the Justice, suspiciously.

"I think they'd bear watchin'," advised the informant.

"I'd like to git hold of these fellers," said old Jed, wistfully.

Jed found one of the land-buyers a little while later in a dusty room over the general store, where they had set up a sort of office. The man said his name was Mr. Ivory, but there was something about him that was more like steel. He said he would be glad to look over any property Jed had for sale. In fact, he went to the lower meadow at once with Jed and left him, with a sample of the soil and some water from a pool near-by. The next morning he sent the blacksmith to tell Jed to come down and see him. The result was a check for a small amount as a week's option on the meadow property.

But old Jed's hopes fell as the days wore on and nothing more was heard from Ivory. He had built their whole future on hope and that Providence that had stood by him thru all the former years of his life seemed to have perished during the hard winter. Desperate times had fallen upon them indeed, but old Jed's passion for sacrifice and optimism deceived all those dependent upon him into thinking things were mending.

It was not until he actually put out a shingle, which he had secretly painted several months before, that calamity really laid its cold hand upon the hearts of Joe and Jennie. Jed had never troubled Jim with the bitter facts of his struggle.

The old place for sale!

That evening, around the old cast-iron stove, old Jed broke down for the first time in his life and told them the worst. He had borrowed up to within

a few hundred of all he owned in the world. He was penniless, and a note was due in less than sixty days. A sheriff's sale and dispossession were upon their heels!

A month passed, which saw old Jed at last felled by adversity. He had given up the fight and went about caressing every stick and stone as tho in fond farewell.

Joe had had a whispered conference with Jim, and something had come into Jim's eyes that made Joe look with awe and admiration upon him.

It must have been about a week before the sixty days were up that Jim and Joe found old Jed gazing into space and shaking his head and mumbling to the old apple-tree. They approached solemnly, and Jim handed his brother an envelope. Jed turned his back with his old habit of secretiveness, opened the envelope absently and took out five yellow-backed bills.

"The whole place only brung that —five hundred dollars," said Jim, regretfully.

"My sakes! You didn't sell, boy, did you?" queried Jed, rising with the impact of the tragedy.

Jim looked at him, crestfallen, nodding his head.

"Such a sacrifice, and it aint enough to touch what I owe with a ten-foot pole—five thousand wouldn't do it now, Jimmie!"

THE SADDEST MOMENT IN OLD JED'S LIFE

There was something in that affectionate "Jimmie," harking back to a loving boyhood, that sufficed for all things, tho all efforts had failed.

The next day Joe and Jim began to dig postholes for a fence across the meadowland, that Jed had resolved to keep to the last. They returned home that night weary and heart-heavy to learn that good news had been the order of the day. Mr. Ivory had returned with several other gentlemen. They had looked over the property and announced they would buy the place for cash next day under the

condition that Jed and his family would vacate within thirty days. There was no alternative. They were to return on the morrow with the cash.

There was no rejoicing. In fact, each went to bed knowing full well that hope had died in that house that day and lay in the "front room" in a tin box in the form of a deed which the gentlemen had left for old Jed to legalize with his signature.

to it, and the two gazed at it with bulging eyes. The next minute they had simultaneously dropped everything and went tearing down the gentle slope with hearts bursting with joy.

They must have reached the house almost simultaneously with a big red car had they not both fallen headlong into a pit that had been dug and hid with brush—a pit that some one had

A DISCOVERY IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND

Joe and Jim resolved to keep up appearances to the last and set out as usual on their task of digging holes the next morning. They worked without a word for an hour or more, Jim puffing stubbornly at his corncob pipe; Joe looking occasionally toward the house, as tho expecting Jennie to summon them any minute. Jim stopped, with a sigh, to light his pipe, throwing the half-lit match in the hole, that was rapidly filling with water. Strangely, the match did not go out, and the phenomenon interested Joe. He called Jim's attention

dug, as it were in the night, for a purpose soon to be disclosed.

Jed was not to be found. Jennie called in vain, telling him that the men were here about buying the house and were impatient. At last she found him kneeling beside the worn old sofa in the front room, his bent shoulders shaking with sobs.

"All I wanted was to see you two married in this old house; then I could have died happy," he whispered. "My poor children, see what I've brought you to!"

(*Continued on page* 180)

# WHOM the GODS WOULD DESTROY

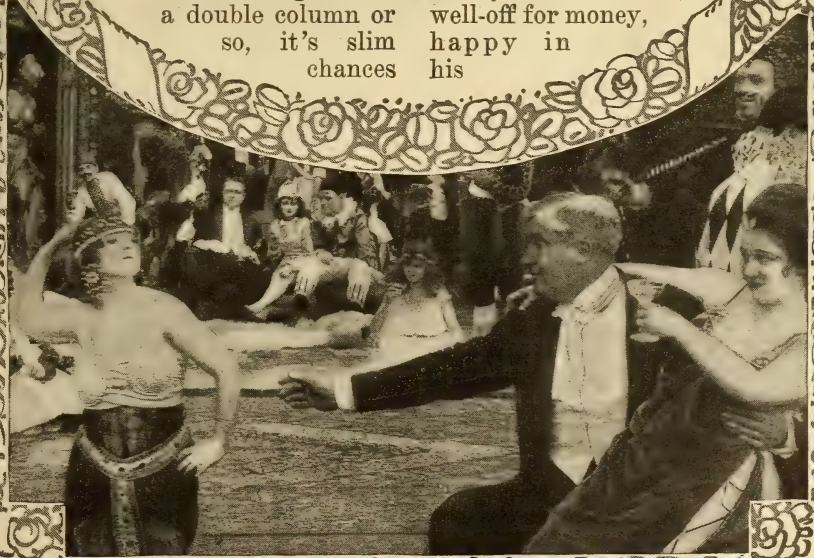
by

## KARL SCHILLER

LUBIN

"I SEE the newspapers put the Rice business down as suicide." Grant, of the Central Office, tapped the florid headlines of the latest "extry" with a stubby forefinger. "When the reporters cant smell out enough symptoms of a murder to be good for a double column or so, it's slim chances for us; but it's a queer thing that a man should choose to blink on the very eve of his wedding."

"It's queerer still when you know Rice," nodded Chief Bently, a worry-line snarling across his bushy brows—"sober as a judge, steady as a clock, well-off for money, happy in his



NOTE: This story was written from the Photoplay of CLAY M. GREENE

approaching marriage—but, Lord! people do darn funny things! There was the Marlowe woman, who jumped off the dock in her wedding-gown because she didn't want her fiancé to know she wore false hair—remember? And the case of the Yale senior, who drank cyanide in the classroom because he'd forgotten the date of Waterloo! Yep, there's no telling when a little pebble of worry is going to throw a person's mind out of gear. Rice killed himself, all right enough, I guess."

"I dont believe it!" The two men jumped at the third voice by their elbows. Young Whittaker, new to the force, met their patronizing grin with defiance. "Men dont change all in a minute," he declared. "You've been over James Rice's life with a microscope and haven't found a single contradictory thing—not an act or word that wasn't consistent with the man's mind. What reason can you give for the complete metamorphosis of character that would make a happy, successful, considerate man desperate enough to kill himself, and not only that, but to time his death for the very presence of the ceremony itself, where he would shock his bride into hysterics? Tell me that, I ask you?"

"Whew!" Bently whistled. "You're going some for a youngster, Whittaker! But your brain's skidding, me boy—you're tackling it wrong end to. It's not a detective's job to hunt for motives; it's his business to run down clues, and in this case the clues are pretty apparent. When a man leaves a note like this, there's only one thing to think——"

He opened a lock-box on his desk with a key from a jingling bunch, and drew out a scrap of paper, reading it aloud:

THE ENGAGEMENT OF JAMES RICE

> **Matters cannot go on as they are. I cannot stand it any longer, and have decided to put an end to it for all time.**

"Rice's own handwriting; no doubt of that," nodded Grant, peering over the other's shoulder. "If that doesn't mean suicide, I don't know what it *does* mean, Whittaker. We've got a hundred notes like that in the files, found on suicides. No, no, my son;

TO LASKA AYON IS ANNOUNCED

you're like all new detectives—trying to get up a little private murder so you can solve it by the deductive methods of our friend Sherlock Holmes. There's nothing doing here."

"I dont care. You fellows are wrong," said Whittaker, stubbornly. "I believe in going back to first principles for the solution of a crime—back to the mind itself, where the crimes originate. Clues are easy enough to fake; but a man's character, his tastes and acts and reputation dont lie."

Bently clapped the young fellow's shoulder in friendly raillery. "Well, well, go ahead with your psychological explorations!" he advised, cheerfully. "You're in charge of the case from now on—isn't he, Mr. Stone?"

The handsome, middle-aged man, who stood in the doorway, looked from one detective to another inquiringly.

"Rice's case?" he asked curtly. "Why, I didn't suppose there was any doubt that my poor partner committed suicide. Youhaven't found any new clue?"

"Nothing," Bently hastened to explain. "This youngster here has a fool idea that Rice couldn't have done it because he had no apparent reason. I've been telling him that there was no reason for any one else to want Rice out of the way, either. As far as I can see, it was just one of those cases of temporary madness that dont have to be explained."

John Stone, senior partner of the firm of Stone & Rice, contracting engineers, nodded, as he sat heavily down on the edge of a chair. "I cant understand it," he said, gloomily. "Our firm was never doing better business—his fiancée, Laska Ayon, is prostrated; he hadn't an enemy in the world, to my knowledge. No, no; he was out of his mind, of course."

"Then you do not object to my making some further investigations, Mr. Stone?" Whittaker looked him full in the face, with a keen gaze. Stone met the look gravely.

"Certainly not; why should I?" he answered. "Indeed, I shall be very

glad if you can find some explanation of my partner's sudden death. I'll even offer a reward of—say a thousand dollars for a clue that will clear up the whole distressing affair."

Whittaker was somewhat abashed.

"Very well, sir," he said, respectfully. "If I dig up anything worth while, I'll come to you."

LUCILLE, ONE OF THE ENTERTAINERS AT "BOHEMIA"

He strolled over to his desk, sat down, and began to write busily on a pad. One by one the other detectives left. Bently and Stone went out together, stopping by Whittaker's desk on the way.

"We're going to the inquest," the chief told him. "You're in charge till I get back. If Corbin comes in, the papers in the Meyer case are in the safe with the housekeeper's spectacle-case and the suspected paper-knife—s'long."

Whittaker sharpened a brace of pencils, wrote steadily for five minutes, and then sat back in his chair, pondering over his notes.

"Facts in the Rice Case," he read aloud, musingly: "James Rice, wealthy contractor; age, forty; no bad habits; no business nor family difficulties; one son, Tom, married to Nell Stone, daughter of his partner, John Stone; falls dead at the beginning of the wedding ceremony that is to unite him to Laska Ayon, a beautiful and wealthy Brazilian. Examination reveals poison in stomach. In his

room is found a note, in his own handwriting, pointing to suicide——"

He looked out of the window, frowning.

"I expect I'm a fool to read a lot of mystery into such a clear case," he muttered; "but, no! A man's character cant change overnight! It's all there in the mind of some one, if I could only dope it out——"

He picked up his pencil again to continue his biographical facts:

JAMES RICE RECEIVES SOME CONFECTIONS FROM AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND

"People in the Case:

"James Rice, gentle, conventional, well-balanced, generous, strictly businesslike in business matters.

"Tom Rice, his son, rather a wild youngster, but extremely fond of his father. Has had no money difficulties that can be learnt, and is prostrated by his father's death.

"John Stone, Rice's partner——"

The door of the office tinkled across his musings. A lady in black, heavily veiled, entered swiftly, lifted her veil, and disclosed the tear-swollen but still handsome face of Laska Ayon. She glanced about the office, plainly disappointed at finding the young detective alone.

"Mistair Bentlee—ees he come back soon?" she inquired, tremulously. "Oh, nevair was a woman in a so terrible troubles!"

She sank into a chair and burst into tears with tropical abandon. Whittaker surveyed her keenly. These South Americans, he well knew, could laugh or cry at will; but this woman's tears appeared to be genuine. Yet, was it not, he wondered, here in this foreign, complex mind he could find the key to the whole mystery?

"Miss Ayon," he said, soothingly, "will you give me your opinion on the case—do you believe your fiancé killed himself?"

"Nevair!" The vehemence of the reply made him blink. Laska's dark eyes blazed with indignation. She pointed dramatically to herself. "For why zay all t'ink he keel 'self?" she demanded—"was he not to marry *me?* No! no! But they weel not listen to what I say. Hark, you—I weel geeve ten t'ousand dollair to the man who finds the slayair of James Rice!"

Ten minutes later Whittaker completed his list of *dramatis personæ:*

"John Stone, reputed wealthy, but known to spend large sums on fast companions in a studio he calls 'Bohemia.' At present Stone known to be in need of a large sum of money; tried to borrow $500,000, lately, of Miss Ayon. Now offers large reward for solution of partner's death.

"Laska Ayon, fiancée of Rice, an impulsive, emotional Brazilian, probably of a jealous disposition, but apparently much in love with Rice and greatly grieved over his death. Also offers reward."

He read over the last two items closely, placed the paper in an inner pocket, and nodded to himself.

"The mind first—clues afterward," he muttered. "I've sized up the characters; now to go over the ground."

The fat, important bluecoat posted before Rice's apartments interposed his three hundred pounds between the slender young man in the blue sack suit and the door.

"Gintly, gintly, me bye," the officer chuckled, unctuously; "no reporters admitted, be orders av Misther Sthone."

With a quick glance about him, the young man turned back the lapel of his coat.

"Headquarters," he said, briefly. "*Now* will you be good?"

He mounted the stairs, preferring not to avail himself of the gossipy aid of the elevator, and unlocked the door of Rice's apartments with a passkey. There were but two apartments to a floor in the building, and a glance at the door-plate across the hall revealed the name John Stone. The two partners had been neighbors, then? Whittaker stored this information away for reference and pushed open the door of the empty apartment.

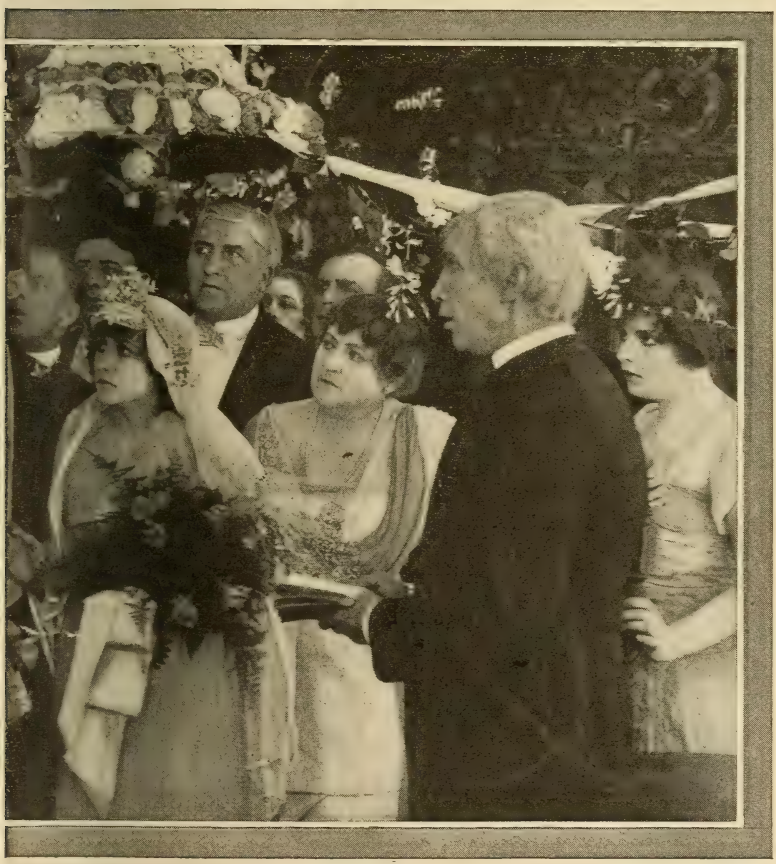
JAMES RICE IS STRICKEN AS THE

A thoro search of bedroom and dining-room revealed nothing that would arouse suspicion; but in the library the detective found it worth while to pause. He sat down before the secretary and, beginning with the pigeon-holes, removed and examined every paper in it, coming, finally,

upon a legal-appearing paper labeled, in typewriting, "Partnership Agreement Between James Rice and John Stone." The eight-day clock upon the mantel-shelf, wound by Rice three days before his death, ticked away half an hour while Whittaker studied the paper in his hands. It was with a sigh of satisfaction that he folded it, at last, and replaced it in the desk. Standing in the center of the room, he glanced keenly about him.

"Hullo! Candy—a half-eaten box! From the fair Laska, I suppose." He crossed the room to the mantel and took down an ornate box, curiously. "I remember she mentioned his sweet tooth. I'll sample her taste in bonbons."

He was raising a pink square of Turkish paste to his lips as he spoke, but, before it had reached them, he gave a violent start. A quick pallor stealing across his fresh cheeks, the boy took the candy to the window to examine it carefully; then he went back for the box and looked over each piece in it, with growing amazement. *In every sweetmeat was a tiny, round hole like the sting of a bee!*



WEDDING CEREMONY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN

Whittaker straightened, with a long, slow breath. "Suicide, was it?" he said aloud, in a slightly shaky voice. "Well, then, I came darned near committing suicide myself, just now!"

He placed the candy-box carefully in his pocket and went into the hall. As he opened the door of the apartment an angry voice reached his ears from across the way. Whittaker shrank back, nearly closing the door, and peered thru the narrow crack. A small, rat-faced man stood in John Stone's vestibule, cringing away from the fierce attitude of the master of the apartment himself.

"Get out of here, you whining blackmailer, you!" Stone was saying, menacingly. "I've had about all of your threats and insinuations I'll stand, and I'm not going to give you a cent of money, either! If you want to run your own head into a noose, go ahead—you've got no proof of anything on me!"

The rat-faced man muttered something, as he slunk out into the hall, with baffled, backward glance of rage. Whatever it was, the bang of Stone's

door cut it abruptly in two. As the little man shuffled, mumbling, downstairs, the detective followed, keeping him in sight among the crowds in the street, till he turned, at length, into an obscure little shop in a narrow crosstown lane. One glance at the dusty blue-and-red globes in the window, and Whittaker had turned on his heel and plunged into the concealment of the crowd, his heart thumping madly with the foretaste of triumph.

"Slowly—slowly, my friend," he cautioned himself as he hurried on; "you haven't anything definite to go on, you know. If you move too quickly you'll make a mess of things."

But he plunged on with nervous haste. He had two errands to do that evening. One took him to a back-room of a cheap saloon; the other to a silk-hung sitting-room in an expensive uptown hotel; and the object of both visits was a woman. The message he delivered to Lucille—Belle of Broadway, chorus-girl and police-spy, —and that he delivered to Laska Ayon were one and the same:

> Get acquainted with Stone—have him invite you to "Bohemia"—and *keep your eye on him.*

Bit by bit, during the week that followed, Whittaker built up his case, knowing that the whole elaborate structure of it was likely to crumble to bits at any moment. The "force" jeered good-naturedly at his abstraction, and inquired daily, at great expenditure of wit, whether he had cashed the thousand-dollar reward of Stone's. On the sixth day after the inquest he stood in his own rooms, in evening regalia, looking, outwardly, like any of a thousand well-set Manhattan youths, but holding in his hands the life of a guilty creature.

"Memoranda," he read from the paper in his hand: "Stone is spending more than he makes; applied to L. A. for large sum two days before Rice's death; clause in partnership agreement stipulates that on death of either partner the other is to receive five hundred thousand dollars from their joint fortune. Poisoned candy sent to Rice by one who knew his habits; druggist is heard to threaten Stone with exposure of some crime. The suicide note shows, at top and bottom, traces of letters, showing it to have been cut from some longer letter —probably one to Stone, threatening to dissolve the partnership unless he mended his ways——"

Whittaker crushed the paper into his overcoat pocket, took up his silk hat, and snapped out the light. He was fairly a-tremble with excitement, as he made his resplendent way downstairs.

"First the druggist—I hardly think he'll be hard to manage—a bloodless, afraid-of-his-shadow sort; and then —'Bohemia'!" he ruminated, as he walked briskly along the light-splashed streets. The shop of the dusty red-and-blue globes was quite dark when he paused before it, and a shock of disappointment sent his high hopes crashing. Yet, for some reason, he did not go away at once. Dark as it was, the place invited him. Tentatively putting out his hand to the door-knob, he was surprised and startled to feel it give in his fingers. Another moment and he was inside, groping for the electric switch. As it flashed on, blindingly, Whittaker fell back with a cry of horror. He had nearly stepped upon the body of the druggist, crumpled in a heap against the wall!

"The poor devil is dead!" exclaimed Whittaker, after a hasty examination. "Instantly, too—but no! Look at that!"

On the wall above the druggist's head were scrawled, painfully, seven shaky, but clearly legible, words. The detective drew a slow breath as he studied them.

"The writing on the wall!" he murmured, awe-struck—"the writing on the wall!"

In John Stone's gorgeous studio a scene as sumptuous as the ancient feasts of Babylon was displayed—shaded, rosy lights, silken hangings, deep rugs and divans; and in the

(*Continued on page* 122)

# The TOOLS OF PROVIDENCE

BY EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

BRONCHO

This story was written from the Photoplay of C. GARDNER SULLIVAN and THOMAS H. INCE

It was the fag-end of a cloudless night, in Rosales, and the Jumbo lamps, on the ceiling of the Nugget Palace, burned as brightly as at dusk. Whenever a guest eased himself thru the swing-doors, the resultant back-draft caused a heavy blanket of tobacco-smoke to toss and whirl, dervish-like, along the grimed rafters.

In the half-light of the far corner, a group of Mexicans still rolled cigarets, and squeezed out thin, languorous music from a concertina. Three men, their eyes set and shining like the piles of silver dollars on the table, played an endless game of draw-poker.

The row of faces that lined the bar was a study in dregs and lees gathered from the earth's corners: miners, on their way to the mountains; teamsters; a sullen herder or two; a stray range-rider—blear-eyed, supple and savage; stiff and aslant and mellow from an all-night carouse.

Dakota Dan had been setting them

up. It was his birthday, as near as he could remember, and a celebration was in order. All day long the glasses had slid along the slippery bar at his expense. Several guests had been helped home by the armpits, one was kicked out bodily, and a select coterie huddled, sleeping, in their chairs.

Dakota Dan had refused a drink with none. He knew his Rosales by heart. The day of the creaking freight-wagon was giving back step by step to the railroad and the homesteader. Already there was a band-box of a trim, white church on the hill overlooking Rosales, and on Sundays its bell tolled from its tiny bell-tower, and a queer set of folks rode into town in box-wagons and scurried into the church like jack-rabbits.

Dan had always been hard-drinking, ruminant, and far-seeing. At first he had poked fun at the church and its ever-changing shepherd. But when silver-haired, old Dave Wharton had come over from Tres Alamos, with his little kid girl, Dan knew that his saloon had at last met a worthy foeman. There was something about the set of the jaw and the open-air eyes of the ex-Texas ranger that set Dan to thinking hard. Some day their trails would cross, and then——

"Dakota's been a-scared tuh drink ever since Dave Wharton tuk th' meetin'-house."

The husky words trailed along the bar and flicked him like a cattle-whip. A crimson stain spread over the broad, youngish face. Dan raised his whisky to the level of his eyes and stared thru it.

"Here's tuh th' parson and his kid," he said; "I'm wishin' 'em luck on th' glory trail."

The sun shot up thru a saddle in the mountains and wrenched the blanket of starry night from the town, until it squatted naked and blear-eyed and flat among the sandhills. A lance of roseate light shivered across the foot of the pioneer church. Along the bar a line of slack faces blinked at the sudden light.

"Did yuh hear Dan's teeth grit on them words?" a hoarse voice asked. "You sure did rub him raw."

A young girl stood at a scrim-curtained window on the hill, and watched the wondrous birth of an Arizona day. The harsh, saw-like lines of the distant mountains were edged in shivering violet; the yucca and

DAKOTA DAN: "I DONT SEEM TO REC

mesquite, on the flat, gray floor of the desert, stood out in splotches of radiant green; a rosy, cloud-like, dreamy pink suffused the sun-parched soil.

The girl's eager eyes drank in the painted world before her, and a stray shaft of light caught in the fine sprays of her hair, turning them into a fairy, golden forest.

"It is beautiful!" she cried—"God's glorious country"—not knowing yet that it had the many faces of a painted woman.

She dropped the curtain, quickly coiled her hair, and slipped into a gingham dress. It was Saturday, and she knew her father would already be up, with his thoughts fixed upon his sermon.

OLLECT INVITIN' YUH INTO MY SALOON"

As she came into the dining-room she saw her father bent over his Bible, and the pallor and oldness of his face struck her painfully.

"I am gettin' primed against tomorrow," he said, taking her slim face in his hands; "but I'm afeard it's wasted powder and shot."

"Why, dad, dear—the church—surely——"

"Four preachers have quit Rosales ahead of me," he said, slapping the table smartly, "an' th' traps is set for me. When Dakota Dan goes gunnin' he never misses fire."

"Huh! he hasn't bothered us any."

"You dont know him, little one," said the Reverend David Wharton, gravely; "I do. He's the most resourceful critter this side of Yuma. Some of our pore herders were dead drunk in his place yesterday."

Daisy's little frame quivered with indignation. "The low-down brute! the scorpion!" she cried. "You jest leave him to me!"

Straightway she skipped off to the kitchen, and the sound of sizzling bacon came to the old man's ears.

The girl helped her father to his breakfast and made a pretense of eating her own. Once her fork rose to her mouth, hovered in mid-air, and her bright eyes stared at and beyond it. Something big was buzzing under the coils of yellow hair.

She hastily slicked the breakfast things and set off down the hill into Rosales. Two or three dispirited nags were still hitched in front of the Nugget Palace, and the clink of glasses came from within.

The parson's kid crossed the street, drew a long, rasping breath, clenched her hands to the size of crullers, and pushed back the swing-doors.

At the far end of a row of squinting, puffed countenances, a

face scowled at her like a thundercloud. It didn't look drunk like the others, however, and she strode up to its owner, meeting him eye to eye.

"You are the proprietor, aren't you?"

Dakota took his time in answering. "I'm admittin' it. I dont seem to recollect invitin' yuh into my saloon."

"You didn't," she admitted. "I came to ask you to our church, tomorrow."

A snicker ran along the bar, and one bearded beauty said: "Oh, h—ll! Dan among th' angels!"

The bright eyes of the parson's kid never wavered from their mark.

"Supposin' I stand pat?" said Dakota.

"But I *want* you to come," she persisted, "and, if you do, I'll make a bargain with you."

"Table yuh cards," said Dakota, warily.

The girl drew herself up taut, and her words came bolt-hard.

"If you'll promise to come to church tomorrow, I'll wait on your—your counter for five minutes."

Dakota's eyes flinched. For the first time in his hard-scrapple life he was completely taken back. His wits slowly filtered home.

"I'll take you up on that offer, miss," he ventured. "Here, Joe, give the lady yuh apron."

The grinning bartender untied his badge of office, as the lees and dregs of Rosales jostled against the bar. If Dakota felt sorry for the parson's kid, he didn't show it, for he snapped open his watch and raised a counting finger.

"Bar's open!" he announced, and spun the watch into his pocket.

The swarm of pig-eyed, hangdog faces pressed close to the shrinking girl, and whisky was loudly called for under seventeen various synonyms. The girl stood her ground—confused, flushed, valiant.

"The black bottle, miss," said a cool voice, and her shaking fingers seized it and fairly joggled its contents into the row of glasses.

"Be a good sport." A hand like a ham closed over hers and drew her half-over the bar. Cracked, pursing lips sucked hungrily close to the little face. A bottle descended, swift as wrath and a strong arm could drive it, and the panting snout in front of the girl seemed to flatten out and slip down on the floor.

Thereupon, the muzzles of two long six-guns yawned across the length of the bar, and a voice drawled out: "Down, dogs! Aint none o' yuh got a sister somewhere to home?"

The cowed group made an empty path where the pistols pointed, and the parson's kid stepped out, at Dakota's nod, and walked to the door.

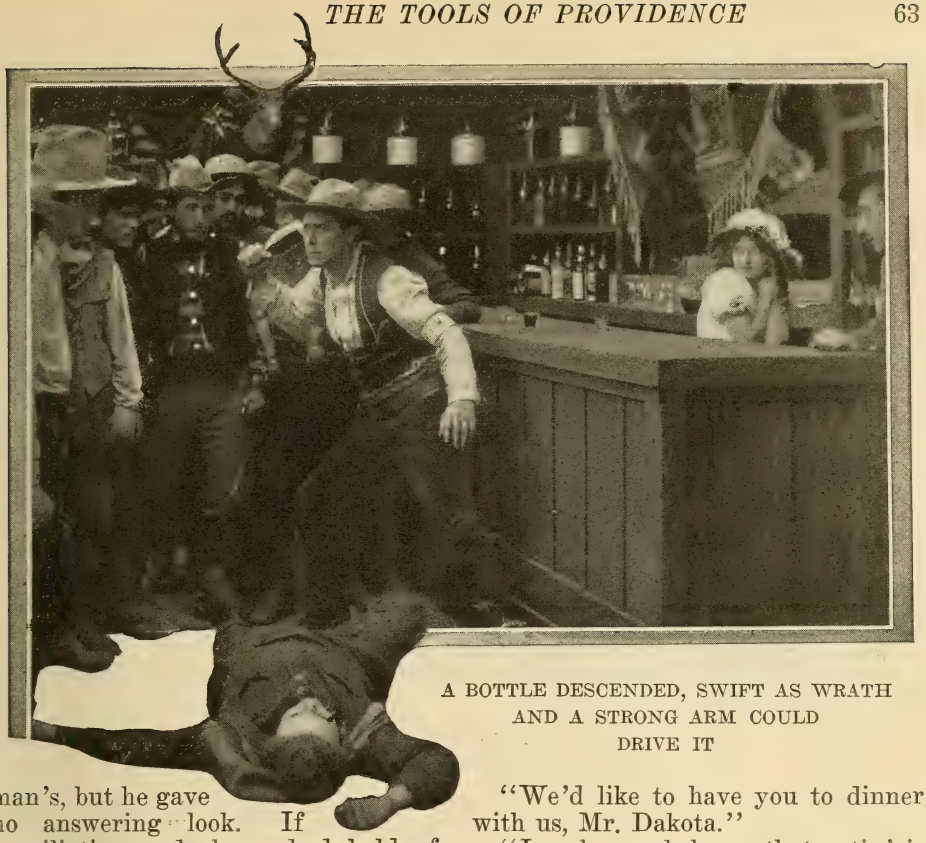
"I reckon I'm low-down f'r lettin' yuh do that," said Dan, solemnly; "but we-all will be at the church tomorrow."

He saw the flash of her teeth in answer—perhaps it was a smile—then she was gone.

Sunday morning the citizens of Rosales witnessed a strange and thrilling spectacle. The church-bell had scarcely ceased tolling, when a nondescript collection of bums, miners, loafers and town-terrorizers filed out of Dakota's saloon and were herded by him in double column and headed up the hill. Faces had been washed ruthlessly, beards rough-hewed with dull scissors, and one trail-hitter had even dug up a moth-eaten stove-pipe hat. Dan marched grimly at their head. No one ever knew how he had accomplished such a miracle, but the recipe was simple enough: he had threatened to close the doors of the Nugget Palace for good and all if they did not make good, and they believed in him and followed where he led.

Dave Wharton was praying as the delegation entered the church, and, by a lucky chance, the bowed congregation did not heed the strange invasion. The glory trail-hitters slumped into praying attitudes, all but Dan, who stood up bolt-erect as a lightning-rod.

The parson's kid saw him first, and a quizzical smile was promptly screened by her prayer-book. Her eyes were irresistibly drawn to the



A BOTTLE DESCENDED, SWIFT AS WRATH AND A STRONG ARM COULD DRIVE IT

man's, but he gave no answering look. If humiliation and shame had hold of him, his fixed eyes and firm chin showed them not. As he towered, unregenerate, above the kneeling others, a sob lumped in the girl's soft throat. He was a man to be afraid of and to admire.

The service continued, with much amazement and staring from the parishioners and over-much modesty from the new-found lambs. At its conclusion they bolted from the door with one accord, leaving Dakota alone in the house of his enemies.

The congregation filed by him, with never a look of recognition nor an offered hand. The affront was evident, and Dan, among many who would have greeted him on the street, felt the solitude of the desert creeping over him.

Something very small and soft and warm fluttered into his hand, and he grasped it hungrily. A mass of yellow hair tilted backward, and a pair of comforting, wide-set, blue eyes shot up at him.

"We'd like to have you to dinner with us, Mr. Dakota."

"I reckon yuh know that eatin' is my failin'," he stammered, and, in a daze, he presently found himself walking home between Dave Wharton and his kid.

Daisy was in and out of the dining-room a good deal, waiting on the two men, and the parson had plenty of time to put the situation squarely up to Dan.

"What kind of cyards are yuh playin', Mr. Dakota, by takin' a sudden likin' to church?"

"An honest deck, parson," declared Dan, meeting the firm eyes with a younger pair, just as firm; "and I'm givin' yuh fair warnin' th' stakes is th' parson's kid."

Like all devout women with a zealous convert on their hands, Daisy took an overpowering interest in the temperamental saloonkeeper. He came every day at sundown to see her, and was moody and taciturn, or humorously reminiscent of his boyhood days in Kansas.

The girl admitted to herself that he

THE SERVICES CONTINUED, WITH DAKOTA DAN AN ATTENTIVE LISTENER

was an interesting man. And, gradually, the beast only that she had seen in him fell back before his finer qualities.

"Let me see," she started to enumerate out loud, one night, in the midst of her prayers: "He's dreadfully strong, and dont lie, and can lick any two men in Rosales—and he's handsome—and he's good and noble in spots—and I know he has a truly big heart, and——"

"What's this all about?" modesty whispered, cutting in on the table of Dan's virtues, and the parson's kid blushed and smothered her thoughts in her little, white bed.

One night they sat on a fallen cottonwood log, long after the sun had crouched behind the purple mountains. The town below them was quiet, almost without lights, save the jaundiced slits of yellow from the windows of the Nugget Palace.

Dan had had his say, stumbling and thrashing over the words like an urchin in a slippery creek, and now he was thru, and she did not move away, but sat thoughtfully.

"I reckon I'll marry you on two conditions," she adjudged, at length, "that will be very hard."

"Yuh got th' drop on me," Dan urged; "fire away."

"You must give up the saloon and swap that murderous temper off on some one."

"It *is* tough," he admitted, taking the fragile face in his hands and stroking the young curve of her cheeks—"it's my living and the kickiest part of myself, but it's a sure go!"

The silent night shimmered above them with all the glow of a distant city.

"I think you could pull down the stars themselves," she declared.

Dakota cast a ruminant fare-thee-well eye over his bar-fixtures, and noticed, without alarm, that his stock of case-goods was running low. It was his last day as proprietor of the Nugget Palace—a throaty, sun-parched, uneventful day, with the bar empty of most of its customers.

Presently the group of regulars

gathered before the sloppy breastworks and charged thirstily, as usual. Among others was a stranger, deposited by the overland flyer, well set up, quick-eyed and dressed in funeral black.

"Card-sharp from Fort Worth or thereabouts," Dan catalogued him.

The newcomer was already deep in the graces of thirsty Rosales, who saw visions of a bang-up faro lay-out.

Some babbler on the street had told him the way the parson's kid had slung drinks in the Nugget, and the idea tickled his fancy.

"Any woman," he commented, "who'll sling drinks in a saloon aint no candidate for the purity squad."

The words drawled out to Dakota like so many slaps in the face.

"Referrin' to th' parson's kid?"

"You said it."

"You're a low-down, white-livered skunk!"

In an instant the gambler sprang at Dakota and seized him around the waist. The two evenly matched men struggled, their savage faces pressed chin to chin.

The gambler broke his hold on Dan and started to run for the door, drawing and firing as he ran.

Dakota followed, the look of a killer in his steely eyes.

As the gambler bounded into the hotel entrance across the street, Dakota's bullet caught him in the shoulder, and he doubled-up like a jack-knife and dropped in his tracks.

"Dan — you cowardly killer!"

It was the scream of the parson's kid, as she stooped and raised the fallen man's head in her lap.

"I reckon it's my temper," said Dan. "I should 'a' kicked him out."

The wounded man opened his eyes, with a sharp shudder, and her look of scorn turned to sudden pity:

"You're goin' right up to my house," she said, "and I'm goin' to nurse you."

The gambler was picked up and escorted up the hill. The town lazied along on its ordinary, dull happenings. Dakota went slowly inside the saloon. That night the regulars found the lights out and the door locked and bolted. Dan had left the town.

"Ace" Farrell, the card-sharp, took his time about recovering from his wound. From the very beginning he fell into the rôle of "convert" and acted it well. If Dan had performed his devoirs to the parson's kid with the agility of a bear, the gambler slid into her graces as unctuously as a snake.

When he was able to get around, they took long walks together, often as far as the screening thorn and mesquite on the edge of the desert.

She came more and more to believe in him, and he, who had never yet seen good in a woman, was ready to strike and destroy.

Dan never told her, even afterwards; but his sudden exodus from Rosales had gone no further than the

(*Continued on page* 172)

"ACE" TAKES HIS TIME ABOUT RECOVERING

# The SUBSTITUTE WIDOW

by Janet Reid

This story was written from the Photoplay of HUGH C. WEIR

. . . and out of the wide knowledge thus gained, of human weaknesses and human needs, to distil in our own hearts *the precious oil of sympathy.*

JOAN FARADAY sank into one of the leather chairs, in the lobby of the Hotel Granhattan, with a face rubbed clean of everything save despair. Hers was not the momentary depression of one whose strength and skill are yet untested. She had cast the pearls of her art before swine. The fire of her enthusiasm had burned low. Ashes of genius remained.

"It is a man's world," she soliloquized, drooping inertly, "from the sordid, money-stained little Jew of a theatrical manager to the callous youths who disdain all save gauze apparel and tights—it's a *man's* world. Women have to please them —they *have* to. Domestically, artistically, commercially—it's all the same. There may be exceptions, such as having one's own money, or encountering modern Knights of the Round Table —but that's not Joan Faraday's *luck.*"

"I beg your pardon." The voice that addressed her came from under the folds of a heavy, crêpe veil. It was, to Joan's voice-cultured ear, a well modulated one, refined, a bit tense.

"Certainly." Joan looked consent to whatever the bereaved stranger might be begging pardon for. The crêpe-swathed head bent closer, and the voice was hurried now, noticeably agitated.

"Pray do not think this a mad request," she said quickly; "there is nothing wrong in it, I *assure* you; will you come with me to my room—1660—now—at once?"

Under ordinary circumstances Joan

would have flatly refused. Even now, she hesitated. The stranger bent over again, in the casual sort of a way one does when one wishes to converse in a public place.

"There's one hundred dollars in it for you," she said—"now—at once; and nothing but a favor is asked—a kindness—just for today."

Joan rose, and nodded briefly. "I'll go to your room with you, anyway," she said, "and you can tell me there just what you *do* mean." On the way up she reflected she might lose her life for this—or her reputation—but, when one has received the chill hand-clasp of defeat and knows the chaste salute of poverty, one is not overnice as to a way to the means.

As the door of Room 1660 closed behind them, and the apparent widow turned the key in the lock, Joan faced her brusquely.

"Now tell me," she demanded, "just what you want of me—and *why.*"

The widow took her arm and propelled her gently to the center of the room, where, kneeling on the bed and raising her concealing veil, she faced Joan squarely.

"Now tell me," she said gently, "do you see any similarity in our faces—yours and mine?"

"Why, no," Joan replied, after a not displeased scrutiny of the decidedly comely features; "I dont."

"There *is* one, my dear: you—and I—have raised the veil from the Face of Life; and the lips—have not smiled."

Joan colored. Her dramatic instinct was aroused.

"That's true, in my case, certainly," she replied—"quite true; they have not—smiled. But how did you know?"

"Never mind that. I knew. I am a few years older than you are, and I think I have been gazing upon the all too unsmiling features longer and more closely than you have. But I saw that in your face which told me that you would help another woman just because she *was* a woman—and in sore need."

Joan remained silent. The widow saw the steel of doubt in her eyes, and tears filled her own.

"Ah, my dear," she pleaded, "it means a *day* to *you.* To me it means the loss of—many, many days." She wiped the quick tears away and arose to her feet. She spoke hurriedly now.

"This is what I want," she said. "I want you to change places with me for this day; to take my room—my clothes—my name. Nothing is wrong; do not doubt me; nothing can harm you. Keep your poise—your nerve—and tonight you will leave this hotel just as you have entered it—plus one hundred dollars. Will you change clothes with me at once? I must leave *now,* if any good is to be done. I have tarried too long already."

The exchange was made, in silence—a hurried, agitated one on the part of the widow; an apathetic one on the part of Joan.

"Now," the transformed widow said, as she pulled Joan's smoke-gray veil over her face and drew on the slightly worn gloves, "here is your fee—and a jade hatpin I want you to wear. My name is—Mrs. Burgess—and you are to remain here until tonight. If any—gentleman—calls for me, you may or may not see him, at your own discretion. Good-by; may God thank you, as I cannot."

Left alone, Joan turned to the cheval mirror and surveyed her black-robed person cynically.

"Well, Joan," she apostrophized herself amusedly, "you've got a 'bit' to play, anyway—and it's a better paid one than you've seen in many a long day. It's only a one-night stand, as 'twere, and Lord knows what the climax may be; but your salary's paid before the curtain goes up." She dropped into a chair and leaned her head back. "I'll buy a new outfit with that one hundred dollars," she continued to herself, "and take a day's outing, and then bombard the agencies again, with a new glory of raiment and hope defiant in mine eyes."

A morning paper lay on the table,

crumpled as if suddenly clenched and dropped by a nervous, spasmodic hand. Joan smoothed it out with care. She decided that it would have to amuse her all day. She had no notion of making herself conspicuous by so much as sending for reading-matter.

Her eyes wandered idly over the lurid headlines for an instant, then she sat suddenly erect, her face grown scarlet, her veil thrust aside. One paragraph was heavily underscored. It was an article giving an account of the latest exploit of "Gentleman" Hawkins, the master cracksman. The theft of the famous Maddox diamonds had been his most recent achievement, and the keenest detectives in the city were on his trail.

Somehow, Joan knew at once. Her dramatic sense, e'en tho depreciated by the public, recognized the moves in

JOAN CONSENTS TO THE SUBSTITUTION

"NO, I'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE"

this little play. "*Mrs.* Gentleman" Hawkins was the tenderly sympathetic, subtly theatrical lady who had thus cleverly decoyed her, who had played so skillfully upon her heart-strings, then gone on her way, rejoicing, with the suave "gentleman," no doubt, and many thousands of dollars' worth of Maddox diamonds. Joan Faraday was the dupe, left to face the music—bribed with a paltry hundred dollars as a child is bribed with penny candy.

A rapid survey showed that there was no other attire in the room, and Joan started for the door in haste. Before she had turned the knob the phone on the wall tinkled, and Joan paused. A wild thought possessed her that "Mrs. Burgess" had repented of her nefarious trick and was calling to tell her so. There had been something in the sad, appealing eyes of the woman that could not be gainsaid. Acting once more upon impulse, she took the receiver from the hook, with a frigid "Well?"

"Mr. Burgess, madam. Shall I send him up?"

"*No!*"

Joan dropped the receiver and stood motionless. For the first time in her recollection she was paralyzed with fear. Her mind conjured up the most fearful atrocities the yellow sheets afforded. She saw herself dying horrid deaths under the fingers of the master cracksman. Her heart seemed to stop. She was unable to move to the phone or to the door.

Besides, she had been *told* to remain in the room. The one-hundred-dollar bill called for that. She seemed to persist in a strange, and wholly unwarranted, faith in the deceptive widow. As one in a dream, crazed from fear, yet unable to move one step, Joan remained stationary.

Suddenly, in her benumbed state, ice-prickles of fear began to chill her blood. A window was being raised—slowly, stealthily, criminally—she knew. Some one jumped in and advanced with light, catlike tread. Heavy, stertorous breathing reached her ear. It had come—ugh! A brief struggle ensued, in the midst of which Joan managed to raise her voice in several far-reaching and unmistakable shrieks of terror. In placing his ringed hand forcibly on her mouth, the crêpe veil was torn away, and the "gentleman" stepped back, suddenly and amazedly.

"Who in h— are *you?*" he demanded.

"Not *Mrs.* Gentleman Hawkins, at any rate," returned Joan, with an attempt at bravado.

"She's given me the slip—the dirty devil," he said ferociously; "with the loot *I* hauled, too. I'll land *her*—d—n her!—and you, too," he ended, with a sudden vicious thrusting out of his jaw.

Joan stepped back quickly to the door, her face whitening. "I'm going," she said; "dont you *dare*——"

Something cold and hard slipped over her wrists; a firm, immovable hand rested on her shoulder, and at the same time she saw Gentleman Hawkins braceleted and turned to the door by two uniformed upholders of the law. They had caught Gentleman Hawkins at last, and with him they had caught Joan Faraday, playing—dear God!—her most recent success in crook drama.

She did not speak. She knew better. But her breath came sobbingly between her teeth, as they shot down in the elevator and walked into the lobby. The curtain was going down on the last act for her, and surely it was an Ibsenesque dénouement. *Eh bien*—she had always aspired to play Ibsen!

Something dropped to her feet and hit the gun-metal buckle of her shoe. The plain-clothes man on her left stooped and picked it up. It was the jade hatpin Mrs. Burgess had asked her to wear. The plain-clothes man halted, and signaled the two ahead of them, with Gentleman Hawkins, to stop also. The crowd that had rapidly assembled craned curious necks.

"It's a hatpin—fake head," explained Detective Fellows—"h'm—a note."

Joan moved nearer to him, eagerly. It was a few lines from Mrs. Burgess, stating that she was the true Mrs. Hawkins—that she had bribed Joan Faraday into taking her place for a day, while she herself returned the Maddox diamonds. "I want to turn a clean sheet," the note ended. "I'm going to start again."

Fellows turned to Hawkins, sternly. "Tell the truth, Hawkins," he said sharply; "it cant do you any harm at this stage of the game. Is this girl your wife?"

Hawkins sneered. "Maybe so," he said sullenly.

Detective Fellows raised his pistol. "Come on, Hawkins," he said persuasively; "the truth is a short cut to justice. Speak up."

"No," the cracksman said, with a snarl. "I've never seen her before."

Detective Fellows removed the humiliating bracelets, with profound apology.

"It is regrettable," he said; "but many an innocent has suffered that the guilty may pay. I'm going now to telephone Mrs. Maddox, and see if Mrs. H. has made good on her note."

Mrs. Maddox herself spoke to Detective Fellows, and she seemed greatly wrought up over the amazing manner of her diamonds' return.

"Mrs. Hawkins brought them herself, Detective," she said, "and she wants to lead a new life. She wasn't used to this sort of thing until she married Hawkins. She was infatuated

(*Continued on page* 178)

"OVER IN IRELAND THERE WAS A BIT OF A LAD"

# The Rosary

(Selig)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Stageplay of EDWARD E. ROSE

WIDE, sweet-breathing prairie stretches. A sky, moon-brilliant and star-dusted—in the far distance the lowly birthplace of the Son of Man. Suddenly the stable fades from view, and the palpitant star-glow grows clear and strong. Following a path across the plains, painfully, doubtfully—a woman and a man. Pitiful, ever-groping figures! Earth-blind, sinning, retrieving, cursing, praying. And over all—vast, illimitable star-worlds! The Christly, compassioning Son of Man! The Rosary of Souls!

Father Brian Keely faced Bruce Wilton across his father's body. The priestly, sorrow-wise old face was mellow with the pain he felt for the now orphaned lad. Then he laid his thin hand gently on the heaving, tweed shoulder.

"Come, lad," he said gently; "I have a tale I would tell you—come."

Down in the library a fine old organ had been installed. Instead of beginning his story at once, Father Keely went to the organ, and in the silent house where the dead lay a few simple chords touched music into tears. Wholly at a loss, Bruce Wilton watched the fragile, cassocked figure at the organ, and an unwitting sob swelled his throat.

The hours I have spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary.

The refrain sank very low. Bruce dared not move. He knew, somehow, that here was something infinitely sadder than death. The music wandered for an instant, then it rose powerfully, until the very words seemed articulate: a splendid pean of self-abnegation—of the pain-born victory o'er self—of the holy "Thy will be done"—

> I tell each bead unto the end,
> And there—a Cross is hung!

Father Keely rose from the bench and came to the couch where the boy was lying. His ascetic face was unwontedly flushed. His fingers clutched his crucifix. "Lad," he said, "once, over in the ould country—in Erin—there was a bit of a lad. Two things he had in him, strong and real. One was the love of a lass; the other was love of—God. Little as he was, for he was but sixteen or so, the lad knew he could not love both. He could not give the heart and soul of him to God while the flesh of him was twined by a woman's arms. So he told Father Ryan, the old village priest, now gone—may God and the Blessed Virgin rest him!—and the good Father told the lad's mother and the villagers. Well I recall the day—the Father's hand in blessing on his head, the tears running from his eyes.

"He was to go away to study, and before he left he said good-by to the lass. The wisdom of more than his years was upon him, and he knew that the man in him would love the woman thruout all of life, and even into heaven. He knew that there would come hours when he needs must crucify his body for ache of her bonny face and sound of her darlin' voice. But, over all, the priest, in time, triumphed—leading him up, and on, by the blessed crucifix." Father Keely paused a moment, then he slapped Bruce briskly on the chest and smiled down on the slender, boyish face.

"Whist, lad!" he said, relapsing an instant into his country's brogue; "see how all things work out. Ye are the bonny colleen's child, acushla—and it's to me your care is given."

Then some of the man-ache in Father Keely's purged breast must have abated a bit, for Bruce's head was on his shoulder, and his tears were wetting the coarse cloth of the cassock.

Perhaps it was his Irish mother's warm impetuosity, or perhaps it was his father's well-balanced American horse-sense, or perhaps it was Father Keely's ever-guiding hand and godly counsel, but, at any rate, Bruce Wilton succeeded in the things he undertook. An annuity from his father's millionaire brother enabled him to go thru college, and, by the same token, he was able to set up as a stock-broker.

He did not see much of Father Keely, for the old man was wise in the ways of man, as well as versed in the precepts of heaven. He knew that Bruce must lead his man's life, and he trusted to his clean mind, his innate reverence and his honor to carry him thru unharmed.

Almost a year passed without a meeting between the two, when one early spring afternoon, as Father Keely was standing alone before the tent in which he had been preaching, Bruce drove up in a motor and greeted the Father boyishly.

"Now look at me!" he ordered, after the preliminaries, "and tell me wherein I differ from the Bruce of a year ago."

Father Keely inspected him critically. "You've succeeded," he said slowly; "but you had a year ago. You've *lived* and worked a bit more earnestly, but it isn't that." He looked into the blue eyes gazing into his. Irish blue eyes they were; and they held today, for the first time, a touch of woman-tenderness, a ghost of wistful dream. They had become, more than ever before, his mother's eyes.

"It's a woman, lad," the old priest said at last. "It's a woman. I know."

"Yes, Father"—Bruce paused a moment, then added, importantly—"it's my wife!"

FATHER KEELY GIVES HIS BLESSING TO THE LAD

He made Father Keely sit in the brand-new car, while he related his love-story at length and in detail: how he had gone West, six months before, with his chum, Kenward Wright, who was also on the Stock Exchange, but who wasn't awfully successful, poor chap; how they had met Vera and Alice Wallace, twin sisters, and orphans. "I loved Vera right off," Wilton said fatuously, "and I think it was mutual. There's never been another woman in my life, you know, and so this one came with compelling force. Alice seemed to take to Wright—seemed awfully infatuated with him, and for a time I hoped that was to be a match, too. Then Kenwood sort of shied off, as it were. He's an odd sort of a chap. Attractive, and generous, and all that—but subject to moods. Alice seemed awfully cut-up over the thing. Wouldn't come East with us on our honeymoon, nor anything. We've been inviting her ever since."

"They are twins, you say, lad?"

"Yes; but they're different, too. Physically, you can hardly tell them apart; but there's a strength to Vera that Alice hasn't got. I want you to know her, Father."

"I *want* to know her, my son. Where are you living now?"

"In Eden—just four miles or so from here."

"Eden!" The priest smiled at the appropriate title, then he laid his benignant hand on Bruce's. "In every Eden, lad," he said, "there comes the serpent. If we are wise, and clear-sighted, and trustful, he glides on his noisome way—harmless. It is up to you to protect your Eden—to bless it with a perfect love—for perfect love casteth out fear."

They talked for another hour—of many things; of Bruce's mother, dead these many years; of her old home in Erie, where she loved and was loved by husband and son; of Bruce's own boyhood, and finally on up to his marriage, his career, his future.

"There's one thing I'm going to do before I do another thing," Bruce declared at last. "It's been in my mind for some time, and seeing you here in this tent has crystallized my decision. I'm going to build a chapel for you right outside of Eden, where you'll have all your flock and be able to preach to them in a habitable place. It is to be just as you wish it in every respect. Now dont say no"—as the

priest raised a protesting hand contradictory to the pleasure his eyes expressed—"for I've set my heart on it. I can well afford it. And it will be a sort of a monument, too—a tribute—first of all to you, Father, and your unfailing care of me; then to my mother—and—all you have told me; and lastly to my wife—my Eve in Eden. And I thought of calling it—the Chapel of the Rosary."

"That will be beautiful, my son." The old priest wiped away an unashamed tear. Deep in his patient, uncomplaining heart he had wished that he might preach in a temple of God—a consecrated spot that should be his very own—where he might continue his benevolent work unhindered. That it should be built for him by the son of the far-away Irish lass seemed, somehow, a blessed touch for all that he had suffered in the early years of his calling. From denial of the flesh a spiritual harvest had been reaped.

Father Keely had much to do in his East Side district during the building of the tiny Chapel of the Rosary. He saw Bruce only on his hurried trips to the site of the chapel, and thought he appeared harassed and worried, but had no opportunity of talking with him.

On the day the chapel was completed, Bruce took the priest home with him for the first time.

"Kenward Wright is there," he told the Father, as they walked slowly home—"the one I told you about; my—er—chum, you know. He's been West again, and Vera got a telegram from him yesterday, saying he was coming on for a visit. Alice is also there, but you may not be able to meet her. She's awfully ill, poor child."

In the dark, troublous days that were to come, Father Keely seemed to remember the sense of foreboding that had overcome him, as he met Bruce's wife, her sister and Kenward Wright. Vera was fair, classic of feature, rounded and lithe of form. Alice was much the same, save for the pallor of ill-health and faint, purple blurs under eyes that held a look of mute resignation. Father Keely, wise old doctor of souls, recognized a patient in the quiet girl.

In Kenward Wright he saw, unmistakably, the serpent in Eden. He wondered how Bruce could have been so blind. The man had every earmark of deceit and unscrupulousness. And now, as he proposed Vera's health at table, laughed into her eyes when they talked together and bent over her in the drawing-room, Father Keely saw that he was about to play his trump card.

One month later the crash came. When Bruce entered Father Keely's study that fateful evening, the good man's heart congealed in his breast. The bonny, blue Irish eyes had the look of flames that have flared up, then burned horridly to ash. His face was feverishly flushed; his voice was thick.

"They've got me, Father," he said, laughing witlessly; "they're *all* rotten, I tell you. Everything's rotten—love, friendship, women—bah! they are rottenest of all——"

"Stop there, my son!" Father Keely rose, sternly, and looked down on the huddled, broken man: "Be generous, if nothing else. What is all this?"

"It's Kenward—and Vera. He's been my enemy for years—and I never knew it. When we went West last year, Evarts, my secretary, warned me to shake Wright, and I called him down for his pains. *He* knew—every one did. Now—now he's stolen my wife—ruined me on the Street—stuck his ugly hydra-head between me and everything worth while."

"Let us talk calmly, Bruce. You have been drinking, and it hurts me. That is weakness, my son. Now, how do you know he has stolen your wife?"

"I saw her meet him on the sly; I've noticed his damnable attentions for some time, and he's done me on the Street."

"Where is Alice?"

"She went to a hospital. I dont know what ails her, but she got

panicky over herself—thought she needed medical attention, etc.——"

Long after Bruce had left that night, Father Keely sat up, meditating. He had thought it wisest not to admonish him too severely. And he decided to go himself to Bruce's home and see how the land lay if there was yet time.

When Father Keely entered Bruce's library, a terrible tragedy was in the acting. Bruce stood before his mute, helpless wife, with a pistol pointed at his forehead. It was the climax of a heartrending scene between husband and wife.

"S t o p !" cried the Father, "before you commit self-murder. L o o k upon the face of Him who died that you might be saved."

He tore the curtains from before a stained-glass window. The face of supreme sorrows—the Christ—gazed down at the stricken man.

Bruce staggered thru an o p e n casement window, and, for a moment, they thought to leave him alone with his grief. Father Keely made a brief and unsuccessful search for him, and was on his way back to the library, when his attention was arrested by Wright's. voice. Father Keely took the liberty of eavesdropping, a n d remained concealed behind a velvet drop-curtain over a stained window. Vera was leaning against the table as if for support.

"I've always hated him," Wright was saying; "he's beat me at every turn, and mine is a revengeful nature. He beat me when he won you, but I've got you now. He saw me with Alice, and he thinks it's you. I'll swear that it was. I've had my innings on the Street, so he'll have no financial backing. Bruce has made his last exit. He hates you now—you know the best thing to do."

The girl raised her head. Broken pride was in her eyes, and the bruised, white flower of honor.

"Alice will tell him," she said defiantly. "I will send him to Alice, and she will tell him which of us met you—you——"

"STOP, BEFORE YOU COMMIT SELF-MURDER!"

"Softly." The man raised a deprecatory hand. "Alice died this morning, my dear. I assure you that it was better so. She——"

But Vera flamed into sudden frenzy. "You killed her—you fiend! you fiend!" she cried, and her quivering hands tore at the table linen. "Oh,

FATHER KEELY STEPPED INTO THE ROOM, WITH BOTH HANDS UPRAISED

Alice, my sister—my wronged, little sister!—my little, helpless sister!''

Wright stood silent, while Vera raved, with great, heaving sobs. Suddenly the velvet drop-curtain was pulled aside, a shaft of moonlight discovered the window, and Father Keely stepped into the room, with both hands upraised.

His saintly face was sorrow-filled, and he turned to Wright, sternly. ''I can only say to you,'' he said, ''what a greater One has said before me: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' ''

And so the serpent drove the first couple out of Eden. Vera stayed in the home so joyfully planned, and took sewing to maintain herself. Bruce vanished from the face of the earth, and Father Keely went about his daily work, with a grieved look in his old eyes. And often from his study-window floated the melody, ''And there a Cross is hung!''

It was to the Chapel of the Rosary that Bruce came back at last. Merely the shadow of old Bruce—a haggard, weary man, aged before his prime. Father Keely found him on the steps, as he stepped out to go home, and he raised him up with the tenderness, the yearning, his mother would have had.

''I'm going to take you home again, lad,'' he said gently. ''You're young, my son. Take heart. The serpent has passed out of Eden, and Paradise can be regained.''

Bruce shook his dejected head. ''Not for me, Father,'' he said; ''the sting is still there.''

''I think I can take the sting away, lad. I've tried to find you, but I couldn't.''

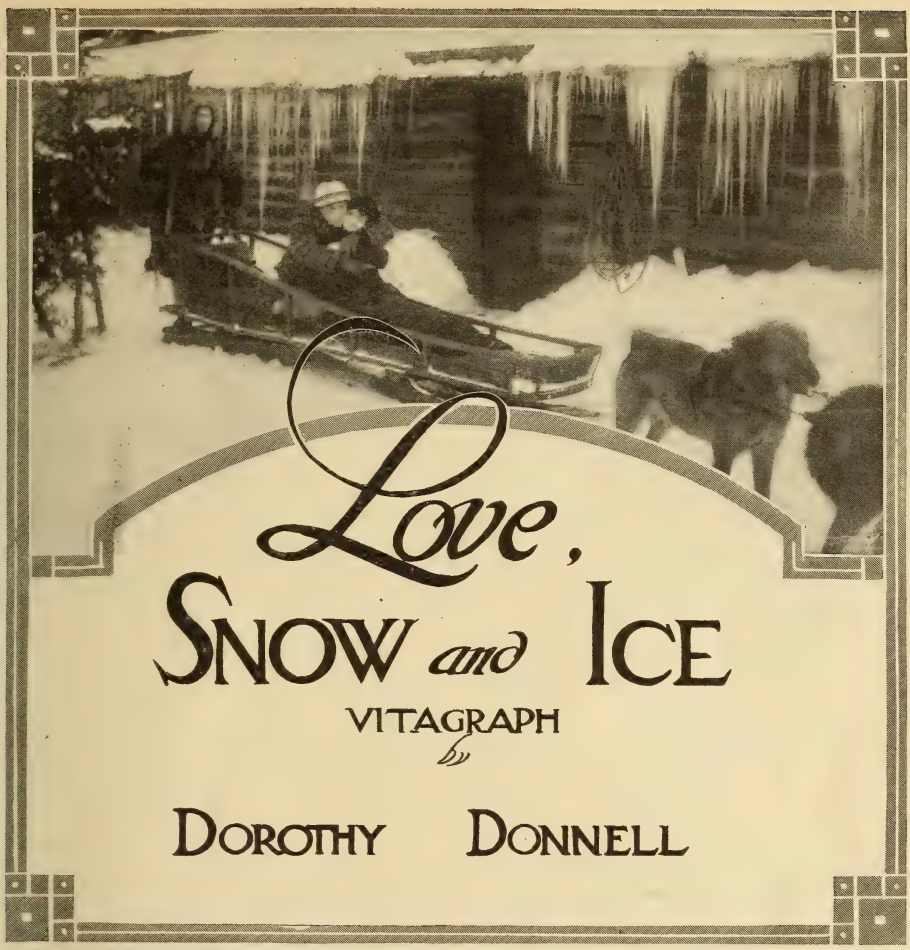
''I was in a sanitarium, Father—for inebriates. It was the only safe thing for me to do. The horror of what I might do haunted me to desperation, after that last scene the night I disappeared. Do you recall it?''

At the sound of approaching footsteps, Bruce turned to see his Nemesis coming up the path with two guards from the sanitarium. His face became livid.

''Oh, God! here's Kenward,'' Bruce blurted out to the perplexed priest. ''He's tried to keep me in the sanitarium, and he's been trailing me.''

Wide open Father Keely flung the doors of the Chapel of the Rosary.

(*Continued on page* 176)



# Love, Snow and Ice

VITAGRAPH

by

DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of CECELIE B. PETERSON

Love laughs at a good many things besides locksmiths, and one among them is the weather-man. But, if you wish to travel thru this tale with me, put on your mufflers and greatcoats and overshoes, and provide yourselves with hot tea in a thermos bottle, or I fear you will take c-cold even in July. It is a tale, you see, of warm hearts and icicles; of hot words and snowdrifts, and of love burning brightly at twenty-five below zero.

Jean Farley leaned from her window, nodded, scowled, pursed up her remarkably red lips in a kiss, drew them down in a grimace, shrugged one mackinaw-clad shoulder, waved a mittened hand, and disappeared. By this pantomime, which would have made her fortune on the Motion Picture screen, she conveyed to young Ned Mason, waiting below, the information that she would be delighted to go skating with him, in spite of the risk of her father's displeasure; that she did love him, altho even now one Clarence Ponsonby was seated in the library receiving her hand in marriage via her father; and that she would be straight down as soon as she had powdered her nose.

Ned buckled on his skates and struck out a short distance from shore, where he could keep one eye on his beloved's front door and at the same time execute some really remarkable cubist effects on the ice under his skillful heel. He sketched a charmingly plump brace of hearts, two clasped hands and a pair of turtledoves, then frowned at his

watch. Consequently, when the door opened, at length, he sprang forward, quite forgetting the insinuations of his timepiece. A second glance at the procession emerging from the house halted him.

"Dash it!" he muttered disgustedly, "if she hasn't got the old man and that ass of a Ponsonby along! Swell chance to make love in front of *that* bunch. Look at 'em, will you? Bundled up to their eyes—they only need a parcel of gumdrops to start out for the Pole!"

Mr. Farley and young Ponsonby did indeed appear to be taking no chances with the cold. Clarence, in particular, was so swaddled with precautions that he found locomotion somewhat difficult. His pale eyes rolled like round, blue agates in his fat countenance, which bore at the moment an apprehensive and sickly smile.

"Really, Miss Jean, you know I dont skate; perhaps it would be better if I just—er—looked on," he was protesting. "If it were—er—bridge or—er—cribbage—or some such sport as that—I hate to seem to boast, but I dare say I could hold my own with any one. In fact, I once won a prize in a chess contest. Did I ever tell you about that——"

"Oh! then you can really skate!" admired Jean; "they're really a good deal alike, Mr. Ponsonby—the basic principle is the same. Oh, *Mr. Mason,* what a surprise!"

Her laughing eyes gave Ned his clue. He skated forward and joined the group, with a fairly good imitation of a man exhibiting extreme delight. Mr. Farley was hardly as effusive in return.

"Absurd notion of yours, this," he grumbled to his daughter; "a man looks like a poppycock, balancing 'round on those fool things!"

"Oh! but, daddy, the exercise will do you *so* much good!" cooed Jean; "they really must learn—mustn't they, Mr. Mason? Why, I mean to be on the lake every day while this heavenly ice lasts!"

The last remark settled the wavering intentions of her two companions. A glance at Ned's straight, splendidly muscular form, and they were down on the bank, laboriously buckling the straps of their skates, while, above their heads, a silent conversation went on. With a shrug and a sigh, Jean conveyed to Ned that she had been obliged to bring the others along; with a wink and a smile, Ned warned her to be on the lookout for surprises.

Mr. Farley and Clarence, assisted to their feet, presented the pathetic appearance of the horrible examples at a temperance lecture. Their feet exhibited terrifying tendencies to move in an opposite direction from their bodies. They clung to their instructors with the fervor of a stout lady clasping a bathing-rope on the beach.

"I—I hardly think the ice is in suitable sh-shape this m-morning," gasped Clarence; "it s-seems so v-very sl-slippery, you know—ugh!"

"At my age!" moaned Mr. Farley, mentally relegating Ned to a region where skating is not in fashion.

"You're doing fine! Keep it up!" applauded the graceless pair. Out into the middle of the lake they led their victims—staggering, lurching, clutching—and paused.

"Hey, there! Dont let go of me!" yelled Mr. Farley, with a desperate grab at Ned's vanishing arm.

"Miss J-Jean! I beg of you!" besought Clarence, almost tearfully. Failing other support, the abandoned skaters seized each other, as their guides faced them, hand in hand.

"Mr. Farley," said Ned, coolly, "I love your daughter Jean. She has promised to be my wife. Will you give us your consent?"

Words failed Mr. Farley. But Clarence, noting his purpling face, had a premonition that they were not going to fail him long.

"D-dont sus-swear," he implored him earnestly; "you'll upset us, if you sus-swear. W-wait till w-we get on sh-shore!"

"You—you young scoundrel!" exploded Farley, with a reckless gesture of his doubled fist, that all but sent

A SNOW-BANK DEPOSIT

him sprawling. "Con-confound you, Ponsonby! Hold on to me, cant you, man? No! You cant marry my daughter, you—you—ugh! ugh!"

In an involuntary caress, Clarence's arm had wound itself about the speaker's neck, cutting off speech. Over Farley's heaving shoulders, Clarence's pale eyes rolled tearfully at the lovers.

"C-come, assist us to shore, my g-good f-fellow," he begged, with what he fondly believed an ingratiating smile; "we c-can talk the matter over, in dignity and quiet, on a—a better footing, as it were! Ha! ha!" His laugh was a dismal failure. A better example of mirth came from Jean and Ned, as, hand in hand, they turned and skated away. Over his shoulder Ned tossed a Parthian arrow, barbed with malice:

"Then we will elope! Good-by!"

"And, daddy dear"—sweet and clear came his daughter's dulcet tones—"with just a *little* more practice you'll make a splendid skater! I'm perfectly proud of you!"

The abandoned couple on the ice, still affectionately entwined, watched the elopers scramble up the distant shore and disappear over the bank with farewell waves of their hands.

Then Farley gave his companion a shove that sent him sprawling. With many groans and heartfelt comments on Ned's character and upbringing, he got down on his hands and knees and began to crawl shoreward, followed reluctantly by the plump, much-overcoated Clarence.

"Poor papa!" sighed Jean, five minutes later. "And, do you know, when the doctor proposed that he should walk a mile every day for exercise, he said a dreadful word!"

"Never mind papa!" said Ned, slapping the reins over the back of the hastily harnessed nag. "Haven't you a word of praise for the quick work I did rigging up this cutter? Now hold tight, sweetheart! We've got to beat it while the beating's good! It's some little distance to the Justice of the Peace! G'dap!"

The sleigh sped swiftly down the white roadway in a splutter of gay bells. They sounded like derisive peals of laughter to the two who, at that moment, were stiffly climbing the precipitous bank of the lake.

"They've started for Enfield!" howled Farley; "but we can catch 'em. My horse 'll beat anything on four legs! Come along, man—here, hold fast!"

For Clarence's full-moon face threatened total eclipse below the steep bank of rock and snow. Farley seized him by the muffler, and, tugging vigorously, succeeded in landing him, half-throttled, at the top. "I'll be back with the cutter in a jiffy," he shouted; "no use your coming—I'll pick you up."

"Bring the Pond's Extract," gasped Clarence, feebly; "I am very susceptible to colds—and the liniment. I know that ice gave me the rheumatism—and a mustard plaster. Oh, dear me! my elbow is fractured—my neck is broken—my hands are frozen——"

Meanwhile, the elopers sped merrily on over hill and valley, leaving the sagacious horse to pick his own way. As a consequence, some ten minutes later they found themselves sitting in a well-upholstered snowbank, still holding hands, while the horse regarded them questioningly over the top of a ruined sleigh. They looked at each other mirthfully.

"It's all your fault," pointed out Jean. "Why didn't you watch where you were going?"

"*That's* your fault," retorted Ned; "passengers ought not to kiss or otherwise annoy the motorman!" He jumped up, shaking the snow from his broad shoulders, and strode to the sleigh. A moment's examination sobered his amusement.

"Whew! We *have* done it!" he whistled; "no mending that scrap-iron! And—as I am a living sinner—look there!"

On both sides of them, before and behind, the country was visible for miles, and over the crest of the hill they had just climbed came a cutter bearing two familiar, irate figures. Jean clasped her hands, with a little cry.

"Father! And that odious Clarence!" she gasped. "Oh, Ned, what shall we do? If you let them catch us, I'll—I'll *marry him*—so there!"

Short of flying, there seemed no escape. But, even as they stared helplessly at the fast-approaching cutter, a shout whirled them about. Up the slope of the hill, toward them skimmed a swift figure, crouching close to the ground. In a spray of fine, jeweled snow, he swept over the crest and along the level to their side. Ned gripped Jean's arm, pointing to the slender, curved strips on the stranger's feet.

"Skis!" he shouted. "Heaven is on our side for sure! Quick, man! how much will you take for your skis?"

A chill breeze nipped their hopes in the bud. It emanated from the ski-jumper's stolid, Teutonic countenance.

"Ich verstehe zie nicht!" he informed them calmly; "Ich spreche nur Deutsch."

"A Dutchman!" gasped Ned; he struck his head with a despairing hand. "What's the word in their lingo for 'elope'? Why in thunder

FARLEY SEIZED HIM BY THE MUFFLER AND SUCCEEDED IN LANDING HIM

didn't we bring a dictionary along—and me with an A. B., too! Lord help us, you have to bore a hole to get an idea into the head of one of those foreign guys!"

"Nonsense!" cried Jean, energetically. She flung both arms about Ned's astonished neck, kist him hastily on the tip of his nose, pointed fearfully at the oncoming cutter and wrung her hands. The stolid countenance of the German widened in a beam of comprehension. Tears of sentiment and sympathy filmed his honest eyes. Without hesitation, he kicked off his skis.

Farley and Clarence, arriving a moment later, beheld the two fugitives sailing complacently across the valley below. Jean lay snug in the fearless coaster's arms. Despite the pressure of time, the irate parent drew rein and wasted a few precious moments and a good deal of breath in telling the ski-jumper what he thought of him. His prospective son-in-law even went to the extent of making a face at him, but words and grimace left the German quite unruffled.

"Ich verstehe zie nicht," he said gently, tho his eyes twinkled—for Farley's pantomime was no less comprehensive than his daughter's had been.

"They cant get far on those fool things!" Farley growled, as he whipped up the horse again. "About the top of the next hill we'll get them. G'long!"

Unskilled in the difficult management of skis and hampered by the weight of the girl, Ned was having a hard time. The impetus of the descent carried them across the valley and nearly to the top of the next hill, then suddenly failed. It was only by catching hold of a low-hanging maple-branch that he averted shipwreck. Jean, sobbing and shaking with excitement, clutched his sleeve.

"They're 'most here!" she cried. "Look at Clarence's face! Did you ever see such *fat* triumph? What are you going to do now?"

For Ned was pulling her breathlessly up the hill. A chorus of greetings met them, as they stumbled over the crest into a merry group of tobogganers, friends of theirs. In a few words Ned gave them the situation,

BOB-SLEDS AND DOGS PROLONG THE ELOPEMENT

and a dozen hands were pushing them onto a sled behind a team of dogs.

"We've been using 'em to haul the sleds up-hill," explained the dogs' owner, "but they'll carry you on the level, too. Good-by! Good luck!"

"Stop them!" shouted an angry voice behind the cheering group; "she's running away with the wrong man!"

If, decided the tobogganers, it was the right man who sat beside Farley in the cutter, gasping and groaning dismally, it would be entirely wrong to further his suit. Which, perhaps, explains why, a moment later, Farley found his traces slit and the cutter consequently useless. There was nothing for it but to commandeer another toboggan, minus the dogs, and start anew after the elopers.

"The Justice of the Peace lives near the foot of this hill," snarled Farley, taking his position on the toboggan; "get on behind there, Ponsonby, and be quick about it."

"Oh, my bones!" moaned poor Clarence; "my nerves—my soul and body!"

But he slumped, in a puffy heap of misery, behind Farley, and the toboggan careened dizzily down the first lap of its trip, swirled on one keel around a corner and on down the hillside, almost into the very yard of the Justice of the Peace. Farley found both a painful surprise and a pleasant one awaiting him at the foot of the slide. When he turned to address Clarence, he discovered that he had lost his passenger somewhere along the way! Looking back, he noticed that the sides of the hill sloped steeply away from the track to the banks of the river, in a dangerous drop at several points. Filled with uneasy forebodings as to the fate of his chosen son-in-law, Mr. Farley hurried to the Justice's house, to learn that that worthy had gone down the river to the ice-carnival, some hours before, and that no couples clamoring to be married had yet appeared.

"It's a cold day," he chuckled fatuously, "when a couple o' young smart Alecs get ahead of *me.*"

The words trailed feebly from his half-opened mouth. Who were those disheveled but hilarious young people,

"CATCH THAT BOAT AND I'LL GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS," ROARED MR. FARLEY

down there on the bank of the river, just clambering into the ice-boat? With surprising agility for one who had lately sworn at his doctor on being told to exercise, Farley was down the bank after them, just as the ice-craft spread her sail and dipped off along the blue, glittering pathway. His halloo of rage brought another craft, cruising idly along the shore, in his direction.

"Catch that boat and I'll give you ten dollars!" roared the flouted parent, clambering aboard.

"Easy money!" sniffed the skipper; "my boat's the fastest on the river, bar none!"

Slowly, but perceptibly, the two boats neared. In five minutes at the latest, Farley would be in possession of his troublesome daughter. But the smiles of triumph wreathing his countenance were withered by a cruel blow.

The wind died down.

"Sorry, sir," said the skipper, coolly; "cant go any further without wind!"

"But the other boat!" howled Farley, frenziedly pointing; "what makes that go, then?"

"Oh, *she's* got an engine," explained the skipper, calmly, and lighted his pipe preparatory to a tedious stay.

The guests at the ice-carnival had just enjoyed a form of entertainment which is usually associated with roses and June rather than icicles and January. It added to the novelty and piquancy of the situation when what was quite evidently the irate parent propelled himself violently into the scene, just as the Justice of the Peace had proclaimed the alert young fellow in the mackinaw and the pretty girl with the wind-tangled hair man and wife.

"Father!" shrieked Jean, precipitating herself upon the newcomer. "Oh, *what* a pity you didn't get here in time for my wedding!"

"But at least, sir," said Ned, coming to his wife's side, and looking, as he did so, uncommonly straight and grave and like a man—"at least, sir, you wont refuse to kiss the bride?"

"Bride!" snarled Farley. "Bride! I'll have the wedding annulled! I'll have you arrested for kidnapping and abduction, young man! I'll—I'll——"

"Oh, father!" reproached Jean,

FARLEY DECIDES THAT HE WILL KISS THE BRIDE

tearfully, "how can you speak so of poor Ned? And, anyhow, if you have him arrested, I'll—I'll throw a stone thru a window and get arrested, too!"

"Poor, misguided, impulsive child!" said Farley, gloomily. "Here I had picked out a bridegroom for you who was more than a scatterbrain, good-for-nothing youngster—a man of worth, sound, moral principles—a man who——"

His glance became suddenly rigid. Following it, those present beheld a remarkable figure jauntily joining them. Arrayed in red doublet and hose, wearing a draggled cock's feather in his cap, and brandishing a sword of lath, Clarence Ponsonby approached the newly wedded pair at the head of a sniggering, tittering group of masques. A Pierrot, supporting him by one arm, bowed low to the astonished company.

"Does this merry Falstaff belong to any of you?" he queried jocosely; "he fell off a mountain into our party, in the center of a huge snowball. From remarks he dropped, we gathered he was on his way to his wedding, and so brought him along."

"Wed'ng ish right," declared the bedizened Clarence, indicating Jean with somewhat uncertain aim; "an' there'sh my blushin' bride!"

"Ponsonby, you're drunk!" faltered Farley. "How dare you be drunk, sir?"

"Drun'? *Me* drun'? Nosusher shing!" Clarence was visibly affected by the monstrous accusation. " 'Fraid of col' in head—very susshep'ble col' in head—took drink medishin, s'at's all, 'n you hav' heart shay I'm *drun'*—'s a crool worl'—besh fren' shay drun'!"

He sat upon a mound of snow, drew a large handkerchief from his hat, and burst into tears.

Farley gave a long, silent glance at his weeping candidate for son-in-law, and then turned to Ned, holding out a forgiving hand.

"Put it there, Ned, my boy," he said slowly; "and now, if you're still willing, I'll take you up on that matter of kissing the bride!"

# CHAPLINITIS

By CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(*Continued from July Number*)

We left Charles Chaplin, in the July number, taking a few, vigorous dance-steps prior to getting to work on his first photo-comedy for the Essanay Company. He did it so seriously that everybody wondered if he was out of his mind, because it seemed entirely uncalled for. Francis X. Bushman was among the interested bystanders—just a wee-bit peeved, perhaps, to see this great bidder for world-popularity stepping into the Essanay studio, where he had been monarch o'er all he surveyed—and he inquired the cause of Chaplin's peculiar antics.

"Ah!" he said, *sotto voce*. "Got to limber up. A little pep, everybody; a little pep. Come on, boys. Shoot your set. I'm ready." The last sentence was shouted. Charlie went thru a few other steps, and then sized up the situation. He examined his set and then his actors. He gave them their instructions as to just what they should do and just when they should do it. He looked down on those $50,000 feet of his, picked up one of them and stood like a stork as he examined the shoe, put it down again, straightened up and started to shoot a rapid-fire of directions, musings and comments on the world of today. When any actor went thru a piece of "business" that appealed to Charlie, he was quick to step out, pat him on the back and tell him: "You're a bear. Good stuff. You're goin' along right, old top. Keep it up—keep it up."

It took a little while, but Chaplin finally injected enough enthusiasm into his people to make them work hours without thought of time. The proof of it came at the noon hour. Nobody knew it was twelve o'clock. The first inkling Chaplin had of it was when he noticed the augmented crowd that eyed his efforts with all sorts of expressions on their faces. "What's the idea? Why the party?" Charlie exclaimed, during a lull in the work. "By George! I'll bet it's twelve o'clock, aint it, boys? Twelve o'clock,

sure as you live. That's all for a while. Get out and get your lunches."

The actors filed out, tired but very happy. Every one who had worked with Chaplin that morning had the warm spot in his heart that comes with the praise of work well done. When they came back and again took their places on the floor, there was hardly any holding them when they got a piece of "business" to do. And it was hard to work with Chaplin. It always is hard to work with Chaplin. His ideas and methods call for strenuous work. There are many rough falls and hard tumbles in store for the actor or actress who works with him and does his or her rôle properly. That is why a player will work with him for a while and then will gently hint that he would like a rest. Under the spell of Chaplin's personality he will wade thru water, sit in a fire or fall from the third story onto an asphalt pavement. Away from the little, human dynamo, he reviews the chances he took, shudders and begins to feel sorry for himself. Thus it goes in Chaplin's life. His work is an elimination of the unfit and the picking of the fit. Chaplin's company right now is a perfect working unit. It is filled with his personality. That is why his comedy and his effects are improving all the time. Chaplin's gift, like every other genius's, is the making the most of his opportunities and the welding of his backgrounds into a perfect series of pictures.

Chaplin is a paradox. He is a character, an "original." The methods he uses are hoary with the age of centuries, yet his effects are spectacular and brand new. He is an Englishman, born in a country which is popularly supposed to be bereft of humor. While this is a fallacy, nevertheless Chaplin is not an exponent of British humor. His type is more the Latin type, and is Anglo-Saxon only in the horseplay that is inevitable in his plots. There is Celtic subtlety in the Chaplin comedies that reminds one of the wit of Lever or Swift; sometimes there is even a hint of Boccaccio or De Maupassant. The subtleties you do not notice. But they are the things that tickle you and make your mirth uproarious. When you recall his pictures, you remember a man being hit by a plate or a sledge-hammer, or sitting involuntarily in a very active bonfire. What you dont remember is the trick of expression —the emotions

that chase themselves across the face of the victim—the nonchalance of a pigmy "giant" executing a Herculean feat which you know on the face of it is absurd and out of the question. That is Chaplin—sublety, horseplay, a fringe of pathos, all mixed up in a bewildering hodge-podge of film that moves you to unrestrained laughter.

Chaplin's beginning was quite humble. There wasn't much apparent chance for his raw talents when he first went on the stage, as a

dancer and as an actor, with William Gillette. His first appearance in America was in a typically English skit. Thinking it over dispassionately, one wonders how it ever became so successful. That is, one wonders until one remembers that Chaplin was in it. It was called "A Night in an English Music Hall," and it portrayed the adventures of a "drunk" who went to a music hall in a hilarious condition and gave frank and original

expressions of opinion on each act he saw. There was no plot to the sketch. It was merely a rather crudely constructed vehicle of laughter. Chaplin was "the funny drunk." That was the sobriquet he got from enthusiastic people who remembered him gratefully for the prolonged laughter he gave them.

An all-wise Moving Picture director came and saw and was conquered by "the funny drunk." He offered him a contract. Chaplin thought it over for about three minutes and signed up. A week later he had made his début in the "detestable slapstick comedy that is rendering coarse the youth of the country," according to some self-appointed moral watchmen of a couple of years ago.

In those benighted days, Chaplin comedy was denounced as wicked, immoral slapstick. His pictures suffered from the slashing of censors, who figured that this brand of humor was dangerous. Moral policemen thundered from pulpit, rostrum and editorial chair that the buffoonery of the Englishman was silly, inane and perverted. This it distinctly was not. There was a point to every movement, every situation. The self-appointed saviors clandestinely saw his pictures and doubled themselves up in unholy mirth. But, when they left the theater, they reasoned that, while they could digest the humor, the poor uneducated masses were likely to be swayed by the situations instead of the thought behind them.

But there came a change, gradual and almost unnoticed. People watched for Chaplin and packed the house in which he appeared. His star was mounting, altho his name was scarcely known.

Essanay, realizing the genius of the man, made him a dazzling offer that was at once accepted. Chaplin enrolled himself under the banner of that firm. And then the world went mad. From New York to San Francisco, from Maine to California, came the staccato tapping of the telegraph key. "Who is this man Chaplin? What are his ambitions? What's his theory of humor? Is he married, or single? How does he like American life? Does he eat eggs for breakfast? Is he conceited?" The newspapers wanted to know; the country had risen and demanded information.

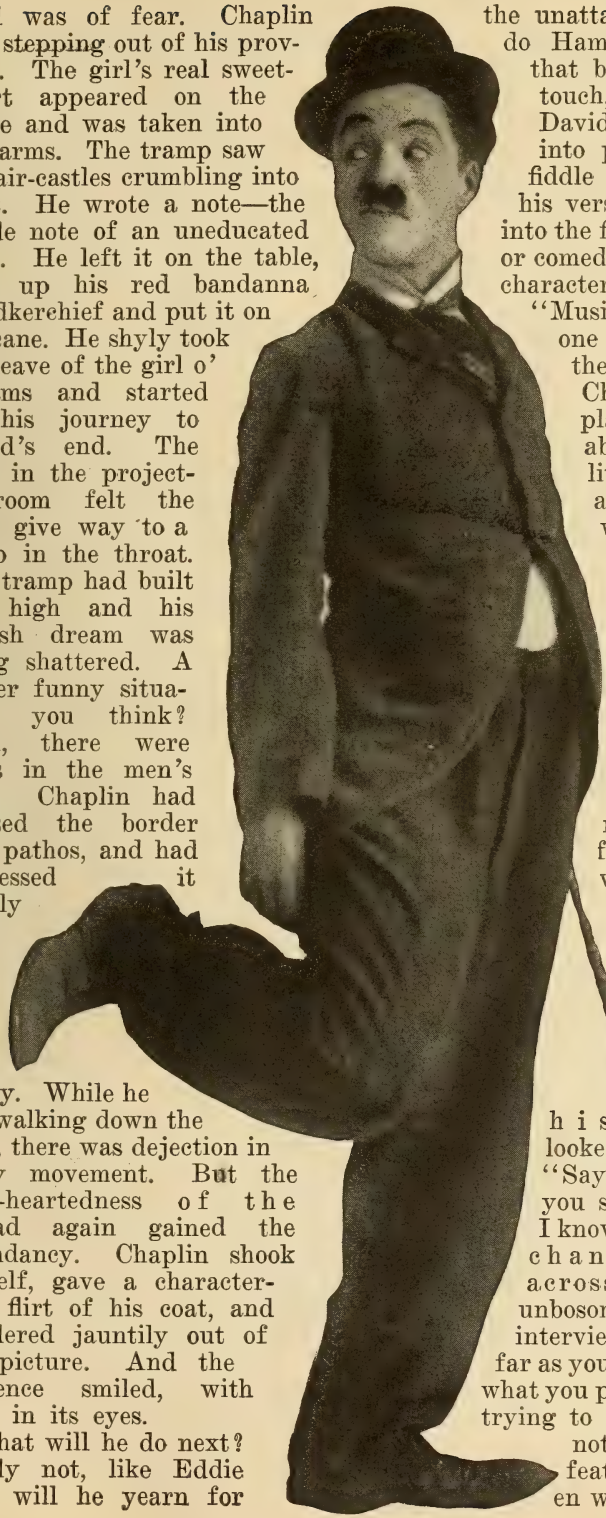
And in the wake of this demand came the deluge of requests for the exclusive use of Chaplin's figure, or his name, on a new toy, a song, a

novelty in which an image of Chaplin gravely performed one of his funny stunts. In the theaters, on the vaudeville stage, comedians stalked gravely on the boards in crude imitation of the inimitable Englishman. And they were applauded and appreciated in direct proportion to the correctness of their imitations. The dignified stage was reaching shamefacedly into the despised Moving Pictures to lift its comedies into its own audiences. And the "Chaplin Waddle," the

"Charlie Strut" and the "Chaplin Wiggle" banged and sputtered out of overworked pianos in the song factories, that have their own methods of showing which way the wind of popular favor is blowing. Then appeared the image of the quiet Englishman on the lapels of the coats of the younger set. Chaplin pins and Chaplin souvenir spoons were rushed in response to frantic demands for "Chaplin favors." The mystic high sign of universal brotherhood was: "Are you a Chaplinite?" And every one knows the countersign.

Meanwhile, out in the Essanay Western studio, in Niles, Cal., there was produced a comedy called "The Tramp." It was written and produced by Chaplin, as a vehicle for his own work. The story was old as the hills; the situations would have been pronounced crude if they had been worked by any other than Charlie Chaplin. But there was something new in the picture. The tramp, after many adventures characteristic of a city man's ignorance of farm life, fell in love with the farmer's daughter, who was nursing him thru an illness resulting from a wound he got in defending her home from an attack of thieves.

Down in the projection-room of the Essanay studio, the men who passed on the picture felt a chill across their backs as the tramp discarded his humor and became pathetic. The



chill was of fear. Chaplin was stepping out of his province. The girl's real sweetheart appeared on the scene and was taken into her arms. The tramp saw his air-castles crumbling into dust. He wrote a note—the crude note of an uneducated man. He left it on the table, tied up his red bandanna handkerchief and put it on his cane. He shyly took his leave of the girl o' dreams and started on his journey to world's end. The men in the projecting-room felt the chill give way to a lump in the throat. The tramp had built too high and his foolish dream was being shattered. A rather funny situation, you think? Well, there were tears in the men's eyes. Chaplin had crossed the border into pathos, and had expressed it solidly and surely. While he was walking down the road, there was dejection in every movement. But the light-heartedness of the nomad again gained the ascendancy. Chaplin shook himself, gave a characteristic flirt of his coat, and wandered jauntily out of the picture. And the audience smiled, with tears in its eyes.

What will he do next? Surely not, like Eddie Foy, will he yearn for the unattainable and attempt to do Hamlet. His is a genius that bends everything to his touch, however, and, like David Warfield, who came into public favor as second fiddle to Weber and Fields, his versatility may carry him into the field of straight comedy, or comedy-drama, in such grand characterizations as Warfield's "Music Master," which was one of the milestones of theatrical success. Give Chaplin a great photoplay, a strong, virile, lovable part, and the brainy little man with the far-away look in his eyes will astonish and hold us yet with his breadth of a genius that has just begun to try its first flight of fancy.

Out in Niles, Charlie was informed that another story was being written about him. Then some one showed him his likeness on the cover of a famous magazine devoted to Moving Pictures, and a third informed him that a Chaplin chorus of show-girls, each one costumed à la Chaplin, was the latest hit on Broadway. Charlie shrugged his shoulders and looked into space. "Say," he said. "Did you see 'The Tramp'? I know I took an awful chance. But did it get across?" Finally he unbosomed himself to the interviewer. "Oh, go as far as you like. You'll write what you please, anyway. I'm trying to figure whether or not pluck ing three feathers from a lady-chicken will get by the Censors."

# Interviews with Prominent Directors

## "And the Greatest of These Is"—DAVID W. GRIFFITH

(Mutual)

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

ONE doesn't interview David Wark Griffith. He's too busy. One simply stands about the studio, wherever he may be working in the open, and gathers up the verbal pearls of wisdom which fall from his clean-cut, aggressive-looking mouth.

Unquestionably the greatest director of Motion Pictures in the United States (which, of course, means the world), he is an intensely "human" man, one in whom great trust may be reposed. Always courteous, first of all a gentleman, he has risen rapidly to a position in the picture world where he may know that his wishes are carried out as promptly and as respectfully as if commands.

He is Southern all thru, having been born in Louisville, Ky., and it was in this town that he first saw a theatrical performance, at the ripe age of sixteen. And then it was decidedly against the wishes of his parents who were bitterly opposed to the stage and its connections. After seeing a performance of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, in Louisville, he made up his mind that he, too, would be an actor.

And his ambition was shortly realized. He soon began writing plays, drifted to New York, and there, while temporarily short of funds, gladly accepted work as an extra with the Biograph Company. And there he stayed until a short time ago, when he left them to make the Mutual pictures even more famous. The pictures which he produces personally, at present, are really his own, and are released under his own name. Thus the "Griffith Brand" has quickly sprung to fame and popularity. "The Battle of the Sexes" caused a sensation in the picture world when released some time ago. It has been followed by "The Avenging Conscience" and "The Birth of a Nation," which was

lately released. Wherever it has been shown, it has met with applause equally as great as, if not greater than, "The Battle of the Sexes."

Mr. Griffith has had wonderful success at training young people with no stage or picture experience to become the most successful and popular players of the day. And his company is made up of young people. In fact, there is no company in the business today whose cast numbers so many young people as Mr. Griffith's. many more. Space forbids my mentioning them all, but they are too well known to need it.

Mr. Griffith has a strong disapproval of the words "silent drama" as applied to Motion Pictures, for he says of all mediums of expressing thought the Motion Picture is the loudest, and its message is received by multitudes.

"Suppose," he says, his eyes glowing with fire and the earnestness of his speech, "suppose one reads a

MR. GRIFFITH CENTER, DONALD CRISP IN REAR, ROBERT HERRON TO THE LEFT

Scarcely one of the girls has passed twenty years of age. There's charming little Lillian Gish, not quite nineteen, whose face is known and admired the world over, and her clever little sister, two years younger, Dorothy, the inimitable comedienne; Mae Marsh, whose work in some recent pictures, as well as past successes, has endeared her to all; and Blanche Sweet, who, as the Biograph Blonde, had won fame and honors galore at an age when most girls are thinking of putting up their hair and wondering if mother will permit that nice young man on the next corner to take them to the theater. And there's ever so book, perhaps an old classic. Nine out of ten people will forget it a few hours later. Show the same book in Motion Pictures and see how long the memory lasts. Where hundreds read the book, perhaps thousands will see the picture. And where ten people will remember the book, a thousand will remember the picture."

He has very decided ideas as to "types," and when he has a scenario calling for a certain type, he is untiring until he has found it. He also watches carefully the costumes and make-up of the players and criticises freely, but his company are thankful for his interest and repay it by a

loyalty that is as rare as it is beautiful.

"I had rather spend a week coaching and training a young, inexperienced girl who has no knowledge of picture acting, but who looks the part which she is to play, than to spend ten minutes reading 'business' to a capable stage actress. Why? Because the girl, inexperienced tho she is, *looks* the part; while the actress from the stage would be a matured woman, who would act splendidly, but who would look foolish as the innocent young ingénue. It takes years to acquire stage experience, where it takes months in Motion Pictures, if the aspirant has dramatic ability."

When assigning parts or rehearsing his company in the bringing out of some intricate bit of acting, Mr. Griffith will often assume the troublesome rôle in question, go into the scene and work out every gesture, showing the player exactly how it should be done. Often the very bit of acting that arouses a picture audience to enthusiasm and causes them to applaud eagerly the genius of the player was worked out in some bare-looking, unattractive "set" by the "Greatest Director in Motion Pictures."

He writes a large number of his scripts, having had the experience of playwriting to back him up in this second effort, and often works in the studio or field without a script either in hand or pocket. It is all in his brain, and he needs no other copy.

Under the hand of any save an artist, "The Avenging Conscience" would have developed into a "blood-and-thunder" feature. But as it is, we have a six-reel dramatic gem. Who save a Griffith could have thought of, or have had the courage to add, the intensely interesting touch preceded by the subtitle, "Nature is one long system of murder," and which shows the survival of the fittest among ants, flies and spiders?

I repeat, there is only one David Wark Griffith! Would that there were more, and then, perhaps, the Utopia of perfect pictures would not be so far away, after all!

MR. GRIFFITH DIRECTING A SCENE FROM "THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES"

# COLUMBIA MOVIES

By J. VOORHIES

No longer will the students in Columbia College and the School of Journalism have to sit and listen to dry and well-baked lectures month in and month out, for the movies have come to the rescue. Introduced last year, as announced in this magazine at the time, in the reporting courses in the School of Journalism, Motion Pictures were found so valuable and so popular with the students as a means of giving out instruction, that they are now being used in five other courses. And what is more, they have been extended to the college department.

Now the students of English literature, science, economics, history and even psychology go to Columbia's movie theater in the School of Journalism every week or so and spend an hour seeing the things they have been told about, and which, without the Motion Picture, they would have to take for granted. In addition to the movies in these regular courses, weekly exhibitions of pictures from the European War are given.

The war pictures are the greatest attraction. Last week pictures were shown of the Belgian refugees fleeing before the advance of the German army, and other scenes from that war-ruined nation. There were also pictures of skirmishes between the Belgians and the Germans which the camera man was able to snatch before he, too, had to retreat with the refugees. All the students who saw the exhibition were unanimous in the opinion that the one hour spent with those movies gave them a better understanding of the state of affairs in Belgium than all the months of reading in newspapers and magazines. No definite program of war pictures can be given because of the difficulty in getting them from the manufacturers.

In the English literature courses the pictures are of the homes of famous authors and the scenes of their various works. One of the exhibitions showed Stratford-on-Avon, the little English town where Shakespeare was born and spent his youth, and where he returned after many years a famous man.

The pictures for the economics courses are of industrial methods. Pictures have been shown of the cotton industry, in which the history of that commodity was traced from the field to the mill where it was made into cloth. Sheep-raising and shearing, rice-raising and bread-baking, were similarly taken up. In each of these subjects the development of the industry, from its early stages to the present, was shown on the screen in a manner so clear that the best professor was made a poor competitor. The potash industry, now seriously hurt by the war, as Germany is the largest producer of this chemical, was also studied with the aid of the movies.

The two courses in which it is thought the Motion Picture will be

most valuable are the general science course and psychology. Formerly the students in this science course were at a great disadvantage because few experiments were performed, it being for purposes of general information and not for men who intended to specialize. But now they will see the more intricate experiments thrown on the screen, and, with the aid of a lecturer and easy repetitions, will be able to understand them as well as if they saw the real thing.

The psychological movies will deal especially with "abnormal psychology," and will throw light on the lectures in a way which could only be duplicated by visits to hospital wards. The historical pictures have given scenes of places where history has been made, and where in Europe it is now being remade. The war pictures are also being used in conjunction with the modern history work.

Incidentally, the professors and instructors at Columbia welcome the movies as much as the students do. In them they see a way of explaining their subjects which for effectiveness no amount of talking can equal. What is better, from the professional point of view, the movies awaken an interest for the subject in the student and give something live and moving to look forward to. And then, too, things once seen are never forgotten.

## A Question That Is Never Answered

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

WHY draw aside the curtain and lay bare the mechanics which make Filmland an enchanted place? Why desert the land of fond fancy for the drear present? The marionettes dance for the delight of all, but we know some one is behind the miniature stage, pulling the strings; Punch and Judy perform, but we appreciate, to our keen regret, that there is some individual manipulating their movements. And so it goes—illusions spoiled by the knowledge that all is not gold that glitters.

There are many and varied effects that are being utilized in Motion Picture production, which add to the realism and the originality of the screen-plays. For example, the lonely bachelor dreams of his boyhood days, and we see his vision then and there depicted on the screen. There "fades in" the vision of the barefoot boy of long ago by the old mill stream; of the parents welcoming the urchin home from school; and then the visions again dissolve to the lonely bachelor sitting by his fireside.

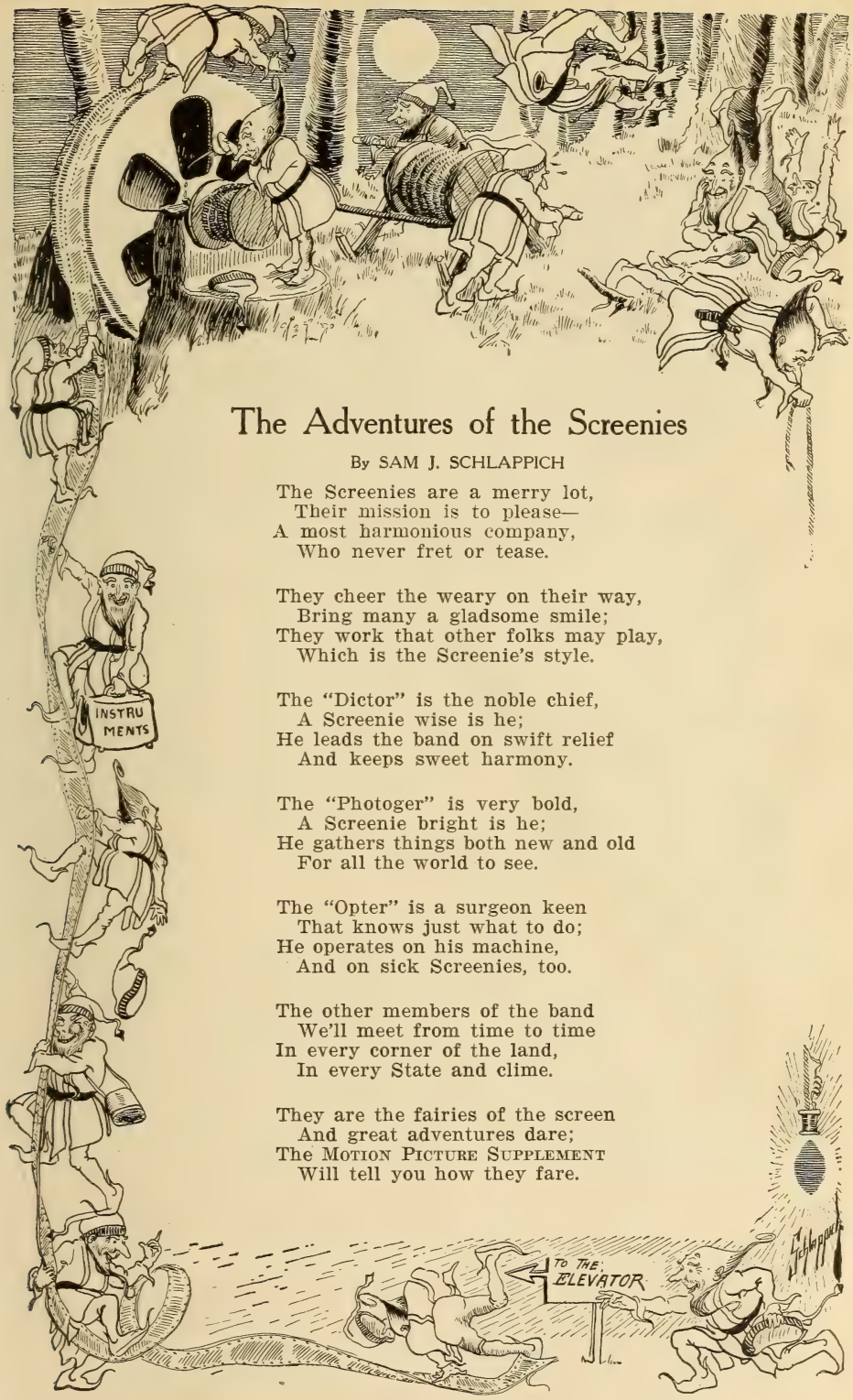
Young men shall dream dreams, and old men shall see visions—why dispel the illusions created by Filmland's magic?

A man walks up the side of a house; a "chase" scene is shown in which all participants run at a speed that is impossible in real life; a ghost appears and disappears, seemingly out of thin air; fairy stories are real-for-sure fairy stories in the Motion Picture plays. By the mere waving of a wand, genii appear, and they perform all sorts of seemingly impossible undertakings.

How is it all accomplished? That is a question repeatedly asked of the producers of Motion Pictures. The questioners are seldom given the details of how the effects are obtained. It is all in the camera; there are tricks in every trade—but nothing can be made to perform more magically than the Motion Picture camera.

The reason that information, as to the manner in which trick-effects are obtained, should be refused, is that such knowledge would spoil much of the pleasure furnished by the Motion Pictures. It would spoil the illusions and lay bare trade mechanics, to the detriment of artistic atmosphere.

That is the principal reason why the question, "How is it done?" should not be answered. The Pandora's box in Filmland has already been opened too widely. Permit the illusions, at least, to remain behind!




# The Adventures of the Screenies

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

The Screenies are a merry lot,
Their mission is to please—
A most harmonious company,
Who never fret or tease.

They cheer the weary on their way,
Bring many a gladsome smile;
They work that other folks may play,
Which is the Screenie's style.

The "Dictor" is the noble chief,
A Screenie wise is he;
He leads the band on swift relief
And keeps sweet harmony.

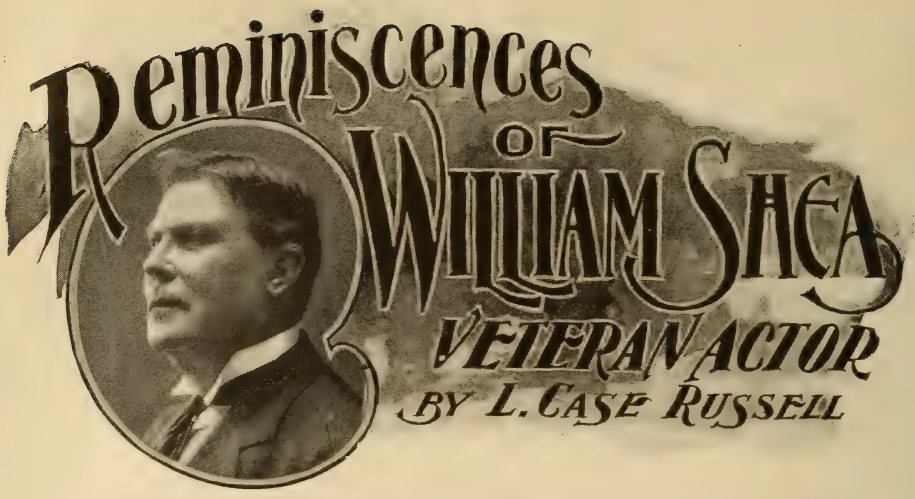
The "Photoger" is very bold,
A Screenie bright is he;
He gathers things both new and old
For all the world to see.

The "Opter" is a surgeon keen
That knows just what to do;
He operates on his machine,
And on sick Screenies, too.

The other members of the band
We'll meet from time to time
In every corner of the land,
In every State and clime.

They are the fairies of the screen
And great adventures dare;
The MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT
Will tell you how they fare.

*Announcement:* The first number of the *Motion Picture Supplement* will be on sale on and after August 15.




"SHEA? Oh, yes, he's here somewhere. Look over there in the automobile shelter. He usually reads his paper there." This in answer to my inquiry at the Vitagraph studio for William Shea, whose genial smile and natural character portrayals have won hearts wherever the flickering films run, and that is the world over.

And, sure enough, when I had threaded my devious way across the yard, dodging ten African warriors rehearsing for a united attack on a trembling missionary, I found Mr. Shea comfortably ensconced on a bench.

Introductions over and Mr. Shea satisfied that I would be comfortable on half of his bench, we got down to tacks. "I dont want a regular interview, Mr. Shea, so much as some of your reminiscences of your early days on the stage. The public knows you were born in Ireland——"

"Sure, now, do they?" chuckled Shea, vastly pleased. "Well, now, listen—that's a mistake, I'm Scotch." "Scotch?" I repeated impolitely, but Shea's chuckling was so contagious I joined in, ready to regard the assertion as a joke. Shea grew as grave as he ever does and earnestly assured me, albeit with the most delectable Irish brogue, that he is a canny Scot, having opened his eyes to the light of day in Dumfries, Scotland. His mother was a Scotch actress. However, we accounted for the brogue and the jolly Irish facial characteristics when he admitted that his father was Irish—a dashing young soldier in His Majesty's service when he met and courted his Scotch lassie, afterward destined to be the mother of a famous star.

When baby William was a year old his parents came to New York City. Shea, Sr., had a position as civil engineer in the Department of Docks, and as William grew to young manhood he desired that his son follow the same line. Young William, now eighteen, had other ideas. His missions for his father frequently took him thru Fourteenth Street—the actors' promenade in those days—and he felt the call of the footlights, a predilection from his actress mother. He met a young actor, who later introduced him at a theatrical agency.

Meanwhile, he took part in a church play at St. Ann's, on Front Street—"as an Irishman, av course—I've niver been able to live it down, and the Father complimented me highly on my acting." This praise fanned the flame of his smothered ambition, and he sought the theatrical agency, altho with misgivings, knowing his father's opposition to his dreams.

To his delight, he got an engagement with John W. Albaugh's stock company in Albany. The play was "Lady Clancarty," and Shea was cast for the young messenger who arrives at a tense moment with important papers. His "lines"

consisted of two words, "My Lady," uttered breathlessly as he gracefully dropped on one knee and proffered the welcome paper to the anxious lady. His cue came. The eager, ambitious young super made his initial appearance before an audience. Rushing in, he dropped on one knee and uttered his oft-rehearsed "My Lady." A burst of applause greeted his startled ears—the rattling musketry of approbation, sweeter to an actor than the music of the spheres. The glorious tumult went to his head like wine. He remembered he was to bow gracefully and withdraw. He accomplished both without accident. Safe in the wings, he stood dazed, listening to that musical tumult that rose and fell and rose again.

The manager hurried by. Shea seized him. "Listen," he exclaimed, "do you hear that? Say, do you think they know me?" For a second the manager regarded him blankly, then light dawned. "Well, you see, boy, that's hardly for you, tho you did fine—*fine*. Lady Clancarty has the audience all worked up, you see; they are listening with her for the sound of the hoof-beats that tells of the messenger's arrival, and when you rush in they show their relief in applause." Slowly Shea comprehended that he had not leaped to a star's eminence on that initial

entrance, but his sanguine temperament refused to admit more than a momentary disappointment.

Shea remained with this stock company for several years, and during that time played with both Booth and Barrett.

"Barrett was stern, and the company all stood in awe of him," said Shea. "I had heard that he was very severe, so I had rehearsed the line which I had to address to him over and over until I could say it forwards and backwards. Sometimes we hadn't time to rehearse with the star, but, as it happened, we went thru our lines with Mr. Barrett. My cue was given. Advancing, with my heart going tippety-tip, I saluted and declaimed: 'The early cock hath thrice done solution to the morn. Thy

soldiers——' 'What!' thundered Barrett. Terrified, I repeated: 'The early cock hath thrice done solution to the morn.' '*Solution! solution!*' stormed Barrett. 'Go away! Get out! Arbaugh, Arbaugh, what kind of actors have you here?' What had I done? What heinous crime had I committed? I must have shown plainly my fright and utter lack of comprehension, for Barrett said: 'Go study your lines, young man.' And I fled, with the word 'solution' ringing in my ears. It needed the printed page to clear my confused brain. There stood the accusing word 'salutation.' Feverishly I repeated it over and over, with

the result that I went in that night in mortal terror lest the indelibly impressed 'solution' would force its way into utterance. I got thru all right, however. That was funny, wasn't it? Sure, I had the cocks up taking an early bath, didn't I." And Shea indulged in his contagious laugh.

Booth was in pleasing contrast to Barrett, according to Mr. Shea. Within three years after his "My Lady" line, young Shea was playing Banquo to Mr. Booth's Macbeth, the great actor's extreme consideration and kindness making a lasting impression upon the young man.

After about three years of stock in Albany, Mr. Shea joined "Lotta," a famous footlight favorite in those days, still later appearing with Maggie Mitchell in the "Pearl of Savoy."

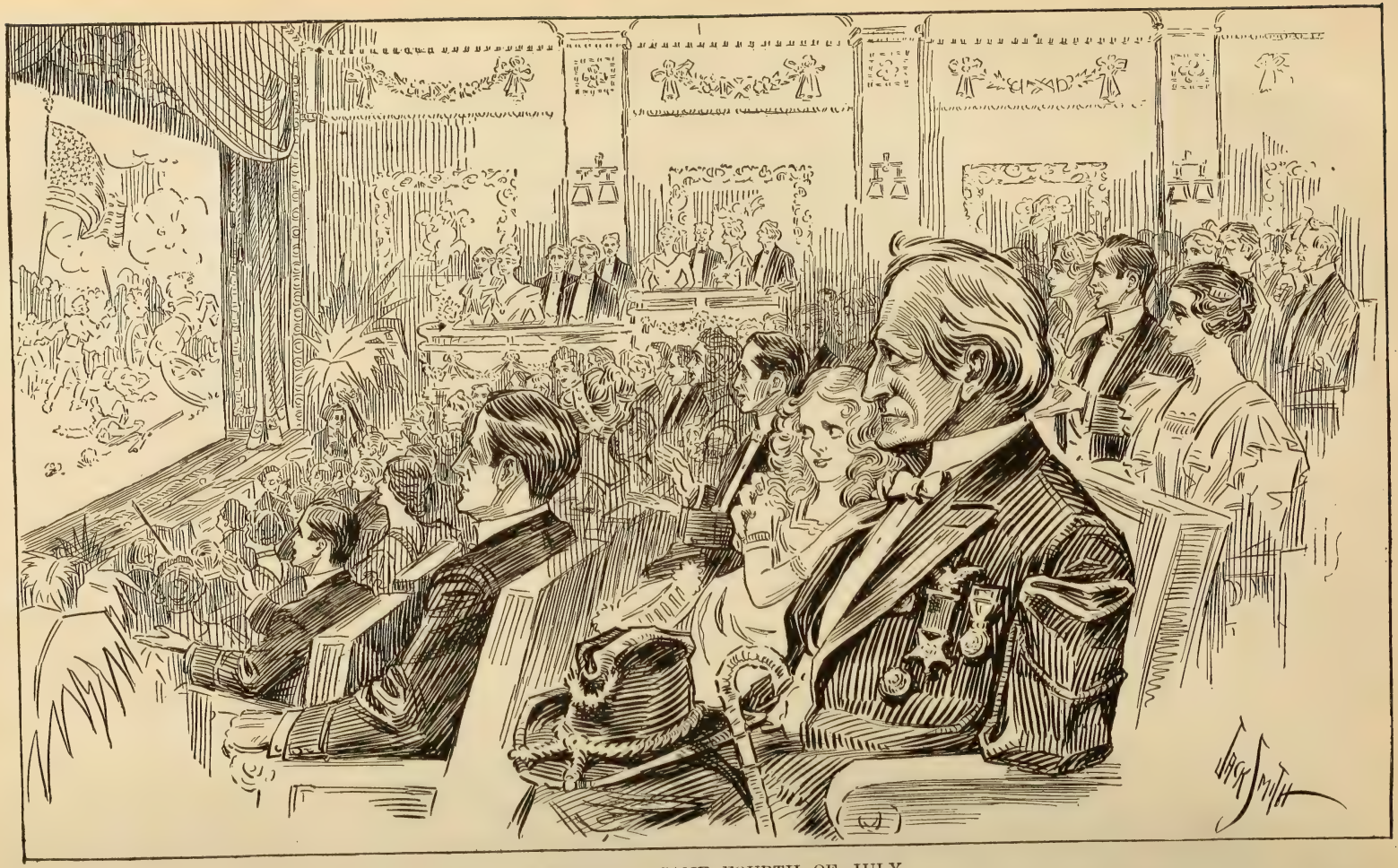
In connection with this latter engagement, Mr. Shea tells an amusing incident:

"I was cast for the priest, who stands with hands raised in benediction as his flock, about to adventure in a new land, pass him in review. I raised my eyes to heaven and stood with my hands held out about on a level with my eyes. I remembered afterwards that Miss Mitchell—whose temper was extremely short—had insisted at rehearsal on my hands being raised high and my head being bowed. The sad, slow strains of the orchestra lulled me to a false sense of security. One by one my flock passed by. Maggie Mitchell, the last to go, entered with bowed head. My thoughts were miles away. As she passed me close she hissed, 'Raise your hands!' Startled, I shot my arms up as if I'd been stung. The audience howled with delight. The curtain came down to a round of laughing applause. Miss Mitchell gave me a calling down that makes my cheeks still tingle to recall. Sure she had a tongue, and she exercised it on me that night."

Altho I was heartily enjoying Mr. Shea's laughs at his own expense, I felt he was not doing his successful career justice and urged him to tell of some of his hits. "Oh, well, of course I had successes and nice things said and all that," vaguely, "but the things that stick are the blunders I made. I remember well the awful scare I got when I played in 'Lear' with the great Salvini. I had the part of the fool. In the big scene on the heath, while Lear is raging defiance at the elements, I did what I had never done before and never have done since—I went to sleep in my dressing-room. My cue was given. I wasn't there. The call-boy hunted me up. When I realized the awful thing I had done, I could hardly gasp out my lines. The evening over, I hurried away to pass a sleepless night. I was disgraced forever. I seriously considered not returning to the theater, dreading the abuse I was sure to get. At length, however, I mustered up courage and went back. Salvini was coming out as I entered. He stopped. So did my heart. Shaking his finger at me he said, 'Naughty boy, naughty boy,' and passed on. The relief was so great that I felt weak."

Still later, Mr. Shea was engaged by the famous J. K. Emmet to play with the Irish comedian in a boxing contest. Emmet and he rehearsed a comedy boxing match, whose climax was a knockout blow Emmet delivered Shea. As Shea lay prone, he was to rise up on one elbow and say, "Begorra, he never touched me." In rehearsal Emmet delivered a punch that was realistic but not painful. Shea, of course, was prepared to fall when the punch came. At the first performance Emmet and Shea were dodging back and forth—the time came for the knockout blow. Emmet delivered one that knocked Shea almost senseless. The realism brought delighted approval from the audience. Shea's "Begorra, he never touched me," with its indomitable Irish spirit, made the desired hit. At the next performance, as the climax approached, Shea got ready to side-step a bit. Emmet, determined to get his effect, cut out a few turns and landed the blow unexpectedly. Again Shea

(*Continued on page* 174)




A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH OF JULY

# What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD

ARNOLD DALY (Pathé) little thought that he would be playing Craig Kennedy, nine years ago, when he introduced to the New York public Bernard Shaw's "Candida," of which Herbert Standing (Bosworth) was also a member, playing the character of Mr. Burgess.

Film fans would not have recognized Donald Crisp (Griffith) when he doubled in the parts of the waiter and Bobby with Geo. M. Cohan in "The Yankee Prince," 1908.

In that racing drama, "The Suburban," Wm. S. Hart (Kay-Bee) played the villain, Sir Ralph Gordon, during its long run at the Academy of Music, New York, 1903.

In 1906, in the part of Fantine in Wilton Lackaye's dramatized version of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," called "The Law and the Man," Gretchen Hartman (Biograph), then a child actress, scored a big hit.

The cast of "The Flaming Arrow" during the year 1904 showed that T. J. Commerford (Essanay) played the part of Col. Fremont.

Franklyn Hall (Selig) was with Corse Payton's stock during the year 1907, playing during the week of April 22d Rossignol in Paul Potter's "The Conquerors."

W. H. Parsons (Lubin) was a member of "The Child-Wife" company, playing the part of William, the butler, 1905.

"The Isle of Spice," tho a failure in New York during the year 1904, made more than good in Chicago, and Carlton King (Edison) played the part of Bompopka both in the New York and Chicago runs.

Viola Allen's production of "Cymbeline" contained the name of Morgan Thorpe (Edison) as the Frenchman, 1906.

During the long run at the old Madison Square Theater of "The Three of Us," Robert Kegerreis (Edison) played the character part of Louner Trenholm, 1907.

Jack Drumier (Biograph) was supporting Sidney Ayres (Universal) in that Western melodrama, "Texas," playing the part of Tank, 1904.

Max Figman (Lasky) was Richard Murray with Elizabeth Tyree in "Gretna Green" in 1903. This play is to be produced by the Famous Players with dainty Marguerite Clark in the leading part.

Monroe Salisbury (Lasky) was Demedes with Wm. Farnum in "The Prince of India" in 1906.

Douglas Gerard (F. P. Co.) was Guiderius with Viola Allen in "Cymbeline" in 1906 at the Astor Theater, New York.

Barry O'Moore (Edison), whose right name is Herbert Yost, appeared as Jimmy Barnet in "The Measure of a Man" in 1906, in which the late Robert Drouet (Biograph) was also cast.

Sid. Chaplin (Keystone) appeared last year (in London) at the head of Fred Karno's company as Nick Long (detective) in "The Hydro."

J. Frank Burke (Kay-Bee) was with Maude Macy Hall in vaudeville in "A Timely Awakening," playing Fall River during New Year's week, 1910, where he headed, a few years previous, his own stock. Mr. Burke was also Julian Lorraine in "More to Be Pitied than Scorned" in 1904, portraying the hero, while King Baggot, who was also in the company, played the villain.

Bartley McCullum (Lubin) was specially engaged for one week for the part of Sergeant Barkett in Bronson Howard's military drama, "Shenandoah," with the Novelty Stock Company, Brooklyn, 1903.

Jack Standing (Lubin) was in the revival of "Floradora" in 1905, appearing as John Scott.

Tom Terris (Kinetophote) appeared with Wm. Faversham in 1905, playing the part of Neale in "Letty."

Robert Conness (Edison) was featured as Robert Emmet in the play by that name in 1904.

Victor Benoit (Pathé) was Amedee with Mary Mannering in her play, "Nancy Stair," in 1905.

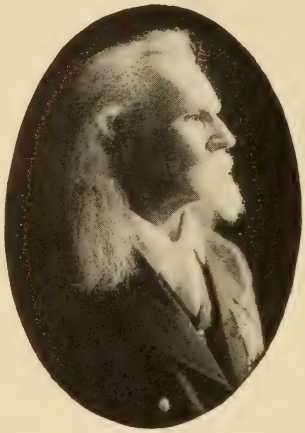
In 1904 Howard Estabrook (Peerless) appeared with Wm. Collier in "The Dictator" in the part of Lieutenant Perry.

W. H. Tooker (Life Photo) was a member of the late Clara Bloodgood's company, playing "The Coronet of the Duchess," in 1905, appearing as Mr. Hampton.

Ed. M. Kimball (Vitagraph) played the part of Captain Jogifer, in 1913, in the dramatization of "What Happened to Mary."

During the long run at the old Manhattan Theater, New York, of "The Virginian," Mabel Dwight (Edison) appeared as Mrs. Ogden in 1905.

# A Voice from Away Out Yonder "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen"



By

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

"The Poet Scout"

Formerly Chief of Scouts, U. S. A.

I should love to be a hero in a Moving Picture play;
I should love to preach a sermon in a pleasing sort of way;
I should love to be my own good self, as I have always been,
In the wild and woolly westland, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

I should love to tell the story of the West I used to know;
I should love to tell of heroes who were never with a show;
Brave and modest, unassuming men, and absolutely clean,
Who with Custer fought out yonder, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

I should love to picture Hickock, Wild Bill Hickock, of the West—
Of the real, unquestioned heroes James B. Hickock was the best;
And when manufactured heroes are projected on the screen,
'Tis an insult to my westland, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

Four times have I been wounded 'neath that flag I love so well—
At Spottsylvania Court House and in front of Old Fort Hell,
And twice while fighting Indians. With real fighters I have been,
The pioneer heroes, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

I'd love to be a hero in the movies if I could;
Just represent the real West and the things that make for good,
Uplifting, patriotic, really true-to-life and clean,
As were the lives of comrades "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

My hat is off to comrades, to the living and the dead;
I drink while I salute you, pioneers who fought and bled.
Yes, I drink a toast in silence from my battered old canteen
To the winning of the westland, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

# INSIDE THE CAMERA LINES

By ALAN CROSLAND

"LIGHTS! lights on Number Three!" The Scotch accent of the director was unmistakable.

Taylor, the assistant, tugged three times at a rope, and a huge bell signaled the carpenters to stop carping and the props to stop propping and the shifters to stop shifting. The carbons sputtered and hissed and finally submitted to the "juice." A brilliant white light flooded studio set Number Three.

"Put another bunch at the entrance!" Donald Mackenzie voiced his order in a preoccupied—almost disinterested—tone and stroked his directorial chin meditatively, which piece of business can only be mastered effectively and impressively after years of directorship. It registers, generally, a weighty strain on an artistic mentality—and Mr. Donald Mackenzie gets it over charmingly. The shadow across the doorway disappeared as the bunch-light responded.

The scene was ready! I fingered my crêpe-hair mustache nervously, flickered a suggestion of powder from my sleeve, straightened up in my uniform and grinned expectantly. We had rehearsed the scene only twice, and I was not bubbling over with confidence. I was to play a lieutenant of a United States submarine corps—and I am here to relate that I know comparatively less about the ins and outs of submarine life than an Alpine Swiss. And yet I grinned expectantly, for this was my first chance to distinguish myself from "atmosphere," and that is a big rung in the ladder of studio success. I was to get my face in a "close-up" picture and actually try to register a real, human emotion. I felt that the delay was bringing out telltale lines in my face.

"Are we all set?" thundered Director Mackenzie. "Take your places!"

"Just a minute, Mac," interrupted the camera man; "I forgot to reload her."

While we wait for Miller to change his film and get his focus again, we may as well glance about the studio, for altho this is a story of incident and not personality, we must bestow a bow upon the leading lady and a passing nod upon the rest of the cast.

That symphony in green and black, rocking rhythmically in a comfortably hired and upholstered armchair, is Eleanor Woodruff. She suggests an inspiration of a tone-poet, which description is as merry and elusive as her present mood. An adventuress—the accomplice of a Japanese spy—is her rôle, as even a casual glance, if one could glance casually at Miss Woodruff, would verify. Her pearl-set beauty-mark sparkles alluringly, and her exclamation-point earrings dangle wickedly as she chats with Jack Standing, the commodore of the submarines. The far-famed heroine, Pearl White, is engaged in a blithe and buoyant dialog with a reporter of a dramatic weekly. One would think that business surely had nothing in common with this conversation; but then, one doesn't know Pearl White. Her photograph will shortly adorn the cover of that same dramatic weekly as a direct result of her blithe buoyancy. The villain of the piece is reading the scenario, wondering what fell and foul deeds the editor will edit for him next. That nice-looking chap sitting over there by the water-cooler is the juvenile lead—handsome and heroic—as advertised. The Jap who is contemplating himself in the mirror with Oriental satisfaction is the butler to the submarine commodore, and, as

this narration will disclose, his part in the picture is as important as his resultant action is startling. We will omit his name in recognition of the bond of mutual esteem that exists between the linotyper and the writer, and yet we would emphasize this Japanese member to his maximum significance, for he becomes the incidental theme of these few pages.

"All right, Mac." The camera man had held us up only a minute.

"Clear the set! Places, please!" called the director. "Jack Standing! Where is Jack?"

"Coming, Mac." Mr. Standing hurried to his place at the desk in the foreground, and I sat on the arm of his chair. It was the Commodore's library, with a curtained entrance to the dining-room at the left. We will not have time to review the action of the scene before the camera clicks, so we will have to get it bit by bit as the reel runs.

"Are we all set?" Mr. Mackenzie always uses this phrase for his overture. "Start your camera!"

Jack Standing and I leaned over an open map on the desk, and I became unconscious of the camera's monotonous click when he pointed to a dot of an island somewhere in the South Seas.

"Isn't that where you flirted with a mahogany belle?" asked Jack, looking up at me with a submarine twinkle in his commodore eye.

The significance of this raillery, as far as I have been able to understand it, is to set an atmosphere of sociability. I protested, and then caught his contagious mirth, as we had rehearsed.

"Butler! That's your cue! Enter —that's right! Now, announce the people!" Director Mackenzie stood by the camera and called his impulsive instructions with authority.

"She Miss Pearl Wite an' fren's," mispronounced the Jap.

"Miss Pearl White! This is absolutely ripping!" exclaimed Jack. He seemed surprised. Just why he should be surprised at the arrival of his guests seemed to be a matter of small consequence. Perhaps he didn't realize they were his guests until several scenes later.

"More pleasure at their coming, Jack," prompted Mr. Mackenzie, hurriedly. "You're in love with her friend, you know."

Jack Standing slapped me on the shoulder and smiled broadly.

"By Jove! that's right!" he said. "I'm in love with her friend, you know."

It was only my constant resolve that restrained my glancing at the director when he suggested his advice. It is the natural instinct to look at the person addressing you, but I had learnt that to give way to this inborn inclination in the slightest degree inside the camera lines would be a violation of Rule One in the Prompt Book of Screen Art.

"Miss White," sang out the director.

We turned and greeted Miss Pearl White and friends warmly as they came down stage. While the others spoke of things in general, Miss Woodruff sat in the armchair and looked up at me engagingly.

"You know," she said, with Woodruffian humor, "I must talk with you, or I shall turn my back to the camera."

"I'm rather glad of that," I managed to mutter, knowing that from our conversation the camera was gleaning more sociability.

"Is Jack your superior officer?" asked Miss Woodruff.

"That's what the scenario suggests," I replied. These speeches may not be verbatim, but I quote as accurately as the stress of the scene permits.

"Do you go down under the water, too?" Miss White turned to me after questioning my Commodore.

"Yes, indeed," I responded; "anything for art's sake."

Miss White smiled and turned back to the group. She had just played one of the innumerable tricks of the picture game. In turning to me and back again, Miss White had exposed a pretty full-face to the camera, and

PEARL WHITE

the effect on the screen was pleasant—and conspicuous.

"Come down stage, butler," instructed Mr. Mackenzie.

The Jap crossed to Mr. Standing, whispered in his ear and retired to the curtained entrance. Our host addressed the group.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "dinner is ready." There was a general movement toward the curtained entrance.

"May I have the honor?" I addressed Miss Woodruff.

"Thank you so much," she declined, "but I have a short scene with Jack Standing before I exit. So sorry." The villain glanced knowingly at the butler—a slight elevation of the eyebrows does it—to show the plan is planted, and I followed him off left, leaving the set to Miss Woodruff, Mr. Standing and Mr. Jap. Turning outside the scene, we watched the action run its course.

It is along here somewhere that the plot enters. Miss Woodruff, it seems, has so successfully engineered her social diplomacy that she has been invited to the Commodore's dinner. There it is her mission to learn whether his plan for the new submarine model is completed, and if so, she must submit her report to her accomplice—the Japanese spy—who is "butling" for reasons politic, and he will do the rest.

"Stay up by the curtains until I call you, butler," said Mr. Mackenzie, which is Miss Woodruff's cue to engage herself in the comparatively pleasant and natural business of fascinating her host and victim. While he is

ELEANOR WOODRUFF

struggling in the net of her loveliness, she questions him with incredible results.

"The plans are ready," blurts out the captivated Commodore. "I finished them today. It is the greatest so-and-so and so-and-so, and it will stay submerged for two days. It's going to be some submarine."

A look of cunning success follows his words and finds expression in Miss Woodruff's deep brown eyes.

DONALD MACKENZIE

"All right, butler," suggests Mr. Mackenzie.

The Jap took his master aside to learn the details of serving the meal. The fair plotter seized the opportunity to scribble a hasty note which she craftily conceals in her dainty hand as the Commodore returns and escorts her to dinner. The butler draws the curtains after them, and as he turns to go he sees a small, gloved hand extend itself slowly, indicatively, with certain design, from between the curtains. The little Jap watched this phenomenon with awe. The suspense grows as the hand opens and a bit of crumpled paper becomes visible. Seizing the note, the butler crosses quickly to the desk—close foreground—and reads:

The plans completed! Search this room! I will keep him at dinner as long as possible!

The Japanese spy registers extreme excitement, and the scene is over.

Here let us insert a paragraph of digression long enough to remark seriously upon one of the oddities of picture-making. The opportunity of reading the scenario, preparatory to a screen portrayal, is reserved for the principals exclusively, and it would not be an unusual occurrence if one of the leads be unfamiliar with the story. Under these conditions it is impossible for the intermediate-part actor to portray his character with the finished consistency that careful study or even a slight perusal of the synopsis would achieve. Very often he must needs play thru a scene with no knowledge of the preceding or subsequent situations, being absolutely dependent upon the director, whose ideas he merely reflects. Judged from the actor's viewpoint, this is one of the obstacles a prosperous, rushing and sweeping industry has hurdled but not removed.

The next scene showed Jack Standing at his desk with his blueprints and drawing-set before him. In the finished picture, as it is run on the screen, this scene will precede the ensemble dinner scene by some 200 feet, but in the taking the scenes never follow in sequence. The submarine commodore ruled his final touch, surveyed his work with satisfaction, rolled the plans in a small silk Stars and Stripes and hid them in a secret compartment in the paneled wall.

It was while this scene was in rehearsal that I noticed the Jap had become almost irksome thru his inquisitiveness. He questioned me nervously about our uniforms, and after he was unwillingly convinced that we really represented the U. S. A.

he put me thru a timorous cross-examination regarding the plot. When he learnt it involved international complications between the United States and Japan he seemed agitated, worried, perplexed and annoyed. I recalled then that he had evinced a decided mental uneasiness in the foregoing scene. When he saw Mr. Standing roll up the plans in the American flag, he looked as tho a terrible revelation might dawn upon him any moment. He turned to Miss Woodruff.

"I play spy part! Yes?" His question was an insinuation.

"Yes, you are a spy," Miss Woodruff innocently assured him, "and I help you to get the plans. Dont you see?"

The Japanese eyes widened to an amazing whiteness, and from the voicing of his doubt Miss Woodruff learnt an intensely interesting national trait of this progressive race. It understood by an unwritten law that no Japanese shall solicit the enmity of an American, which is a code of no small political value.

"Scene 14! Butler, please!" called the director, keeping his eyes on his scenario.

"Do I have more additional scene?" asked the Jap, blankly.

"It looks that way," said Miss White, encouragingly, as he crossed to the set.

"Miss White and Miss Woodruff," announced Mr. Mackenzie, "you may change into your evening gowns now. I will take the last scenes as soon as you are ready." Miss White and Miss Woodruff made for their dressing-rooms. We applaud them as they go, for it is their final exit in this frivolous chronicle.

"Stand by the camera and watch me go thru the action, butler," said the director, script in hand. "This is a very catchy scene."

One of Donald Mackenzie's most commendable characteristics is his unique "temperamental" enthusiasm. When there is a particularly effective dramatic scene or one that requires complicated business, Mr. Mackenzie acts it out himself, and he seems to revel in this method of giving his people a definite understanding of his directorial desire. The following paragraph is an impressionistic idea of Director Mackenzie in action, with the Jap all attention.

ELEANOR WOODRUFF AND THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR—A TENSE SITUATION

"You come in stealthily, look around, see you are alone and cross to the switch here. Take an easy pose until the lights come up. By the way,

props''—the director interrupted himself—''be quick on those skylight curtains. When the lights are on,'' he resumed, ''you come down stage to the desk, like this, see? Go thru the drawers hurriedly, looking for the plans. Overturn some of the papers; you dont find them; not there; disgusted—see?'' The acting director played out each piece of business as he spoke. ''Then you cross to the wall and look under this picture. Nothing there. In bringing your hand down you feel this panel loosen—see? You try it; it opens; look in. There they are; the plans!'' Mr. Mackenzie had worked himself into the part, and he gave his ability full swing in the delight of retrospect. ''You grin villainously; grab the plans; sneer at the flag—see. Rip it off; throw it on the floor—that's where you will get your hisses. Then you spread out the plans; look 'em over; smile, satisfied; roll 'em up; shake your fist at the Star Spangled Banner, and go off the way you came on.'' Flushed from his histrionic activity, Mr. Mackenzie returned to his post at the camera's side and picked up his neglected cigar, which was a declaration of a momentary respite.

It has never been my privilege to become a student of Oriental psychology, nor have I ever been particularly interested in the infinite Japanese nature, but it must be an all-absorbing topic. The dubious thoughts that passed thru the butler's mind as he watched his director enact the scene were mirrored on his usually placid countenance by a series of facial contortions that registered everything from pain to perplexity. At each mention of insulting the revered Stars and Stripes especially was his repulsion most apparent. The whole demonstration seemed a very successful experiment of the mind-over-matter thesis, and an educational research in itself.

ARNOLD GENTHE—PHOTOGRAPHER MARIO KORGEL—SCULPTOR

ELEANOR WOODRUFF, NOW OF THE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS

''Now we'll try it,'' said the director, after the property man had repropped the props. ''Take it easy, butler, until you get the mechanics of the scene.''

The Jap shuffled nervously, blushed self-consciously, and at last diffidently

(*Continued on page* 170)

# Brief Biographies of Popular Players

## VIOLA DANA

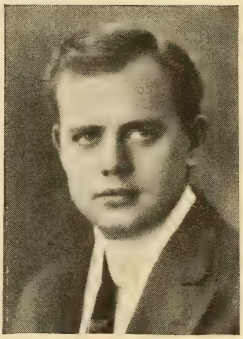
Didn't you see "The Poor Little Rich Girl"—the celebrated stage play of last year? If not, you missed a two-hour look at Viola Dana, its winsome star. Less than five feet in height, perfectly molded, with classic features and expressive eyes, withal light of foot and lithesome, Viola Dana will soon be classed with Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart as a "sprite of photoplay."

She has been on the stage, she says, ever since she can remember, her first performances being with Dorothy Donnelly in "When We Dead Awake," and the part of Little Hendrik, with Thomas Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle." Other successes were her part of the Indian child in "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham, and in "The Littlest Rebel," with Dustin Farnum.

Viola Dana has barely turned her sixteenth year, and, besides being "Broadway's youngest star," is one of the most petite and youthful stars in Camera-land. Since joining the Edison Company, Miss Dana has played many difficult parts, such as the title rôle in "Molly, the Drummer Boy," and the fairy queen in "The Blind Fiddler." In the latter play she shows her graceful dancing ability. She has pluck, too. In a recent stage performance an accident broke the border lights, but Miss Dana continued her dance, severely wounding her bare feet on the broken glass.

Some of her latest appearances are in "A Spiritual Elopement" and "The Thorn Among Roses." In the latter two, she surprises her audience by developing a delightful comedy vein.

## HOWARD MITCHELL

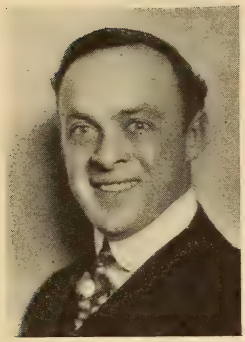


Those who have followed the adventurous careers of Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe, in "The Beloved Adventurer" series, cannot have failed to notice the performances of Howard Mitchell, the chief obstructionist to Johnson's happiness. As a matter of fact, he has been in photoplay for over four years, exclusively with the Lubin Company.

Howard Mitchell's long career in stock preëminently fitted him for the needs of the convincing heavy rôles that he has done on the screen. Some of his most successful characterizations have been the count in "John Arthur's Trust," the husband in "Friend John" and Jaritsky in "The Stolen Symphony."

Pittsburg, Pa., claims him as a native son—the year, 1885. He is athletically inclined, and does stunts in a gymnasium when there is not enough strenuous business in his picture parts.

## WALLY VAN



Charles Wallace Van Nostrand had his name clipped to Wally Van by his collegemates, and has since become equally well known as "Cutey" to picture audiences. Strange to say, Wally Van, who is now in his early thirties, is an electrical and mechanical engineer by profession, his most important work being with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and in the subway tunnels of the East River.

When the speed-boat craze developed, Wally Van became interested in marine engines, and the outcome was his engagement by Commodore Blackton, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, as his expert for his string of "Baby Reliance" racers.

Wally took an interest in working out engineering problems for the Vitagraph studio, and one balmy day, in a spirit of fun, posed as an extra. Altho nobody suspected it at the time, it was the beginning of a famous picture career. It wasn't luck—Wally had the gifts. In his college days, and later in Brooklyn clubs, he was an inimitable comedian, with a fine ear for music, a good baritone voice and a fighting mixture of German and Scottish dialect.

His picture success was almost instantaneous, and his "Cutey" series, in which he co-starred with Lillian Walker, are gems of refined comedy production. His impersonation of the widow, in "The Widow of Red Rock," was a remarkable bit of character work, and, of course, everybody has seen his merry-go-round medley of motor-boats, yachts, sea-planes, aeroplanes and love-affairs in "Love, Luck and Gasoline."

Wally Van often writes, and generally directs, his own pictures. In both "The Man Behind the Door" and "Love, Snow and Ice," he is the director-lead.

## BLANCHE SWEET

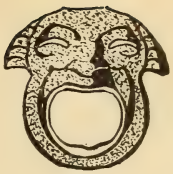
Blanche Sweet's first theatrical venture was a failure. Her mother had taken the coltish Blanche to William A. Brady's office, who unfeelingly said: "How can I use a leading woman who is not old enough to have had all of her teeth yet?" It was true. She was just exploiting her second crop of mouth-pearls, with one or two glaring vacancies. When the magic half-circle was completed, she became an all-around extra girl at the Biograph studios. The first picture Blanche Sweet appeared in was "A Corner in Wheat," and she was placed very deep in the corner. Her first lead was in "The Long Road."

Our ambitious sixteen-year-old screen actress took several flying trips to Berkeley, California, her birthplace, and was premier danseuse with Gertrude Hoffmann for a spell. Under David Griffith's direction, she soon became one of Biograph's stars, her great bid for fame being her portrayal of the title rôle in "Judith of Bethulia." She followed Griffith to Reliance, and was starred in "Home, Sweet Home," "The Avenging Conscience" and "The Escape."

Recently, Blanche Sweet has joined the Lasky-Belasco forces, and has upheld her remarkable record in such photoplays as "The Woman" and "The Warrens of Virginia."

Blanche Sweet has a short and brilliant stellar career behind her, and is an exhaustless and receptive *poseur*. Besides hundreds of young girl parts, she has played character and emotional rôles without number, but has never portrayed a villainess.

# Expression of the Emotions — Laughter



by Leonard Keene Hirshberg,

(A.B., M.A., M.D., JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY)

ONE curious fact is that a sob, physiologically speaking, is almost the same thing as a laugh. It employs the same muscular apparatus and is accomplished in the same way. Try it for yourself, and you will see how like it is. But here is a more singular thing: you all cry alike, but you all laugh differently. It is hardly possible to find two persons who laugh exactly the same kind of a laugh either in sound or expression. A laugh may be said to begin with a smile. But it is with the whole face that you laugh, and not with the mouth only. Watch a person doing it, and you will see that his eyebrows raise themselves, while those strange laugh-wrinkles gather at the outer corners of the eyes, corrugating the temples. Even the nostrils dilate.

You often hear of a person "smiling sadly." Indeed, it is no mere figure of speech. The sad smile is the kind that is made with the mouth alone. On the other hand, the smile of merriment, as already said, involves the whole face first, as a hearty laugh involves the entire body. At either corner of the mouth is the *risorius,* a muscle which rolls like two billows directly backward. When used, it produces a smile, but it is not a real smile, not even a sad smile. It is the sardonic smile—malicious and deadly; the smile of a person who is thinking evil thoughts. Near each outer corner of the mouth is another muscle called the "zygomatic," which pulls it outward and upward. This is the true smile muscle which, lifting the cheeks, causes them to bulge and, incidentally, makes the wrinkles of the temples. These wrinkles, in the course of time, leave lines that are literally the traces of past merriment and, viewed in this aspect, ought to be considered with resignation.

When, in a hearty laugh, the corners of the mouth are stretched and pulled up in the manner described, the big muscle of the forehead contracts and uplifts the eyebrows, as if to express surprise, that is to say, sudden amusement. Incidentally, the forehead itself is corrugated into a series of furrows running horizontally, and two little muscles on each side of the nose pull out the "rings" of the nostrils, causing the latter to dilate.

The laugh itself is a very grotesque and interesting performance, the neck and head being thrown back, while a series of short barks, as they might be called, are emitted from the throat. However musical they may be, they are undeniably barks.

The laugh begins with a sudden and violent contraction of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. But instead of opening to let the air pass out the lungs, the vocal chords approach each other and hold it back. They are not strong enough, however, to exercise such opposition for more than an instant, and the air which is under pressure promptly escapes. As it does so, it makes the vocal chords vibrate, producing the "bark." This obstruction and liberation of the air expelled from the lungs repeats itself again and again at intervals of a quarter of a second. There are thus in a hearty laugh four barks per second, and if continued they go on at that rate as long as the air reserve in the lungs holds out. The empty lungs

must then fill themselves, and this interval is marked by a quick gasp for breath, after which the barks are renewed.

Here is the exact mechanism of a laugh. The barks occur in series, with gasps for breaths at intervals. It is a rather violent form of exercise, and after a while produces exhaustion, the tired muscles with difficulty undertaking further efforts. Sometimes laughter becomes actually painful, and the face of a person indulging in it assumes an expression that might easily be mistaken for one of distress. Even tears may flow.

When laughter is very violent, the entire body takes part in it. The upper part of the trunk bends and straightens itself alternately or sways to right and left. The feet stamp on the floor, while the hands are pressed upon the loins to moderate the painful spasm. Thus you say on occasions that a person "writhes" with laughter. People under such circumstances may even lie down and roll on the ground.

DOT FARLEY BUD DUNCAN

VIRGINIA KIRTLEY

Violent laughter, if long continued, causes extreme fatigue. The face becomes flushed and the eyes red and tearful. The

ROSE TAPLEY

breathing muscles have trouble to supply the lungs with the requisite air, and the heart works irregularly, perhaps slipping a beat or two. The laugher, at length, may even fall to the ground unconscious. Usually such an occurrence is followed by quick recovery, but there have been cases where death ensued. In one recorded instance a philosopher died from laughter caused by seeing the ludicrous sight of an ass browsing upon roses.

If on occasions people have laughed themselves to death, however, there have been many instances, on the other hand, where persons have been cured of serious illness by laughter. History is full of such cases. One story, well authenticated, is told of an eminent prelate of the Roman Catholic Church who was dying of an abscess on the lung. As he lay in bed he saw his pet monkey get upon his dressing-table and deliberately put on his cardinal's hat. The effect was so irresistibly comic that he burst out laughing and the abscess broke, the consequence being that he recovered. It does not take much, sometimes, to make even a sick person laugh, and, when he does, the effect is usually salutary.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

SIGNE AUEN

## Old Days

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Upon the screen, old days long past
Live all their radiance once more;
Old customs that could never last,
These youngest arts of all restore—
Rebuilt, renewed before our gaze,
We see again the old, old days.

But breasts where lacy kerchiefs rest,
Or throats where linen ruffles rise,
Thrill to the same thought unexpressed,
Are troubled by the self-same sighs
As we today, alas! still know—
We have not changed since long ago!

The same long struggles vex us yet,
The same conundrums stir our souls;
The race can never quite forget;
We strain still toward the self-same goals—
Ah! best of all, we know, we know,
Love is the same as long ago!

# Chats with the PLAYERS

## OWEN MOORE, OF THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

"ONE of the hardest men to get an interview from" was standing unmolested in a quiet corner of the Famous Players' studio, and, seeing my opportunity to invade his forbidden grounds, I stole over to try my hand at finding out his past history. He was just about to retreat into his dressing-room, which, unfortunately, was close by, when he saw me; but I made a hurried dash, and reached him just in time to save the day. "Now, Mr. Moore, I know you dislike publicity; but wont you give me a few facts about yourself?—and I will promise to print only the good things." I held my breath while waiting for an answer to my question. However, my fears were ungrounded, as Mr. Moore smiled, and rather mournfully asked: "Well, what do you want to know? The public doesn't care what I do nor what I have done, so why waste good ink and paper telling them about some one who has done nothing interesting?"

Wasn't that just like a man? I endeavored to explain the fact that "movie" fans all over the world *do* care what Owen Moore does or has done, but, finding my efforts frugal, I let the matter rest, and he still thinks that he is a person of no interest. "I would like to know a little about your early stage experience, likewise your entrance into pictures, where you were born, and—well, answer those first."

"I was born in Ireland, December 12, 1887, but came to America when eleven years old. I lived with my family, in Toledo, Ohio, until I went on the stage; then home was where I hung my hat. As to my stage experience, that's easy—just drifted into it, playing in stock and Broadway productions—oh, a very ordinary and uninteresting career. My entrance into the films was made thru the Biograph Company, where I played leads opposite Mary Pickford." Having answered my questions, Mr. Moore seemed to think his duty done, so he said nothing more, and I was given the opportunity to notice his personal appearance.

The man Owen Moore is just as nice off the screen as he is on, and I had little difficulty in learning that around the studio he is well liked by all. In stature he is nearly six feet tall, and has very broad shoulders, while his hair and eyes are dark brown. He possesses a plentiful share of good looks, which, with a striking personality, no doubt accounts, in part, for his great popularity on the screen. But, aside from the qualities mentioned, Mr. Moore is an actor of great ability, having, in his years before the camera, portrayed almost every character, whether "light" or "heavy." He has worked for many of the leading companies since filling his first engagement with the Biograph Company. For a year and a half he was situated with the Imp Company, then followed a contract with the Victor, where he played opposite Florence Lawrence. David Griffith, when selecting players for his new company, took Mr. Moore to California with him, and, until recently, he was with this organization; but the Famous Players wanted him for some of their pictures, so he came East to join their ranks. Mr. Moore's fine work in "Aftermath" opposite

Virginia Pearson, and in "Cinderella" opposite Mary Pickford. has won for him much praise, and it is little wonder that the world ranks him as one of its foremost actors. On the screen it is very evident that Owen is giving his entire thought and energy to the success of the picture, but this is easily explained, as he tells me that he is in love with his work, and likes the screen better than the stage.

Fearing to overstep my first intrusion, I thought it best to do a little retreating myself, so, during a lull in the conversation, I thanked Mr. Moore for his kindness in answering my questions so readily, "and," I continued, "I think I will change that title, as you have been anything but 'One of the hardest men to interview.'"

"Well, as a rule, I do dislike publicity, but, now that you have done it, dont forget your promise to print only the good things."

P. S.—After reading this interview, I find I haven't said much, and so will add: Owen Moore is the brother of Tom and Matt, and husband of Mary Pickford. EDNA WRIGHT.

## EDWIN COXEN, OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY

WHEN assigned to interview Edwin Coxen, I grinned and accepted jauntily. All I had to do was journey down to Santa Barbara, call at the "Flying A" studio and ask for Edwin Coxen. Oh, yes, that was all. But I had reckoned without my host. Mr. Coxen was most terribly busy, and for three days I haunted the studio gates, until one afternoon luck smiled upon me. He came out alone, and I boldly accosted him, presenting him with my card. He was quite nice about it, and when we had hunted up a quiet spot, I drew out notebook and pencil and started to work. And work it was, too, for Mr. Coxen, I found, is

extremely reticent when the subject under discussion is himself.

I managed to persuade him that my mission was important and to unbosom himself to the following extent.

"I was born in London, England," he began, a pleasant smile curving his well-cut lips, "but before I was old enough to become fully aware of the beauties of the largest city in the world, my family came to the United States. So, you see, I'm English by birth only. I'm Californian thru and thru by adoption, for my parents moved to San Francisco when I was only a few years young. I was educated in Berkeley, a suburb of San Francisco, and it was in 'Frisco that I received my first stage experience. But first, immediately after leaving school, I tried a little bit of everything, in an effort to find my natural bent. I prospected, tried civil engineering, but the minute I first trod the boards (it was with the Belasco stock company, in 1906) I knew that I had found my proper sphere. And I've been at it ever since. I have worked with Ye Liberty stock and have played New York and Chicago in a Liebler Company production. I have also had a try at vaudeville, having been twice over the Orpheum circuit in a dramatic act for Martin Beck."

I also learnt that his Motion Picture experience dated back to 1910, when he first became popular playing opposite Ruth Roland, the well-known and deeply loved "Kalem Kut-up," as she is affectionately called.

By the time I had learnt all this we were getting along swimmingly; so well, in fact, that the "victim"

had entirely forgotten that he was being interviewed.

In appearance he is typically English, if one may use that time-worn phrase. He is five feet eleven inches from the ground and weighs, I should judge, about one hundred and seventy well-distributed pounds. His hair is light brown, and his eyes are blue. He says he likes to receive letters from his admirers and that he tries to answer them all, which, I should imagine, is quite some task.

"My favorite sport?" he repeated my question. There was no hesitation here. "Salt water. Both *in* it and *on* it, and I can never get enough of either one. My favorite parts? That's rather hard to answer, for I dont know that I have any preference."

He is as proficient at directing as at acting, and the first part of his engagement with American was as director of the second company.

There is a certain question which should be asked of all the Moving Picture actors and " 'tresses" when they are being interviewed. And while it is a most important question, it is one that I always shrink to ask —so many things are apt to happen to the questioner. But I screwed up my courage, took a long breath and asked meekly, "Are you averse to telling the public, thru our magazine, whether or not you are married? It would save our Answer Man a lot of trouble." I thought I was going to be treated to a haughty "crusher," but suddenly he grinned, boyishly, and assumed an argumentative position as he said slowly and sociably:

"Well, now, Miss Courtlandt, that's a question. And suppose we leave it a question."

"Delighted," I murmured, as I folded up my notebook.

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

## MAE MARSH, OF THE MAJESTIC COMPANY

FROM an ugly duckling to a beautiful swan.

This illustrates the wonderful change wrought in the attractive Majestic star, Mae Marsh, during her brief two years on the Motion Picture screen. Two years ago Miss Marsh appeared at the Biograph studios, which were then under the direction of D. W. Griffith. She was awkward, timid and ungainly. She was at the neck-and-elbow age when the girl begins to merge into womanhood. Her hair was plastered down flat on her head and tied in two pigtails down her back. Her arms and face were badly sunburned, and her face was literally covered with freckles.

No young woman who has made a success on the screen ever appeared to a more decided disadvantage on her first appearance in a Motion Picture studio than did Miss Marsh. She had followed her sister, whose stage name is Margaret Loveridge, from her home in Los Angeles to the studio. Miss Loveridge at this time was playing with the Biograph.

Miss Marsh was ambitious to become an actress, but her sister felt that because of her ugliness and ungainliness she would never have an opportunity of realizing her ambition.

So sure of this was Miss Loveridge that she declined her sister's request to accompany her to the studio; hence the reason why Miss Marsh one morning followed her older sister, at a safe distance to the Biograph fortress.

D. W. Griffith saw the timid, ungainly girl standing awkwardly in an obscure part of the studio, watching, in open-eyed astonishment, for the first time in her young life, the mysterious making of a Motion Picture.

The finely shaped head and intellectual forehead of Miss Marsh attracted Mr. Griffith's eye. One glance told him that in this young woman he had made a find. She was duly installed as a member of the Biograph, altho almost every person in the studio ridiculed the idea that she would ever become an actress. Under Mr. Griffith's instruction Miss Marsh improved rapidly, and was soon known as one of the foremost actresses in the photoplayer's art. When Mr. Griffith left the Biograph to become director-in-chief for the Reliance and Majestic, Miss Marsh went with him to play leads in the new organization.

While superb in comedy rôles, she is at her best in intense dramatic characters. She scored a noteworthy success as Apple-Pie Mary in Griffith's big feature production, "Home, Sweet Home." Her characterization is distinctive, vital and appealing.

Mr. Griffith showed that he made no mistake when he selected Miss Marsh as a future star simply from the expression of her eyes and the shape of her head.

She weighs one hundred and six pounds and is charmingly slender. She possesses large, gray eyes and carries with her a charming personality that captivates old and young alike.

THE TATTLER.

# Popular Plays and Players

Conducted by GLADYS HALL

POETS, poetesses and scriveners *en masse*, ye have responded nobly to my caustic thrust in the June issue—*so* noble that I stand appalled at my task of discriminate selection! Ah, well! some must be taken—the others left. Ring up the curtain!

Chief among those taken, being prize-taking, is Alma E. Hilton's (226 Main Street, Melrose, Mass.) verse to Constance Talmadge:

She moves amid the living shades;
The beauty of the sunlit glades
  Is blended in her smile, and lades her eyes with golden light;
Soft, laughing lips has she, and fair,
Sweet, wistful face, and wind-tossed hair
  Of ruddy gleam; she woos me there, a merry-hearted sprite.

Sunshine and shadow o'er her play;
And each is sweet, and each can sway
  My willing heart, and while away the time in keen delight;
Till, as I watch in sympathy,
I dream and all is real to me;
  Hers is the rarest artistry construed in gray and white.

And, fairer than my dreams, I know
A shade soft-touched by sunshine glow,
  Arch, tantalizing; to and fro she glides in changing light.
Sweet phantom of the photoplay!
May woe nor want beset her way,
  Success be hers, and every day her future knows be bright.

Something akin to a "Rosebud Garden of Girls"—eh, what? Who agrees with the following synonyms? Contributor being Miss Mary Ploucher, 3512 Howell Street, Wissinoming, Pa.:

FLOWERS AND PLAYERS.

| PLAYER | FLOWER |
|---|---|
| Lillian Walker | Lily-of-the-Valley |
| Clara K. Young | Orange Blossoms |
| Mary Pickford | Pansies |
| Beverly Bayne | Violets |
| Marguerite Clayton | Buttercups |
| Ormi Hawley | Roses |
| Dorothy Kelly | Daisies |
| Norma Talmadge | Spring Beauties |
| Louise Huff | Sweet Peas |
| Mary Fuller | Holly |
| Marguerite Clark | Trailing Arbutus |
| Constance Talmadge | Pussy-willows |
| Blanche Sweet | Poppies |

(*Continued from page* 58)

midst of the guests the master of the revels—handsome, dark, suave. Laska Ayon, in her clinging, shimmering robe, watched him steadily under heavy, white eyelids, with a smile on her arched lips and sick rage beating her brain. That this creature should sit here at ease with his dancing women and bacchanalian friends, while gentle, high-souled James Rice lay in his grave! Could it be so, after all?

Now and then Laska flashed a glance at the door, as tho watching for a guest still to come. When the crimson curtains finally parted, it was to admit two, tho no one, unless it were Stone, rising with a whitening face to meet Whittaker, perceived the second guest, whose name was—Retribution.

"Mr. Stone," said the detective, clearly, facing the room, that had suddenly become very still, "you offered, I believe, a reward of one thousand dollars for the name of the man or woman who killed James Rice. I have come to claim that reward."

In the rosy light, Stone's face was terrible to see. The painted women and vacuous youths about him shrank away and huddled like frightened sheep against the wall.

"Nonsense!" cried Stone, in a high voice, and laughed a trifle wildly. "Rice killed himself; who else could have done it?"

"The name of the man," said Whittaker, steadily, "is written in blood on the white-plastered wall of a little drug-shop near-by. It was scrawled there by the dying hand of his second victim."

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

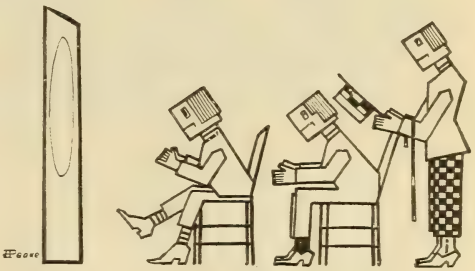
With a snarl of rage, Stone sprang across the room and, as the detective's police-whistle shrilled its summons, plunged the room into darkness and a pandemonium of screams and noises. When the light was turned on again he was gone!

But, tho sin may escape man's justice, it cannot flee from God's. Early the next morning, in a village fifty miles from New York, a little crowd gathered about the splintered débris of a high-powered automobile that had crashed blindly into a passing train. And among the wreckage lay John Stone, rigid face upturned to the cold, morning sky.

# A Motion Play Primer That Is on the Square

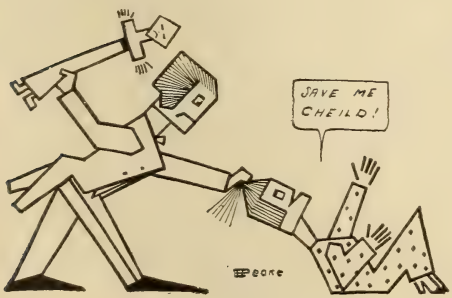
By HARVEY PEAKE

**I** is the Interest all people show,
When to the bright Motion Playhouse they go;
Then when the pictures are flashed on the screen,
Still greater Interest is everywhere seen—
Each auditor's thrilled by the unfolding plot,
Till for all other matters he seems to care not.



**J** is the Jitney for which you may see
Four reels of pictures if lucky you be;
Sometimes two Jitneys will buy you a treat
In the form of a serial nothing can beat;
A trip 'round the world may be managed at times
By expending a few—just a very few dimes!

**K** 's the Kinetoscope our parents knew,
From which the present-day Motion Play grew;
Each had a handle, the which you turned fast,
Thus making small, printed figures flit past.
But we've improved this a very great deal;
Now we sit still, some one else turns the wheel.




**L** is Legitimate actors who play
In the film dramas—more of them each day.
Their voices are silent, but ah, what an art
Each highly trained Thespian brings to his part!
The golden-voiced actor, in time yet to come,
May be just as eloquent, tho he be dumb!

*(Continued from July issue, and to be continued next month)*

THE curtain has risen for the last act of the "Great Cast Contest."

On the world-wide stage of public opinion all of the great players of photoplay are before you. It is for you, our readers, to make a final decision, nominating the strongest cast of screen-players that can possibly be assembled.

Good looks, pleasant mannerisms, appealing parts count for naught. Your decision should be based on what the public really wants the studios to offer them—the strongest, the most artistic actors in every rôle of a cast. The sun has set upon the day when a star can be exploited with an inferior support—it is like a diamond in a brass setting; and a new day has dawned in which the public demands well-balanced casts.

Think of what this contest has disclosed! There is no setting aside the evidence. Over one million votes for Mary Maurice in Old Lady parts; over a million votes for W. Chrystie Miller in Old Gentleman parts; eight hundred thousand votes for Jack Richardson in Villain parts. This does not mean that the vogue of popular and capitalized stars is waning; but we are learning to distinguish the separate instruments of acting, that, like an orchestra, make the harmony of a great photoplay.

The "Great Cast Contest" is founded on sentiment plus reason, and, as a result, every studio, every photoplayer, and a vast audience of photoplaygoers are waiting for its results. The contest will close at noon on September 6, 1915, and the last ballot will be printed in the September number. The announcement of the result will appear in the November number, giving the two all-star casts, each member of which will be entitled to a prize—twenty-four prizes in all. The player receiving the largest number of votes for any one part will be entitled to first choice of the prizes, and so on; but only members of the first and second cast will receive prizes. Following is the complete list of prizes and what we consider a fair valuation of each:

LIST OF PRIZES.

| | Value |
|---|---|
| 1 $500 Columbia Grafonola and records | $550.00 |
| 1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring | 100.00 |
| 1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring | 75.00 |
| 1 pair diamond cuff buttons | 25.00 |
| 1 Colonial Baby Regent phonograph and records | 125.00 |
| 1 large oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "A June Dawn on Gloucester Coast" | 250.00 |
| 1 set of Shakespeare, handsomely bound in leather | 30.00 |
| 1 round trip to Bermuda | 90.00 |
| 1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 2 bronze, electric candlesticks, complete | 17.50 |
| 1 Columbia phonograph | 175.00 |
| 1 set works by O. Henry, handsomely bound | 20.00 |
| 1 oil painting by Gilbert Gaul, N. A. (original of Sept. '14 cover) | 75.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 1 bronze statue (lion) | 25.00 |
| 1 oak Regal phonograph and records | 75.00 |
| One set of various Motion Picture books and pictures, including all that are handled by this magazine | 25.00 |
| 1 set Muhlbach's Historical Romances | 25.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 1 pair bronze book-ends | 25.00 |
| 1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 1 set of "Famous Paintings" (Funk & Wagnalls) | 25.00 |

| | Value |
|---|---|
| 1 framed oil painting by Jas. G. Tyler (original of July 1914 cover) | 100.00 |
| 1 Morris chair and Mexican rug | 85.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and reproduction of Washington Memorial | 20.00 |
| 1 oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "Gloucester Harbor in Midsummer" | 50.00 |
| 1 Mexican rug | 50.00 |
| 1 handsomely framed oil painting by Emil Termohlin, "October Harmony" | 100.00 |
| Total value | $2,137.50 |

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing. They may be in different companies.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part well.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled.

## STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO JUNE 14.

### THE GREAT CAST

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Leading Man | | 7. Comedian (Male) | |
| Earle Williams | 855,605 | Charles Chaplin | 1,086,565 |
| 2. Leading Woman | | 8. Comedian (Female) | |
| Mary Pickford | 851,265 | Mabel Normand | 984,505 |
| 3. Old Gentleman | | 9. Handsome Young Man | |
| W. Chrystie Miller | 1,011,030 | Warren Kerrigan | 679,170 |
| 4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice | 1,385,885 | 10. Beautiful Young Woman | |
| 5. Character Man, Harry Morey. | 504,930 | Anita Stewart | 759,535 |
| 6. Character Woman | | 11. Villain, Jack Richardson | 791,300 |
| Norma Talmadge | 767,685 | 12. Child, Bobby Connelly | 941,340 |

### SECOND CAST

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Leading Man | | 7. Comedian (Male) | |
| Francis Bushman | 727,020 | Ford Sterling | 685,355 |
| 2. Leading Woman, Edith Storey | 593,140 | 8. Comedian (Female) | |
| 3. Old Gentleman | | Flora Finch | 817,980 |
| Charles Kent | 922,195 | 9. Handsome Young Man | |
| 4. Old Lady, Helen Dunbar | 697,940 | Antonio Moreno | 631,165 |
| 5. Character Man | | 10. Beautiful Young Woman | |
| Romaine Fielding | 496,120 | Alice Joyce | 697,530 |
| 6. Character Woman | | 11. Villain, Bryant Washburn | 771,775 |
| Julia S. Gordon | 759,240 | 12. Child, Helen Costello | 902,360 |

(Note—No player who is in the first cast can also be in the second cast.)

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The following are the leading competitors for the first and second casts:

| LEADING MAN | | LEADING WOMAN | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Warren Kerrigan | 726,435 | 1. Anita Stewart | 764,450 |
| 2. Crane Wilbur | 555,900 | 2. Alice Joyce | 614,120 |
| 3. Arthur Johnson | 534,280 | 3. Beverly Bayne | 592,120 |
| 4. Carlyle Blackwell | 512,820 | 4. Florence LaBadie | 567,210 |
| 5. Paul Scardon | 454,310 | 5. Clara Young | 544,730 |
| 6. James Cruze | 441,270 | 6. Mary Fuller | 489,450 |
| 7. Harold Lockwood | 437,490 | 7. Ruth Stonehouse | 482,820 |
| 8. Tom Moore | 377,540 | 8. Pearl White | 442,390 |
| 9. King Baggot | 376,400 | 9. Cleo Madison | 418,700 |
| 10. Maurice Costello | 372,330 | 10. Norma Talmadge | 411,810 |
| 11. William Garwood | 364,450 | 11. Marie Newton | 375,450 |
| 12. Antonio Moreno | 362,060 | 12. Marguerite Snow | 363,330 |
| 13. Romaine Fielding | 361,370 | 13. Lottie Briscoe | 357,860 |
| 14. George Larkin | 324,890 | 14. Grace Cunard | 356,290 |

### OLD GENTLEMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Thomas Commerford | 685,315 |
| 2. | Van Dyke Brooke | 591,290 |
| 3. | Robert Brower | 485,615 |
| 4. | Logan Paul | 480,940 |
| 5. | William West | 449,000 |
| 6. | Francis Bushman | 422,500 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 409,340 |
| 8. | Murdock MacQuarrie | 380,100 |
| 9. | Bigelow Cooper | 373,440 |
| 10. | Charles Ogle | 338,810 |
| 11. | James Morrison | 312,910 |
| 12. | George Periolat | 305,390 |

### OLD LADY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Helen Relyea | 488,610 |
| 2. | Julia Stuart | 471,445 |
| 3. | Louise Lester | 436,890 |
| 4. | Norma Talmadge | 382,650 |
| 5. | Mrs. George Walters | 374,940 |
| 6. | May Hall | 363,480 |
| 7. | Flora Finch | 360,840 |
| 8. | Kate Price | 359,240 |
| 9. | Pauline Bush | 327,420 |
| 10. | Edith Storey | 304,480 |
| 11. | Kate Toncray | 256,730 |
| 12. | Mrs. Kimball | 228,490 |

### CHARACTER MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Warren Kerrigan | 572,700 |
| 2. | Francis Bushman | 519,195 |
| 3. | Marc MacDermott | 499,345 |
| 4. | James Cruze | 492,970 |
| 5. | Nicholas Dunaew | 487,990 |
| 6. | Arthur Johnson | 486,630 |
| 7. | King Baggot | 446,690 |
| 8. | William Wadsworth | 435,535 |
| 9. | Earle Williams | 428,210 |
| 10. | G. M. Anderson | 422,790 |
| 11. | Billy Quirk | 415,480 |
| 12. | Crane Wilbur | 409,180 |

### CHARACTER WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Edith Storey | 546,935 |
| 2. | Edwina Robbins | 501,830 |
| 3. | Ruth Stonehouse | 479,350 |
| 4. | Cleo Madison | 463,005 |
| 5. | Mary Pickford | 461,450 |
| 6. | Clara Young | 459,205 |
| 7. | Mary Fuller | 444,525 |
| 8. | Louise Lester | 429,890 |
| 9. | Alice Washburn | 417,940 |
| 10. | Flora Finch | 411,950 |
| 11. | Kate Price | 408,320 |
| 12. | Marguerite Snow | 407,200 |

### COMEDIAN (MALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Wallie Van | 543,050 |
| 2. | Sidney Drew | 503,280 |
| 3. | Wallace Beery | 456,430 |
| 4. | Billie Quirk | 433,550 |
| 5. | Roscoe Arbuckle | 421,510 |
| 6. | Hughie Mack | 412,020 |
| 7. | William Shea | 365,540 |
| 8. | Victor Potel | 362,475 |
| 9. | John Brennan | 351,590 |
| 10. | William Wadsworth | 348,170 |
| 11. | Donald McBride | 332,250 |
| 12. | Arthur Housman | 329,590 |

### COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Lillian Walker | 668,190 |
| 2. | Ruth Roland | 638,830 |
| 3. | Margaret Joslin | 631,890 |
| 4. | Kate Price | 583,290 |
| 5. | Norma Talmadge | 578,750 |
| 6. | Constance Talmadge | 516,050 |
| 7. | Florence Lawrence | 483,600 |
| 8. | Victoria Forde | 438,090 |
| 9. | Mary Pickford | 418,990 |
| 10. | Karin Norman | 377,620 |
| 11. | Vivian Prescott | 350,100 |
| 12. | Alice Washburn | 310,720 |

### HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Francis Bushman | 627,965 |
| 2. | Crane Wilbur | 582,890 |
| 3. | Carlyle Blackwell | 551,110 |
| 4. | Donald Hall | 549,965 |
| 5. | Earle Williams | 539,790 |
| 6. | Harold Lockwood | 507,040 |
| 7. | James Morrison | 439,740 |
| 8. | Bryant Washburn | 371,060 |
| 9. | Thomas Moore | 365,920 |
| 10. | James Cruze | 364,620 |
| 11. | George Larkin | 363,210 |
| 12. | Webster Campbell | 349,010 |

### BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Mary Pickford | 671,370 |
| 2. | Norma Talmadge | 656,725 |
| 3. | Mary Anderson | 621,690 |
| 4. | Pearl White | 567,080 |
| 5. | Clara Young | 564,140 |
| 6. | Beverly Bayne | 542,325 |
| 7. | Lillian Walker | 503,670 |
| 8. | Florence LaBadie | 463,270 |
| 9. | Marguerite Snow | 412,630 |
| 10. | Margarita Fischer | 382,200 |
| 11. | Blanche Sweet | 381,630 |
| 12. | Ruth Stonehouse | 375,360 |

### VILLAIN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Harry Morey | 769,685 |
| 2. | Paul Panzer | 630,490 |
| 3. | Harry Northrup | 540,810 |
| 4. | Rogers Lytton | 496,770 |
| 5. | Romaine Fielding | 465,950 |
| 6. | Ned Finley | 427,960 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 418,420 |
| 8. | Frank Farrington | 370,900 |
| 9. | George Cooper | 370,210 |
| 10. | King Baggot | 367,730 |
| 11. | Lester Cuneo | 365,530 |
| 12. | Francis Ford | 362,530 |

### CHILD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Audrey Berry | 676,425 |
| 2. | Yale Boss | 592,750 |
| 3. | Helen Badgely | 505,830 |
| 4. | Andrew Clark | 494,010 |
| 5. | Billy Jacobs | 456,795 |
| 6. | Clara Horton | 432,380 |
| 7. | Matty Roubert | 417,730 |
| 8. | Dolores Costello | 417,340 |
| 9. | Marie Eline | 374,840 |
| 10. | Eleanor Kahn | 364,820 |
| 11. | Lillian Wade | 364,610 |
| 12. | Mary Pickford | 317,410 |

# Greenroom Jottings

THE important news of the month is that Lottie Briscoe and Arthur Johnson have left the Lubin Company, and that Henry Walthall, Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard have joined the Essanay Company.

Lionel Barrymore once studied to be an artist, but he now finds that making pictures is more profitable than painting them.

In "The Insurrection" (Lubin) a real torpedo and a real battleship are used, and Ormi Hawley and Earle Metcalfe have acquired enough experience to run the U. S. Navy.

Edward Earle (Edison) believes in getting close to nature, and he did in "The Working of a Miracle," but after falling over a cliff he remained in the dirt so long that his face and hands were covered with ants.

Sorry to announce that instead of a cessation of Keystone hostilities, re-enforcements are approaching, and that "Ham" comedies (Kalem) are firmly intrenching themselves all along the line of battle.

The Vitagraph Company seem to be getting their share of stage stars, May Robson being the latest, who will be filmed in her stage success, "A Night Out," with Paul Decker opposite.

The admirers of Reina Valdez maintain that she is "the most beautiful girl in the world." Anyway, she is versatile, because she has written and will play the leading part and direct "The Road Home" (Ideal).

Chester Conklin, of Keystone, speaks five languages. He used all five and invented three more when a premature explosion of gunpowder slightly injured him and wrecked the concrete bottom of Keystone's big plunge.

W. Chrystie Miller is almost recovered from his recent illness, and makes a weekly pilgrimage from his home on Staten Island to our offices, where he is always a welcome and privileged guest.

We are all looking forward to D. W. Griffith's next big picture. It's to be an elaborate "Search for the Holy Grail," the beautiful legend of Saxon England.

May Allison has been selected to play opposite Harold Lockwood in "Romance of the Pines" (American), in which the latter has a part in which he should shine.

Flavia Arcaro, of grand opera fame, is doing some important films for the Edison Company.

Darwin Karr has left the Vitagraph Company.

Louise Glaum (N. Y. M. P. Co.) had to oil her hair every day for a week so it would lie flat while playing a Mexican part in "Hearts and Swords."

Myrtle Stedman (Bosworth) has the honor of being selected to play opposite Cyril Maude and George Fawcett, two stars from the stage, who are about to make their début before the camera.

The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted during the month is awarded to M. York Hardy, Te Kuiti, King County, New Zealand, for his drama, "The Mystic Legacy."

Among those who have removed from Vitagraphville are Billy Quirk, Estelle Mardo, Lee Beggs, Leah Baird, Cissy Fitzgerald and Edwina Robbins.

Talk about "Cabiria," "Birth of a Nation," "Quo Vadis?" etc., etc., the Vitagraph Company say they will bring out a feature this summer that will put them all in the shade. It is "The Battle Cry of Peace," taken from Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America," and a whole lot of international celebrities will appear in it. J. Stuart Blackton, who was mainly responsible for "The Christian," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and other masterpieces, has the big feature in hand, assisted by Director Wilfred North.

Louise Glaum is about the last person you would expect to play a villainess, but since she can act what she is not, she can and does.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "A Timely Interception"; second prize to the author of "Tools of Providence." Beginning with the September issues of this magazine and the *Supplement*, we shall add a third prize, the first being $10 in gold for the best story of the month, second prize $5 in gold, and third prize a subscription.

Edna Mayo is one of the most deceitful players on the screen. In "The Little Deceiver" she does not let us know that she is not a real boy until we discover that she is a pretty girl in pants.

"Junius" says that the most artistic play of the month was "A Price for Folly" (V. L. S. E.), in which Edith Storey does some real *première danseuse* toe-dancing.

Everybody will be glad to learn that Arthur Johnson is recovering and will soon be back in harness; but, alas! it will not be at Lubinville.

Marguerite Clark's next will be "Molly Make-Believe," from the novel.

Geraldine Farrar's first will be "Carmen," from the opera which she has sung so many times for the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The countless friends of J. Warren Kerrigan will be pleased to learn that he has completely recovered from his recent illness. He expects to start at once on some pretentious productions, including a continuation of the "Terence O'Rourke" series.

The Essanay Company think they played a trump card when they engaged Henry Walthall to step into Francis Bushman's shoes, and the many admirers of the "Edwin Booth of the Screen" believe that the card takes the trick.

If the competition among feature film companies keeps up, which has resulted in the renting of expensive five- and six-reel features for $12 to $25, there will be many sad ex-capitalists ere long.

We've had three distinct bathing scenes in recent Vitagraphs—Edith Storey's in "The Island of Regeneration," Myrtle Gonzalez's in "The Chalice of Courage" and Earle Williams' in "The Goddess." E. S.'s was the most artistic; M. G.'s was the best bath; and E. W.'s was the biggest splash.

Tom Mix (Selig) owns several medals won for daring horsemanship; and, by the way, he is one of Roosevelt's original Rough Riders.

Raymond Hitchcock is now doing a series of comedies for the Keystone Company, and Marie Dressler a series for the Lubin Company. Looks as if the stage stars are cutting in on the popularity monopoly of the old screen favorites.

You no doubt think Bessie Eyton a decided brunette, but you are wrong, because *red* photographs *black*, and Miss Eyton has a "brick-top de luxe."

Owing to his fine work in "Mi Perdida" (My Lost One), Nicholas Dunaew has been promoted to a directorship. This fine picture, however, was not directed by him, but by Harry Handworth.

You will surely say "Oh, you beautiful doll!" when you see Lillian Walker in "The Little Dolls' Dressmaker," a beautiful play, too.

The big New York Hippodrome has had to close its doors. An expensive stage full of people no longer attracts. The film gives us the same thing for less money.

Billie West (Mutual) has adopted Kodak photography as a hobby and has become quite expert at (accidental) "double exposures."

Kathlyn Williams is always busy. Her hobby is fancy work, so dont say that she doesn't fancy work.

Here is a message to the "fans": "I dont sell my photographs. But if you are sufficiently interested in my work to desire one, you can have it, with my autograph, on request, at my discretion and convenience. Kindly enclose postage. Florence LaBadie, Thanhouser Studio, New Rochelle, N. Y."

Pavlowa, the dancer, has joined the Universal Company, and Sam Bernard the Famous Players.

Charles Chaplin, Billie Ritchie, Billie Reeves, Sidney Drew, or Ford Sterling—who wins? But wait till you see Charles Brown in "Meet Me at Seven" (Vitagraph).

"Junius" says that "Such Things Really Happen" should have been named "Such Things Never Really Happen—Except on the Screen."

Florence Hackett will play opposite Edwin August (Pyramid). Quite a team! But not as quite as the Carlyle Blackwell-Blanche Sweet, perhaps—August-Hackett, Sweet-Carlyle.

We have with us this evening: Lillian Drew and Edmund F. Cobb (p. 25); Helen Hayes and Richard Travers (p. 28); Frank Farrington (p. 34); Gertrude McCoy (p. 35); Duncan McRae (p. 38); Edward Earle and Robert Brower (p. 43); Lillian Gish (p. 44); W. Chrystie Miller (p. 49); Robert Harron (p. 50); Lilie Leslie and George Soule Spencer (p. 52); Rosetta Brice and Joseph Smiley (p. 51); Rhea Mitchell and William S. Hart (p. 59); Frank Borzage and Walter Whitman (p. 65); Frances Nelson and Miss Manning (p. 68); Hobart Henley (p. 69); Wheeler Oakman, Charles Clary and Kathlyn Williams (p. 75); Roland Sharp (p. 71); Wallie Van and Nitra Frazer (p. 79); and Albert Roccardi and Donald McBride (p. 84).

J. P. McGowan, former Kalem railroad magnate, is now a Laskyite, and Laura Hope Crews will be his star in "Blackbirds." Miss Crews shed real, salty tears every night in "The Phantom Rival" on the stage last winter. Helen Holmes will continue on her hazardous way, as usual.

If you want to be popular with Vivian Rich, write her that you have *not* written a scenario for her.

When Queen Elizabeth died, they found several hundred gowns in her wardrobe; but now Valeska Suratt, in "The Soul of Broadway," will wear a different dress for every forty feet of film, and the film will be 6,000 feet long.

That rug in "The Carpet from Bagdad" (Selig) is hard to beat!

If your newsdealer cannot get a copy of the *Motion Picture Supplement* for you, send us fifteen cents, and we will mail you a copy. Dont miss the first number (Sept.).

If you want to see the "Great White Way" in all its glory, the great New York restaurants and cabaret dancers and stars, including the great Baroness Gard von Rottenthal, watch out for "Maxim's at Midnight" (Kalem).

There are good Universal pictures and bad, but those with Pauline Bush are neither—they are best.

Will Victor Potel's troubles never cease? Now Margaret Joslin, while playing a Snakeville dentist, loosened up several of the poor man's teeth, and he is on a hamburger diet.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Frank Newburg to Jane Novak, niece of Ann Schaefer.

Having played the dying mother five successive times in recent Edison plays, Helen Strickland has earned the cheerful title of "Champion Dying Mother of the Screen."

Dont fail to read every story in this number. All great! And there are eight of them. We are half fiction now, and it is the best fiction published. And we have a story already prepared for the *Supplement*, "The Chalice of Courage," that is just about the finest thing you ever read. Aug. 15 is the date, and it'll be great hot-weather reading.

Fay Tincher has just won a $50 gold prize at a bathing girls' parade in California.

Important news from the Western Mutual: Dorothy and Lillian Gish have adopted a pet cat, which they have named "Tippy Gish."

Charles Chaplin reports that he was offered $25,000 to appear at a New York theater for ten days, that he asked Essanay permission to accept, that it was refused, and that next day he received unexpectedly a complimentary Essanay check for $25,000.

Please note that the last ballot in the Great Cast Contest appears in our next number (September).

And here is a whole basketful of news, predigested so that he who runs a motor may read: Marguerite Loveridge has joined the Western Mutual; Violet MacMillan is with Universal; Jane Grey and Hale Hamilton with N. Y. M. P. Co.; Gerda and Rapley Holmes with United; Edward Peil with Mutual; Vera Lewis, Wilfred Lucas, Charles West and Harry Carey with Griffith; Sheldon Lewis with Essanay; Adele Ray, Irene Howley, Betty Harte and Maurice Stewart with Famous Players; Frederick Church, Thomas McEvoy and William Bailey with Kalem; Dolly Larkin, Goldie Colwell and W. Ryno with MinA; Allan Dwan and Dorothy Bernard with Fox; Jane Gail with Imp; Henry King, Dorothy Davenport, Jackie Saunders and Gypsy Abbott with Selig; J. W. Johnston and William Clifford with Metro; Florence Hackett with United; George Gebhardt with Lasky; and it is reported at this writing that Joseph Smiley, Edgar Jones and the Huff sisters have left Lubin.

LILLIAN WALKER

JAMES CRUZE

COOPER

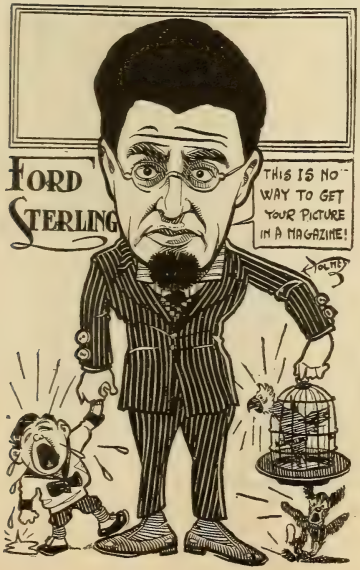
MARY CHARLESON

O'CONNOR

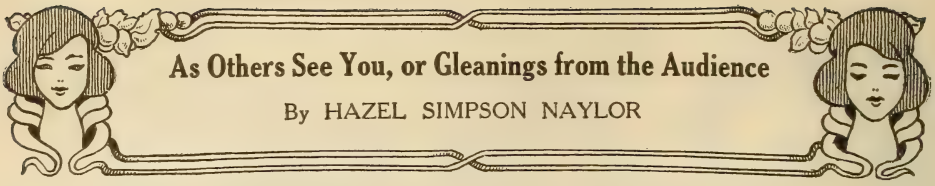
CONKLIN

FIELDING

FLORENCE LABADIE



MARGUERITE CLAYTON



# As Others See You, or Gleanings from the Audience

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

As the handsome Mr. Bushman grasped a handful of trailing vines and lifted his rather weighty figure agilely and gracefully over a six-foot wall, in "Thirty," a sibilant whisper came from behind me: "I bet he practised that more than once."

Marguerite Clark—you dimpled, dainty, rounded bit of graceful humanity—the men all adore you, the women all love you, and we all appreciate the glimpses we catch of you as you flit o'er the screen.

A fluffy, yellow-haired girl cuddled up to her escort, while viewing Lubin's "College Widow," and groaned, as the hero, Mr. George Soule Spencer, appeared on the scene: "If they must give college plays, why cant they have fellows that look the part, and not old, fat men?" Which was somewhat exaggerated; but, to tell the truth, the only man in the whole cast who acted and looked the part of the college fellow, as we all know him, was Mr. Kaufman—and he was splendid.

As Vitagraph's "Girl Who-Might-Have-Been" dramatically flung her sylph-like figure, with upraised arms, against the closed door, a breathless observer gasped: "Heavens! what *is* it all about?"

Norma Talmadge—you marvelous girl! We live and breathe and feel with you, and, as we file out of the theater, we gasp: "Isn't she wonderful!"

It was in a small, country town that I first saw Lubin's "Blessed Miracle"; consequently, it was "stale stuff," having been released to the big cities months before. All the bullies and toughs of the small town were present, and rough jokes were bandied about during the exquisite lovemaking of Miss Clayton and Mr. Kaufman; but the play had not progressed very far before the very roughest rowdy was silent and every one was absorbed in the delicate story. It was not until near the end, when the man finally repulses the woman who has lured him from his wife, that an uncouth, red-faced laborer gasped: "See! he's came to his senses at last; now she'll git hers, all right." And it made me think, then, of the vast opportunity film companies have of raising the morals of a community.

Antonio Moreno's expressions, in "The Island of Regeneration," were remarkably interesting. We knew just how he felt when, unable to understand a word of English, Edith Storey suddenly alights on his desert island and orders him about.

As for Edith Storey, she holds us spellbound in the palm of her small hand. She certainly can act; but why laud her as beautiful? She has that which is infinitely more interesting to us than just beauty; she has talent and cleverness, and we thoroly admire her.

Can it be that Guy Coombs is the same who played the captain so gloriously in the "Littlest Rebel" months ago—Guy Coombs who affects wearing his hair flopping straight down into his left eye and thus spoils his really good acting? As one girl chewing gum next to us inelegantly remarked, "Gee! I cant bear to look at that silly simp." Hair may seem too small an object to criticize, yet you have no idea with what intenseness we of the audience notice every little detail, and the very strongest climax can be turned into ridicule for us by flopping hair. So we say, Brush your hair, Guy Coombs, back from your forehead, and let us see your noble brow and enjoy your capable acting.

The hero tenderly clasped the girl to him. Just as he was about to kiss her lovely lips, a be-capped and be-aproned maid entered, and, as the two young lovers jumped apart, the boy

(*Continued on page* 168)

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

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MARY H.—Just write to our Circulation Manager about getting votes, but you will have to hurry. The contest closes on the 6th of September.

OLGA, 17.—Yours was very interesting. Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" and James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda." They were the first two Famous Players releases.

GABY, ATLANTA.—Harry Keenan opposite Clara Williams in "Winning Back." Theda Bara was the vampire in "A Fool There Was." Yes, the lawyer was the Clutching Hand. Enid Markey was Daisy in "The Friend."

D. C. W.—There are various kinds and colors of make-up. All careful players have experimented considerably to see what color and kind photographs best. Some use a pinkish powder and some use grease-paint. As a rule, grease-paint is objectionable because it stiffens the muscles of expression. I have heard of using light blue make-up, but it is all a matter of opinion, and it depends also somewhat on the kind and color of lights used.

PEG, PORTLAND.—Yours was very interesting. Yes, I read about Mary Anderson's picture being stolen from the lobby. Are they so popular as all that? Gertrude Robinson, Marshal Neilan and Donald Crisp had a prominent part in "May Blossoms."

ALME I.—O. A. C. Lund opposite Barbara Tennant in "M'liss" (World). That was a mistake of the director, because the dying words of Sir Walter Raleigh were, "It matters little how the head lay (upon the block) provided the heart is right. . . . What dost thou fear? Strike, man!"

JULIA W.—Lilie Leslie in "The White Mask" (Lubin). Joseph MacDermott and Jack Mulhall were the brothers in "His Brother's Keeper" (Biograph).

ADRIENNE.—Laura Sawyer's picture will appear in the *Supplement*. She is a leading woman for Dyreda.

LILLIAN H. C.—Mary Charleson was Marina in "Mr. Barnes of New York." Violet Hopson was Meg in "The Chimes" (Hepworth). Thanks for the book.

NEAR SEATTLE GIRL.—I am sure I would enjoy your country. Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "Mongrel and Master."

LORD KNIGHT.—George Worth was the engineer in "The Little Engineer." Ethel Lloyd was the mother-in-law in "Mr. Jarr Brings Home a Turkey." Neva West was the wife in "The Outlaw's Awakening."

G. G.; MARIE S.; ADABELLE; ELIZABETH; ELEANOR F. W.; MISS C.; MARGARET; and LILLIAN A.—Your letters were very interesting and my thanks are yours.

VYRGYNYA.—Do you know that I am getting so that I like to hear all these nice things about this department? I believe that it was Bulwer who said, "How a little praise warms out of a man the good that is in him, and the sneer of contempt which he feels to be unjust chills the ardor to excel!" So you really wrote to Warren Kerrigan! How it must have gladdened his old heart!

IN DARKEST AFRICA (?)

LORNA K. C.—Alice Joyce has been resting for the last two months. First impressions rule the mind, but sometimes our first snapshots are poor likenesses.

A. M. GAL.—Captain Sokaloff was played by Fred Truesdell in "Hearts in Exile." Clara Young with Peerless.

W. G. R.—You want to know what the dough was made of in "Dough and Dynamite" (Keystone), but I dough not know. (That's awfully clever, isn't it, 'pun my word!) When we said that Charles Chaplin's parents were on the stage you can believe it. If you see it in this magazine it is so.

WALTER P.—Thanks for the handsome photograph. Courtenay Foote was Great Gilmore in "Buckshot John" (Bosworth). Carl Von Schiller was Jim and Helen Wolcott was Ruth.

B. D., MONTREAL.—Gaston Bell was Jefferson in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). Barbara Winthrop was Miss Van Ostyn in "Crucible."

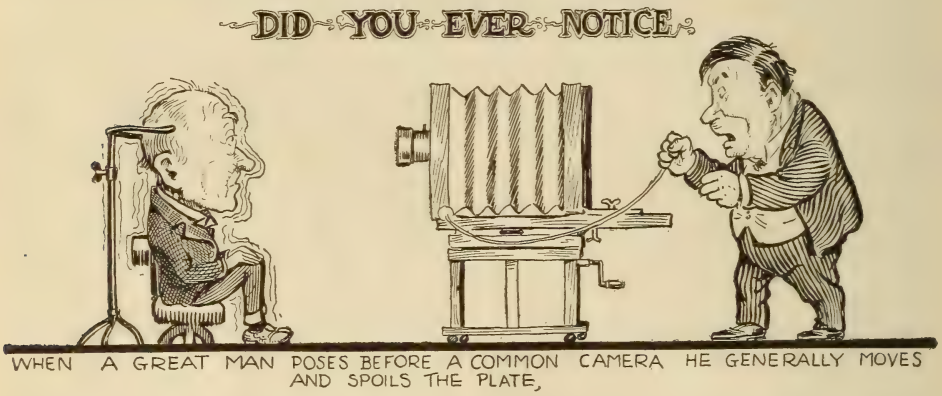
Webster Campbell and Irving Cummings are all with American—quite a trio!

MABE, 17.—Edith Johnson was Ann, Charles Wheelock was Guy in "Heart's Desire" (Selig). Hobart Henley was Jack, Allen Hollubar was Phil in "The Black Pearl" (Imp).

MARGOT M.—Lillian Walker is playing right along. She is just as lovely as ever. Eugene Pallette, last with Griffith, is with Selig now.

RUTH T.—Joe Singleton was chief of the tribe in 'The Quest" (Beauty). Irene Boyle is not playing. You ask why did Harold Lockwood leave Mary Pickford. Not sure, but I think it was because he was so tall that when she wanted to whisper in his ear she had to get a step-ladder, and this was probably inconvenient.

KATHRYN, TEXAS.—Robert Edeson was famous in "Strongheart" on the stage, while Henry Walthall had the lead in the Moving Picture. Violet Reed was the girl in "Seekers after Romance."




HERMAN.—A number of people write to Edna Maison asking her how she pronounces her name. Her real name is Maisonave, and as to the pronunciation of her stage cognomen she says: Pronunciation? Don't you know? It's really most amaizon; I think you're merely taison me; pray say, is that the raison? There's only one and not a lot of different wrongful ways on the pronunciation of my name—it's simply Edna Maison."

LILLIAN M.—Edith Storey in "A Florida Enchantment" (Vitagraph). We have published several pictures of Donald Hall.

MRS. A. JOHNSON, NEWARK.—The art work of your eleven-year-old cousin is promising and the boy shows some talent. Let him try copying first, later original work. Many can copy well, but few have the imagination to do original work.

SEATTLE CADET.—Charles Chaplin's article began last month. Anita Stewart in the "Goddess."

MARGARETTE K. T.—That's it: youth, idols; manhood, ideals; old age, idleness —but not for mine. William Russell,

CHARLIE, LOS ANGELES.—Ruth Hartman was Dolly in "The Man Who Could Not Lose" (Favorite Players).

FULLER-KERRIGAN.—Thanks for the pictures you sent. Reina Valdez has been with Kalem, Lubin, Essanay, and now with Ideal.

TOGO.—John Steppling was the judge in "The Decision" (American). Your letter was very complimentary, and I thank you.

HAROLD D.—Thanks for the clipping. Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen had the leads in "The Mirror" (American). Van Dyke Brooke and Beatrice McKay in "Fogg's Millions" (Vitagraph). Edward Boulden and Harry Von Meter in "The Mystery of the Sealed Art Gallery" (Edison). You ought to get one of our new record books. See ad.

KENNETH A. G.—Your letter was very interesting. Miss Page opposite Charles Chaplin in "His New Profession." Dorothy Davenport in "The Man Within."

JAMES O'NEIL.—Miss Page in "Dough and Dynamite" (Keystone).

WAMBA.—Just come on and see some of our New York society. It is very much of a jungle, for it has its 'possum, its snakes, its foxes, its bores and its hogs. Yes, Carlyle Blackwell. William Humphrey was Ned in "The Penalties of Reputation." Arthur Ashley was Harmon in "Bread Upon the Waters" (Vitagraph).

CONSTANCE W.—Harry Benham was the accomplice in "Craft vs. Love." You refer to Thomas Jefferson on pages 49 and 53. James Ross was the clerk in "The Unseen Terror." Larry Peyton was John in "The Death Sign at High Noon" (Kalem). John Ince opposite Rosetta Brice in "The Puritan."

ALFRED E. D.—Madge Kirby was the girl in "A Matter of Court" (Biograph). Goldie Colwell was the girl in "The Man from the East" (Selig). Stella Razetto was the girl in "The Wasp."

PHILLIP A. K.—Anders Randolf was the detective in "From Headquarters" (Vitagraph). Henry Walthall was Holofernes in "Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).

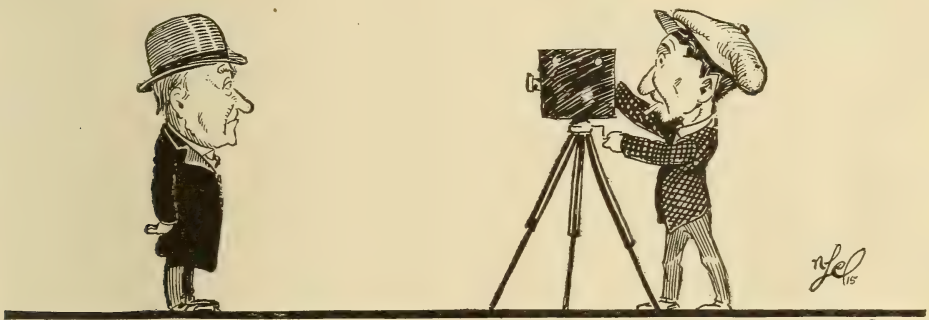
ABE, 99.—Carlyle Blackwell was King of Bosnia, Russell Bassett was the prime minister in "Such a Little Queen." I handed your suggestion to the Editor.

WILMA M. J. W.—You want to know if the actresses give their dresses to their admirers. I am sure I dont know—they never gave me any. You refer to Tom Moore in that Kalem.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Fred Truesdell was the captain and Vernon Steele was Paul in "Hearts in Exile." Lucille Hammill with Paul Kelly in "The Closing of the Circuit." You are always so confectionary. And I have a sweet tooth.

B. J. T., FALL RIVER.—Yes, I prefer letters typewritten, of course, but have to take what I can get. You ought to get in touch with our Clearing House. They will send you a copy of a scenario for 15c. Gaston Bell was the young man in "The Third Degree."

MIMA L.—Norma Talmadge and Antonio Moreno on the cover of our May number. They do not play together now.



BUT BEFORE A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA HE IS AS IMMOVABLE AS GIBRALTER ?

MAY B.—Gertrude Short and George Stanley in "Little Angel of Canyon Creek" (Vitagraph).

RUTH'S SISTER.—Harold Lockwood in "Tess of the Storm Country." Howard Estabrook was Travers in "Officer 666." Sidney Seaward was Al in the above.

BILLY WIGGLES.—When you see a player who is popular, or a man who is successful, you can make up your mind that there is a reason.

CORINTHIE V.—Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "The Lackey" (Majestic). Gretchen Hartman was Beth in "A Seminary Complication" (Biograph). Louise Vale, Franklin Ritchie and George Morgan in "Merely Mother."

EDITH E. R.—Robyn Adair was Phil in "The Hut in the Sycamores." Where did you hear that? Muriel Ostriche is not blind, but she had trouble with her eyes for a time. William Hart, Rhea Mitchell and J. Barney Sherry in "Mr. Silas Haskins" (Kay-Bee).

CAROLYN.—Edna Maison was the girl in "Roses and Thorns." Write direct to the manufacturers for photographs.

KATHLEEN.—You want to know who "the young man in Biograph some years ago who used to rub his hands on his coat" was. It was one of these—Henry Walthall, Harry Carey, Robert Harron or Walter Miller, probably Harron.

L. E. F.—Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Daring Young Person" (Essanay). Send your inquiry to the magazine.

OVILLA OF BEACONVILLE.—No, the Ford Sterling stamp that you sent cannot be reproduced in our Gallery. We can reduce, but not enlarge. I agree with you that he deserves it, and if you get him to send the Editor a large photo as good as the stamp, I'll wager that you will see it in the Gallery some day.

NORMAN H. G.—Tsuru Aoki was the girl in "The Wrath of the Gods" (N. Y. M. P.). Why don't you submit your scripts to the Clearing House?

JACK, 49.—Henry Bergman was Henry and Louise Orth was Eva Nelson in "Hearts and Flames" (L-Ko). Vitagraph, Kalem, Selig, Essanay, Edison and Biograph all publish weekly or monthly bulletins. Write them for a sample copy.

THE SIMPLE WAY.

CHUMLEY—I read in this magazine that a Motion Picture actress ran an automobile over a 60-foot cliff into the sea. They dont do that really, do they?

JOSH KIDDER—Oh, dear, no. That scene was faked. They simply raised the ocean to the top of the cliff, ran the auto into it and let it settle gently down again.

CHUMLEY—Oh! Aw! Bah jove! I thowt it must be done some such wye.

CHELSEA.—George Zammett was Father Bunk in "Bunk's Bunked" (MinA). Nettie Noges was the daughter. No, Abe, 99, and Olga, 17, are not the same. Nay, child, I am not so good as you would think. In fact I am very wicked. You know the good die young. I am 74.

B. C. GIRL.—The players you mentioned were not on the cast. Mary Pickford was the lead in "Such a Little Queen." Hazel Buckham is with Broncho. Rube Miller was Ruben in "Her Last Chance."

LOIS F. C.—The *i* is like *e* in Anita. Your letter was indeed interesting. Since you are a girl it was perfectly proper for you to write to Norma Talmadge telling her that you love her. As a rule, a woman loves most to be loved; a man to be admired.

THE FOX TROTTER.—ERNA B.; PUSSY WILLOW; JOHNSON ADMIRER; JAMES H. M.; BLANCHE G.; MARGARET Z.; A. C. CALDWELL; MISS CLEMENTS; and CHALLYS B.—Yours were very interesting, and I appreciated and enjoyed them very much indeed.

BILLY WIGGLES.—Irene Wallace and Charles Hutchinson in "Simple Faith" (Victor). Walter Miller and Helen Holmes in "The Lost Mail Sack." An actor who performs youthful rôles ranging from fifteen to thirty years is a juvenile, altho he may be forty or over.

KANSAS CITY OLGA.—Richard Travers is with Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. Yes, Charlie Chaplin is the most talked-of player of to-day.

JOHN S.—Thanks for the postals.

MELVA.—I really dont believe that you are human. Any person who can go to the beach and not get hungry enough to eat a hot dog or two and relish it, well, he or she ought to consult a physician. Milton Sills was William Lake, and May Hopkins was Ruth Lake in "The Deep Purple." Myrtle Stedman and Kathlyn Williams.

KIB G.—The picture you enclose is of William Cohill. That was trick photography. I think you are wrong. Horseback riding is fine exercise, but I would not advise it for a fat man. Applying Bahworth's Tables for finding the impact of missiles in motion, a 220-pound man, when he rises in the saddle say once in a second, falls back into it with a force of 44,000 pounds. A missile of dynamite having this force would blow up a battleship! It is fine as a reducer, you see.

F. G. S.—I know of no permanent company in St. Louis. Francis Ford in "The Unsigned Agreement" (Universal). Most of the players read our magazine. I would like to know of one who doesn't!

TYMP, MALDEN.—Let's forget it and make up. Send along your questions and I will answer them in the usual way. I try to write so that I will not excite the envy of my friends nor the malice of my enemies, but I dont always succeed.

SARAH H.—Harry Carey is back with Biograph. I presume the exposition will be held in August. You want a chat with Claire McDowell. Yes, to your last.

LOUIS E. M.—Your letter was all right, but you didn't ask questions.

AGNES E. F.—Yes, I always have room for new readers of this department. The more the merrier.

LYDIA.—Thanks for the arbutus. It was very sweet. I really would not advise you to go into Moving Pictures. Crane Wilbur is in Philadelphia.

VELMA H. L.—Why dont you write a verse for Cleo Madison? She is getting very popular since the "Trey o' Hearts."

LOUISE S.—You refer to Tom Moore in "The Third Commandment" (Kalem). I shall try to keep your secret, but remember that nothing circulates so fast as a secret, particularly among the fair sex.

MARION S., PORTLAND.—There is no regular sum for a fee; send anything you want to. Small favors thankfully received and big ones are not desired. House Peters has had no chat as yet.

THIRTY.—You might get a copy of "The Moving Picture Story," by Wm. Lord Wright, published by Lundeen Pub. Co., Fergus Falls, Minn. It is full of facts, information and good advice on how to write photoplays. I do not know the price, but it is nicely bound in cloth.

DOLORES.—Yes, you can subscribe to the magazine any time during the year. The sooner the better. Yes, Louise Glaum has gone and done it.

OLGA, 17.—You say that when you see a good play you feel like sitting right down and writing me about it. Some people feel that way when they see a bad play. It is a form of intoxication. That reminds me of this: When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech. You seem to want to write.

ROSETTA B.—You ask if Warren Kerrigan is married! Why, Rosetta!

BILLIE M. P. L. S.—Creighton Hale is Jameson in "The Exploits of Elaine."

ETHELYN MAE.—Yes, Jack Pickford is the brother of Mary. He will be seen opposite her in "The Girl of Yesterday." Mary Miles Minter was the fairy in "Fairy and the Waif." Your letter was very interesting and original.

OLIVE, JR.—Wallace Reid was the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation." Remember, O disconsolate one, that there is a warm, life-giving sun behind that cloud, and it soon must break thru, indeed it must. Try to think bright thoughts.

E. F. S., SILSBEE.—Thanks for the compliment. Yes, Mother Maurice is the mother of Maurice Costello, but only in the sense that she is the mother of all Vitagraph players. You refer to Flora Finch as the player who introduced Cissy in "How Cissy Made Good."

MRS. R. B., FAIR OAK.—Henry Walthall was the Indian boy in "Strongheart." Gaston Bell was Jefferson in "Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). William Stowell was Jim Draper and Lillian Marshall the girl in "A Gentleman Burglar" (Selig). David Lythgoe was Jack in "The Heart of the Woods" (American). Frank Bennett was the butler in "The Lost Lord Lovel." Hal Clarendon and Betty Gray in "His Last Dollar" (Paramount). Yours was fine and inspiring.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Seems to me you want a lot, and a corner lot at that. Why dont you write a nice letter to the Editor telling him what you want? Address Anne Schaefer, Western Vitagraph, Santa Monica, Cal. Billy Quirk was Billy in "The Vanishing Vault."

DOROTHY K.—Thanks for the painted cards. Very pretty.

CHAPMAN, A. M.—I am indeed sorry. No, Beverly Bayne has not left Essanay. My mistake. They will creep in.

THE NATURAL EDUCATION.

JEAN—Things that are equal to the same thing are also equal to each other, are they not?

SISTER'S BEAU—Yes, Jean.

J.—Are picture shows educational?

S. B.—I think they are.

J.—Should children be educated?

S. B. (who has tumbled to the fact that Jean is unusually bright)—Here's a dime, Jean; go educate yourself a while.

X. Y. Z.—Helen Freeman was Dora in "The Morals of Marcus" (Famous Players). Marguerite Clark is four feet high, and going higher every day.

PEARLIE.—Anna Nilsson was the operator in "The Night Operator at Lone Point." Thanks muchly.

GERTIE.—So you want to know what I eat. A matter of such vital importance is not to be passed over lightly, so here is my menu for yesterday: Breakfast, grated sawdust with milk of human kindness and cold cream. Luncheon, fill it of beef, frappayed, broiled elephant's trunk, and stuffed fig-leaves. Dinner, lobster on the half shell, hammon eggs on toast, stuffed humming-bird wings, broiled chameleon, pink tea, hay or strawberries, and the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

MRS. R. P.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers. Beverly Bayne, Francis Bushman, Bryant Washburn and Helen Dunbar in "Any Woman's Choice" (Essanay).

ELVA H.—Thanks for the information, but I was right. Some call it the American Eclair, and others the Ideal, but they are both releasing under "United Program." Arline Pretty is with Vitagraph.

A FOOL'S REALIZATION

ELSIE M.—You are away off about Charles Chaplin. Read the first article about him in the July issue. Harry Myers was the lead in "The Attorney's Decision."

ESTELLE D.—I really cannot tell you whether a crow lives one hundred years or not. You might buy one and find out for yourself. Lloyd Hamilton was Ham in "Ham and the Jitney Bus" (Kalem).

RUTH W.—Always write to the companies for a picture of the players. "The Typhoon" was taken in California.

HERBERT T.—Edna Flugrath formerly played for Edison, but she is now in England. Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia," Henry Walthall opposite.

MARY G.—Your letter was very interesting. Charles Chaplin and Sidney Chaplin are brothers. Courtenay Foote in "The Caprices of Kitty" (Bosworth).

BABETTE, WABASH.—Yes, Claire Anderson opposite Wallace Reid in "Three Brothers" (Reliance). So E. K. Lincoln is your favorite.

DORIS D.—Miriam Nesbitt was Lady Delahaye in "The Master Mummy" (Edison). Oh, don't get mad. If you lose your temper, dont look for it. If you would distinguish yourself, learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment. A word to the wise, etc.

HELEN F. F.—Frank Borzage and Leona Hutton in "Parson Larkin's Wife" (Broncho). Herschal Mayall and Gertrude Claire in "Right to Die."

BARBARA.—Write the companies direct. Anna Nilsson was Margaret in "The Siren's Reign."

PLAIN KATE.—Arthur Cozine was the young chap in "War" (Vitagraph).

OLGA B.—No, to your first question. Virginia Wait was the heiress in "Under False Colors" (Thanhouser). Pauline Bush was the girl in "The Small-Town Girl" (Universal).

VERA L. H.—Perhaps I am falling into my anecdotage. No, to your first three. Virginia Pearson's picture in the first *Supplement*, which will come out on Aug. 15.

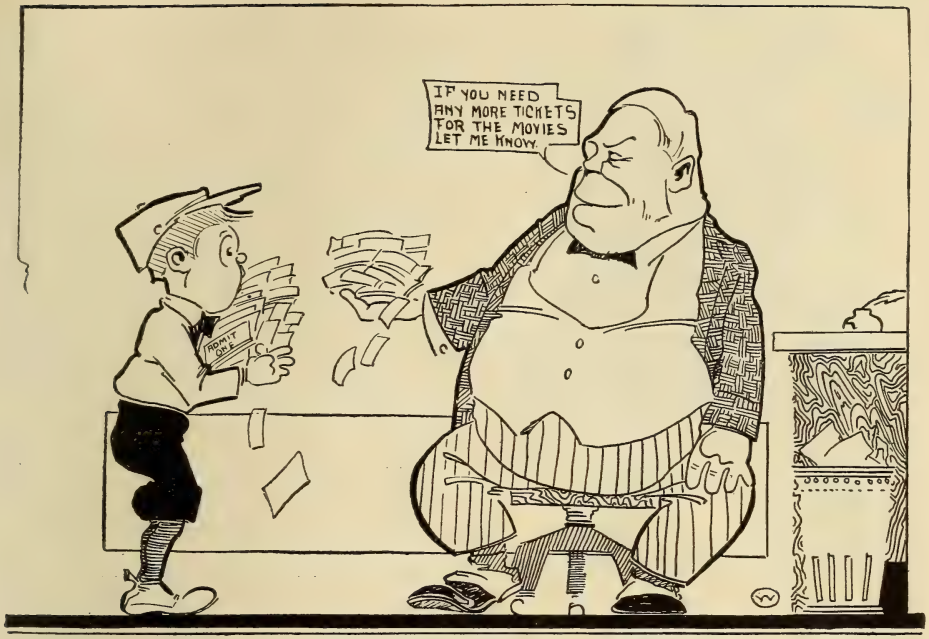
BUNCH.—Jack Standing was John in "The Siren of Corsica" and opposite Mary Pickford in "Fanchon the Cricket.

PYTHIAS.—I really couldn't tell you how many companies there are, but there are over a hundred. Vitagraph, I believe, is the largest. The population of New Rochelle is 100,000. Tom Powers is not playing now.

HELEN M. T.—I believe it was announced that way. Creighton Hale was the young boy in "The Warning" (Pathe).

MARTHA E. B.—I hear that Mary Fuller has reduced thirty pounds on a rice-and-chicken diet. Joe King has been with Broncho, and now with Gold Seal.

E. M.—Adele De Garde is still with Vitagraph. You are right; I am a well-preserved man, but I haven't been preserved in alcohol. Never use the stuff.




WILLIE'S IDEA OF A PHILANTHROPIST

LENORA T.—Sorry, but we have no cast for "War of Wars." Mary Anderson was Elsie in "Twice Rescued" (Vitagraph).

FRANK E. P.—Your poem seems to be original. Always glad to hear your suggestions. I do not approve of Vitagraph's system of introducing every play with a sub-title. The less leaders, the better. It comes very hard for me to memorize a sub-title at the beginning, because I am not interested in the characters yet, and it is hard to remember that which we are not interested in.

ELIZABETH C., GERMANTOWN.—Ben Turpin was opposite Charles Chaplin in "A Night Out" (Essanay).

RAY S. W.—Helen Marten is not playing now. Guy Coombs opposite Alice Joyce in "The White Goddess." Address Edward Coxen, American Co., Santa Barbara, Cal. That was little Mary Anderson dancing in "Breath of Araby."

EMMA L.—I believe that America is the richest country in the world. In 1910 our wealth was estimated at $125,000,000,000, against $70,000,000,000 for the United Kingdom, and $45,000,000,000 each for France and Germany. Lottie Pickford with American. Yes.

I. L. B.—Douglas MacLean was John St. John, Walter Fischer was Frank, Beverly West was sister in "As Ye Sow" (World). Yes, her brother. Eleanor Kahn was Sadie in "The New Teacher" (Essanay). Tommy Harper was Tim. Lillian Burns was Helen in "Sunshine and Shadows" (Vitagraph).

NANCY G.—Edna Maison was the wife in "Roses and Thorns" (Universal). William Bailey was the other in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay).

LOUISE M.—No, my dear, you have me wrong. I am really a lamb in wolf's clothing. Robert Walker was the composer and Alice Joyce was the girl in "The Girl of the Music Hall" (Kalem).

TEXAS.—George Holt is with Western Vitagraph, at Santa Monica, Cal. Lilie Leslie was Sonita in "The Bomb" (Lubin). Yes, Francis Bushman is just as nice off the screen.

HAZEL W.—So I am always in your thoughts. How delicious! To a lover there are but two places in the world—the place where his sweetheart is, and the other, where she isn't. But I'm always here; so cheer up, honey.

JACK, 49.—Carmen Phillips opposite Warren Kerrigan in "Smouldering Fires" (Victor). Henry Bergman was Billie's rival, and Louise Vale and Eva Nelson were the two girls.

LOUISE M.—Anders Randolf was general in "Warfare in the Skies" (Vitagraph). Florence Natol was the old maid in "The Green Cat" (Vitagraph). William Cohill in "White Mask."

M. G. L.—See ad in March, 1915, about Warren Kerrigan's book. He has just had a serious illness, but has recovered.

HELYN P.—House Peters opposite Mary Pickford in "The Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). James Kirkwood in "The Eagle's Mate."

"Say, mister, will you do me a favor?"
"What is it, my boy?"
"Make believe you're my guardian until I get past the door."

FLOSSIE, 17.—No, you are not the real Flossie; Flossie No. 2. Eugene Ormonde was Sir Marcus in "Morals of Marcus." Morris Foster was Ralph in "The Duel in the Dark."

MILLIE R. H.—Sorry that you are distressed with a toothache so frequently. You say that you wonder why we were not born without teeth. If you will look the matter up you will find that we were. Anna Luther in "A Venetian Romance" (Kay-Bee). Joe King in "Smiling Dan."

PRYSCYLLA.—Ruth Stonehouse was Sally in "Surgeon Warren's Ward" (Essanay). Yes, Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., about the club.

CHADDIE, COLO.—Edwin August and Ethel Davis in "The Faith of Two" (Universal). Lillian Herbert was Irene in "Enemies" (Vitagraph).

REENA H. L.—Quite an idea of yours, a photoplay showing the three great events in life—birth, marriage and death. These may be the three great events in our lives, yet but few of us know how we were born, why we were married or when we are going to die; so how are you going to do it into photoplay?

SELIE A.—Anna Luther is with Selig. Lorraine Huling was Gladys in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

LAYSE LADYE.—Anna Little was the sob-sister in "Sob-Sister" (Rex). Robert Frazer was Robert in "Duty" (Eclair).

TOM'S ADMIRER.—You refer to Carmen Phillips. Arthur Donaldson was Gilbert in "The Black Van Dyke."

HAROLD E. K.—Irma Dawkins was Grace in "His Brother's Keeper" (Biograph). Alice Davenport had the lead in "The Fatal High C."

DEBUTANTE.—All I can say is that Dixie Rucker is still with Essanay. She has not played as leading woman as yet.

MAY B., ATLANTA.—Brief Biography with William Shay in January, 1915. Alan Forest was George in "The Master Key." Daisy Robinson was Lucy in "The Country Chairman." J. W. Johnstone and Bessie Barriscale in "The Rose of the Rancho." King Baggot, I believe.

ROSALIE.—Yes, I, too, dislike ranting. That player certainly weeps too loudly. The silent appeal has the greater reach. Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison in "Mother's Roses." Ethel Teare was the girl in "Flirtatious Lizzie" (Kalem). Curtis Cooksey was Dan in "Their Village Friend" (Biograph).

PEG, PORTLAND.—Edna Mayo was the girl in "Stars Their Courses Never Change" (Essanay). Gail Kane was Laura in "The Pit."

VIOLETTA B. S.—Vivian Martin and Chester Barnett in "The Wishing Ring." Louise Vale is with Biograph Co.

ARTHUR E. W.—Yes, send the stamps to her. Most arrangements are made with the managers. No, I am not the Photoplay Philosopher. They call him my twin brother.

EDITOR—Young man, what profession are you going to follow when you grow up?

WILLIE—I'm going to be a movie actor. Can I count on you to give me a boost in your magazine?

ELIZABETH S.—Hobart Bosworth and Viola Barry in "The Sea Wolf." Certainly. There is no Sixth Commandment in literature. One cannot write a sentence without stealing. Ideas are public property, but expressions are copyrights that never expire. Some writers neglect to use quotation marks because they are an admission that somebody else has been able to say the thing better.

HELEN G. S.—Anna Nilsson, Alice Joyce, Ruth Stonehouse, Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge have not had experience on the stage.

MILDRED E.—Robert Grey opposite Cleo Ridgely in "The Diamond Broker" (Kalem). Yes, Mary Pickford is with Famous Players yet.

ARTHUR P.—You will have to write direct to the players for autographs, but be sure to send stamps for return postage. Mary Anderson is always glad to send her picture—not sure about others.

VIRGINIA H.—Roscoe Arbuckle is Fatty in the Keystone comedies. Ford Sterling in "Zuzu the Band Leader." Boyd Marshall in "Across the Way" (Princess). Carlyle Blackwell in "Such a Little Queen," opposite Mary Pickford.

LILLIAN H.—Winifred Allen was the girl in "The Reward" (Reliance). Miss Johnson was the princess in "The Goose Girl" (Lasky).

F. A. G.—Lorraine Huling was the girl in "A Bachelor's Romance."

BEATRICE K.—N. Merkyl was the Earle in "Gretna Greene" (Famous Players). Yes, G. M. Anderson appears in "The Champion," but only as one of "the mob" watching the prizefight. Victor Potel in "Slippery Slim" series. Ella Hall in "The Master Key."

MINTRE.—So you think Grace Cunard made a poor queen and lacked grace and dignity. Perhaps the part did not call for it. There are fifty-seven varieties of queen, including "Such a Little Queen."

ONE OF THE DANGERS THAT LURK IN THE SHADOW OF THOSE WHO READ THIS MAGAZINE

"My! What a nice young lady you have grown to be! I remember when you were no bigger'n that!"

GLADYS M. B.—Lasky's address is 120 W. 41st St., N. Y. City. You ought to send for a list of manufacturers.

SWEET SEVENTEEN. — Antonio Moreno and Norma Talmadge on the cover in the May magazine, as you could see by looking at the table of contents. Matt Moore opposite Mary Fuller in "Mother's Instinct." Lottie Briscoe has left Lubin.

BILLY ROMAINE.—You say that your friend claims to be a great critic of Motion Pictures, yet you have caught him several times going to sleep at the photoshow. Well, that's all right—sleep is an opinion. Some of the pictures are very good opiates.

MELVA.—Violet Mersereau was opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "Spitfire." Mary Fuller is in New York. Yes, I agree with you about those stars. Expression is the main thing. Haven't heard that Florence Turner has been ill.

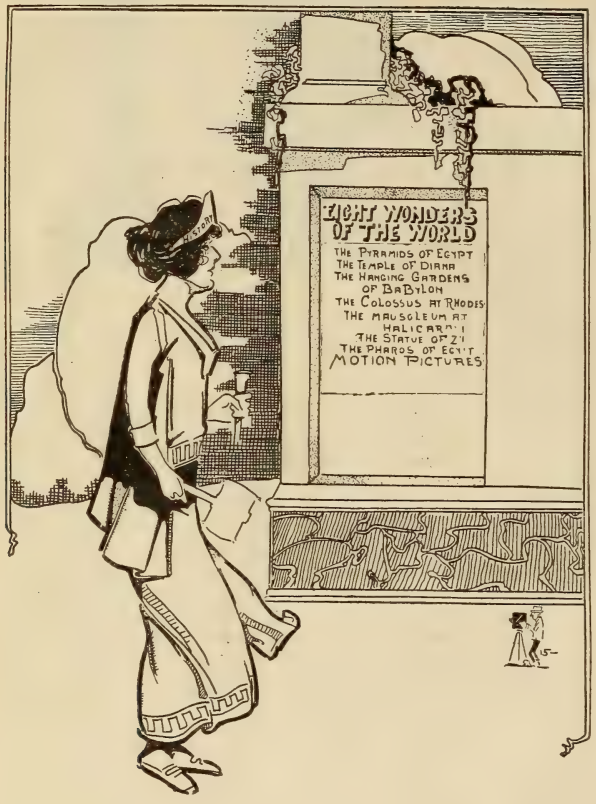
INEZ S. KEARNY.—Mary Pickford is in California, but was supposed to return to New York, but has not yet. Frank Clark was John in "The Master of the Garden." The total number of deaf in the United States in 1900 was 89,287.

KLU-KLUX.—Carl Von Schiller was Jocoso in "Captain Courtesy" (Bosworth). Yes, I saw "The Birth of a Nation." You ask who was Hamlet? What, you go to Sunday-school and dont know that?

NANCY.—You refer to Mary Pickford in that old Biograph.

LOLITA, 76.—Maxine Brown was Barbara in "The Boston Tea Party." James Morrison was Payne in "Mother's Roses" (Vitagraph). Why not send Billy Sunday to Europe? Europe needs reforming.

FLOY C. H.—Antonio Moreno and Norma Talmadge in that play. The National Board of Censors can and does urge the establishment of children theaters and the presentation of special programs for children.


EIGHT WONDERS OF THE WORLD
THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT
THE TEMPLE OF DIANA
THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON
THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES
THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNA
THE STATUE OF ZI
THE PHAROS OF EGYPT
MOTION PICTURES

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST

AMICUS.—Robert Walker was the composer in "The Girl of the Music Hall" (Kalem). Walter Marshall was Green in "The Only Way Out" (Lubin).

CORROBOREE, SYDNEY.—Miss Page was the girl in "His New Profession." Miss Thompson was the girl in "Only a Farmer's Daughter" (Keystone). Yes, Selig are producing "Mizpah" in nine reels. I am sorry you complain about the Keystones, and you might write to the N. Y. M. P. Co., at Los Angeles, Cal.

LORNA K. C. H.—So you like William Farnum. I cant always say what I like. You dont expect me to tell the naked truth, do you? I would have the Board of Censors after me.

LOOKING-GLASS. — Rhea Mitchell was leading lady in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" (Broncho). Olive Golden was Teola in "Tess of the Storm Country."

MRS. L. P. L.—You ask if I was one of the fathers in "The Outlaw's Revenge" (Reliance). Nay, madam, I play only genteel parts. Henry B. Walthall in "Home Sweet Home," but he is now with Essanay.

KEYSTONE FRANK.—Cecile Arnold was the blonde girl in "Guzzle's Day of Rest" (Keystone). Ethel Madison was the girl in "That Little Band of Gold" (Keystone). Edythe Anderson was Mabel in "That Terrible Kid" (Lubin).

VIVIAN RICH ADMIRER. — David Lythgoe was Dan in "The Poet of the Peaks" (Mutual). Frank Borzage and Leona Hutton in "A Crook's Sweetheart."

MARY R. — Please dont write in red ink except when writing about melodramas and war. Henry King and Jackie Saunders in "When Fate Was Kind."

WILBERT A. S.—Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Girl in the Shack." Joe King was Joe and Beatrice Van was Ivan in "Helping Mother" (Rex). Viola Davis was the child and Norma Talmadge was the girl grown up in "A Daughter of Israel."

LAWRENCE BATTLE. — Alice Hollister was Mary in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler." Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Girl in the Shack" (Reliance). Since most of our dye-stuffs come from Germany, we shall have to be content with neutral tints for our colored pictures. Enid Markey was Mary in "The Final Reckoning." Millicent Evans was the leading lady in "The Woman in Black."

GRETCHEN 1ST.—Ernest Joy was Hans in "The Goose Girl" (Lasky). Your letter was extra long. William Taylor and Edith Storey in "Captain Alvarez." George Holt was the villain.

DOROTHY K.—Answered yours by mail.

AGNES A.—James Cruze is in California. You want an interview with Herbert Rawlinson. I enjoyed yours.

ADA A.—Louise Vale and George Morgan had the leads in "Ernest Maltravers" (Biograph). Muriel Ostriche and Nolan Gane in "The Grand Passion."

VYRGYNYA. — Good morning, Glory! Welcome once more to our city. Always glad to see your name at the top of a sheet, for then I am sure to read some sensible questions and comments.

KENNETH A. G., SYDNEY.—May Wallace was the girl in "Laughing Gas." Mary Miles was the fairy in "The Fairy and the Waif" (World). Anita King was Ethel in "The Snobs" (Lasky). Florence Dagmar was Jane in "The Country Boy."

MAY M. A.—Harold Lockwood had the lead in "The Altar of Death" (Kay-Bee). Robert Grey was the lover and Richard Stanton the brother in "The Paymaster's Son" (Kay-Bee). Courtenay Foote was Gerald in "Caprices of Kitty" (Bosworth). Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Little Queen. Walter Hitchcock was John in "The Idler."

WALTHER A. T.—You are entirely in error when you are willing to bet that I snore. I have no small vices—all large ones. Chester Conklin, Mack Swain and Minta Durfee in "Love, Speed and Thrills" (Keystone). Dorothy Kelly was Nana and Mary Anderson was Elsie in "Twice Rescued" (Vitagraph).

ROY G. T.—You ask what is meant by mystery plays. If you dont know, it would be useless for me to tell you. Gladden James was Arthur in "Beneath the Paint." Louise Vale in "The Americano."

MARTHA P.—Viola Dana, Gertrude McCoy and Mabel Trunnelle appear to be most popular. Here's good news for the corpulent: A well-known photoplayer who is now in London writes me that on account of the war he has lost over £150! But perhaps you prefer to lose some of the other kind of pounds.

E. H. W.—Marguerite Loveridge was Tommy, J. W. Johnson was Ned, and Arthur Donaldson was Gilbert in "Runaway June."

CLAIRE M.—Thanks for gold nugget and the other stones. I appreciate them very much and have added them to my curio collection. William Bailey is to play opposite Gerda Holmes for the United Program.

CRAYTON H.—Albert MacQuarrie was John in "A Masquerade Hero" (MinA). The son is unknown. Viva Edwards was the mother and Joy Lewis was the daughter in "From Patches to Plenty" (Keystone). Lolita Robertson was Helen in "The Truth Wagon" (Masterpiece). Clara Williams and Harry Keenan in "Winning Back" (Broncho). Bobby Dunn was the valet in "Hogan's Aristocratic Dream" (Keystone). Lillian Brockwell in "Hogan Out West."

ANONYMOUS TWO.—Rhea Mitchell was Nancy in "The Long Feud" (Broncho). William Bailey was the lieutenant in "The Marked Woman" (World). No, thank you, I am not Charlie Chaplin, and dont want to be, in spite of the fact that he gets $1,500 a week, while I get only $8.

MARGOT.—I agree with you that Anita Stewart is more beautiful than ever in "The Goddess," but that it is hard to compare this serial with other serials because of its uniqueness. Heretofore we had thought that a serial necessarily had to be a series of hairbreadth escapes, but we now see that it can be one long and continuous pretty story.

"And this, chief, is my camera man."
"Pleased to m—eat you."

CECILE DE S.—I believe your French was quite proper. Thanks for your kind letter.

W. G. R.—Elsie Greeson has been with Kalem and Selig. Harry Carey is back with Biograph.

RUTH R.; ESTELLE D.; BILLIE PHILLY; HERMAN S.; PHILLIP W.; L. S.; EMILY W.; IRMA H.; JENNIE O.; VENNER M.; MABEL H.; EVA, and N. S. W.—Your letters were very interesting, but you should ask questions if you expect me to comment.

H. N.—Your letter reached me, but your questions are unanswerable.

A. M. M.—Perhaps they were blankets instead of sheets.

BABY BLUE EYES.—According to our contest, Anita Stewart is considered the most beautiful young woman on the screen. Charles Chaplin was not in vaudeville in April and May. He has several imitators, altho some say that he himself is an imitator.

JACKIE OF TEXAS.—Marguerite Clark was Pepita in "Little Sister of José" (Famous Players). Margaret House was the daughter in 'The Human Menace" (Gold Seal). Isabel Rae in "Just a Lark" (Biograph). You had better write your complaint to the Editor.

RUTH W.—I agree with you about the indecency of that play. In two senses, displays are dangerous. Isabel Rae was the girl in "Their Friend from the Country" (Biograph). Francelia Billington was the lead in "The Runaway Freight" (Reliance).

OLGA, 17.—By all means get an incubator and save the hens' time. Think of all the eggs they could be laying instead of setting idly on eggs—it's a waste of intelligent labor! I hope you like Crane Wilbur's new leading woman, Mary Charleson, as much as I do.

LOOKING-GLASS.—Marion Cooper was the girl in "How Izzy Stuck to His Job" (Reliance). See advertisement on another page about our new *Supplement* magazine. It wont be on sale until August, so save your money till then.

E. V. C.—Mary Alden had the lead in "A Woman Scorned" (Reliance). She is a fine character woman. Hope to hear from you again.

KITTEN.—Edith Johnson was the girl in "His Jungle Sweetheart" (Selig). Robert Grey in "The Trap Door" (Kalem) as the detective. Margaret Loveridge was Tommy. Lorraine Huling was Bessie and Mignon Anderson was Betty in "The Reformation of Peter and Paul" (Thanhouser). Yours was perfect.

ETHEL C.—William Carleton was Earle and Gertrude McCoy was the girl in "The Phantom Thief" (Edison). Vivian Prescott was the girl in "His Unwitting Conquest" (Biograph). Edward Earle has been with Edison about eight months. Alfred Paget was John in "The First Law" (Biograph). Charles West was John in "The Child Thou Gavest Me" (Biograph). Yes, Hal August is a photoplayer. That was indeed the great Ethel Barrymore.

JOE M. W.—Perhaps you refer to Max Linder. Very few companies pay for plots only; they prefer complete scenarios. I know that Vitagraph has several times bought mere synopses, however, for they usually write all scenarios over.

X. B. X. AND OTHERS.—Anna Laughlin is with the Life Photo Co.

LITTLE RHODY.—You ask how many scenes there are to a one-reel photoplay. That is like asking how many teeth do old people have. Some photoplays have only twenty scenes and some have sixty. I guess the average is about thirty-three, but if there are many cut-backs and flashes, this could easily be stretched into forty or fifty. E. A. Turner and Norma Talmadge in "Elsa's Brother."

PHOTOPLAYER—H-how did it go? I h-hope m-my acting was b-rr-r-r—satisfactory. That water must be at least f-forty below zero.

DIRECTOR—That was fine, only next time swim out a little farther—that was only a rehearsal, you know.

TYLLYE.—You are quite wrong. Charles Chaplin is a very modest, dignified, well-looking young man. Frank Currier was J. Hardin in "The Juggernaut." Misery likes company, you know.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Your logic is like a flea; it jumps around lively enough, but you can never put your finger on it. I observed all your "wells."

M. VAN DYKE.—Warren Kerrigan has a twin brother named Wallace, and a sister, Katherine. Bryant Washburn is with Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago.

HAROLD D.—Hazel Buckham was the accomplice in "Out of the Darkness" (Rex). Louise Orth was the girl in "The Fatal Marriage" (L-Ko). Arline Pretty was the girl in "The One Best Bet" (Imp).

A MOVIE FAN.—If you go with a party I believe the studio will let you see the plant. Sorry your questions were not answered.

GRACE VAN LOON.—No, I am not the only Answer Man in captivity. The woods are full of them. I believe that I was the first, however, to be called by that name. We lead, others follow.

ANTHONY.—Sorry your letter was delayed. Answered by mail.

MABA.—Edward Cecil, Vola Smith, Jane Wolf, Violet Reid and Hector Sarno in "Black Sheep" (Biograph). Harry Dunkinson was Tubby in "Thirty" (Essanay). Royal Douglas was George, Evelyn Greeley was the girl in "Helping Hand" (Essanay). Irma Dawkins was the girl in "His Poor Little Girl" (Biograph). Gus Pixley was the father.

ERNEST F. P.—Blanche Sweet had the lead in "The Massacre" and Gertrude Bambrick was Cynthia in "As It Might Have Been" (Biograph). Isabel Rae has been with Biograph about two years.

HERMAN.—Be very careful how you invest your money in Motion Picture stocks. There are hundreds of fly-by-night companies organized every month, whose principal business is to sell stock and then retire. I think I can safely say that there has lately been more money lost in the pictures than there has been money made. It is a comparatively easy matter to get a company together, hire a studio, buy a scenario and produce a photoplay, but the hard thing to do is to get anything at all for the play after it is done. I know where you can get lots of good reels for $50 or so that probably cost a thousand or two to make. The supply is far greater than the demand, and the market is full and overflowing with mediocre plays that cannot get an exchange to handle them.

SNOOKS, N. Z.—May Wallace was the wife in "Laughing Gas" (Keystone). Some players answer letters.

MRS. C. A. H.—Marjorie Daw was Irenya in "The Unafraid" (Lasky). Rita Jolivet was leading woman. She recently escaped the disaster on the *Lusitania*. Billy Sullivan and Lorraine Huling in "The Movie Fans."

GERTIE.—According to the last census, Cuba had a population of 2,500,000 and the salary of her president is $25,000, less than half that of Mary Pickford.

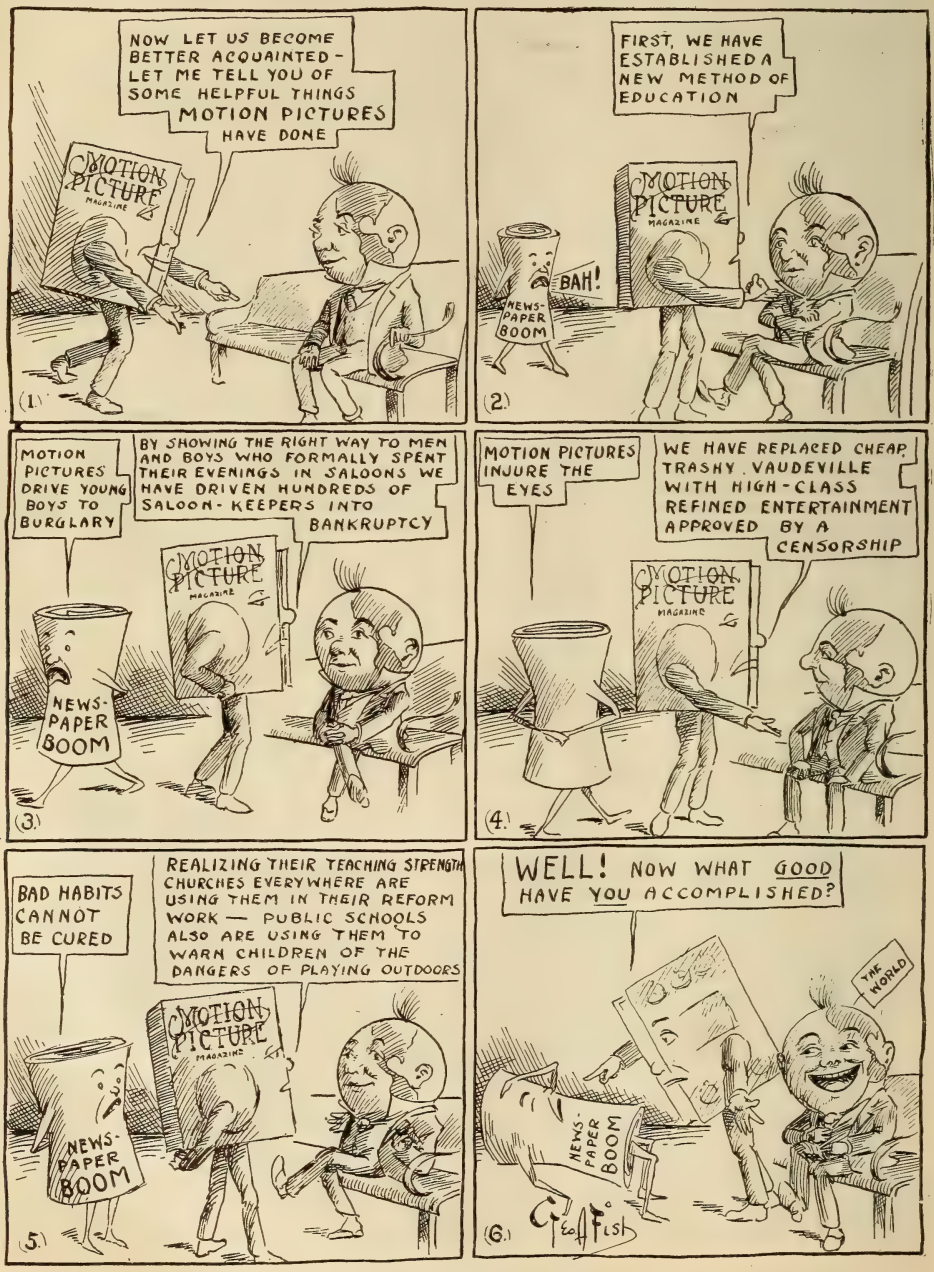
H. E. RUMBARGER, ELKINS, W. VA.—I received that bottle of "Artist's Dandruff Dressing and Hair Eradicator." (Have I got the name right? No; guess I have it cart before the horse.) You claim that it is the greatest in the world and that many photoplayers owe their luxurious locks to its efficacy. I am afraid my own are beyond hope, but I will try it, and I am much obliged.

LILLAS ST. CLAIR.—Your enclosure was a carbon copy, indicating that you are sending copies to other publications. We cannot use material that is to appear elsewhere. We want only original matter.

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN THE HAIR-RAISING "EXPLOITS OF ELAINE"

ADELAIDE K. F.—Alan Hale was Arthur in "Adam Bede" (Biograph). Hal Clements was Jack Carter in "The Man Who Could Not Lose" (Biograph). Royal Douglas was George in "The Helping Hand" (Essanay).

RUTH T.—And along came Ruth. You must learn to distinguish between popularity and merit. Sometimes they do not go together. For example, Henry Walthall was never popular in the sense that Earle Williams and Crane Wilbur are, but he is a great artist. Sidney Drew will never be as popular as Bunny and Chaplin, but he is a great artist. Mary Alden and Murdock MacQuarrie are not really popular, but they are great artists. Perhaps it is the personality. Matinée idols and artists do not always come in the same package.


NOW LET US BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED - LET ME TELL YOU OF SOME HELPFUL THINGS MOTION PICTURES HAVE DONE
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
(1)
FIRST, WE HAVE ESTABLISHED A NEW METHOD OF EDUCATION
BAH!
NEWS-PAPER BOOM
(2)
MOTION PICTURES DRIVE YOUNG BOYS TO BURGLARY
BY SHOWING THE RIGHT WAY TO MEN AND BOYS WHO FORMALLY SPENT THEIR EVENINGS IN SALOONS WE HAVE DRIVEN HUNDREDS OF SALOON-KEEPERS INTO BANKRUPTCY
NEWS-PAPER BOOM
(3)
MOTION PICTURES INJURE THE EYES
WE HAVE REPLACED CHEAP TRASHY VAUDEVILLE WITH HIGH-CLASS REFINED ENTERTAINMENT APPROVED BY A CENSORSHIP
(4)
BAD HABITS CANNOT BE CURED
REALIZING THEIR TEACHING STRENGTH CHURCHES EVERYWHERE ARE USING THEM IN THEIR REFORM WORK — PUBLIC SCHOOLS ALSO ARE USING THEM TO WARN CHILDREN OF THE DANGERS OF PLAYING OUTDOORS
NEWS-PAPER BOOM
(5)
WELL! NOW WHAT GOOD HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED?
THE WORLD
NEWS-PAPER BOOM
(6)
Geo. Fisher

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FRANK E. B.—I know of no play by the title you give. Any ship may apply for American registration whether it is built in this country or not. During war times, however, a belligerent nation may protest, and our government might refuse registration. The law on this is not clear and is unsettled. I do not know the origin of the lines, "Little beams of moonshine, little hugs and kisses, make the pretty maidens change their names to Mrs." You ask if it is true? Dont you know?

TOGO.—So reading my department drove away the blues and a headache. That's fine! Physicians, please take notice. I am glad you admire Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood. I see them frequently and have learnt to like them immensely. I dont know of an Atlas Company, but no doubt there is such a company, for it would be hard to find a name that has not yet been branded—a new one every day, but some live only a day. Your verses are really good, but I have really seen better.

EVA BREWER.—Your picture, "Wood Violet," is clever and pretty.

ABE, 99.—So you want me to start a contest among my "public" for the best communication. In the first place, you are too old (99) to compete with the fair Olga, the erudite Vyrgynya, the versatile W. T. H., the witty Gertie, the profound Grace, etc., all of whom are young and handsome. Besides, Abe, I like all my public too well to decide against any.

W. T. H.—Well, of all things, if here aint my old friend again! Dee-lighted! Now we'll get some pep in this department. I cant give you the name of the lady who plays opposite Chester Conklin and Mack Swain, but you can erect a monument for her just the same. She kist them and still lives. You say that Alice Joyce has never been able to make good since she left Carlyle Blackwell; that Mary Pickford looked too sad and gloomy on our June cover; that Augustus Carney is afflicted with the disease of Changeitis (so also Edwin August, Gene Gauntier, Francis Bushman, *et al.*); that Charlie Chaplin's popularity will be short-lived; that you are collecting canceled postage stamps for Anne Schaefer of the Western Vitagraph; that Marguerite Clark is coming along fast, and a whole lot of other interesting things too numerous to comment on just now. *Henderson's Monthly* is well worth the money, and more.

MOVIE FAN, PHILA.—I am really heartbroken to learn that you do not like the untrimmed edges of our magazine. Dont you know that you get more paper and wider margins this way? Why not get a pair of shears and trim it yourself? All fine books have deckle-edges, eh?

SIMPLE SIMON—What be ye doin', mister? Takin' movin' picters?
CAMERA MAN—No, I'm winding up grandfather's clock to see how far it will run on a gallon of gasoline.

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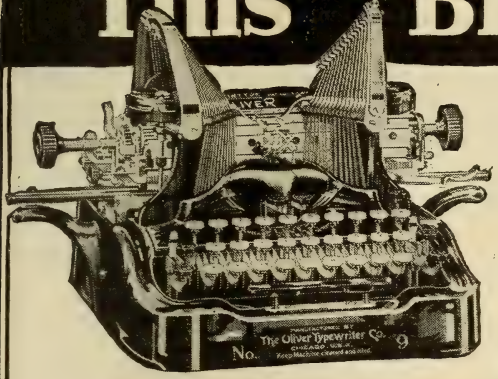


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..... (496)

LONA HARRIS, MELBOURNE.—I have forwarded your letter to Marguerite Snow, altho you omitted to place a stamp on the envelope and your own letter was two cents short of postage. Stamps must be scarce in Australia.

WILL H.—It is not true that it costs money for players to get their pictures on our front cover or in our Gallery. Only once did the Editor ever accept a fee, and that was for a picture of Mary Pickford on the front cover, and then it was because it had been promised to another company for another picture. The Editor informs me that Famous Players Company paid one hundred dollars for the privilege, but that he has never sold other space before or since.

J. P. W., LOCKPORT.—I'll give you a "lump" answer on whether or no I like Lubin's new leaders, or sub-titles, that are photographed directly into the scene and appear to issue from the speakers' mouths. I've had many inquiries, and this will answer many of them. I'm still to be convinced of the benefit of this startling change. The charm of photoplay lies in its appeal to our imagination. The more we interrupt the flow of our imagination the more stilted it becomes. The new leader, to my mind, is a decided check to the imagination, often fitting words in the characters' mouths that I would prefer to imagine. Remember that the mind, excited by emotion, travels hundreds of times faster than the eye. So give me my thousands of unspoken, imagined words, and I wont swap it for the limitations of the new leader. A sub-title is all right by itself, but I doubt if it should be mixed up with a scene.

TWINKLES.—Write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., about the Correspondence Club. Lamar Johnston is with Universal. There were 40 killed and 1,506 injured on the Fourth of July last year. In 1904 there were 183 killed and 3,987 injured, which shows that the world do move. Hope with you that we have a safe and sane Fourth this year.

CANADIAN GIRL.—Richard Travers' picture in February, 1915. Vera Sisson in the same issue. Stella Razetto was the princess in "Strange Case of Princess Khan."

LOUISE E.—Metro have a studio in Los Angeles. Gerda Holmes with United Photoplay Co. Irene Howley with Famous Players, formerly with Biograph.

ELZIE C.—Bert Busby was Fred in "Human Hearts." Elmer Clifton was Robert in "A Question of Courage" (Mutual).

LAUGHING JACK.—Lilie Leslie in "A Clean Slate" (Lubin). Harry Von Meter was the father in "The Strength o' Ten" (American). Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson in "Dr. Smith's Baby" (Vitagraph). So Melbourne now has eleven theaters. Humph! Is that all?

IDA R.—Your letter was sent to Pathé studio, and they forwarded it to us. Crane Wilbur is with Lubin.

CARLOTTA.—Barbara Tennant was the teacher. Mlle. Deslys was the blind sister in "Her Triumph" (World).

PEGGY LEE.—Arline Pretty opposite King Baggot in "The City of Terrible Night." She is now with Vitagraph. I am not much on outdoor games, but, being athletic and beautifully modeled, I am pretty good at ping-pong. I am now 74, but I do not care to give my birthday, because I live in a hallroom.

GIVUS A CIGARETTE SLIM-
HERE-AN' TH' NEX' TIME YOU CHOKE ME-DON' BE SO BLAME REALISTIC. MY NECK IS BLACK AN' BLUE!
AWL READY FER TH' NEX' POSE!
-IN THE FILM-
THIS IS WHERE YOU SAY "GEE-THAT DON'T LOOK NACHRAL"
-BETWEEN PICTURES-

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**ELBERT MOORE (Former Scenario Editor), Box 772M.H, Chicago**

**How To Write Photoplays**

**by**

**Elbert Moore**

**former Scenario Editor of one of World's largest companies.**

SCENE FROM "A TIMELY INTERCEPTION" (PAGE 44)

MALINDA.—Blessings on your good head, Malinda. I agree with you in all the complimentary adjectives you use regarding "Chalice of Courage." It is certainly a masterpiece. I think that the bear was not real. It would be very difficult to find such an immense creature tamed. Anyway, what's the difference? He was just as good as real, wasn't he?

A. B. H., SAN FRANCISCO.—Billy Bletcher was Eddie in "To Save Him for His Wife" (Vitagraph).

MRS. J. J. D.—Charles Manley was the old gentleman in "The Master Key" (Rex). Marguerite Clark and Harold Lockwood in "Wildflower." Gladys Hulette, daughter in "Out of the Ruins."

JOS. MCC.—"A Million Bid" was written by former Mrs. Sidney Drew, now deceased. I cannot explain why it is that some of the prettiest of women do not photograph well in the pictures and why some that are actually homely off the screen look to be real beauties on.

CHELSEA.—Fuller Mellish was the Pope in "The Eternal City" (Famous Players). Ernest Joy and Constance Johnson in "Snobs" (Lasky). Anita King was Ethel.

RUTH W.—Churches are not dying out, as you say. They gained 763,000 in 1914 over 1913. June Dale and Betty Gray in "His Last Dollar" (Famous Players). The old Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell pictures were taken in 1912. Mary Miles Minter was Tarry in "The Fairy and the Waif. There are not enough fairy plays.

J. P. MARTON.—Miss Courtot pronounces her name *Cort-toe'*. Some plays are arranged so as to afford equal opportunities to two different actors, such as Othello and Iago in "Othello" and Brutus and Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," and these are called double star plays.

SILENT PARTNER.—Alice Hollister was the dancer in "The Destroyer." Dolly Larkin and Goldie Colwell with MinA.

HENRIETTA F. F.—Yes; Jane Morrow is now Mrs. Sidney Drew. All their comedies are high-class. She is not the mother of S. Rankin Drew—step-mother.

H. E. S.—Florence Lawrence is not playing at present. Florence Turner is in England, and Marion Leonard is playing in her own company. You want a picture of Gertrude Robinson and Dorothy Gish in the Gallery?

FULLER-KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—I did not like "The Tramp" as well as "The Champion." I prefer "Bootles' Baby" to either.

ABE, 99.—Makoto Inokuehi was the Jap servant in "Officer 666." The average life of a film is about one year, but it depends on the number of times it has been run. Ah, you have outflanked me! I am your prisoner.

VELESKA.—Goldie Colwell was the girl in "The Man from the East." George Wright was Ralph in "The Phantom Thief" (Edison).

ALFRED J. W.—Thanks for your splendid letter. Certainly, but he who laughs last can afford to laugh.

JINKS! TAKE THIS $2,000 AND GO TO EUROPE, WRITE UP A THRILLING STORY FROM NEWS TAKEN AT THE FRONT
THAT NIGHT
NO! I WILL NOT RISK MY LIFE FOR A NEWSPAPER! I WILL TELL THE EDITOR THAT TOO
WHAT'S THIS? THE VERY THING I WANT. WHY GET KILLED IN EUROPE WHEN I CAN SAVE $1,999.95?
EUROPEAN WAR IN MOVIES
THRILLING SCENES— TAKEN AT THE FRONT
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TAKING NEWS AT THE FRONT
FINE! GREATEST STORY EVER WRITTEN! YOU WILL GET RAISED $25 PER. FOR THIS!
JOE RANKIN

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### Recent Letters from Patrons and Studios—5,000 Others on File.

Dear La Roche:
For the benefit of your readers who are scenario writers, would like to give you an idea of our needs here. Would be pleased to have submitted to me detailed synopses of any ideas you may have that would make four- or five-reel photoplays. Am particularly looking for strong material suitable for Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn or John Barrymore. Quick decisions will be given and payment made immediately on acceptance.
FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO.,
Russell E. Smith, Scenario Editor.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I beg to acknowledge herewith your check for $35.80 in full payment for my script, "Scared o' Women," sold by you to the Vitagraph Co. Please accept thanks.
You are aware that I have been for a long time much interested in the work of writing scripts, not as a vocation, nor for the check, but as a real pleasure. I shall continue to send them in to you from time to time, and assure you that I am much gratified by your very cordial treatment.
Barton, Vt. F. H. PILLSBURY.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Regarding my manuscript, "The Half Eagles," which you recently sold for me to the Biograph Co., I appreciate your work in this matter most highly, for I was about to give up in despair, until I noticed your ad in the "Motion Picture Magazine."
I fully realize that it is more difficult to sell a script than write one, because the same script was turned down by a number of companies. Also, your revision helped to land the bacon.
CHESTER B. STROBEL.
799 Lehigh St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Photoplay Clearing House:
We enclose check for $75.00 for manuscript entitled "What Happened on the Barbuda," by Willis C. Pratt, 479 W. 152d St., New York, as per contract on file.
THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Your check ($31.10) for my photoplay, "The Light in the Window," sold to the Mutual Film Corporation, just received. The greatest praise I can make is to say that your ability is only equaled by your promptness. I am sending you more scenarios shortly.
Yours sincerely,
Hotel Van Nuys, SYDNEY K. RUSSELL.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Photoplay Clearing House:
We are more than busy here now, turning out some good stuff, tho material is as scarce as ever. Trusting that everything is well with the Clearing House, and hoping to have the pleasure of considering more scripts therefrom in the very near future, I am
DORIS M. SCHROEDER,
Editor, the Vitagraph Co., Western Studio.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Briefly, my object was to avoid mistakes in the future rather than negotiate sales of the plays in question. On this point your work has been of decided help to me, and I feel that the fee has brought its return already, for I have a small market, tho not a howling demand, for my work.
I hope within the near future to revise the three plays you recommend and will send them to you as soon as completed. Pray accept my thanks and appreciation.
41 Broad St., N. Y. A. L. STILLMAN.

Dear Sirs:
We are enclosing herewith the release slips for the two scenarios entitled "The Proof," by S. V. Cooke, Elmwood Hotel, Halifax, N. S., and "Weeds," by H. F. Jamison, Alexander, Ark., made out to the amount of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) each. As per your request, we will mail the checks to you immediately upon return of these slips.
UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
Scenario Dept.

### THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

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All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

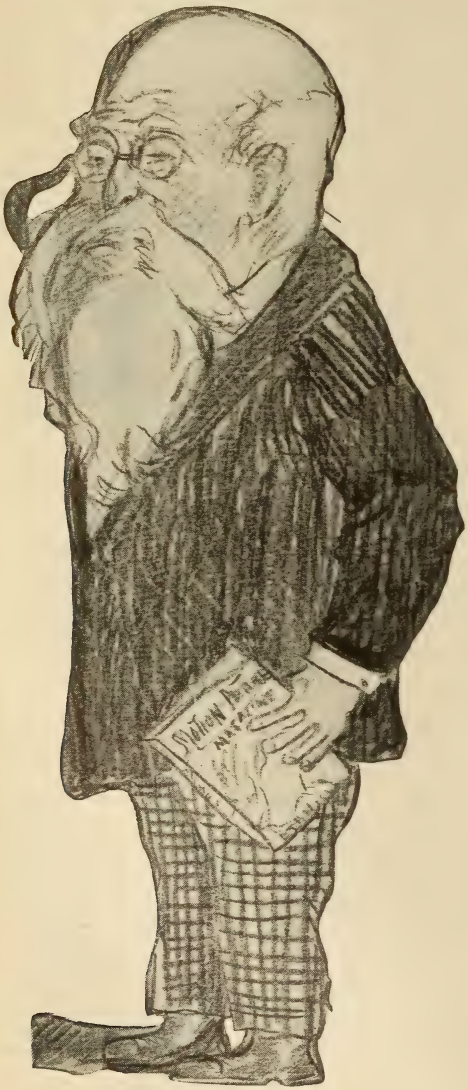
It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

## PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALICE MAY S.—Ethel Clayton was Geraldine in that Lubin. Joseph Kaufman was Gerald in "A Monkey's Business." George Stewart was Heine in "War." Charles Clary was Galloping Dick in "Hearts and Masks." Jack Richardson was Marrison in "The Altar of Ambition" (American). Paul Scardon was captain in "The Breath of Arabia." Dorothy Leeds in "The Awakening."

DELORA.—Chester Conklin had the lead in "Heroes Are Made" (Keystone). Harry Keenan was Rex in "Winning Back." About $21,000,000 was spent in the making of Motion Pictures in this country last year. There were about 10,000 reels made, each averaging 1,000 feet of negatives.



AN UNKNOWN READER'S CONCEPTION OF THE ANSWER MAN

POLLY V. Q.—So you dont like Louise Vale to play like Mary Pickford. I did not know she did or that she tries to. You cant fool me—I saw your periscope approaching, so I put on full steam and got away before you touched me.

G. B.—Marguerite Snow with Metro, Alice Hollister with Kalem. Bessie Wharton was the aunt in "The Exploits of Elaine." It is too exciting!

MRS. T. L.—Stella Razetto in that Selig. Garnet. "The Vengeance of Durand" was published in the February 1913 issue. Frank Borzage was the brother in "Her Alibi" (Domino).

IRISH ROSE.—Your letter was very interesting, but you should have sent it to the Editor. Thanks for the penny stamp. I write, and the world opens its purse in my lap! I am really getting opulent. My coffers groan under the weight of several dollars which I have accumulated during the last half century and a quarter. But really, I do not expect fees, and they are entirely unnecessary. Only when you make me a lot of extra trouble do I expect anything besides postage. A couple of hours in the public library makes quite a big hole in my day, and I have to give up some other form of amusement sometimes. See? So you want a picture of James Kirkwood.

MRS. T. P. L.—Florence Dagma was the country girl in "The Country Boy" (Famous Players). Naomi Childers was Mrs. Charnock in "The Island of Regeneration" (Vitagraph). Bill Bowers was the chief of police in "The Wise Detectives."

MARY ELLEN.—Your letter was very interesting. You asked too many questions. You should start a magazine of your own. May Mitchell and William Williams in "Clarence the Cowboy" (Pathé). Charlotte Burton and Edward Coxen in "The Flirt and the Bandit" (American). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Hermit's Ruse" (Kalem).

BABE.—No, child; I am not married. As George Eliot wisely said, "In the ages since Adam's marriage it has been good for some men to be alone, and for some women also." William Stowell and Marion Warner in "Lonely Lovers." That's rather an unconvincing title. Lovers are never lonely.

ETHEL H.—Thank you for the picture of yourself. I shall keep it with my large collection of snapshots.

H. B. D.—No; Violet MacMillan was the lead in "The Wizard of Oz." Anna Laughlin has left Vitagraph. Yes; I think she is very attractive and clever.

MILDRED K.—Thanks for the clipping. Henri Krauss was Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables," and he was immense.

EVERYBODY. — Our Mr. Harrington desires that I announce that he will pay $1 each for copies of our February '11 issue, and 25c each for copies of the June, August and September '11 issues.

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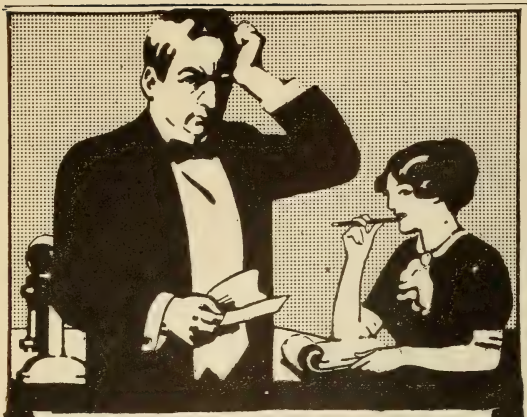

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JENNIE O.—Glad you liked that Crane Wilbur picture. Richard Travers with Essanay. Yes; Carlyle Blackwell has lived in Brooklyn, and he once played for Vitagraph.

MOVIE BESS.—Margaret Edwards was Truth in "Hypocrites" (Bosworth). Paul Kelly and Lucille Hammill were the boy and girl in "The Closing of the Circuit."

DREAMER.—Ray Hanford was Marrophat in "The Trey o' Hearts." Edward Sloman was Seneca Time. Of course you are welcome. Yes; I saw "A Gentleman Burglar," the Essanay comedy, and liked it because Marguerite Clayton looked so charming. The little play pleased me, from Anderson down to Potel.

LOUISIANA.—Winifred Kingston was opposite Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby" (Paramount). The V.L.S.E. is supposed to represent the four largest producers in the world—Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig and Essanay, with a combined capital of over twenty million dollars, and a combined force of five thousand employees and over one thousand artists, and these producers claim that they combine an experience of eighteen years, while the other great combinations in the business are comparatively new. I have not the statistics before me to verify these claims.

AMERICAN CHARLIE.—Yes, and heap much thanks for the leaf. L. C. Shumway, last leading man for Velma Whitman.

MARGERY N.—Vernon Steele was Paul in "Hearts in Exile." We expect to have a picture of Arthur Cozine soon.

CLAIRE M.—Of course we will be friends. Thanks for that dandy little present.

PYTHIAS 1ST.—You ask how many motion Picture companies are in Los Angeles. I pass. They dot the landscape like dandelions. A 1,000-foot film may cost $1,000 to $10,000, according to the settings, etc. Biography of Warren Kerrigan in July, 1914. Yes; Pansy is still a member of the Correspondence Club.

AGNES A.—I was glad to hear from you. Glad you are recovering. Now that half of Colon has been wiped out, perhaps they will now change its name to Semicolon. I am glad to read my readers' opinions on the great war, even if I do not always answer them.

NELLIE L.—Ruth Bryan was Annette in "The Wolf" (Lubin). Myrtle Gonzalez was the wife in "His Wife and His Work" (Vitagraph). Miss Sackville was the sister in that Selig. Irene Warfield is with Dyreda. This company has just changed hands.

L. A. F., ROCHESTER.—Walter Edwards was Don José in "The Secret of the Dead" (Domino). Harry Keenan and Clara Williams in "Winning Back" (Domino). Jack Mulhall was the reporter in "The Gang's New Member."

L. MCK.—See answer on preceding page. Thanks for yours.

VIOLET SCARLET.—Stop in when you are around this way. So you really saw Charlie Chaplin! and you still live?

MURRAY H. B.—So you want a chat with Theda Bara. Lamar Johnston and Edith Johnson in "The Face at the Window" (Selig). Arthur Donaldson and Rica Allen in "Runaway June."

ALAN M. S.—Thanks for your picture. You ought to be able to get a position.

W. G. R.—The *Supplement* will be a larger size than this magazine, and not so many pages. Blanche Sweet with Lasky. You must remember that the heart has eyes that the brain knows not of.

LOUISE C.—No; I am not the Answer Man for the publication you speak of. Everybody has an Answer Man of his own now. Pearl White is at 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. Write any time.

CUNARD & FORD.—Warren Kerrigan and Cleo Madison in "The Man Between" (Victor). Ernest Shields and Jane Bermondy in "A Boarder's Mishap" (Universal). Francis Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse in "Night Hawks" (Essanay).

HARLEY C., NEW ORLEANS.—Yes; Marguerite Clayton is still with Anderson. The Great Cast Contest closes on September 6th. Regina Richards was Edith in "Wife for a Wife" (Kalem). Vera Sisson opposite Warren Kerrigan. Romaine Fielding with Lubin. Jack Richardson with American. Thanks for all you say.

BETTY E. T.—Miss Page was the blonde in "Those Pangs of Love." Olive Lord was the little girl in "Her Filmland Hero" (Majestic). Gordon Griffith and Billy Jacobs were the two boys.

MADISON ADMIRER.—Yes; Cleo Madison and George Larkin have played opposite before that series. William Worthington was Damon in "Damon and Pythias."

MELBA.—You complain because your exhibitor does not show the films that you want to see. There are two ways of overcoming the difficulty: (1) patronize some other exhibitor; (2) tell your exhibitor what you want and get your friends to do likewise. All exhibitors must finally yield to the wishes of their patrons.

BILLY.—The Correspondence Club is just a little social organization for exchanging postcards, letters, etc. Robert Warwick is with World. No; Owen Moore is with Keystone, and Mary Pickford with Famous Players. Glad to hear from you.

CURIOUS CONSUMER.—Yes; Edison releases some of their large features thru the Paramount, but they haven't left the General Film Co. You want more information about Leo Delaney? Very well.

PEGGY NED.—See chat with Charles Chaplin in last month's and the present issue. So you think that on account of what France once did for us we ought to step in now and help her lick Germany. No, no; let George do it!


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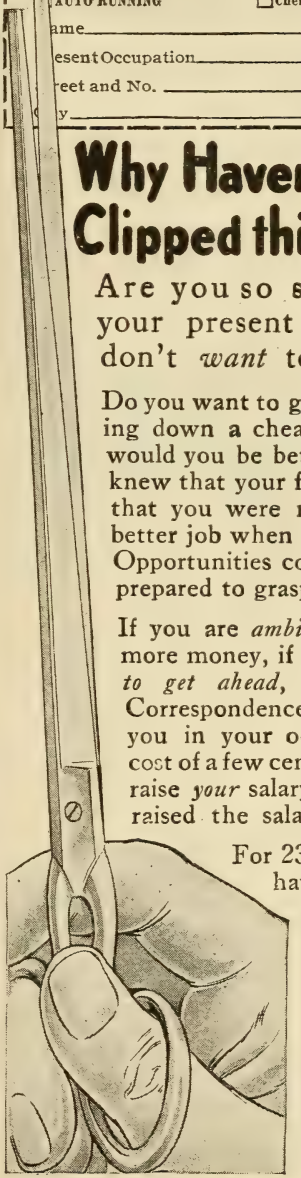

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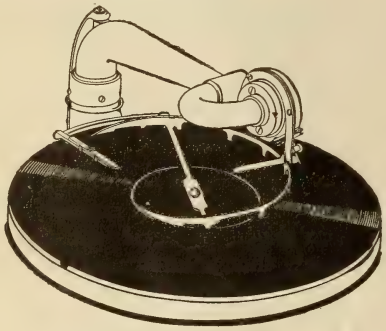

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MARGARETTE K. T.—Much thanks for your eulogy. I appreciate it. *You* envy Lillian Walker; *I* envy the man who plays opposite her.

JO AND MESSER.—Have not heard the report about the famous star "accused of intoxication, carousing in her rooms with a number of her friends, leaving the landlady $11.35 in the mud," etc., and if I had I would not believe it. See Mr. Chaplin's real face in lower right corner of our July cover, and you will see that he has no mustache.

NEAR BEAR.—Will look up the baseball statistics for you later. Haven't seen your uncle. Will keep my weather eye open for him. Your jokes were awful!

J. FLOYD STEVENS.—George Fisher was Wallace in "Winning Back"; also played in "A Case of Poison." No; I do not think Mr. Thomas Ince should ignore the National Board of Censors. All producers should support them. You say you are a teamster, but you write like a college professor. Shall hand your letter to the Editor. It's clever.

I. M. WELCH.—Always glad to hear from my New Zealand friends. Since you ask no questions, I have passed your interesting letter to the Editor, who may publish it.

DOROTHY KONCILMAN.—Wrong, my dear; you did not burden or annoy me one iota. Always glad to be of assistance if I can. Come right along. I must have overlooked your first letter.

CLYDE J.—Bell's "Anatomy of Expression" is out of print, but the libraries usually contain copies. Ask your bookseller to advertise for it. He will do so without charge.

DELLA CAMPBELL.—I dont find "The Gypsy's Warning" and the answer to it in my books on poetry. Perhaps some of my readers can tell you where to find it. Will look it up again later. I enjoyed your comments. Write again.

PEGGY.—So you dont like the idea of legitimate players coming in and playing leading parts, and think such players as Helen Holmes and Anna Nilsson should be given the chance. Dont you know that there seems to be a demand for stage stars by the Motion Picture public?

ANNETTE G. B.—Thomas Jefferson, Frank Bennett and Teddy Sampson in "The Fencing Master" (Majestic). Lamar Johnston and Edith Johnson in "The Face at the Window" (Selig). Signe Auen was the girl in "The Highbinders" (Reliance). Florence Natol was the mother in "The Boarding-house Feud" (Vitagraph). She is a very good character woman.

LITTLE MARY.—Words, words, words! Your letter is all words. You fail to say anything. Why not get a point and stick to it and on it? Concentrate your army on one point and endeavor to break thru. Wahnetta Hanson was Vanity in "The Absentee" (Majestic).

MARTIE A.—It is estimated that there are 150,000 feeble-minded persons in the U. S. She is a new player. Dorothy Leeds was Vivian in "The Awakening." Sorry, but we have no cast for "The Heart of a Painted Woman." Olga Petrova is a Russian. Some of the players stop in the office once in a while.

M. M. A., READING.—You must send a stamped, addressed envelope; stamp is not sufficient. I dont want to exhaust my saliva glands licking stamps. You refer to Richard Stanton. You must sign your name.

MARGARET L.—That was a revival, and the next was "Bells of Penance," story of which appeared in our March 1912 issue. You refer to Beaumarchais (pronounced bo-mar-shay), noted French dramatist and musician, author of "The Barber of Seville."

S. C., AUSTRALIA.—You can get the portraits and magazine direct from us.

OLGA, 17.—I really enjoyed your letter, in spite of the fact that you call me an old gander. "I know it would be of no use, to say I'd never met a Goose. There are so many all around, with idle look and clacking sound; and sometimes it has come to pass, I've seen one in my looking-glass!" Your letters are always helpful and welcome.

DORIS B.—James Gorman was the workman and Dorothy Gish was Minerva in "Minerva's Mission" (Mutual). Elsie Greeson was the girl in "Man Overboard." Yes, thanks. The gossip cant be true.

ANNY FAN.—In 1910 there were 34,382 editors and reporters in the U. S., but I am not sure they counted me, so there were probably 34,383. Census officials will please take note. Lee Beggs is no longer with Vitagraph. Courtenay Foote was Gabriel in "Hypocrites." Goldie Colwell played opposite Tom Mix.

ALTER EGO.—I cant tell you how much the game of "Cast" will cost, but probably fifty cents. It is not yet ready for the market. Your letter was very interesting. I agree with you about that player.

PRUNELLA.—Dick Rosson was the violin player in "The Pretty Sister of José" (Famous Players). Robert Grey was Tom in "His Sister Lucia" (American). Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn in "Frauds" (Essanay). Joseph Totten was Harrison in "Otherwise Bill Harrison" (Essanay). Your letter very pleasing.

MILLIE B.—Thank you for sending me the seeds from New Zealand. Also thanks for clippings. Very interesting.

MAE C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Antonio Moreno was John in "The Island of Regeneration," and where could you find a better one? Gertrude McCoy was Lavinia in "Greater than Art." The Adele de Garde that you saw is the same young lady whom you saw a few years ago as a child playing opposite Kenneth Casey. The latter is still on the vaudeville stage.

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RETTA ROMAINE.—I wish you could have had a dictagraph in my office when I read your letter. You would have heard some nice things. You call me "Light of my life." How touching! Do you know your letter reminded me of your last will and testament?

A. A. M. S.—I am glad to hear that you are one who admires that organ in the Hippodrome, New York. It is about the worst for the money that I ever heard. The Hippodrome has closed. Perhaps it was the organ. Romaine Fielding with Lubin. I think the most common cause of the failure of most companies is that there are too many in the business, and they all cannot get exchanges to handle their products. Yes, "The Terrible Ten" is a good example.

J. M. D.—Hector Sarno is with the Biograph at Los Angeles. He has been with Biograph about four years. He played in "Black Sheep." Welcome.

THE OLD MAID.—What do you mean? Your letter proves that you are not what you call yourself. Fred Summer is with World Film. Arthur Johnson is now with Lasky. Of course I like home-made cakes.

MAE B.—You're out—you never touched first base! Your criticism of Maurice Costello is not good because you overlooked the first principle. You admitted that he acted the part and looked the part, and created the impression and effect desired, yet you point out a small minor defect. Some critics see the fly on the barn door without seeing the barn.

CLARA C. D.—You want a picture of James Cruze in the Gallery? You would not think that I had discovered the Fountain of Perpetual Youth to look at me, but I have. It consists in one word —*moderation.*

LILLIAN R.—No; Charlie Chaplin is not dead. That's only gossip. Dorothy Davenport is with Selig.

E. W., ROXBURY.—That Essanay was taken in Chicago. Beverly Bayne's picture appears in the *Supplement.*

MARGARET MC.—Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. No; Gaby Deslys played in that one picture. Yes; I like all the girls in the club, and the boys, too. You should have signed your name at the top.

MISS MEMPHIS.—No; Romaine Fielding has never been with Vitagraph. Yes, our Photoplay Clearing House received hundreds of letters. Your letter very clever.

AGNES V. D.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the film manufacturers. I was pleased to make your acquaintance. Write again.

CAROLYN 3D.—Essanay have a studio at Chicago, one in Los Angeles and one at Niles.

LINCOLN P.—Kempton Greene was Earl of Betzwood in "The Hermit of Bird Island."

GERTIE.—I agree with you, and if the Germans treat the President's last communication as a "scrap of paper," they may find that Woodrow is not too proud to scrap. Who was it who put the "fist" in "pacifist"? So you are in favor of House Peters now?

A. EDISON R.—Cleo Ridgely is with Lasky. Mahlon Hamilton was Paul in "Three Weeks." You say "Please take good care of yourself, because if anything should happen to you, we would have nobody left but the Greenroom Jotter, and he is not in your class for wit, wisdom and mirth." I dont think anything will happen to me, unless it be enlarged condition of the cranium due to excessive flattery. Shoo fly; dont flatter me!

JANE W.—Ernest Joy was Mr. Standish in "The Woman." Jack Standing played in "Fanchon the Cricket" (Famous Players). You think that, if Theodore Roosevelt was President, the war would be over now? Perhaps—over here!

LELAND W. L.—Thanks for the pictures. You have the wrong title. Mlle. Josette Andriot was Protea, and M. Bataile was her accomplice.

W. L. N.—No, the majority of the players do not come from the stage. Yes to your second. Indeed, Katherine Williams was in with the lions in that play.

ELSIE H.—Owen Moore was Mr. Smith No. 3 in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." You say that you prefer to see the films first and then to read the stories after. That is a matter of individual taste. Some prefer the reverse, but with most people it does not make much difference. There are arguments on both sides. If you see the film first you want to read what the characters were saying, and if you read the story first you want to see the characters perform the action that the words have described; that is, to see the characters *move*.

WILLIAM G. H.—William Dunn in "The Juggernaut" as Philip Hardin. Ormi Hawley and Earle Metcalfe in "The Regenerating Love."

MARGARETTE K. T.—My dear, dont you know that I am doing the best I can? I answer all the letters I possibly can, every month. Do you want the Editor to get another Answer Man to help me? I am doing all one man can possibly do, and I have some 12,000 index cards and a library to help me. Have a heart. If I missed you last month, well, here you are this. Every letter received is read thru by me.

JOHN D. S.—Charles Clary in "The Fifth Man" (Selig). The "Runaway June" series is completed.

WALTER E.; PUL; JEANNE; ANNA P.; DUD; LUCY R. W.; CATHARINE S.; BIRSA K.; GRUNDALDI; TOWNSEND H.; EMILY L.; MISS T.; GLADYS K.; OLIVE, JR.; DOROTHY F.; and E. L. K.—Your letters are splendid.


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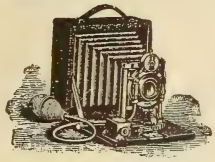

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CHELSEA.—Juanita Archer was Johanna in "Ghosts." No cast for that American. Marian Warner was the girl in "The Lion's Mate" (Selig).

ALTER EGO.—You say that after seeing Antonio Moreno in "The Island of Regeneration" you think he is worth a dozen Bushmans, Kerrigans and Wilburs. Isn't that putting it a wee bit strong? You also say that "A Price for Folly" tears your heart out by the roots. It didn't mine. I survived with admiration.

W. H. T.—Have just finished reading for the second time your able discourse on filmology and feel refreshed and enlightened; but I am surprised that you devote so much time questioning the correctness of my remark about the Pickfords. So many others have also questioned it that I must repeat that the real name of the family is Smith, and not Pickford. I really desire to respect the players' wishes about relationship, marriage, real names, etc., but the public craving for facts about their heroes must be appeased once in a while.

OLGA, 17.—I really have a very sweet disposition, as you say, but if you persist in calling me "Old Rip" it will wear off. I am tired of being likened to Rip Van Winkle, who spent half his life asleep. At seventy-four I am younger than most men at forty. But the rest of your letter was so full of wit and wisdom that I find my anger relenting, so you may call me anything you choose. You should write a serial. Anyway, write often. If you cant do that, write as often as you can. Regarding the great war—it's a long, long way to civilization, isn't it?

H. F. S.—I did not mean to say that the size of the brain is an index of mental capacity. It is not quantity, but quality. Even the size of the head does not always indicate the size of the brain. I thank you for your scholarly letter.

M. F. B., LOWELL.—Arnold Daly does not come from the Augustin Daly family. He plays both on the stage and screen, and is listed as a "special." A "character man" has already been described in this department, so-called because he is able to play numerous "characters." "S. O. S." in wireless means "Help wanted—danger!" I appreciate your compliments and like your letters. So you did not care for Elsie Janis, and you admire Beverly Bayne, Henry Walthall, Harry Carey, Charles Mailes and Sidney Bracey. I think that much of the talk about censoring "Birth of a Nation" is prepared by the publicity men.

E. B.—You say that the last number of our magazine looks like an advertisement for the Essanay people. I didn't notice it. We try hard to give every company all the publicity that we think they deserve. We cant help it if Charles Chaplin is IT.

## LIMERICK CONTEST

THOUSANDS are suffering with the limerick epidemic that we innocently dropped the germ of some two months ago. Our Limerick Editor has caught it, and now orders his meals and talks to his parrot in the limerick language. It all came about thru our offering ten dollars in prizes for the best limericks about plays or players sent to us on or before June 30th. They started to come in by the ream, and now, when the mail-wagon drives up, the Limerick Editor is the most-sought-after man in our building. Here are a few rib-ticklers, and next month we will print the prize-winners. Hundreds of them are clever jabs and jolts, and we will continue the limerick column with them for a while.

THE GALLERY GOD.

The gallery god fingered his quarter,
But refused to be led to the slaughter;
For he said: "Hully gee!
It's the movies for me,
Where I get for a dime what I oughter."
Washington, D. C. ARTHUR LENOX.

FRAGILE FLO FINCH.

There was a Vitagraph star named Flo Finch,
Who could do any stunt on a pinch.
Director said: "You must swim";
Answered Flo: "I'm too thin—
I would cut thru a wave, that's a cinch."
Waltham, Mass. HAZEL E. SENECA.

A MOREY STORY.

There was a young actor named Morey,
Who, when he met fair Edith Storey,
Said: "My search now is o'er,
I'll wander no more,
For I know that at last I've found 'Glory.'"
Malden, Mass. MISS E. L. TANNER.

"SCRATCHING IN HIS EYES."

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He first ran reels of no renown,
Which really hurt your eyes.
But when he saw folks didn't come,
He quickly changed his way;
And now he's running Vitagraph,
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And Selig, too; and, dont you know,
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With neither woe nor care.
Sometimes he acts a clownish part,
And makes you laugh with glee;
And then a villain's rôle he plays—
"A desperate man is he."
Sometimes he is an army man,
A soldier staunch and true;
And then he poses as a duke,
With nothing much to do.
But no matter what the part he plays,
To see him is a treat;
For versatility, we think,
MacDermott cant be beat.
Detroit, Mich. ARTHUR CARLSON.

SIDNEY DREW.

A comical fellow named Drew
Said, "I know just what I will do;
I'll drown all my sorrow
By marrying Jane Morrow—
Then of pay envelopes I'll get two."
R. W. KIRSCHBAUM.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

A funny little man is Chas. Chaplin,
With his queer walk, so awkward and shamblin'.
When asked, "Does it pay?"
He replied, "Well, I should say!
It's much safer gambolin' than gamblin'."
Mayfield, Ky. NED LOCHRIDGE.

MACK SWAIN.

Some men are born to sadly frown,
Some men to praise and some to scoff;
But whether "Ambrose" is up or down,
He wears the smile that wont come off.
CORA COLE McCULLOUGH.
Indianapolis, Ind.

LOUISE VALE.

Louise of the Biograph clan
Is pitied by every fan;
Whether peasant or queen
She depicts on the screen,
She's the sorrowful victim of man.
Bristol, Conn. FREDEDICK WALLACE.

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

'Tis well that the makers of Kalem
Did not dwell of old in stern Salem;
Their magic so tricksome
As witches would fix 'em,
And jail 'em with no one to bail 'em!
Boston, Mass. MINNIE L. UPTON.

GEORGE COOPER.

George was a villain named Cooper,
Who in a devilish way tried to hook her;
But the heiress was shrewd,
Tho her query was rude:
"Do you look at my looks or my lucre?"
MRS. FRED QUICK, JR.
Cortland, N. Y.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Marion Howard Brazier, member of the National Association of Patriotic Instructors and of the American Flag Association, makes a criticism which should receive the attention of the directors:

Approving the Moving Pictures as I do, and seeing so much merit in them, it jars a bit to note the way our flag is sometimes hung. There surely ought to be some one at hand to point out the errors in detail. Especially was this noticed in "The Woman," where a scene in the House of Representatives disclosed the flag hung back of the speaker, the Union on the wrong side. This is not permissible according to regulations and good taste. There is only one way to hang the flag, and no other is excusable in these enlightened days. Furthermore, the flag should never be draped or made into a rosette.

James Gowdy, of Brooklyn, writes only one sentence; but in it he tells a long story, giving the titles of all of Mr. Chaplin's Essanay pictures:

"The Tramp" spent "A Night Out" looking for "Work" and got "A New Job" with "The Champion" training "In the Park" "By the Sea."

In the June issue we published a drawing, entitled "Fly-time Puzzle," showing a farmer falling on a window-screen, and, just for fun, we said, under the picture: "One large, red apple for the adult who can tell why this farmer can now be called a photoplayer." We said "adult" because we knew that all the children would quickly see the point and demand the apple. Just as we feared, many of our older readers also like apples, and we are sorry that our supply is exhausted. Among the many interesting letters received is this one, from Robert G. Camby, of Los Angeles:

Kindly send me one large, red, New York apple as per prize offered for solution to fly-time picture prize puzzle (June number). I am past twenty-one, therefore eligible. The farmer certainly ought to be called a photoplayer, for he surely is on the screen.

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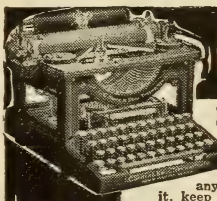

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MOST of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture Theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your newsdealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on and after the 1st of each month.

P. F. Leahy, of 325 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., comes back, variously and very interestingly, to wit:

I note with pleasure that you have published my letter to you, and hope some one gets as much pleasure out of reading it as I do from reading letters that others send in. It is very interesting to know what others think of your favorites, and some that aren't favorites, and I wish more people would tell their likes and dislikes.

First, I want to talk to James Stevens, of Los Angeles, a minute. I am glad to see that he looks for amusement to such a splendid source as the Moving Picture screen, and I heartily agree with him that comedy films do act as a relief to tired minds and bodies. Nevertheless, if it is to be comedy, let it be good comedy, and not such ridiculous piffle as is given the public by the Keystone Company. What is there funny in seeing Roscoe hit by a brick, or Mabel fall into the lake, or the Keystone policemen, who do such meaningless stunts? There is no discoverable plot to their pictures, and to me they are nothing more or less than torture. But I do like comedy. I laughed and laughed

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

WE desire to ascertain what photoplays are the greatest yet produced, and we ask our readers to decide. Any reader may vote, by writing on a postcard or paper, the titles of not more than five photoplays, that he or she has seen, which are worthy of being called *classics*. At the top write "Motion Picture Classics"; at the bottom your name and address, as an evidence of good faith, and mail to this magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Here are fifteen *classics*, according to our readers, being those plays that have received the most votes to date, in the order named:

"The Christian" (Vitagraph).
"Tess of the Storm Country" (Fam. Pl.).
"Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).
"Cabiria" (Italia).
"My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).
"The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith).
"Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).
"Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).
"A Million Bid" (Vitagraph).
"The Eternal City" (Famous Players).
"Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).
"From Manger to Cross" (Kalem).
"The Captive" (Lasky).
"The Stoning" (Edison).
"Vanity Fair" (Vitagraph).

at "David Harum," "It's No Laughing Matter," and at some of Mae Marsh's antics in some Griffith films. The Vitagraph Company produce some high-class comedies with Norma Talmadge, Sidney Drew (which reminds me of "The Florida Enchantment"), and many others. Aren't these real comedies, and not old-fashioned and silly horse-play? And I think Mr. Stevens got his comparisons slightly mixed. Do some people consider "The House of Bondage" a comedy? I'm sure it never appealed to me in that light. And Ibsen, is he styled as a writer of amusing plays? At least, his "Doll's House" and "Ghosts" are not. As to Shaw, I'll have to admit that I do not care for that gentleman, and agree with Mr. Stevens that his satire is too much for my intelligence. If Mr. Stevens must have comedy, let him try, just once, one of Los Angeles' feature houses where he will find comedy that is real.

Mr. Peacock, of Atlanta, expresses my opinion perfectly in regard to the serials, but I can go him one better, and say that, unless one of my prime favorites in an unusually good production is appearing, I stay away altogether from the serial houses. Ditto Keystone, Broncho Billy and Arthur Johnson.

The Eastern Essanay, the Tom Moore Kalem and some of the Selig companies put out very good features, but the Niles Essanay and some of the other companies surely do put out pictures that need considerable trimming. I wish Tom Moore would play with his so charming wife again. They are both artists and work splendidly together. In my former letter I neglected to mention two of my favorites, Theodore Roberts and Mimi Yvonne, the clever child who plays in some Famous pictures and who played the lead with E. K. Lincoln in "The Littlest Rebel." Mr. Roberts is absolutely the most finished character man I have ever seen, and his wigs and make-up are perfect, which can be said for very few. I have had the pleasure to see him on the stage on several occasions, and his wonderful interpretation of character has won him my unbounded admiration. As to little Miss Yvonne, she is talent personified, and I wonder why she does not appear more frequently. She is a wonderful child and should make the most of her extreme youth, if we can judge by the recent articles on "The Infant Prodigy."

Mr. Peter D. Pittenger, of Eastern, Pa., introduces his own subject-matter in his opening paragraph. Rather a *new* criticism, dont you think?

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(*Continued on page* 169)

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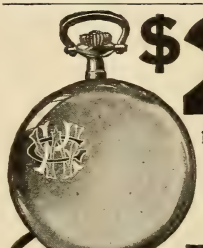

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## Motion Picture Magazine

**A Sales-Producing Medium**


### AS OTHERS SEE YOU, OR GLEANINGS FROM THE AUDIENCE

(*Continued from page* 132)

beside me said, as seriously as life: "Gee! she went and spoilt it all."

We can hardly thank the Essanay Company enough for their creation of "Graustark." Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne gave us a Grenfall Lorry and a Princess Yetive even more thrilling and more lovable than our imagination-pictured heroes from the book of "Graustark."

On the other hand, "The Carpet of Bagdad" failed to thrill. Polite interest, and, I must admit, in some cases, impatience, were depicted on the faces of the audience.

Oh, youthful bubbles of American enthusiasm! The man beside the girl next to me remarked of Harold Lockwood: "He's some boy, all right." And, as Agnes Fawcett appeared on the screen, the girl remarked: "Isn't she the sweetest thing you ever saw!"

A few of the stage stars are bringing into the movies some of the mistakes which we have long disliked on the stage. For instance, after John Mason had died of heart failure as "Jim the Penman," he was shown bowing graciously to an imaginary audience. Again, in "Cora," when Miss Emily Stevens' artist-lover clasped her to him, a great white print of powder was left on his coat; also, Miss Stevens' hair tumbled down. These things may occur on the stage, but not in the movies. Thus far ahead already, artistically speaking, is the silent drama.

In reference to the frequent "dissolves," I should like to say, as the little girl in back of me did: "Oh, dear, mother; they are going to dream again!"

Just one last word. Whenever we see Earle Williams and Anita Stewart billed at a theater, we flock there in thousands, and settle in our seats, if we can procure such, with the calm and happy anticipation of seeing a real man and a real girl depict for us any photoplay in such a way as to hold us interested from dainty start to convincing finish.

(*Continued from page* 167)

zine based upon the talent of Miss Pickford.

There are many people in this world who admire beauty and beauty only. There are others who admire not only beauty, but also talent and the ability to do a thing and do it right. I wish to make a reply to both Miss Seneca and Mrs. Opel, who so fervently came to the rescue of "Our Little Mary" in your April number. I would very much like to know if the former has ever read the novel, "Tess of the Storm Country," by Grace Miller White. If she has, it is impossible for me to see how she can say that Miss Pickford played so well the part of Tessibel Skinner. I wonder does she truly believe that there is an actress in this world who can perfectly portray this character, as drawn for us by Miss White? I will answer, for I have been taught not to say a thing is so, but to show it. No; I do not think that Miss Seneca ever thought of it. She said that Miss Pickford played the part excellently; did she say so because she is beautiful? I have nothing whatever against Mary. She is beautiful; she is sweet; she is charming; and there was one scene in "Tess of the Storm Country" in which the cold chills went up and down my back, and even had the theater been on fire, I doubt if I could have moved from my seat. This scene was where Tess stood before the crowd in the back part of the courtroom, just after she had entered, and sang with arm outstretched: "Rescue the perishin', care for the dyin'."

I wish to console Mrs. Opel by telling her that little Miss Pickford has not a single enemy in all this great wide world. She is a young girl, enjoying all the pleasures which life affords her, and so how can she portray in a perfect manner the extremely serious part of Tessibel Skinner? She could not, and neither could any other young actress of the present day. There may be some who find fault with her childish ways, but we should pass them by as we do a grouch and a pessimist. Always remember that Miss Pickford is doing her best to please us, we who love her. Even tho she did make a half comedy out of this wonderfully sad tale, we cannot blame her. I quote the words of Bliss Milford, who says: "There are plenty of things to make folks sad in this world as it is."


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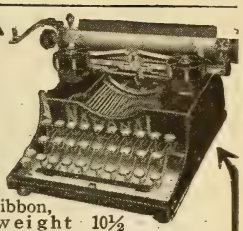

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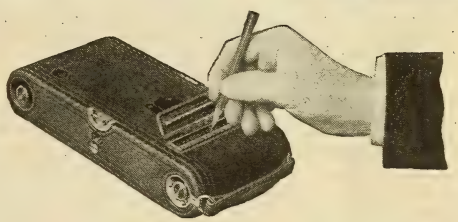

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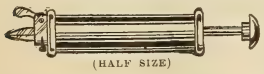
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## INSIDE THE CAMERA LINES

(*Continued from page* 108)

approached his director. The cloud of doubt burst.

"'Scuse, Hon. Mac," he whispered, "I must interrogate a question I ask to know."

"Well, lad, what is it?" In some surprise Mr. Mackenzie turned to the Japanese question-mark, who gathered up his small person proudly and delivered himself in the following manner, or words to that effect:

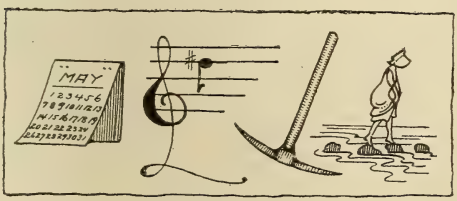
"I no like this Japanese spy part. I say so. I am regardless to tell, but such disloyalness leave me slightly pulverized. You may say so I are naughty Japanese actor and mental narrow in my brain-thoughts, but I are decided to renig. If Hon. Engaging Director shall learn this wise wisdom I speak, whenever he call for Japanese *butler,* he shall not require Japanese *spy!*"

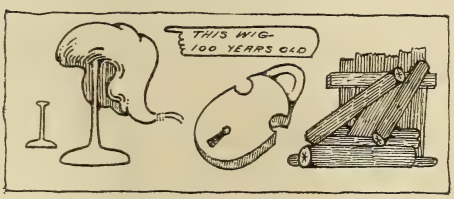
Whereupon the offended son of Nippon made a hurried but dignified departure. The serenity of the Jap's idealism, however, did not decrease the material loss of perhaps 300 feet of wasted film and the delay of the scenario revision. We took the scenes over with a non-Japanese butler the next day.

SCENE FROM "WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY" (PAGE 51)

## WHO ARE THEY?

Here is a puzzle for the little ones. The following pictures represent six popular photoplayers. To the five children (under thirteen) who first send in to us the best solution we shall award five suitable prizes. Address Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other mail to same address.



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**PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE**

**175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

(*Continued from page* 65)

first blind draw in the hills. Here, creeping, crawling, running doubled-up thru the brush, the self-appointed shepherd watched over the destiny of the parson's kid.

One day she entered the deserted church with "Ace" to place some yucca blossoms on the altar.

Dan, the lurker, heard her smothered scream. Grim-faced, murderous, wild with fear for her, he ran across the clearing and burst into the church.

It was empty; but the door leading to the belfry-ladder was open, and from within Dan heard a smothered struggle.

Dakota entered the well-like shaft and peered up the ladder. Daisy was above, in the arms of the gambler, trying with all her baby strength to reach the bell. One stroke of the clapper, she knew, and her father would come.

Dakota, below, dared not fire. He started to climb the ladder. "Ace" saw the grim vengeance ascending, and bided his time. Just as Dan's eyes reached the level of the platform, a mighty kick from "Ace" sent him flying backward.

It was a terrible fall thru space, and Dan lay still at the foot of the ladder, with a shattered leg crumpled under him. He felt the wave that precedes unconsciousness flooding over him.

From where Dan lay, the gambler was not exposed, but his shadow was clearly cast across the bell. There was just one chance in a thousand—a glancing shot off the bell.

Dan raised himself on agonized knees and slowly took aim.

"One — two — three — four!" the shots rang out, and the bullets sang angrily against the bell above.

A scream—and a heavy weight crashed to the platform floor. The ricochet bullet had found its mark.

Then Dan fainted.

It was evening, and Dave Wharton's kid had flung her arms around his neck and sobbed out a wordless message.

But to the parson it was clear. "Dont you understand?" he said. "Dan did th' only thing left to do. Jest to think—jest to think—— Why, my pore little kid was on the brink! *I'd 'a' done it myself!*" he cried, trembling. The eyes of the parson's kid took on a starry brightness. She listened mutely.

"Some men are too careless, or too big, jest to save souls," the parson expounded, "an' Dan's that kind. He only meant to ring the alarm-bell with a fusillade of bullets, and 'Ace' happened to get in the way."

"Are you sure Dan will keep his word, dad?"

"Dead sure. Aint that a groan? You jest run into his room and comfort him."

SCENE FROM "JANE OF THE SOIL"
(SEE PAGES 25 TO 31)

# THE HOME OF THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Here are a few of the people who make this magazine, and the buildings in which they work, at 173 and 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn. Only the Editorial, Circulation, and Photoplay Clearing House Departments are represented. In the foreground stands "Shep," a member of the Editorial staff and general household pet. No printing is done in these buildings. The presses are at 61 to 67 Navy Street, around the corner. The Advertising Department is at 171 Madison Avenue, across the river. In the rear of these buildings is a garden, with flowers, croquet and playground, and two large rooms are devoted to indoor games and a reading-room—on the top floor are our kitchen and dining-room—all of which are made good use of.

(*Continued from page 99*)
was felled with an unnecessary realistic knockout. His Irish blood boiled. The next night he was prepared. So was Emmet. Shea, closely observant, saw Emmet preparing for the blow. Prepared, he dodged and fell. Emmet hit the unresisting air with a force that nearly hurled him off his feet. Rising on one elbow, Shea enunciated clearly and with a triumphant note, "Begorra, he never touched me." Emmet's evident surprise and anger swept the audience. They howled approval, *but*—bitter cup to an actor—*not* at the star.

Saturday night arrived, and Emmet drew off to deliver his farewell knockout. Shea gave a leap that landed him behind Emmet. Emmet spun about with the unresisted impetus of a terrific blow. Shea coolly dropped to the floor and fairly chanted, "Begorra, he never touched me." As soon as the curtain touched, Shea was on his feet and off. He shook the dust of that theater from his feet, and Emmet signed up another partner.

"Why dont you write your Memoirs, Mr. Shea?" I suggested. "I've thought of that," smiled my genial entertainer. "There are many little intimate bits I could tell regarding the footlight favorites of the old days that would be of interest to the public."

"Before I go, Mr. Shea, one last question. How did you—a Shakespearean lover and student—happen to choose the silent drama as a field for your talent?"

"Well, it was this way. There came a time, about eleven years ago, when the salaries of all the stage folks were cut. It mattered not how high he had gone—the star as well as the beginner felt the pinch. I refused to accept the salaries I was offered. About this time I was approached by a film company with a proposition to pose. I accepted it as the makeshift that would help me hold out for my old salary in the 'legit.' I began to like the work. My visits to the theatrical clubs and booking agencies grew infrequent—finally ceased. I signed up with Vitagraph—and here I've been for eleven years. Gradually friends of the old days drifted in—Charles Kent and William Ranous among others. Here is a curious coincidence that I might mention in passing. A few years ago Vitagraph filmed 'Romeo and Juliet.' I was cast as Peter, Ranous as the apothecary and Kent as Capulet. Curiously enough, we three had been cast in the identical rôles years before with Rossi."

"Now a bromide for the last query, Mr. Shea, but it is as inevitable as the 'What do you think of New York?' to the foreign visitor as he steps from the liner—'Do you prefer the screen to the stage?'"

"They both have their own peculiar charm, but to an old fellow like me"—with the boyish smile that flaunts defiance at age—"the pictures have an added lure in their elimination of uncertainty. I'm satisfied"—as he swept the busy scene with a look of tender fondness. "I feel at home here. No more voyaging for me. It's a pretty safe harbor."

## The Message

By DOROTHY HARPUR O'NEILL

"Picture People," may I say
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You who play so many rôles,
Winning laurels—human souls?

Voiceless are your countless "parts,"
Yet they *speak* to "Movie Hearts!"
Every scene its message brings:
"Try and make the *best* of things!"

Lovers' parting of the ways;
Sin's allure—the woman pays.
Ah! the truth remorseless stings,
While we make the best of things!

So I must salaam to you
For the moral good you do.
May the future's kindly wings
Bear to *you* the *best* of things!

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## THE ROSARY

(*Continued from page* 76)

The sun gave forth a bloody afterglow that revealed the Man of Sorrow on the altar. Father Keely pointed to Wright, and his voice took on a supernal force. "Thou art the man!" he said. "Confess—by the Virgin Mary."

Deep in Wright's crippled soul, the elemental fear of God rose up. His face worked. The weight of many crimes pressed him to the earth, and there, before them, he cried out his full confession. And Vera, coming to meditate, as she did nightly, heard the redeeming words.

It all happened in an instant. She and Bruce, kneeling together under the Crucified Christ—the red glow of a new hope and a new faith staining their hungry faces—and from Father Keely's study the deep, pulsating music that touched their hearts as fingers laid upon a harp:

. . . and strove at last to learn to kiss the Cross, Sweetheart, to—kiss—the Cross.

Bruce gave a sob; then, kneeling again, he bent and kist the sun-bathed crucifix.

Pitiful, ever-groping figures! Earth-blind, sinning, retrieving, cursing, praying. And, over all—vast illimitable star-worlds. The Christly, compassioning Son of Man! The Rosary of Souls!


Do not confuse the "Motion Picture Magazine" with any other publication. This magazine comes out on the 1st of each month and the "Motion Picture Supplement" comes out on the 15th of each month, beginning August 15. These are the only publications in which this company is interested.

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## THE SUBSTITUTE WIDOW

(*Continued from page* 70)

with him, and you know the rest. I always *was* interested in criminal reform, you know. I'm going to befriend her. And oh, Detective, will you ask Miss Faraday to run up for a moment, please? Mrs. Hawkins wants to see her *so* badly."

In the gold-and-white drawing-room of the Maddox mansion Joan Faraday waited for Mrs. Hawkins. She came in with Mrs. Maddox, who was young, enthusiastic and kind of heart.

Joan had planned to be haughty—aloof. She had decided to demand austerely the reason for this unwarrantable affair. She didn't have an opportunity, for Mrs. Gentleman Hawkins was holding her hands in two icy ones and breathing broken words of contrition, while two unutterably sad eyes besought hers. They spoke better than words—of bruised ideals and mangled faith; of a love believed and a love deceived; of a career tragic beyond description; of desperation; of a resolve dug out of a graveyard of hopes; of a woman's heart.

Joan held out her arms without a word. She had wanted just this—the understanding heart that, having sinned and failed, beats its way bravely into the light again. Mrs. Maddox smiled on them like some benignant deity, and into Joan's mind came long-forgotten words: ". . . of human weaknesses and human needs . . . in our own hearts *the precious oil of sympathy.*"

After reading the stories in this magazine, ask your exhibitor to show the films on the screen. You will find that the Photoplay is doubly interesting after having read the story, and it will be delightful to see the characters you have read about MOVE!

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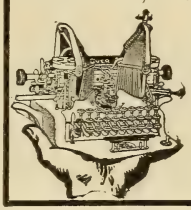

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(*Continued from page* 50)

"Dear, dear old pop, dont!" she pleaded. "We kin keep you; we're young."

"But I wanted you married in this here old front room," he protested.

At last he appeared and walked resolutely to the table, where Mr. Ivory had set the deed for him to sign.

"We're in a sort of a hurry—if you dont mind," he purred like a great cat.

But now old Jed had broken down, and his eyes were blinded with tears, which he brushed away, and dipped the pen in the ink. For a moment he seemed to have forgotten how to spell his name, for the pen paused in its fatal course. The next minute the pen was snatched from his hand, and a wild figure catapulted to the table.

It was Joe. His face was covered with mud, and one arm hung limp by his side. He stood there, glaring belligerently at the gentlemen.

"Clear out! Every blasted one of yer!" And lifting a chair, he went at them like a maniac.

"But he gave us an option on the meadow," cried Mr. Ivory.

"Option be gol-darned!" roared Joe; "you cant fool us. Now, git!"

The vanquished speculators retired in confusion, and when they were gone, Joe returned and knelt before the amazed Jed, laughing and crying by turns. "There's oil—barrels and barrels of it—down there in the meader! That's what them fellers were after! And yore rich, Uncle Jed; and we kin git married, Jennie; and Uncle Jim's down in a hole they dug in the meader with his arm broke!"

"And now you two blessed children kin git married in our front room. I was jest prayin' to God fer it when these fellers come along." Old Jed tiptoed out and leaned, with affectionate possession, against the apple-tree in the front yard.

ALL IS READY FOR THE SIGNING OF THE DEED

SCENE FROM "A TIMELY INTERCEPTION" (PAGE 44)

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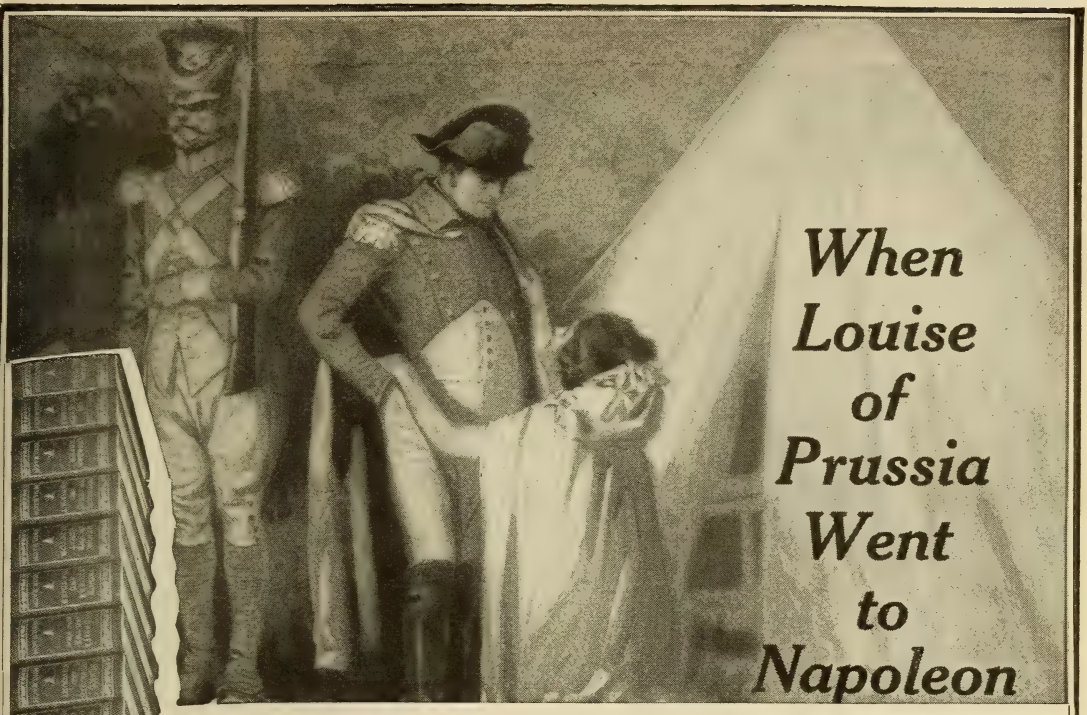

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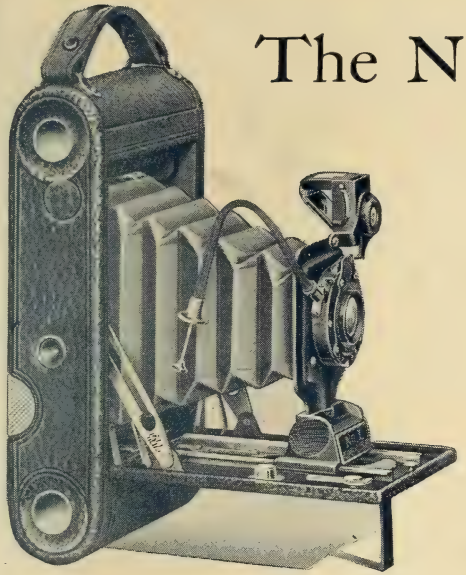

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CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Just glance at our list of story writers:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY | HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS | EDWIN M. LA ROCHE |
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And our list of writers of special articles is just as imposing, including such names as Roy L. McCardell, Robert Grau, William Lord Wright, Crane Wilbur, J. Warren Kerrigan, Mary Fuller, Ernest A. Dench, Harvey Peake, Albert Marple, Leonard Keene Hirshberg, W. Chrystie Miller, etc., etc. And we take pleasure in announcing for our October issue,

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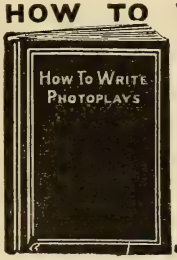


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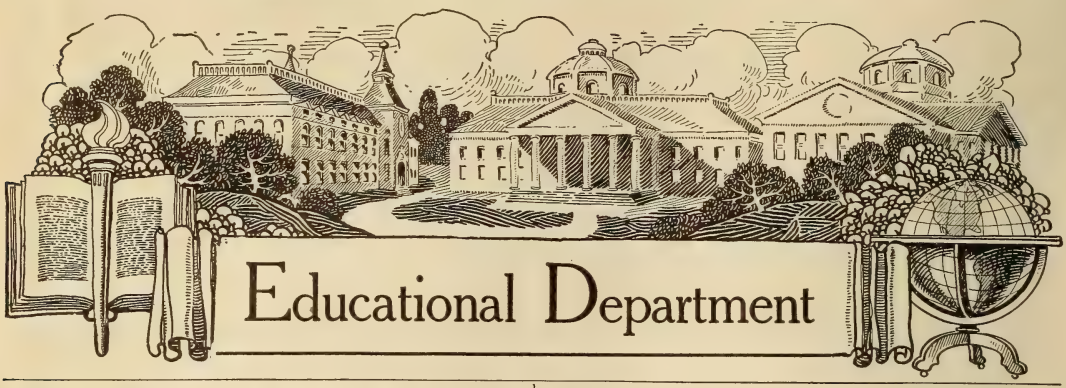

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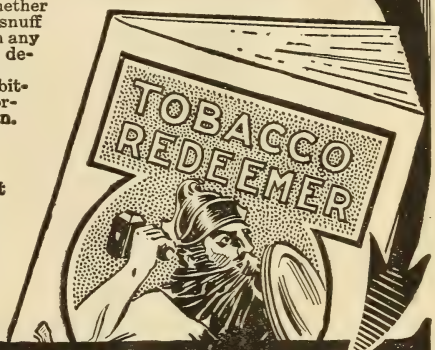


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2. Leading Woman ----------
3. Old Gentleman ----------
4. Old Lady ----------
5. Character Man ----------
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7. Comedian (Male) ----------
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9. Handsome Young Man ----------
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# MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

VOL. X NO. 8

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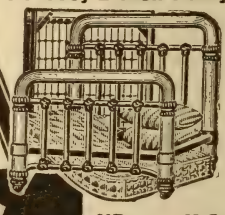

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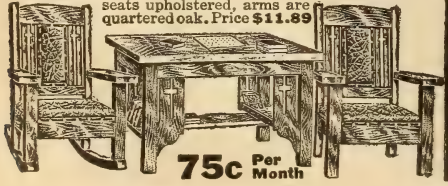

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# Your Credit Is Good

JUL 22 1915

# GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MARY PICKFORD
(Famous Players)

ANTONIO MORENO (Vitagraph)

VIVIAN RICH (American)

IRVING CUMMINGS
(American)

GERTRUDE McCOY
(Edison)

PAULINE BUSH (Universal)

JACK STANDING (Lubin)

AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS (Edison)

DOROTHY PHILLIPS
(Rex)

Irma Dawkins

Harry Carey

W. J. Butler

Gus Pixley

Gretchen Hartman

Charles H. West.

DOROTHY GISH
(Mutual)

CLARA WILLIAMS
(N. Y. M. P. Co.)

HELEN CONNELLY
(Vitagraph)

This story was written from the Photoplay of SUMNER WILLIAMS

ELEANOR watched the swift precision of her sister's unpacking, with an increasing mutiny of spirit. Epitomized in this clever, commercial, already successful sister, she felt, was the true zest of living. Here was no paltry, small-town woman's exchange finance; no driveling, ambitious progress societies, ladies' aids and puerile suffragists, to whom Mrs. Pankhurst and casting a manly vote *were* suffrage. *Here* was efficiency, independence—all that was admirable. Eleanor sighed gustily.

"Matter, baby?" queried Joan, turning from her smart innovation trunk to the pretty, disconsolate girl on the bed—"new love-affair?"

"No," snapped Eleanor, crossly, "the same one—and I'm tired of all this business around here. I'm tired of walking down to May's for a soda, and leading church committees, and being ogled by Roger in church. I'm tired of listening to father's pitifully impractical sermons and hearing him all but ask God to sign checks. I'm tired of being poor, and a parasite, and a detestable clinging *vine* of a woman!"

Joan regarded her younger sister with more admiration than she had

ever accorded that supposedly inconsequential person before.

"I think you're right, kiddie dear," she said. "Sterrettsville is no place for a woman to *grow*. I knew that some time ago—that's why I got out. And I'm happy—truly and honestly *happy*. I account to no man—and I am sufficient unto myself. What is more, I have the joy of *giving*, and I tell you, kiddie dear, that's the *only* happiness that counts.

"Why, just a little while ago, for instance, I was able to give father a big, fat check to pay some of the debts the old dear passes on to the Almighty. And I know that it gave me more happiness than any man's kisses *ever* could. Just the peace on his darling face lit a glow around my heart that wont burn to ash in a hurry."

"I think I'll go down and tell father about it," Eleanor said, more quietly. "You—you know, sister, Roger Sterrett wants me to—marry him. I've all but said I would, but I must try my own wings first. I want to prove, as *you* have proven, that I am sufficient unto myself."

"Do you love this—Sterrett?" Joan inquired.

"Yes—I truly do. But not enough, I guess, to give up my own career for him just now. I only know that I *must* get away from Sterrettsville and all that it has meant, and means, and always *will* mean."

"Well, if you feel *that* way I'd come to the city and try myself out, most decidedly," declared Joan. "Now, if I were you, I'd go down and have it out with father. He's always particularly benign and unworldly after the exaltation of his morning service."

Eleanor resembled her sterner sister in one way, at least. She never beat about the bush. When she had anything to say, she usually plunged into the heart of the matter sans any preliminaries.

On this occasion she perched on her father's desk, regardless of maps of Palestine, hymnals and other churchly insignia, and said quietly:

"I'm going back with Joan, father mine."

The good man raised his faded, untroubled eyes and smiled serenely.

"A little change will be beneficial, my dear," he said. "I call to mind the last outing mother and I took. The parish insisted upon my going that year—some fifteen years ago it was. The result was really——"

"Father dear," interposed his daughter, "this is not for my health. I'm going to the city to *work*. I'm the drone—Joan is the working bee—and I've come to the conclusion that it's the busy bee who gets life's honey. Besides"—with a half-wistful smile—"I do really want to count for something, father mine. I want to be able to help you and mother. Please—please, father—it's the wisest thing, I'm sure."

"Joan has been a great success, I know," the father admitted; "but you and Joan are of different clay, baby. You are a softer, more feminine thing. You do not seem fit for a great city. And besides, daughter, what of Roger Sterrett? I—I had thought—in church this morning—"

"Father!" laughed the girl, feeling that she had won her point and could afford to be jocose. "Had you your eyes on such worldly things?"

The fine old face softened. He took his daughter's hand gently in his. "Dear child," he said, "the Lord God has given to his children many holy and wonderful things, and the love of a man and a woman is the holiest of these."

When Roger Sterrett was announced a few seconds later, Eleanor left her father's study in a more serious mood. After all, she was missing a sweetness, a satisfaction that can come only by a hearthstone whose flame is love.

"Sweetheart!" Roger greeted her, with the poignant rapture of the newly accepted lover. Eleanor did not answer, and he took her into his arms, kissing her soft, dark eyes, the tiny tendril of hair over her white temple, the corners of her mouth.

"I've loved you so long," he whis-

pered; "and this morning, in church, I fairly worshiped you. I'll never forget you, Eleanor, as you looked then, with the lights from the stained window making an aureole around your head. I'm not a strong man, dear, nor a good enough one for you, but I'll make you happy all your life. I'll promise you that."

Still she did not speak. Lying thus against his heart, she felt her will-power slowly weaken and her determination sag to the breaking-point. dont know *why* I have stood here like a deaf-mute and let you talk to me this way—some of the deadly, feminine weakness that I am going to try to crush out, I suppose. Anyway, I am going to the city when Joan returns and try to make my own living. My father's brother lives there, you know, and is an influential and well-to-do personage, I believe. He thoroly approves of the economic independence of woman and has often offered his assistance if I

ELEANOR PLEADS TO GO TO THE CITY

Roger released her and drew a tiny, morocco box from his pocket. He opened it and disclosed a flawless, blue-white diamond. "I've carried this for some time for you, my darling," he said. "I didn't know whether I'd ever have your love, but I wanted to feel that I'd brought my pledge for you, anyway. It's selfish maybe, but I felt, somehow, more secure. Let me put it on—now, sweetheart—*now!*"

Eleanor drew away, her face set. "Roger," she said, with some of Joan's decisiveness of manner, "I should ever care to venture forth. And so—I am going next week."

"You are going to the city?"

"Yes."

"Do you realize what that has meant to more than one country-bred girl?"

"You're rather insulting, Roger. I'm not an utter weakling. And Joan has proven——"

"Oh, hang Joan! You're as different from her as—well, as the country is from the city. You couldn't buck up against the things she could. The city wont let you

alone as it has *her*. You're too young, Eleanor. Ah, sweetheart, you're too dear and soft and—*precious.*"

"That's just what I'm not, Roger. I'm all those things to you, and mostly *for* you. But I want to be an entity. I want to be self-reliant, self-sufficient. I dont want to be merely the *appendage* to some man."

"Oh, you new women!" Roger

"I *do* love you, Roger dear, but I want to live my very own life first. Perhaps after awhile——"

"Perhaps nothing!" Roger jammed on his hat and went to the door. "Good-by," he said from the doorway, "but dont ask me to take *what the city leaves.*"

The night lights were on; the house surgeon had made his rounds; all

"I'VE CARRIED THIS FOR SOME TIME FOR YOU, MY DARLING"

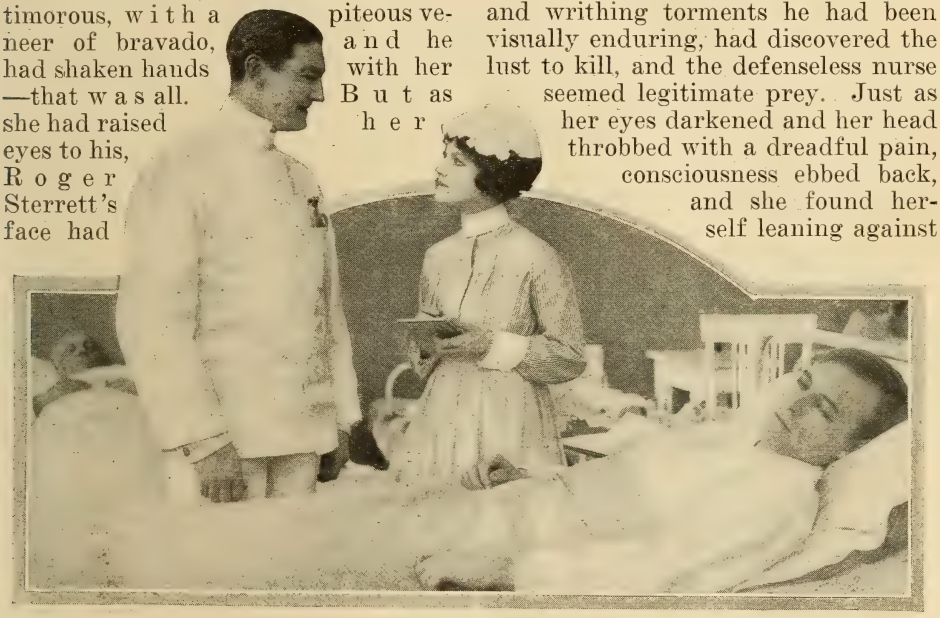
thrust the tiny morocco case into his coat pocket savagely. "You make me *sick,*" he exclaimed; "you map out your own absurd, little, futile careers and take God's plan for woman and trample it under your silly feet. You throw what is the best of yourselves into the mire in search for some newly evolved ideal, while all the time you've *left* the ideal up among the stars."

"There is no use in trying to dissuade me, Roger. *I am going.*"

"Then you dont love me? You led me to believe what is a lie?"

was quiet, save for a faint moan from the man with delirium tremens. The nurse sat at her table to the center front of the ward, making some last entries on the D. T.'s chart. The D. T. was a new patient and in a very bad way. The light from the shaded night-lamp fell full upon the nurse's face. It was an intent face for a time; then, the work done and the chart away for the doctor's inspection in the morning, the lips relaxed and the eyes gazed absently at a nothing that seemed to hold a something.

It was a year since Eleanor Thurston left Sterrettsville—a year full to the brim of living and learning, working and playing and loving that gripped her heart with pain. Looking back over that year, from her coming to her uncle's home, her decision to enter the hospital training made possible at once by his influence, up to the present night, one face stood forth, preëminent. She remembered so clearly the day that she saw him first. She had come into the men's ward, obviously a novice, timorous, with a piteous veneer of bravado, and he had shaken hands with her—that was all. But as she had raised her eyes to his, Roger Sterrett's face had faded into insignificance. Something in his eyes had held her—a strange, unholy thrill had caught her breath away, and she had felt, all unaccountably, the shamed blood stain her face. And so it had gone on thruout the year—meeting professionally in the wards, meeting accidentally outside for rambles about the streets. A strange, unworded friendship it was—compounded, for Eleanor, of desire that dared not name itself and fascination that fettered her common sense in galling chains. For Averill Sinclair it was an episode—a bead on a rosary of many women. He was not a villain, the doctor; he was merely and cruelly a lover. He gave *what* he could, when he could and where he could. There are many such.



DR. SINCLAIR SOON MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON ELEANOR

At this point in her meditation Eleanor dropped her head on her palm. On the instant of her doing so came a cat-like leap to the ground and the instantaneous rush of some one down the ward. Before the scream could leave her throat it was gripped by maniacal hands, and something, as if rushing, rising waters, threatened to engulf her. The D. T. patient, crazed by the snakes and writhing torments he had been visually enduring, had discovered the lust to kill, and the defenseless nurse seemed legitimate prey. Just as her eyes darkened and her head throbbed with a dreadful pain, consciousness ebbed back, and she found herself leaning against Dr. Sinclair, his voice soothing her with a tender, crooning sound.

"I'm going to have you transferred to day duty," he whispered to her, as two orderlies led the man off. "This is too hard for you. I am afraid for you here—alone. Eleanor—shall we be friends—*real* friends—from now on? I give you my love—that is all I will ever give any woman, dear. What do you say? I am so lonely—you are too sweet——"

Eleanor was silent a moment. His spell was upon her, thrilling her, stilling her. She knew that she loved the sound and the touch of him. She even loved the clean, surgical odor of

him. She loved the strength in the skilled, sure fingers. No man had ever troubled her so. She nodded yes mutely.

"We will have dinner together tomorrow night," he said, as he started to leave. "Then we'll talk everything over. Remember that all shall be as you wish. I want only what my girl wants me to have. Good-night, sweet; the orderlies will stay."

The rest of the night dragged painfully. Every so often Eleanor went from cot to cot, smoothing a pillow, taking a pulse; every so often there was the sound of a scuffle from behind the screen where the orderlies guarded the frenzied man. And just as day dawned, a dirty, somber gray, Dr. Sinclair entered, supporting a man whose sagging knees and general unsteadiness gave out a distinct suggestion of alcoholism.

Sinclair eased him down on a cot, then came over to Eleanor. "I found this chap down in the toughest part of the slums," he said, "and he really isn't the common run by a long shot, so I toted him up here in my car instead of running him in."

"That was good of you." Eleanor studied her watch gravely, then glanced in the direction of the new arrival—"Hadn't I better——" she asked, tentatively.

Sinclair smiled at her, with a sudden, real tenderness. "Run along," he said, fondly, "until tonight—remember, Eleanor—the Rose Tree Inn——"

"I'll remember."

"Good-morning." The new occupant turned squarely on his back, as Eleanor bent over him, and she gazed full into Roger Sterrett's face.

"Roger!" There was an instinctive recoil in the low cry, and the man on the cot smiled bitterly.

"I dont mean to be a cad," he said; "but—the blame where the blame's due, you know." Then, with a sudden, fierce earnestness: "Oh, Eleanor, girl of mine, tell me this whole thing is some ghastly farce—my beastly condition—the way you *looked* at that man. My God! it isn't true the way you looked!"

Eleanor drew herself up, haughtily. "If you are referring to Dr. Sinclair," she said, "you are wasting your time. He is our house surgeon, and as such——"

"House surgeon, perhaps; but a *man* to you. Oh, I'm not blind, Eleanor, even tho I *am* in a rotten state. This dust, these shabby clothes, are on the surface—I'm as clean as ever beneath. Thank God! the city hasn't branded me," he cried. And, strange to say, she listened and believed. "Dear," he went on, "I've been nearly crazy over your absence, and just last month I came to town on a supposed business investigation. In reality it was to find you, Eleanor—just to be *near* you. Ah, dear, you did love me *once*—I *know* you did. Cant you try again? Cant you even *try?*"

"Speak more quietly, if you please, Roger," cautioned Eleanor, her own face professionally calm and grave; "and try to sleep until the doctor comes in again. I dont want to seem unkind; but I am not going back to Sterrettsville. I love my work—and I——"

"And you love that Willie-faced doctor, too? All right—I've asked you for the last time. And you may despise me for this—this *condition*, if you care to; but I'm not going thru life like some pedestaled saint when I have no one to make it worth while—not even a lover's *faith* to keep." Roger rose, as he spoke, and flung off Eleanor's detaining hand, impatiently. "If there's anything to settle for this—er—hospitality," he sneered, "I'll settle for it at the office. Good-morning."

A curious ache, like the far-away homesickness of childhood, assailed Eleanor. Instead of preparing to go off duty, she went to the window facing the street, and leaned against it. The life of the city had begun long since, and Eleanor thought strange thoughts as she stood there. She wondered whether she would be justifying the family fears when she

and Averill Sinclair became "real friends." She supposed, after all, that this was the city "getting one." Somehow she knew that her father would not bless the love she had for Sinclair.

At this juncture Roger appeared on the steps, going out from the main entrance. He had evidently spruced up and been discharged, for there was an air of jaunty grace about him that had been conspicuously lacking as he lay upon the cot. Some one was coming toward the building, and, as she neared, Eleanor saw Roger raise his hat and slip forward. There was palpable hesitation on the woman's part—a little overdone indignation—then smiles and evident coquetries. Eleanor pressed her face against the pane, and her eyes widened and stared. Roger called a taxi, helped the woman in with gallant care, slammed the door, and the cab disappeared. Eleanor turned from the window, her mouth twisted into a crooked, little smile.

In answer to Eleanor's questioning gaze, Dr. Sinclair smiled and patted her hand. "I wanted this private room so that we might talk seriously," he explained; "one cant really concentrate when a cabaret is howling in one's ear or distracting one's attention. And we have much to talk over, Eleanor—you and I."

The waiter brought cocktails, and Sinclair urged Eleanor to take one. "I am not the habitual villain of drama and story," he laughed, "attempting to dope you, or otherwise play havoc; but one needs some stimulus when one has much to talk about. To us, *chèrie!*"

"I WANTED THIS PRIVATE ROOM SO THAT WE MIGHT TALK SERIOUSLY"

Eleanor never forgot that dinner. The unaccustomed drink danced madly in her brain—Sinclair's eyes held hers as in a vise, and the world seemed his voice. It encompassed her roundabout. At intervals she tried dully to assure herself that this was but an ungodly infatuation—an obsession that would go with the morrow. Yet her lips gave assent to the life he planned for them, and her eyes drank in his desire as dry soil drinks up water.

Like something afar off came a knock at the door and the waiter

saying something in a low voice. Sinclair came over to her chair and bent over it. "An acquaintance wishes to speak to me," he explained. "I'll be back directly. I hate to leave you, even for an instant—oh, you darling—you *darling!*"

How long she sat at that table, Eleanor never remembered. Spiritually, mentally and morally, it was century-long. She passed from the body of mediocre, small-town Eleanor Thurston into that of some dread, repellingly fascinating creature. She became the thing that all *good* women shunned. She loved where true love was not. All uncalled-for, her father's voice sounded in her ears—"And the holiest of these," it seemed to say, vaguely—"the love of an honest man and a pure woman."

Eleanor dropped her bright head on her hands. She felt inordinately sorry for herself.

"Eleanor!"

It was Roger Sterrett gazing down on her—a stern, white-faced Roger. Eleanor stared up at him, blankly.

"Where—w h e r e is Dr. Sinclair?" she managed, at length.

"He has g o n e, Eleanor. May I sit down, please? I want to talk to you. Thank you.

"Sinclair has gone because I told him to," he said, quietly. "I was here with that little thing you probably saw me accost, out of spite, this morning, and I saw you come in. When I found out about the private dining-room, I knew that my deductions had been correct. He is a trifler, Eleanor; every woman is but a flower to him—just one in a riotous garden. And they live a flower's life—fragrant, brief, pitiful. I've no doubt there's many a broken flower where his feet have trod. But *you're* not going to be one of them, Eleanor—not while I live to prevent it! And he's not wholly bad, either—he sees, and understands. I told him how I loved you—how truly—how honorably—how utterly, tho with but the strength of the unfit—and he agreed to go. Ah, Eleanor—my love, my little, foolish baby-love—*please!*"

For a long moment the staring eyes before him seemed to fill with visions—hospital wards in the dim gaslight; the moans of sufferers; her hand cooling to the touch, and the tall, lath-straight surgeon standing like a warrior among the feeble ones around him.

As Roger watched her the eyes relaxed; a softer light suffused them.

The bright head was bowed again,

"MAY I SIT DOWN, PLEASE?"

the slender shoulders heaved, and, across the table, two trembling little hands sought Roger's.

They were married the following Sunday by the minister-father, and, as he drew Eleanor to him after the ceremony, he whispered to her gently. "Remember, my child," he said, tenderly, "the gifts of the Lord God—and the love of a man and a woman is the holiest of these!"

# The Flight of a Night Bird

by

DOROTHY DONNELL

GOLD SEAL

This story was written from the Photoplay of H. G. STAFFORD

"IDLE? *Me?*" Frank amazement set its seal on Peter Chase's well-featured young face. He stared across the littered desk into the shrewd old eyes of his father's friend, incredulously. "Oh, I say, sir, that sounds a bit funny to me—idle! Why, I never have a spare moment to myself—cut two engagements to come here this morning."

"Peter," asked Sirus Holdt, abruptly, "suppose you give me a sample of one of your days—yesterday, let us say. A day is a pretty valuable thing, you know, my boy. You can waste money and get some more, but you cant waste a day and get another one to take its place. What did you do with yours yesterday?"

Peter reflected: "Motored Natalie Wall out to the Wayside Inn for

lunch—they give you bully squabs *en casserole* at the Wayside Inn, sir—ought to try 'em some time; then, let's see—golf for an hour or so—went around the links with Trevor, the amateur champion, and then the Arnolds' *thé dansant,* and dinner at the Ritz, and then a bunch of us motorboated out to the Van Dorns' yacht and danced till daylight. That's about all I can remember, but you wouldn't call that being exactly idle, would you, sir?''

''I hate to tell you what I *would* call it, Peter.'' Sirus Holdt's tone was dry. His fingers felt a strong desire to shake the fresh-faced, dapper young person lounging in his stiff, staid old office-chair; then, because the boy's chin and eyes were echoes of another chin and pair of eyes he had once loved, the old man leaned forward and laid a knotty, powerful hand on the youth's well-tailored sleeve. ''I remember you when you were a baby, Peter,'' he said slowly; ''saw you the day you were a week old. Lord! wasn't your father proud, tho! 'Look at that head on the little fellow, Si,' he told me; 'look at that chin and the way he hits out with his fists! He'll do something some day, my son will!' Your father didn't mean, either, that you'd lead a cotillion or play a fair game at golf, Peter, or know how to order a good dinner for Natalia Wall——''

Peter Chase stirred uneasily and crossed his smartly creased trouser legs, with fastidious care for the sector of lavender silk ankle that showed above the patent leather pumps. ''Well, what would you have a gentleman do?'' he asked, little-boy-sulkily. ''Bone over musty old lawbooks, or sell pickled herring and cheese over a counter? I dont need to grub around for money, thank the Lord; so why not have a good time in life?''

''And when you line up before the Golden Gate, present Saint Peter with a golf score and a wine list as your tickets of admission, eh?''

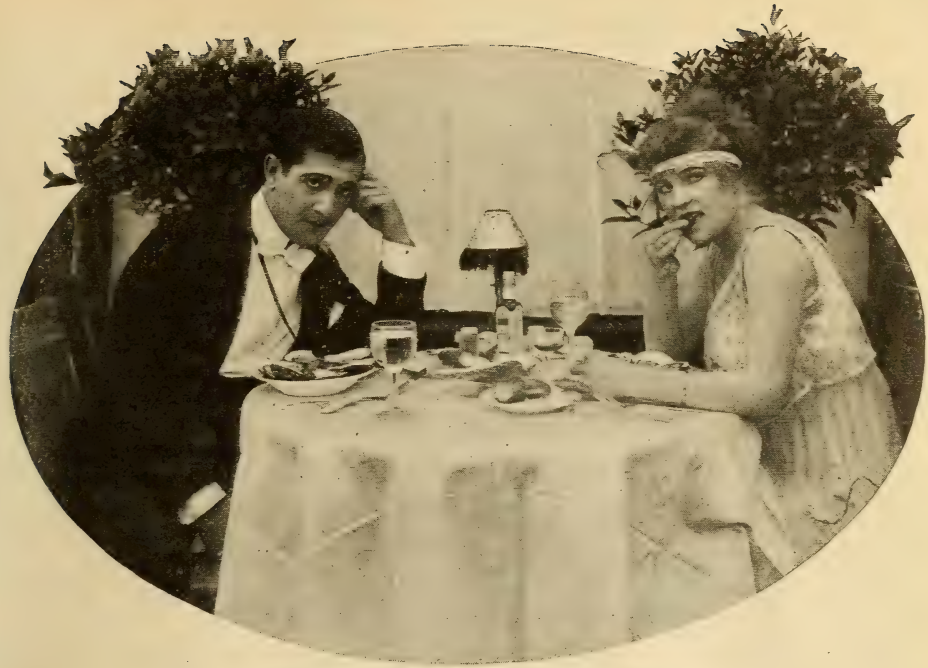
Peter's patent leathers shuffled impatiently, and the motion did not escape the old lawyer's eyes. ''Oh, yes, I know it isn't fashionable to speak about dying or Heaven these days, and that religion doesn't make good table talk, and that God is never invited to a tango tea,'' Sirus Holdt said grimly; ''but you cant get away from first principles, sonny—death and birth and the Judgment Day. Your father is going to be hanging around over yonder to hear what his boy has done with his life, and whatever engagements you have you'll have to break 'em when the Big Summons comes. Well! well! it's an old man's privilege to preach—you'll have to excuse me, Peter. You've got the papers I wanted you to sign? I—well, you see, I thought a heap of your father, boy——''

''Pardon, sir—a lady in the waiting-room to see you.''

Holdt's secretary appeared, holding out a dainty card. Peter, on the way out, halted, for some reason he could not explain.

''Katherine Weaver,'' read the lawyer. A smile touched his thin, kindly lips. ''Here's a good example of what we were discussing, Peter. Old Weaver, this girl's father, started out in life with a sizable fortune—cards, horses—and the fortune began to go. Weaver and his last dollar departed about the same time, and his girl, Katherine—bless her heart!—is the only thing that stands between her mother and an invalid sister and the almshouse. She's a lady, too—as much so as your pretty little butterfly of a Natalie; but she's not too proud to work—not she!''

The words echoed in Peter's brain as he left Sirus Holdt's office. He could not forbear a well-bred glance at the slender, black-clad girl-figure sitting quietly in the waiting-room. In the one glance he saw that she had thick, smooth, brown hair and a clear-cut brow and chin; in the next glance he saw that she was beautiful, with a still, restful beauty that had nothing of coquetry about it. Her brown eyes rested on his face an instant as he held the door open for her, with the first absolutely unprovocative



PETER ENTERTAINS NATALIE AT THE WAYSIDE INN

glance he had had from a woman for many a day.

"Jove!" muttered Peter to himself, as he took the crazy wooden stairs three at a time, "some looker; but what clothes! Wonder how Natalie would carry off a hat like that?"

The picture of dainty, doll-like Natalia Wall, with her restless gestures and eyes, in the shabby, out-of-dateness of the girl he had just seen, brought a grin to his lips. Admire Natalie as he did, plan to marry her as he half-intended, he suspected, in a vague, masculine fashion, that hairdresser and masseuse and modiste were necessary adjuncts to her charm.

He sprang into his car, panting at the curb, and threw in the clutch, suddenly recollecting that he had promised to meet Natalie at the train and see her off on a week-end visit to the shore. Taking liberties with the speed limit, he arrived at the station twenty minutes before Natalie was due.

It was still ten minutes early for her when an express train, going in the opposite direction, drew into the station. As Peter watched it idly, he saw the girl of Holdt's office alight from a trolley and hurry toward the train, already showing symptoms of starting. As she passed him, something small and black dropped from her fingers and lay staring up at him from the cinders, like a tiny, malicious eye of Fate. Before he quite realized what he was doing, Peter had jumped from his auto, picked up the little black object and clambered aboard the moving train. The girl in black looked up bewildered, to find him, hat in hand, beside her seat.

"I beg your pardon," said Peter Chase, courteously, "but I think this is yours."

He handed her the purse she had dropped as she got on the train. A wave of startled color swept the girl's face.

"Oh!" she cried breathlessly, "oh, *thank you!* I hadn't missed it, but I *should* have—it has my ticket and —and all the money I have in the world."

Peter Chase smiled easily and pleasantly. "Lucky thing I happened to be waiting for a train," he said, half-turning to go; then the words

trailed. Incredulously he stared out of the dusty car window at the landscape reeling by as tho unwound from a reel of film. The train was going, and going with all the speed for which the line was noted; and behind, somewhere along the miles, waited his empty car and—Natalie!

"Oh!" Katherine Weaver's voice was shocked. "Then you weren't intending to take this train? How dreadful!—and it doesn't stop till Hackettsville."

Peter looked down into the lovely, anxious face curiously, and strange words crept to his lips, words that he did not understand himself—just then.

"I believe," said he slowly, "I believe I *did* intend to take this train, after all!"

Then very calmly he dropped down into the empty place at her side. Some five miles to the rear, Natalie Wall flounced pettishly into her Pullman, thinking thoughts that should have scorched the ears of the graceless young man who had promised to see her off.

Thirty-nine miles away waited smoky, mill-bound Hackettsville, the first stop on the line, and in his unaccustomed red plush seat in the day-coach, with Sirus Holdt's name as an introduction, Peter Chase proceeded to get acquainted with his shabby neighbor of the steady, brown eyes.

In the next half-hour the young millionaire discovered many new things. He learnt that three people can live on twelve dollars a week; that typewriting and stenography at eight hours a day is a good "job," but that one has to do nightwork, too, when one is paying instalments on an invalid-chair; he heard about "mummie" and Justine, who had something the matter with her back, but not a thing the matter with her soul," and about The Office and The Boss and The Mills. And he learnt, too, a little of the gallant, bright spirit of the girl at his side; learnt that her eyelashes were gold at the roots and inky black at the ends, that her voice was low and vibrant, and that her eyes could hold depths on depths of tenderness when she spoke of lame little Justine.

"But, I say, it's too bad you have to do it," he ejaculated—"work so hard and all. It's no life for a girl; dont you ever have any *fun?*"

"Fun?" she repeated the words gravely; "that depends, I suppose, on what you call *fun*. If rose-bushes and a row of nasturtiums and a dozen tomato plants are fun—and walks in the evening with Justine in her new chair, and the public-library books, and mummie's surprise luncheons in my lunch-box, are fun—then I have lots of it! What *do* you call fun, Mr. Chase?"

A quick vision came to Peter of his days and nights—the heavy, cumbersome, formal dinners; the dances; the artful beauty of the girls; the noisy, luxurious motors; the deep leather chairs and cocktails of his club. *Were* these things fun, after all? He drew a long, slow breath of resolution. What old Sirus Holdt, with his shrewd advice and fatherly moralizing, could not have accomplished in years of effort, this slip of a woman-girl had done in an hour, which is the whimsical way of the world. As the train jarred to a standstill in the Hackettsville station, Peter Chase rose to his feet with the girl.

"I'm getting off here, too," he answered her glance of amazement, calmly; "I'm going up to the mills and get a job."

For two weeks the newspapers buzzed with the mysterious disappearance of the young millionaire, Peter Chase, who had left his empty motor-car at the railroad station and vanished, apparently, out of the world. By that phrase the reporters meant the world which had known and been known by Peter Chase—the gay, easy world of club and hotel; of white-washed shoulders and canvasbacks and women's smiles. They did not, in the least, refer to an office world, where, cramped on a tall stool, a young man, with a green shade over his eyes, added long columns of

figures in a ledger for fifteen dollars a week. Reporters are credited with a good deal of imagination, but not enough to picture Peter Chase in such surroundings. And so, presently, the talk about him subsided and a next-of-kin filed a claim for the Chase millions. And a year went by.

"Peter is late tonight," said Justine, anxiously. "Truly, Katie, I *do* think he is working too hard since he got raised."

Katherine Weaver's fingers halted. "Why—what makes you think he's working too hard, honey?" she asked. "I thought that, since he came here to board, mummie's cooking was doing him heaps of good——"

"Well, maybe he's just *thinking* too hard," Justine said slowly. "Katie, did you ever stop to wonder *why* he came to Hackettsville? Mightn't it be, maybe, that he's in love with some girl somewhere who refused him——"

"Nonsense!" Katherine jumped to her feet hastily, two rose-spots in her cheeks. "There! He's coming now! I must hurry and put the kettle on and make some biscuits for tea." She bent over the wheel-chair, and dropped a kiss on her sister's small, wistful, upturned face. "Little romancer!" she cried, gaily; but Justine, with love-sharpened ears, heard the quiver that ran thru the words.

"But I couldn't help it," she murmured; "I was afraid she was getting to care, and she *mustn't*, for, of course, he doesn't think of her that way."

The young man, striding up the walk, waved a cheery hand.

"Hello, Little White Rose!" he called; "and how is the chair tonight? —doesn't ache so—quite—does it?"

"It's a little tired," sighed Justine, whimsically; "and you look tired, too, Peter. Sit down on the top step and 'fess you are."

Obediently, he lowered his big bulk to her feet. "Where's Katherine?" His eyes did not meet hers. He drew down a spray of honeysuckle and stared at it, frowning.

"She's getting supper."

The sweet, yellow flowers fell, in a crushed shower of petals, from the man's big hands. With a sudden fierceness, he turned to Justine, and she saw the misery in his eyes.

"Tell me," begged Peter Chase, "why does she always run away when I come? Is it because she —she doesn't like me, do you think, Justine?"

The girl in the invalid-chair leaned forward sharply, eyes intent on his face. "Why do you ask *that,* Peter?" she demanded. "Does it make any difference to you how Katherine feels?"

"All the difference in the world, little Justine," said Peter, huskily. "Of course I know I'm not good enough for her; but I cant help loving her any more than breathing."

Justine's eyes were shining. She stretched out a thin hand and laid it on his sleeve.

"Then why dont you tell her so?" she laughed shakily. "Seems to me I would—if I cared that way!"

Katherine stood in the rose-wreathed doorway, sleeves rolled up to her white elbow.

"Did you call me, honey?" she cried cheerily. "Dont you want Peter to lift you out and rest you awhile?"

"Not tonight, Katie," the little invalid shook her head; "I want to go in and finish your biscuits—I rather guess I can make biscuits on four wheels! And Peter's got something he wants to tell you about. Wheel me in, Katie—quick!"

Behind the tiny, old-fashioned roses Peter waited, sick with fear. When she came, wide-eyed and quiet, thru the dusklight, he put his hand on her arm and turned her so that she could see the evening sky. A bird flew across it, on swift, hurrying wings.

"A night-bird," said Peter, slowly, "flying to his nest, Katherine——"

Suddenly he gave a hoarse, little cry and held out his arm. "I want *my* nest," he said; "will you give it to me, Katherine?"

The glory in her face was his answer, as she fled into his arms. Later

PETER HAS BECOME A MEMBER OF THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD

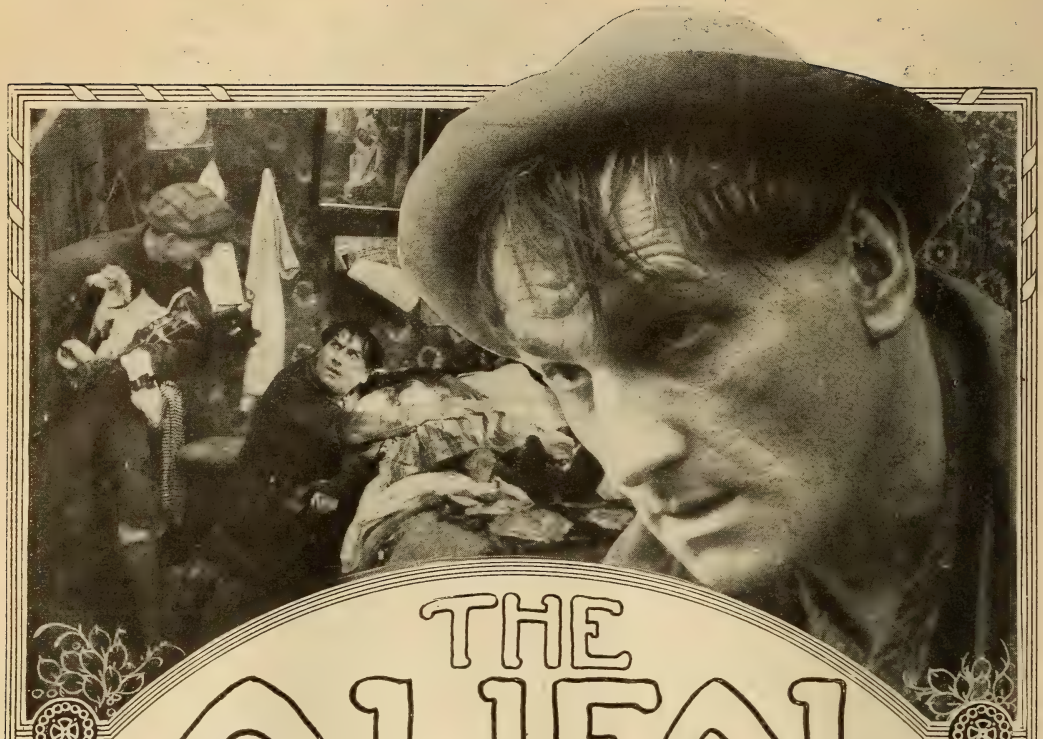
—minutes or hours, who can tell?—a foot sounded on the gravel, and the lovers looked up, to find old Sirus Holdt smiling at them like a fat, elderly, spectacled Cupid.

"Thought I'd run out and see Mrs. Weaver on that bond matter of your father's, Kate," he began, chuckling, "and *this* is what I find! Bless my soul!—Peter Chase, is this *you?* Explain yourself, you young rascal! Dont you know that a hundred

"WILL YOU GIVE IT TO ME, KATHERINE!"

bloated detectives have been drawing salaries for a year trying to find you? Dont you know that next Tuesday you are going to lose a million dollars if you're not at my office by twelve to claim them?"

"A million dollars!" Peter Chase's tone held utter scorn. "I've got the best girl in the world, and I've got a good job, and I'm happy—perfectly happy. Who wants a million dollars, anyway?"



# THE ALIEN

KESSEL~BAUMAN~INCE

BY

## NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE BEBAN, adapted from the famous playlet, "The Sign of the Rose," in which he starred for several seasons

PIETRO MASSINI toiled along the avenue, bending his back to the fragrant burden of the Christmas tree—feefty, feefty-two, fifty--t'ree—yes, it must be that tall marble house on the corner, grand, like a palace. He shifted the fir to the other threadbare shoulder and shuffled up the walk, smiling his wide, apologetic smile. A trim black-and-white maid opened the door with disconcerting abruptness and stared at him haughtily.

"Ples' 'scuse, mees," said Pietro, in his soft, slurring voice, "I breenga de tree—ver' pretty—not, mees—disa tree?"

The haughty look slid from the maid's face and a smile edged her lips; she put out one hand and touched the green twig nearest her.

"Very pretty id iss," she said; "in mine country—in Norvay—the firs grow black—und tall. But zis iss pretty, ach, ya! Bring id in, please."

Still smiling gently, Pietro followed her into a great, bewildering, splendid hall with a grand staircase winding upward between palms and a deep rug that his broken shoes sank

into, and a dozen mirrors that sent him back a dozen Pietros carrying a dozen Christmas trees. What would Rosina say to such a room? He would bring her by the house some day and tell her how it looked inside.

"In there," directed the maid, pointing to heavy, red curtains; "the master iss egpecting you."

Pietro picked his way over the rug, careful not to step on the beautiful pink roses that were so natural one could almost smell them, and hesitated. Thru the heavy folds of the portière came the muffled sound of angry voices speaking strange words.

"I tell you I've got to have the money," shrilled one, a high, frightened voice. "How was I to know the old man'd play me a rotten trick and cut me off? I've rolled up debts—debts I've *got* to pay. If you dont loosen up, Rob, I swear I'll—I'll kill myself——"

"No, you wont"—the answer came, curt and grim. "You're not man enough to do that. Now, you may as well cut out the melodrama, Ken. I've told you, once and for all, I wont give you a cent till you prove you deserve it, and I *mean* it; and the sooner you quit whining around here the better!"

Pietro's smile drooped. It was a pity, the blessed saints knew—to be angry so near Christmas, when even the wolves and the lambs lie peacefully together, but it was no matter of his. His errand was to deliver the tree on his shoulder. He pushed aside the curtains and stood bowing and fumbling his greasy old hat in the doorway.

"Meester, 'scuse ples'," he begged, "I breenga de tree. W'at you lika I do wis eet, meester, ples'?"

Robert Griswold turned abruptly, and his angry face softened. He shrugged his shoulders as tho tossing aside some petty annoyance.

"Put it down here," he directed, "and cut the strings, will you, my good fellow?"

Pietro knelt beside the tree, and his big, blunt fingers fumbled among the branches, stringing them in his glowing imagination with ropes of silver tinsel and twinkling paper stars, and at the top a figure of the blessed Mother—*si*—that was the way it would look on Christmas day to the rich man's *bambina*. But in his child-soul was no canker sore of envy; men were born rich and men were born poor, and God was good, *ecce!* it was very simple surely.

A tiny step drifted along the waxed floor behind him and his head turned. The small, gold-and-pink-and-blue child in the doorway regarded his ragged coat and open case-knife with dilating eyes, accustomed to look only on soft, beautiful things.

Slumped sulkily in a chair, the other of the two men whose quarrel Pietro had interrupted, watched the little scene with lack-luster gaze. Suddenly a spark flashed into it and he laughed softly under his breath, a laugh that did not turn up the corners of his lips.

"Oh, daddy, I dont like ne raggedy man," wailed the child; "send ne raggedy man away!"

"Ples' 'scuse, mees," said Pietro humbly, "I gotta bambina, too, lika you—name Ro-*si*na. Ev'y night I coma home, stan' by deese stair an' calla ' 'El-*lo*, Ro-*si*na! *El*-lo,' an' Ro-*si*na she coma door, calla ' 'El-lo, padre! '*El*-lo!' "

Pietro's dark face shone. Shoulders, big clumsy hands, eyebrows were eloquent, and his voice sang. The small daughter of the rich watched him doubtfully, plumy golden head on one side, then, with startling promptness, took advantage of her feminine privilege of changing her mind.

"Tell some more 'bout Ro-*si*na," she commanded, hopping upon one foot with impatience. "I *like* Ro-*si*na, I do!"

So, kneeling on the velvet rug, Pietro told about his *bambina*, Rosina, in his soft, broken English—how she took care of the house like a little *madre* and kept everything of such a cleanness; how she could already read and write like these Americanos,

almost so good as the priest himself; how she wore stylish shoes and stockings every day, and not just Sunday, like *bambinas* in Italy.

"Bod 'scuse, ples', meestair—" he broke off hastily, scrambling to his feet; "mebbe I spika too mooch w'en I talka 'bout Ro-*si*na—I don' know —'scuse, ples', I go *avanti*——"

"Wait a minute—" Robert Griswold fumbled in his pocket with kindly fingers. "Here—a Christmas present for you. Buy something for the little girl with it."

Pietro Massini paper flowers, Pietro stopped and bought two white candles. Christmas afternoon he and Rosina would take them to the church and burn them before the Holy Mother's shrine.

Even in the slums the holiday spirit moved, a joyous, unseen presence among the crowds. Holly wreaths and sprigs of evergreen decorated the dingy little shops; barrows of sweet cakes and painted bonbons tempted sober housewives away from the more substantial sausage carts. In the streets the children danced like wild things, decorating themselves with fantastic streamers of red tissue paper.

"PLES' 'SCUSE, MEES, I GOTTA BAMBINA, TOO, LIKE YOU"

walked home on rosy clouds, the five-dollar bill clutched in one moist, hot hand for safe-keeping. What a country was this America where a man handed out twenty-five lire as carelessly as you please, when five would have been overpay! He looked about him with humble, grateful eyes as he walked—*si*, a wonderful country, and it was *his* country now, and Rosina should grow up to be a lady.

At a push-cart strung with colored plaster Virgins and gay wax and Pietro threaded his smiling way thru knots of them and into the dark hall of the tenement he called home. At the stair-bottom he stopped and made a trumpet of his hands.

" 'Ello—Ro-*si*na!" he shouted. " 'Ello—Ro-*si*na!"

Overhead, a door banged open and a clear little laugh trailed down to him.

" 'El-lo, padre!" came the high, sweet answer. "Oh, padre, come quickly—I gotta som'thin' tell!"

Rosina was ten, thin, dark-haired and wistful of eyes. The long, checked apron dangled in limp folds about her sharp little knees. Pietro, seeing with a father's eyes, found her beautiful. From his hug she emerged kicking and shrieking with glee, to point proudly to the magnificence of the dinner set out on the red table-cloth—stew, a long crusty brown loaf, lentils and a pile of fried cakes.

"I made 'em myself, padre!" boasted Rosina, flushed with pride. "W'at you sink now your girl, eh?"

"Just for dat poppa 'fraid!" declared Pietro. He crossed the room to the sink and filled a tin basin with water. " 'Spose mebbe I gotta fix up stylish for eat dose—no?" he grumbled joyfully, and plunged his head into the basin in a shower of spray. As he turned to the roller towel, a strip of paper dangling beside it caught his eye, covered with Rosina's painful childish scrawl.

"W'at dis, cara mia?" he asked.

"*Aie!* it's a *lettera* to Sanny Claus," said Rosina, calmly, beginning on her dinner. "Maria Boni, she tell how in America comes nize ol' man by the chimbly Christmas an' maka gif's. I write *lettera,* say I wan' a doll, an' a red ribbon, an' a brown plush coat, an' a pipe for my padre—you t'ink he com' mebbe, no?"

Secretly Pietro's fingers sought the bill in his pocket and his smile widened. "Well—dis a one fou-nee place, America. I don' know—mos' anything mighta happen—" he evaded, attacking the stew with vigor. Rosina looked up at the stove-pipe with sudden disquieting thought.

"Poppa," she hesitated, "is Meestair Sanny Claus thin lika a maccaroni?"

Pietro burst into an admiring roar of laughter. "W'at a bambina!" he shouted proudly, "Non, non, Ro-*sina*, Sanny Claus he iss *grossa* lika Father O'Ryan—see—lika dis!" With his arms curving about himself, Pietro indicated a comfortable stomach. "Thin lika a maccaroni, is it? Ho! ho!"

But Rosina was undaunted by ridicule. "How then," she demanded sternly, "cooms he by dat chimbly, tell me?"

Baffled, Pietro pushed back his chair, staring at his small questioner helplessly.

"Sole mio! W'at a bambina!" he groaned; "harken now, my Ro-*sina*, I tella you 'bout dose Signore Sanny Claus."

Breathlessly, Rosina listened as Pietro painted for her a picture of the workshop on top of the world, where the children's saint and his helpers work day and night all the year to make enough dolls and drums and toys for the little folks of the earth; of the white sleigh harnessed with reindeer in which he rides thru the clouds to the roofs of the houses where children live, and——

"Don' you worry 'bout dose chimbly," Pietro reassured her fears. "Ol' Sanny Claus know hees beesnis—he no needa li'l worthless bambina tella heem how!"

It was still early in the evening when Pietro went out to do his shopping. Rosina, her household tasks joyfully slighted, had received permission to play for half an hour with the other children, and skipped away before him. From shop to shop he journeyed, filling his arms high with bundles, intoxicated with the heady experience of buying. How Rosina's dark eyes would shine over that *bella* doll lady; how fine the bright crimson ribbon would look on her black curls! His chest swelled with the proud thought of his citizenship in this grand America, where even the poor were rich.

"If her madre might have leeved!" he sighed once; then thrust the thought aside at a glimpse of a pair of red mittens in a window—Rosina should have them, too. It was almost an hour later when Pietro, the magic bill spent at last, turned his steps homeward. On the doorstep of the tenement sat Johnny Ryan of the one leg and the wide, freckled smile; otherwise the street and hallway seemed curiously deserted.

"You seena my bambina, eh?"

Pietro asked. "She go een, mebbe twent', t'irt' minutes ago, yas?"

"Dunno." Johnny suspended his whittling and grinned sympathetically at Pietro's loaded arms. "I jist come back meself. Been sellin' papers—there wuz an uxtry out 'bout a millionaire's kid bein' stole by th' Black Hand. What you got—C'rismas presents?"

"For Ro-*si*na," nodded Pietro. A sudden idea struck him. "Santa Maria! John-nee, you lika breeng dem een? Tella her Sanny Claus send you wiz 'em, yes?"

"Sure!"

The transfer of the bundles was safely made, and the beaming conspirators tiptoed with elaborate caution to the foot of the stairs.

" 'Ello, Ro-*si*na!" shouted Pietro, gaily. "Ro-*si*na, 'ello!"

A puzzled look crept over his face as only the broken echo of his own voice came back to him; then he laughed softly. "She iss 'sleep, dose lazy bambina!" he chuckled. "I go waka her; den w'en I w'istle you com'—see?"

His eager feet carried him up the stairs three at a time, into his home, and on the threshold paused, clogged by a strange dread. For the room was full of a silent crowd of men and women, who shifted their eyes uneasily from his gaze. Pietro's great hands crushed themselves together on the greasy brim of his hat.

SANTA CLAUS MAKES HURRIED PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

"W'y — you — here?" he cried hoarsely. "You waka my bambina—"

A woman near the end of the line burst into tears and flung her apron over her head. With a bound Pietro was at her side, clutching her arm. "W'at for you cry—Jesu!—non, non —it no is—my—li'l Ro-*si*na——"

"D—n those rich folks wit their autymobiles!" snarled out one of the men, in sudden fury. "Come tearin' along 's tho they owned th' world —th' cop didn't even run him in!"

"Said 'e was lookin' for an Eytalian what stole his child," jerked out another, thru clenched

PIETRO WONDERS WHY HE FINDS SUCH A CROWD IN HIS HOME

teeth. "Lot 'e cares for *our* children, d—n 'im! In America a rich man is a reg'lar god——"

Pietro did not seem to listen. Groping his way like a blind man, he went to the dingy curtains that separated the kitchen and the bedroom and dragged them aside. The room rang with his low, moaning cry:

"Ro-*si*na! mia bambina! Jesu pity! Look, carrissima, it's poppa—he gotta big surprise for you——"

John Ryan, bent under his Santa Claus burden, grew uneasy in his hiding place under the stairs as the minutes slid by. At length he tiptoed softly to Pietro's door, listened and knocked gently. No sound from within. He turned the handle and peered into the empty room, spangled with shadows and light from the house beyond.

" 'S funny!" he muttered; "mebbe he's in the other room——"

The man kneeling by the bed lifted a haggard face to Johnny's friendly smile. Over the foolish little doll in its tinsel dress, the mittens and picture books and tiny, green Christmas tree, the boy glanced at the small, pointed, brown face lying so quietly on the pillow.

"Asleep, aint she?" he whispered. Then a patch of red on one thin little cheek shocked him to silence, and a great gulp of pity rose in his throat.

"Yas," said Pietro Massini, slowly, "yas, she 'sleep, my li'l Rose."

The windows of the florist shop made a spot of summer on the snowy day—golden daffodils like sunshine; frail ferns and heavy, pink roseheads drooping with their own burden of scent. Pietro put out a great blunt finger and prodded the glass as tho touching their cool velvet leaves. The desolation of his eyes lightened.

"Mebbe—one rose for her to hol'," he muttered—"lika dose rose een Italy—one rose for her to hol'——"

A wave of homesickness shook his soul for the warm, carefree country of his birth. Standing in the gray, snow-tracked street, he breathed deep of roses—bright canopies of them hanging from old, gray stone walls; vivid red roses; sweet pink ones; white butterfly blooms; skies as azure as the azure Neapolitan sea. In that far-away motherland he had wooed his sweetheart in the olive-groves; there Rosina had been born —and she must lie now beside her mother in this cruel, unfriending stranger country that had stolen them both from him.

The handsomely dressed woman talking earnestly with the bull-jawed clerk in the florist shop shrank palely into the shadows as Pietro hesitated on the threshold of the opened door, old hat crumpled between his hands.

"Meester—'scuse, ples'," he said humbly, "bud how mooch dose rose in de window, ples'?"

The clerk cast a significant glance at the lady before he replied, and

"YAS, YAS, SHE 'SLEEP, MY LI'L ROSE"

thrust one hand carelessly into his hip pocket. "The roses in the window? Two dollars apiece," he grinned; "but I guess you were looking for another kind of rose, hey?"

Pietro shook his head heavily, turning to go. "Non—I no t'ink one leetle rose he be so mooch," he sighed. "No gotta da mon', meester, 'scuse."

"He's going," cried the lady. "We mustn't let him go this way. Wait—here is the money—ten thousand dollars in bills, as you said—"

Pietro drew back dazedly from the thick bundle of greenbacks thrust into his face. He looked from the man to the woman, with his vague, apologetic smile.

"Non! you maka meestak, signora, ples'," he said. "I no aska for mon' —I no *beg*-ger!"

The clerk and the lady exchanged glances.

"He isn't the one," she said, in a low voice. "He doesn't look like a man who would steal a child."

"Rats!" growled the bull-jawed individual. "Pardon, Mrs. Griswold, but you dont know these guys like us on the force do—slippery as grease! He suspects a trap, that's all. Sure he's the man—wasn't the sign to be the word 'rose,' an' didn't he ask f'r a *rose* first thing? Hey there"—he turned to Pietro, and his voice grew ugly—"take the money and quit foolin'. It's for the child, as you very well know."

"Da bambina?" Pietro's sad eyes brightened. "Non, non, ples', meester; w'at good mon' do Ro-*sina* now? One rose all I want. See, meester, feefty-five cent—ples' just one rose —one *leetle* one——"

"Looker here"—all pretense of good-nature fell from the man's broad, lowering face—"that game's no good. We know who you are, all right, and what you're here for. Now hand over this lady's child lively, or you'll get a dose of cold lead, believe me—you Black Hand ginny, you!"

"Me Black Han'? Non, Santa Maria!" gasped Pietro, wildly. "Me steala bambina? The Blessed Virgin know I no do dat! I spik 'bout my

"NO GOTTA DA MON', MEESTER, 'SCUSE"

Ro-*sina*—my li'l gal, so pret-ty, so bright. She cook lika madre, signora. She spella an' read just lika da priest. She all I gotta, ples', signora, and God A'mighty know I lov' da leetle bambina pretty mooch! An' den las' night''—the tears coursed down the dark, working face—''las' night a rich man coom in one dose auto-mobeels, an'—an' my Ro-*sina* she not get outa way queek enough—''

''Humph! a likely story!'' snarled the big man, and whipped out a pistol. ''Now, looker here—I'm from P'lice Headquarters, I am, an' you're comin' right along with me.''

''Bud *w'y*?'' Pietro raised his arms in a helpless gesture. ''Because I am Italian, da's w'y. Some bad Italian steala bambina, so I mus' go to jail! God A'mighty—non—I no go!''

The handsomely dressed lady shrieked and covered her face with her hands; then she shrieked again and ran to meet the tall gentleman who stood breathing hard in the open door.

''She's found!'' cried Robert Griswold. ''It was not the Black Hand, after all, but my scapegrace brother, who tried to frighten ten thousand dollars out of me, and then got cold feet and owned up—but what's all this, officer?''

''Oh, Robert!'' his wife burst into overwrought tears; ''this poor man's little girl was killed by an automobile last night in the Italian quarter, and he came in here to buy a rose for her—and the detective insisted he was the Black Hand agent. If you hadn't come——''

Robert Griswold's handsome face had whitened at his wife's words. ''Killed last—night?'' he echoed. ''My God! that was the child my car struck, then——''

''*Your*—car?'' screamed Pietro, frantically. ''*Your* car—kill—my—Ro-*sina*——'' He crouched low, eyes glittering like an animal about to spring; then drew back shivering. ''Non, non—w'at good I strika you? It no bringa my bambina back—not'ing bring her back; on'y''—he held out big, pleading hands—''on'y, meester, dey gotta joost one place to play, dose poor bambinas—da street. Nex' time mebbe you remembair an' go slow, meester—ples'——''

He turned blindly and groped his way to the door, fumbling his old hat in his hands; then paused for a last word.

''We all same, Italian an' Americano, rich an' poor,'' he said solemnly. ''Our bambinas dey all we gotta in da worl'—mebbe nothin' more. So nex' time, meester, mebbe you remembair—an'—go joost a leetle more—slow——''

# The Poor Man's Wealth

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

From out the dark and dreary lanes
Of smoke-begrimed city streets,
Where factory owners reap their gains,
A sudden sound of laughter greets
The ear—strange sound in such a scene!
Behold! the factory toilers go
To glean enjoyment from the screen
Of magic at the picture show.

A smile succeeds the piteous look
Of weariness on each wan face;
The pictures open wide life's book,
And o'er its page a story trace.
The man of wealth at ease does sit
In some luxurious club, I know;
Need he be envied? Not a whit—
The poor man has his picture show.

In yacht or observation-car
The rich man travels here and there;
The poor man need not go so far,
He sees the whole world from his chair.
The toilers watch the film and learn
Of sights and scenes in ev'ry clime;
Then, mind and soul refreshed, return
With new strength to the streets of grime.

Entrancing, earnest photoplay!
The poor man's wealth indeed thou art;
His friend and guide from day to day,
And of his very life a part.
Let puerile critics vainly try
To bar thy path—thy magic art
Will every obstacle defy
And keep thee in the people's heart.

This story was written from the Photoplay of HARVEY GATES

WHATEVER minor differences of opinion may have existed in Gila Gulch, there was none at all concerning The Gopher. To the inhabitants of that arid, sun-baked country of sage and alkali dust, any man who preferred to live underground was nothing more nor less than a left-handed cousin to a squirrel.

What was The Gopher doing here, anyway? Four years ago he had come unheralded to the Southwest—a stalwart, rather grim man, whose face revealed more lines than those of study, more tragedy than that of failure—to eliminate mine-damp. Only two local celebrities had ever visited the strange underground habitation

where The Gopher lived, and they had come away awed and gun-shy.

"Reg'lar jimjams down in that hole," opined Jud Bilk, who had sold an alleged horse to the stranger. "Full o' strange contraptions. Inventin' a machine, he says, that'll turn the innards o' yer mind inside-out; reveal the subconscious, he says. Git that word, you poison-eaters?" This was in the Western Queen saloon.

"An', while we was waitin' fer him to git the money," narrated Perkins, the general storekeeper, "I turned over a book, keerless-like, an' out pops the pitcher of a woman. I picked it offen the floor an' was just lookin' at it, when he come in from the next room and, seein' what I had, grabs it out o' my hand. 'Here's your money,' he says, goin' kind o' white, and walks away. What do ye make o' that?"

"I make of it that Mr. Gopher aint out here fer his health, and that he'll stand watchin'!" growled Bill Sims, the newly elected sheriff; "n', while we're at it, I allow he knows more about them last two stage-coach robberies than he'll tell."

The sheriff—a well-knit, wiry man—pushed his sombrero back on his head and swaggered out. Times were good in Gila and offered more than the mere male attractions of the Western Queen. Some ten or a dozen Easterners, victims of the recent hold-ups, were waiting in town in the hope of recovering some of their property, and, while Sims' deputy hunted the highwayman, the sheriff paid homage to the lady passenger of his choice.

Vada Mallory had come West, seeking both physical and mental health. She tolerated the advances of the sheriff because he interrupted, for a little, her hopeless and unceasing brooding. He afforded a bitter amusement, for he brought home, so sharply by contrast, all that had once been.

Some of her fellow passengers, piqued by unrelieved curiosity, said that the tall, sad-eyed young woman was a widow, and others that Mallory was not her name at all.

But, whatever she was, she suited the sheriff; and he, with polished badge and all his artillery in evidence, confidently pressed his suit.

Then, one day, the awaited event occurred. Sims, at the head of a crowd of cattlemen and prospectors, pushed into the Western Queen. The long, pine bar was empty, except for one man at the near end, The Gopher, who was chatting with the bartender and exhibiting a curious knife he held in his hand. At sight of him, Sims half-stopped, his little eyes narrowing and his crooked scar growing black.

The Gopher, who, for all his reticence, was a civil man, nodded.

"Howdy, boys?"

There was no reply. The crowd lined the rail.

The Gopher, if surprised at the sullen and suspicious silence, gave no sign. He flipped a chinking gold piece on the bar.

"Set 'em up, Red," he directed; and then to the crowd: "Give it a name, boys."

But Sims, with an ugly oath, pushed the money aside.

"We want our drinks paid for with honest money here," he sneered, and threw a bill down where the coin had lain.

For a moment The Gopher seemed stunned. Then, with a sudden, swift stroke of the knife he still held, he pinned the bill to the counter.

"The gold pays for this round, Red," he said, quietly, and walked to the other end of the bar.

There was the instant's deathlike silence that precedes gunplay. But the sheriff stood staring, as if fascinated, at the knife, which still quivered upright in the counter. Then he drew another knife from his own pocket and opened it. Plucking the one from the bar, he held the two side by side before the gaze of the crowding men. They were of unique design and were identical.

"This un I found by the stage after the last robbery," whispered Sims, hoarsely, touching the knife he had drawn from his pocket. "He must have dropped it out o' the swag when he rode away. Have I got the goods on him, or haven't I?"

WITH A SWIFT
STROKE HE PINNED
THE BILL TO THE COUNTER

There was a mutter of affirmation, and, tossing one of the weapons on the bar again, the sheriff pushed his way, thru the men, toward The Gopher, who, calmly indifferent, stood alone at the other end of the bar.

"Waal, ol' times," said Sims, warily, his scar twitching, "I reckon you know what's up, dont you? I've got the goods on you at last. Will you come peaceable, or not?"

A sudden swift look of naked terror passed over The Gopher's startled face. He had been about to pour himself a drink, but now he stood as if petrified, the bottle poised in his hand above the glass.

"What do you mean?" It was almost a whisper.

"I mean that you're under arrest for——"

He never finished. With the swiftness of light, the bottle flew out and caught the sheriff across the face. The next instant The Gopher's long, blue gun was flickering from one to the other of the threatening crowd as he backed to the door. No one moved. He reached the door, leaped out, slammed it shut, and locked it. And the men had scarcely drawn three breaths before they heard the drumming of The Gopher's horse along the road out of town.

When Sims returned to consciousness he bandaged the remains of his face and at once ordered a pursuit.

Over the low, barren hills, rank with greasewood and mesquite, the trail led. The sun blazed from a brazen sky, speckless, except for a single, high-wheeling vulture, and the heat radiated up from the sandy wastes in shimmering waves of purple and blue.

They found The Gopher's hole deserted, and pushed cautiously down into the dimly lighted interior. It was as strange a place as even rumor had made it. Everywhere were grotesquely shaped instruments and receptacles, retorts and tubes. On the big center desk stood a strange machine of infinitely delicate work, interlaced with wires.

"Search the place!" ordered Sims, and the work began. It ended when, with a triumphant oath, the sheriff hauled a sheet of paper from a rifled drawer. On it were profile and full-face pictures of The Gopher, and below them this notice:

Wanted in New York for murder, John Widtsoe.

Then followed a description of The Gopher as he had appeared when last seen. Clippings from newspapers supplied the remaining details. Widtsoe on September 27, 1911, had been found on his doorstep by his wife, standing over the dead body of his friend, Alfred Dinant, a revolver in his hand. At the inquest the wife (Widtsoe had already fled) admitted a mild flirtation with Dinant, and confessed that her husband had suspected an intrigue. This she had denied, testifying that she and her husband were the most devoted of lovers until he had learnt of this friendship.

When he had read it all, Sims nodded his bandaged head evilly.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Back to town, boys, and get ready to follow this gent till we get him!"

Back in Gila the sheriff, suffused with the glory of his discoveries, rode straight to the ramshackle hotel where Vada Mallory stayed, flinging himself from his horse in full career by way of announcing his arrival. He had come to lay the trophies of his prowess at her feet, and as he sat down beside her his crooked smile was triumphant.

"It wont be long now before you get your stolen things back," he confided modestly. "I got on the trail of the feller today. An' you know I done it fer you, Miss Mallory. I'd do anything fer *you*." Sims' expression of calf-love was not reassuring.

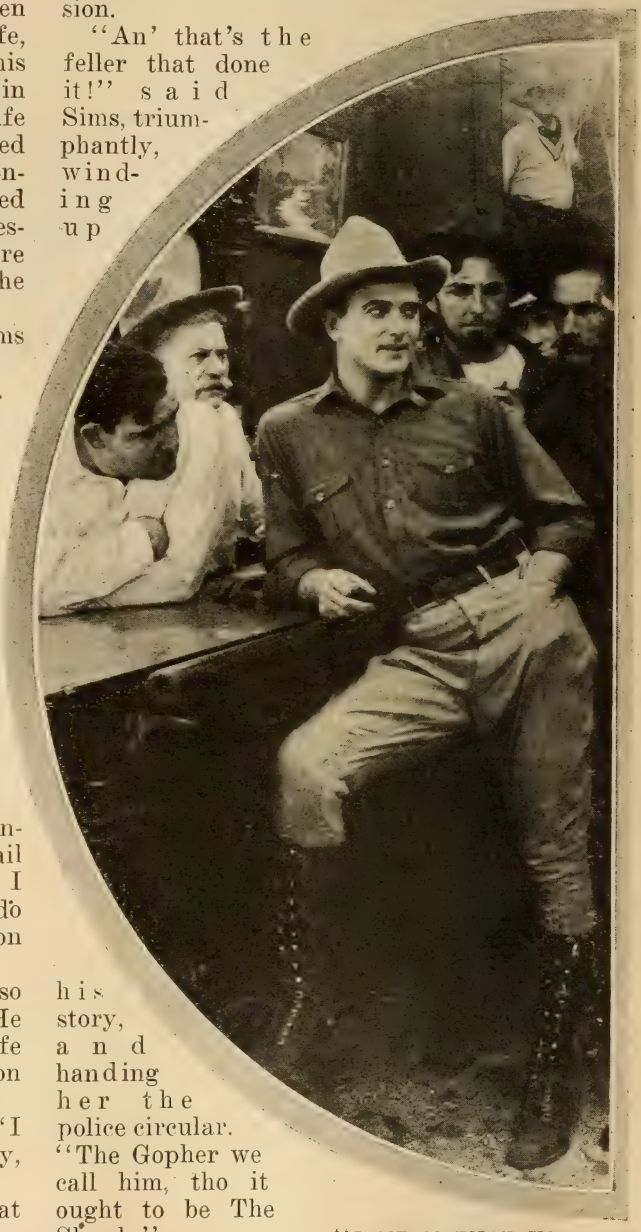
Vada's smile of gratitude was so real that he became exultant. He produced from his pocket the knife by which the guilt had been fixed on The Gopher and showed it to her.

"Why, that's mine!" she cried. "I missed it right after the robbery, and——"

"Yes, ma'am, an' the coyote that robbed you had another exactly like it. It all came about like this"; and Sims settled to his narrative.

Vada scarcely heard him. Another knife exactly like hers? There was only one other of that design in all the world, and that had belonged to her husband in the blessed time before their tragedy. And yet he might have died, the knife might have come somehow into some one else's possession.

"An' that's the feller that done it!" said Sims, triumphantly, winding up his story, and handing her the police circular. "The Gopher we call him, tho it ought to be The Skunk."



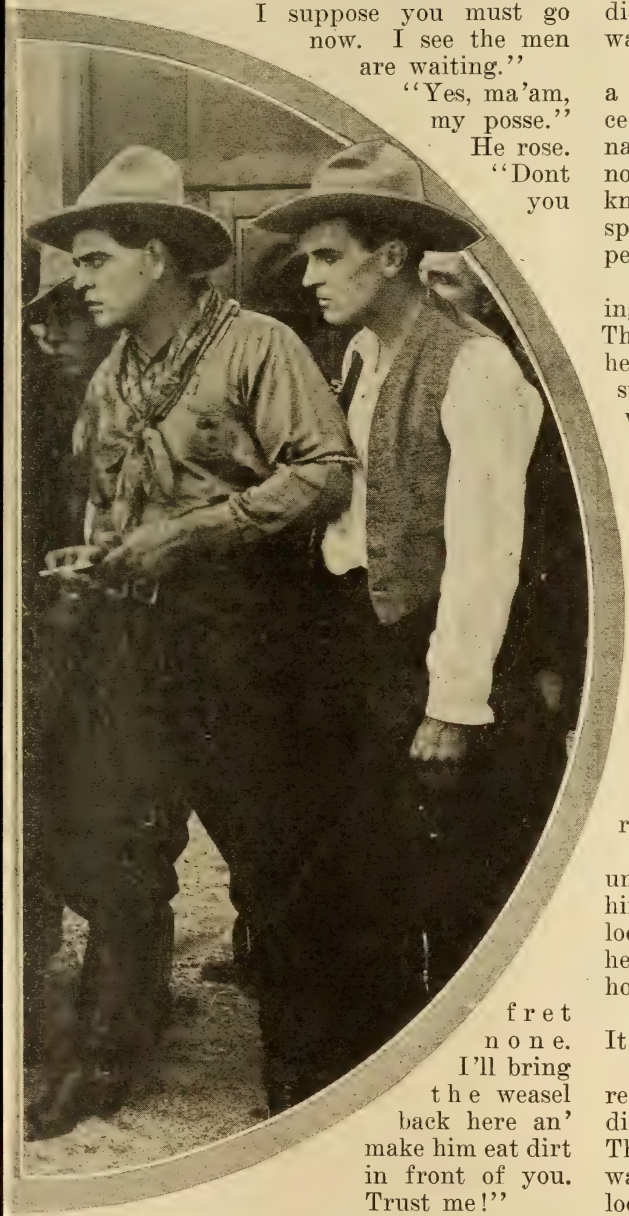
"I MEAN THAT YOU ARE

The girl looked and the color ebbed from her face. But tho her brain swam, she kept her control. It was he, her husband whom she had been seeking all these years, ready to forgive even tho his

bullet had killed Alfred Dinant. She raised her eyes to the fatuous sheriff and achieved a smile.

"How clever you are, sheriff! But I suppose you must go now. I see the men are waiting."

"Yes, ma'am, my posse." He rose. "Dont you fret none. I'll bring the weasel back here an' make him eat dirt in front of you. Trust me!"



UNDER ARREST FOR——"

With a clatter of hoofs the posse swept out along the sun-baked road, disappearing in a cloud of white dust that settled slowly. Then Vada sprang up and called for the horse she had been riding during her stay in Gila. She was stunned by the thought that her husband was here, that he was in this peril. Despite the earlier and greater shadow that rested on him, she did not believe for an instant that he was guilty of this crime.

That he might have shot Dinant in a moment of mad jealousy she conceded, knowing the intensity of his nature beneath his calm exterior, but not this cold-blooded brigandage! She knew it wasn't true, and with an inspired loyalty, she set out in a desperate effort to find and warn him.

For hours she rode over those blazing, trackless wastes of bad land. Then, hopelessly lost and fainting with heat and thirst, she rounded a hill and suddenly found herself face to face with the sheriff. The posse had separated and he was alone. After the first incredulous surprise, his face lighted up with the daring of unleashed evil.

"Sheriff—water—please!" she gasped faintly.

He laughed deep in his chest and rode close to her.

"A kiss first!" he bargained. Swift as light she cut him across the face with her quirt and backed her animal away. But she was unarmed and helpless, and he closed in furiously now and seized her round the waist.

Then, as he seemed about to triumph, there was a sudden sound behind them, and the sheriff turned to look into the black muzzle of a carbine held unwaveringly by a man on horseback.

"Throw your guns on the ground!" It was a voice of deadly menace.

The sheriff obeyed, cursing as he recognized his captor, and the other dismounted and picked them up. Then he went toward the woman, who was swaying in her saddle. She looked up and their eyes met. For an instant they stared, dazed, speechless, unbelieving.

"Vada!" A radiant light of love and longing illumined his face for an instant and then died away. There was still so much to know, to ask, to explain.

AT THE POINT OF HIS GUN, WIDTSOE FORCED THE SHERIFF

At first she said nothing. She could not. Then gradually she told him of her long search, and pleaded that whatever the past might have been she was ready to forgive and forget. But tho every fiber of his being clamored for her, she was not yet stainless in his eyes, and, manlike, he could not blot out the venom of suspicion in a moment. But the time had arrived for action, and mounting his horse, he drove the sheriff before him toward his underground home, his wife beside him.

In that silent place the misshapen vessels and strange instruments seemed unearthly in the dim light. At the point of his gun, Widtsoe forced the sheriff into a chair beside the table where stood the delicate machine that had so awed the searching men. Sims, snarling with fear,

INTO A CHAIR BESIDE THE DELICATE MACHINE

wrestled with his bonds, but The Gopher was pitiless.

"This is what I have done during all these years," he told Vada quietly. "If I am not greatly mistaken, you will hear and see some startling results." He drew near to her, and she heard the swift intake of his breath. "Ever since the night you left me, the smoking pistol still in my hand, it has been my one passion to clear myself—to you above all. I studied the methods of Lombroso, of Bertillon and of the wizard Edison, and forced myself to become a scientist and an expert criminologist. Added to this I became a skilled mechanic. My great discovery came when I found out that under proper electrical, chemical and psychological influences the most hardened criminal could be made to confess his innermost

secrets. I have perfected this machine, and with it I can read the secrets that a man refuses even to admit to himself. I did not murder Dinant, and I will prove it with this instrument."

Then swiftly he fastened sensitized bands about the sheriff's wrists and forehead and turned on the current from his storage batteries. Then, as the little dynamo hummed, gradually the raging man became quiet, and after a while commenced to speak, incoherently at first, but then more clearly. Tense and scarcely breathing, Vada and Widtsoe listened.

"Why!" exclaimed the girl excitedly after a moment, "he's describing the hold-up of the stage. That's exactly how it happened. Yes, it was just at the Gila River ford, and a masked man rode out of the cottonwoods. *He robbed the stage himself!* Oh, listen!"

The strange confession droned on for a few minutes.

"Ah!" It was Widtsoe this time. "Now he's telling where he hid the plunder. South side of Red Butte, two miles east of the river. If we find it, we've got him! But wait," for Sims had stopped, "this isn't all."

The sheriff seemed to be in the throes of some struggle carried on far beyond the realm of human knowledge. Then suddenly the monotonous, unhuman speech began again.

Suddenly the girl gave a little cry and went deathly pale.

"It's the murder! He's telling about that. Oh!"

The Gopher's eyes gleamed and he stepped nearer.

"I had long suspected this man," he cried, "and felt sure that under his disguise of self-inflicted wound and discolored hair that the real murderer lay coiled. He had started to rob our house," he condensed the rambling words. "He knew I was to be away that night. Dinant suddenly came out of the door as he was trying to get in the window, and he shot him and left the revolver there. I had picked it up when you came to the door and saw me with it in my hand. Oh, Vada, Vada, do you believe me now?"

"Yes, yes. Oh, can you ever forgive me for suspecting you?"

"I do, Vada. What else, after all, could you have done?"

Sims had ceased speaking, and Widtsoe turned off the current. The sheriff was unconscious now, and together the two lifted him to a near-by couch. Then the girl faced her husband.

"And there's something else," she faltered; "my friendship for Dinant. I've sworn it was only a flirtation, but I know you haven't believed me. I dont ask you to believe me now, John. Only put me to the test. Let the machine prove it."

He hesitated long, looking down. Then he raised his head and looked at her, all his long-pent love in his eyes.

"No," he said, "I dont need that now. Your willingness to do this is enough. I'm only bitterly, bitterly sorry for my suspicion."

"Then you forgive me?"

"Yes, dearest, yes." He held out his arms to her, and she came to them gladly, half sobbing. "Let's forget it all, we have lost so much of life already."

She nestled closer. "Yes, but think of all we have gained—faith and trust and each other at last."

"And the greatest of these is each other!" he laughed softly to her answering tears.

## Reincarnation

By H. S. HASKINS

Perhaps, like Moving Picture reels,
Our lives, without the pain,
When reached their end, may be rewound
And lived by us again.

# IT WAS TO BE

by ALEXANDER LOWELL

LUBIN

This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

JUNE! month o' the roses! Month of bridals and betrothals and fabric of dreams. Wonderful, radiant month of youth!

"So you're going tomorrow—truly going?" Anne Winton's nervous fingers plucked a glowing tea-rose to its death, and the spicy flavor of its

bruised heart floated up to greet them.

"Really going—tomorrow." John Trevor said the words wistfully. His eyes sought hers, then turned away from the light in them. Words crowded to his lips and stayed there unuttered. A man among men, John Trevor was the victim of a helpless embarrassment before women.

"Then take this—poor, hurt little rose—just to remember me by—me—and June—and the roses."

"Thank you. I—you mustn't think that I can *ever* forget June—and your roses—and *you*."

That was all. All, save white arms stretched out to his going. All, save the heartbreak of June spent apart. All, save the scattered, sad petals o' roses.

THE VICTIM OF A HELPLESS

Henry Randall attacked his iced melon with his habitual manner of "I-do-this-like-unto-no-one-else." At the same time he smiled complacently at his wife. He *always* felt complacent when he regarded his wife. There were many reasons. She was dainty and pretty and gracious and clever. He liked the admiration accorded her by his men friends. Most of all, he liked the remembrance of his wooing. Not many women could resist his ardor, he was wont to reflect. He had a "way with women." He knew what they liked, if he must say it as shouldn't. No parlor niceties and floral subtleties for him. He employed caveman, strong-arm methods. He ranted, he canted, he My-God-ed and declaimed. And always he carried them off, breathless as aspens in the wind, shaken and subdued by his virility and passion. Oh! it was undoubtedly the *only* way. Now, take Anne, for instance. From the hour that he met her in her beloved garden of roses up to the time she had capitulated to his importunities, she had been cool, aloof, reticent. There had been times when he really doubted his ultimate success. The very doubting had whetted his ardor, and the sweet surrender had been doubly sweet, withal a trifle weary on the part of Anne.

All this had been five years ago.

EMBARRASSMENT BEFORE WOMEN

They had moved away from the suburban town of Anne's girlhood and had commenced a really meteoric career in the city.

Henry Randall employed in business much the same methods he used with women, tempered with sane reasoning and double-dyed in arrogant overbearing. Heedless of the weak, contemptuous of the unfortunate, he had beat a victorious, if unloved, way to the top.

In his home life he had two dominant passions. Anne was not one of the two, be it said. As is the case with all passion, which is the weed of the flower Love, familiarity and constant propinquity had blighted its riotous growth. He regarded her with complacency, with a pride that reflected upon himself for his discriminate selection, and as the fittest object upon which to vent his ever-increasing vainglory. As a consequence, she had lost the spontaneity of her rose-garden days and moved about his house an alien spirit in all but name and world-esteem. If she was memory-haunted, she was gallantly silent. And if prayers left her lips —sad, futile prayers —none heard them save the tea-roses that blossomed in her room.

The two passions aforesaid were a curio-room, rapidly becoming famous, and an unbelievable faith in his own ego. For these passions he lived and labored. For them he made all else subservient.

"Anne," he remarked, as they breakfasted on this particular morning, "do you know much of the young attorney, John Trevor? It seems to me he used to be a fellow townsman of yours—didn't he? What did you say, my dear?"

"I said—we—that is—yes, Henry —certainly he was."

"Have you reason to suppose, from your previous knowledge of him, that his really excellent reputation is well founded?"

Anne eyed her husband with an air that was almost amused. John Trevor had risen to the top-notch of his profession in the past five years. His name figured wherever and whenever a big case was on, and to have

Henry Randall sit blandly by and grandiosely quiz her as to his private, youthful character was nothing if not humorous.

"*Have* you?" persisted Henry.

"Of course I have, Henry, in so far as I know. Mr. Trevor was *very* well thought of in Eastfield—and I think his popularity and fame speak for him better than I."

"There are degrees and degrees of popularity and fame, Anne," reminded her husband, settling back in his chair while the butler removed the melons. "Trevor has been able to acquire his by sensationalism. Mine has come solely thru the labor of my own mind—my own——"

"Banks is asking you whether you prefer oatmeal or cream of wheat, Henry," interposed his wife, mildly.

Randall looked up in annoyance. "It's getting too warm for me to eat oatmeal, Anne," he said petulantly. "You know, I have an enormous blood supply to the brain as it is—which has enabled me—but that is neither here nor there. Cream of wheat, Banks."

"Why do you ask about—John Trevor?" asked Anne, when he was safely intrenched behind the cereal and cream.

"Because I want Trevor's professional services as counsel in my new and most daring enterprise. His being connected with it will give it a solidarity it will otherwise lack. You understand that, Anne, of course. These brilliant ventures—these coups, as it were—are always regarded as perilous by the common run, whose brains cannot grasp the broad scope of the project. To have Trevor represent us will mean a vast lot. I shall send for him today. He must lose no time."

John Trevor lost no time in keeping the requested appointment with Henry Randall, neither did he attempt to *make* any. And if he realized that association with Randall and his coterie of financiers would mean not only publicity, but very substantial cash, that was not the motive that actuated his consent to go to Randall's home. Down in his heart he suspected the Randall crowd of subterranean methods—perhaps because he did not like the pomposity of the man Randall. Supposedly reputable, Trevor had, nevertheless, detected an unsavory something in their affairs that did not appear upon the surface.

Still deeper down in his heart there persisted a haunting memory, powerful with the poignant strength of the fragile: a heavenly June-rose month—a bruised heart-blossom—the spicy, sweet scent of tea-roses. And more than all, a girl he had not dared to woo for the immensity of what he was daring—a girl who had looked at him as no other woman had ever looked, and as he had known all thru the years he cared for no other woman to look.

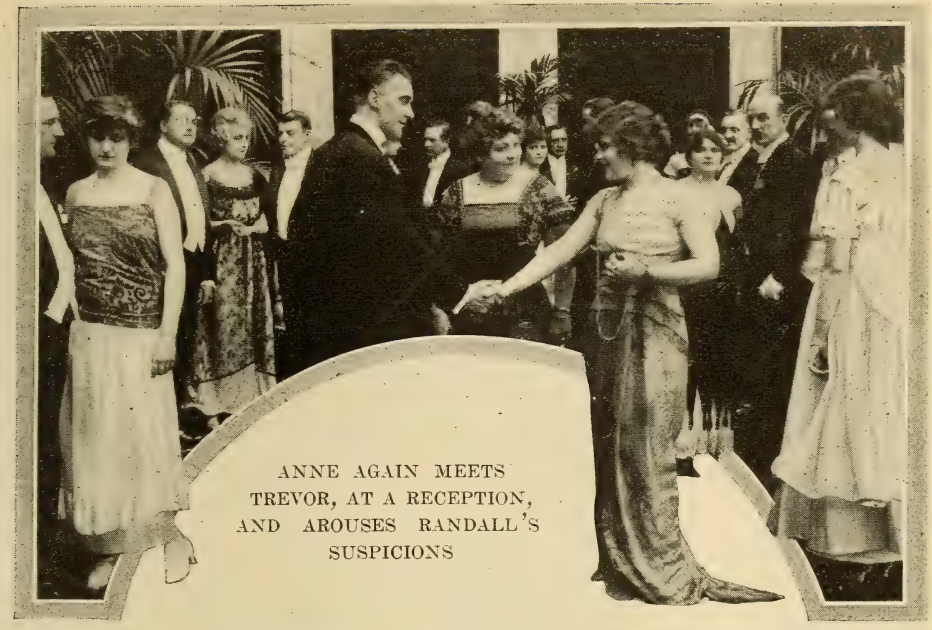
Now, in his maturity, he looked back, with a vast contempt, at the puerile boy who had caused the man's pain.

And he knew that he was going to Henry Randall's house because Anne Winton was Randall's wife and because he wanted to see her with the overweening desire that had been a very part of him for as long as he could remember.

It seemed yesterday—and yet it seemed centuries since they had met. She greeted him at the door and asked him to come into the library with her for a second. He found himself hating the thought that some one had kist the dew of his glad youth away—that an unkindly hand had torn the petals from the rose-bloom of his life.

"Henry is conferring with his secretary at present," she explained, as she bade him be seated, "and I know he doesn't want to see you for half an hour, at any rate. I—I had to talk with you for an instant, John. I wanted to warn you—for old sake's sake."

Trevor loved her for the simplicity of that "John"—for her friendly assumption that five vital years had not removed them so very far from the rose-garden days. And as he grew



ANNE AGAIN MEETS TREVOR, AT A RECEPTION, AND AROUSES RANDALL'S SUSPICIONS

accustomed to the pathetic little, drooping corners of her mouth and the wistful blue of her eyes, he saw that the girl, Anne, was there, preciously the same as she had always been.

"Warn me—am I in danger?" He attempted jocosely, feeling that therein safety lay. The old embarrassment had gone with the green-sickness of his youth. Remained only the desire, stark and imperious, to draw her into his arms and into his life.

"Not in danger of your—life," Anne assured him, femininely grave, "but of your reputation. And I know, John, that that means more to you than your life. I know it from the good fight you have fought, and the fine, big way you have kept out of the mire. I *do* think it is fine, John, and I've wanted to tell you so."

"Thank you. Your praise, Anne, means a great deal more to me than you can imagine. Perhaps it is just as well that you *cant—imagine.*"

Anne flushed. John had changed. He had not been wont to say these things in that unforgotten yesterday. If he had—— But his eyes, his dear, honest eyes, were the same, and so was his mouth, firm and tender and strong. He was a man, Anne thought—the kind of a man that would do big things in a big way.

"It's about this—this enterprise Henry wants you to represent, that I wanted to speak to you," Anne said, averting her suddenly misted eyes. "I'd rather you didn't—represent it."

John was instantly alert. "What are your reasons?" he questioned.

"Perhaps they are not thoroly sound ones," Anne said, "but, combined with instinct and—some knowledge of Henry's business ideals, I have come to the conclusion that *you* will not care to be connected with it. You see, Henry doesn't believe that I know *anything* when it comes to business affairs. He believes that he might as well inform a two-year-old of his affairs, for all the comprehension I can give him. And he pooh-poohs my opinions before I am able to so much as get them out. Feeling this way and loving to talk of his schemes for very joy of hearing himself, he tells me—the *truth.* That is precisely what he *wont* tell *you.* I suppose you would size the proposition

up for yourself, but I just wanted to warn you that it is not all level and above-board. I think it would be horribly unfair to have any mud thrown at you when you have traveled this far so well."

Breathless and very much in earnest, Anne stopped and waited for Trevor to speak.

"You are so dear to take this trouble for me," he said at length. "So dear that the other part seems insignificant. I'm afraid I cannot—thank you."

Anne did not speak, and Trevor asked finally: "Can you give me any idea of the nature of this project, save that things seem a bit shady?"

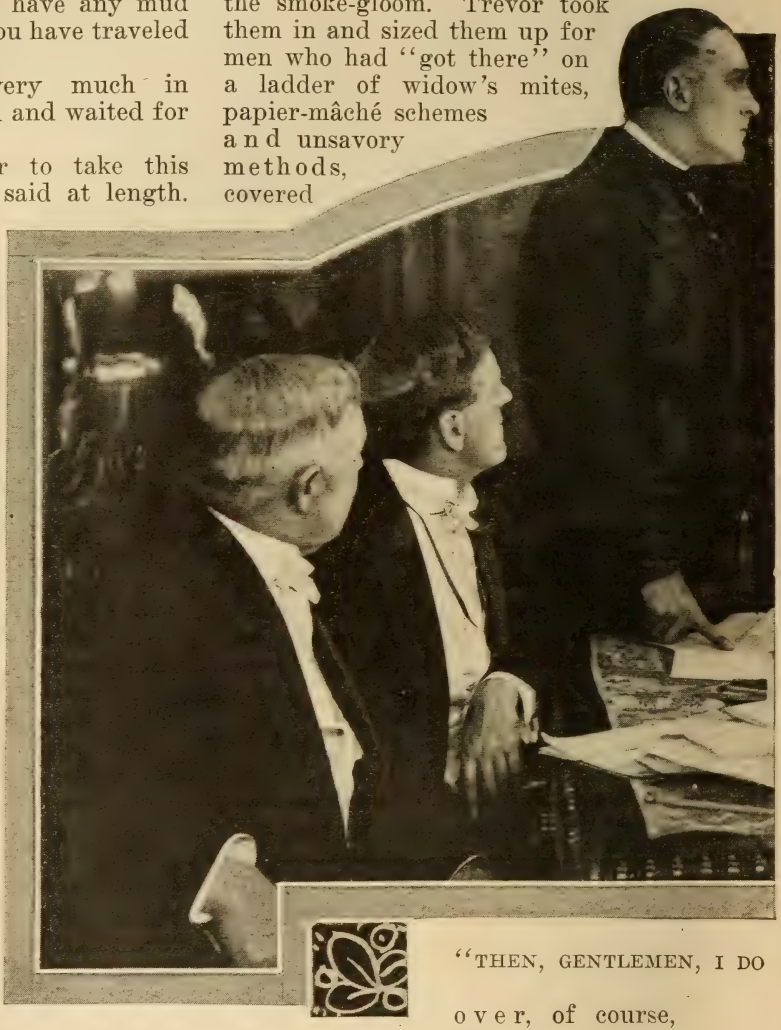
"It is something about buying land at ridiculous figures from poor farmers," she said uncertainly. "He said something about sending fake experts out to examine the soil and having them tell the farmers it was no good, and they'd better sell at any figure they could get. Then his syndicate would come along a bit later with their offers and buy the really valuable land for a song and build railroads. I'm not sure if that's it, but something on that order, anyway."

"I see——"

"Mr. Trevor?"

Randall spoke from the doorway, and his shrewd, brilliant eyes appraised them carefully. Then he smiled and extended a genial hand. "Glad my wife was entertaining you," he said—"unpardonable delay—your time valuable. Come right on up—my den's on the next floor."

Four other men were seated in Randall's den, smoking expensive cigars and gazing abstractedly into the smoke-gloom. Trevor took them in and sized them up for men who had "got there" on a ladder of widow's mites, papier-mâché schemes and unsavory methods, covered over, of course, with a thick coating of eminent respectability.



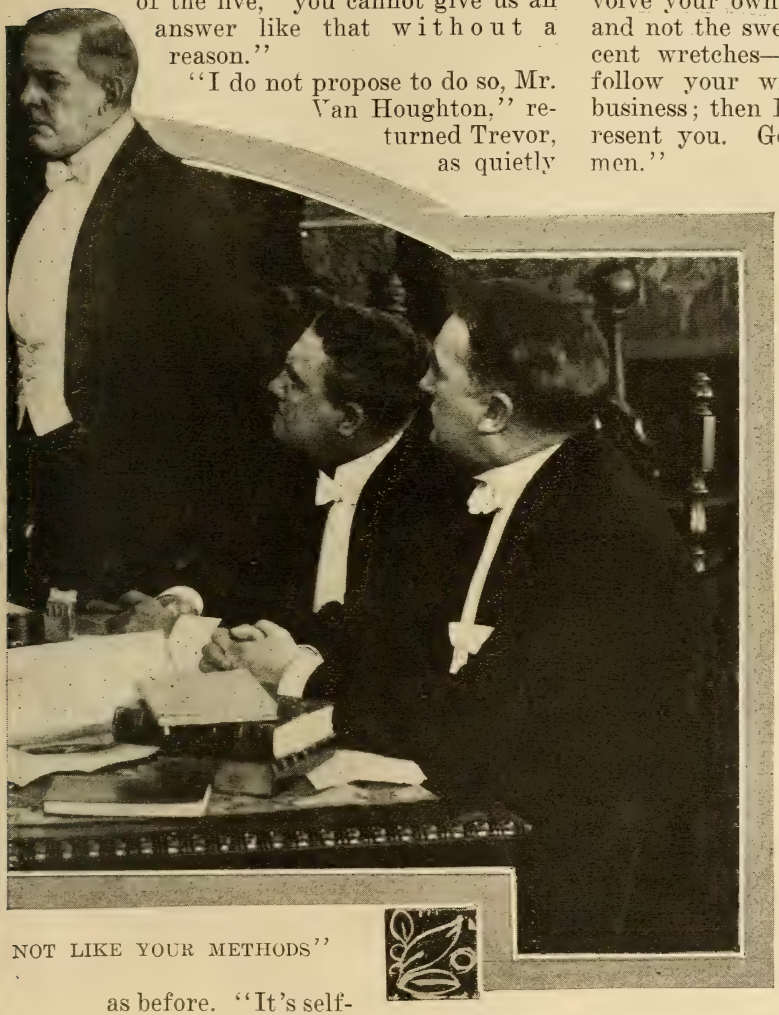
"THEN, GENTLEMEN, I DO

Randall put the project up to Trevor in a few terse, confident words. His shrewd eyes quite beamed with honesty as he finished, and the four financiers nodded sagely, chewed at their cigars and regarded Trevor benevolently as who should say: "Young man, behold your golden chance!"

Trevor was silent a moment; then he said, with unfaltering emphasis: "I am sorry, gentlemen, but I decline your offer."

"Nonsense, my dear boy," ejaculated old Van Houghton, most aged, most unscrupulous and most insidious of the five, "you cannot give us an answer like that without a reason."

"I do not propose to do so, Mr. Van Houghton," returned Trevor, as quietly as before. "It's self-evident—if you wish the reason——"



"NOT LIKE YOUR METHODS"

"We do—assuredly."

"Then, gentlemen, I do not like your methods. It is my principle never to represent anything that I cannot represent with the consent of my own conscience. I cannot do so in this instance."

"You're talking d—d nonsense, Trevor." Randall brought his heavy fist down on the table. "You're talking like a schoolboy. Come to."

Trevor gathered up the papers he had overlooked and piled them neatly on the table. Then he arose.

"Mr. Randall," he said, "when you take to honest methods in your enterprises—when your projects involve your own toil, your own labor, and not the sweat and blood of innocent wretches—when, in short, you follow your wife's advice in your business; then I shall be glad to represent you. Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Mrs. Randall to see you, Mr. Trevor."

"Send her in, please."

Immediately upon her entrance, Trevor knew that something was very wrong. Her eyes bore traces of recent tears and her face the pallor of the tormented sleepless.

"Forgive me for coming to you here, John," she said wearily, "but I am at my rope's end, and I know you will do your professional best for me, wont you?"

"Everything within my power, Anne. Tell me all."

"Well" — Anne sank back in her chair—"he has been unbearable since Mrs. Geoffrey's reception," she said. "He had already begun to suspect a friendship between us, you know, simply because he knew we were boy and girl together; caught us talking together the first day you called—the first and only, John—and because you advocated my counsel at the meeting. He was ready to watch me like a lynx, and when we met at the reception he declared our pleasure was too obvious—that it was positively ill-bred. John, he nags me to *death*. His *real* reason is anger at your refusing to represent him, I think, and he takes it out on me. He

"I DIDN'T DO IT," SHE SAID WOODENLY

is really unbearable. I—I cant stand it, John. I must get a separation. Do you know, I frighten myself sometimes at the murder within my soul. I'll—I'll *kill* him, John, if he continues to torment me so."

Trevor caught her pitifully nervous little hand and imprisoned it. Yearningly he recalled the last time he had noted that helpless, nervous tremor of her fingers. They had been tearing a tea-rose apart—and offering him the torn, bruised blossom as a last remembrance. Well he had remembered. He had remembered every detail, every golden, squandered moment.

"You run along home, Anne dear," he said soothingly. "I'm going to think this thing over, and we'll find a straight road out. You know, I think he fears me, anyway, and knows that I mean business if he tries too much monkey business. I went for him at the reception last week, and Detective White had to separate us."

"I didn't know that—did any one —know?"

"Feminine query, Anne. No, no one knew—the smoking-room was empty, luckily. He began some of his uncouth language, intermingled with your name, and it drove me crazy. Oh, Anne—to me you are so closely associated with roses and June and all life's fairness that I cannot credit this man's behavior. But be brave, dear — we'll find the way."

Trevor spent the remainder of the afternoon in hard thoughts—of how sins of omission are often the most heinous kind; of how he seemed doomed to cast a shade over Anne's life—he, to whom life could bring no better thing than the chance to give her joy. Toward evening he decided that he would go to the Randall home, have a talk with Randall and try to make him realize his conduct by broaching the talked-of divorce. He did not know just how fond Randall was of Anne under his skin, and this would be the probe.

The butler admitted him with a white and troubled countenance—so white that Trevor questioned him. The man bowed deeply. "I'm quite a' right, sir," he said. "I'll go tell the madam you are here. I'll be down directly, sir."

Trevor felt vaguely uncomfortable. There seemed to be an ominous quiet about the place. He failed to catch Banks' announcing him and Anne's clear voice in answer. The house was uncannily still. Even the canaries and the dogs were motionless. It

"PLEASE, DETECTIVE, I HAVE GIVEN MYSELF UP. DETAILS LATER"

seemed almost the dread quietude that precedes a storm. Then, sharp, distinct, terrifying, a shot rang out! Trevor covered the steps two at a time and made instinctively for Randall's den. Randall was there, dead on the floor among his curios, and over him stood Anne, ashen-faced, blue-lipped, clutching a revolver and stained with an ugly splotch of blood. Trevor snatched the pistol from Anne's rigid hand and his lips formed her name, desperately.

"I didn't do it," she said woodenly; "I didn't do it, Trevor. I came in here now. It had just been done—my God!"

"I beg pardon."

Trevor wheeled to the newcomer.

"Oh, Detective White," he said quietly, "an ugly thing has happened here."

The detective advanced into the room and surveyed the scene of the tragedy with some amaze. Then he glanced at Anne and Trevor, and each saw what was in his mind. He stepped to the phone. "I shall have to send for the police, of course," he said; "also, I must request you to remain where you are."

Trevor drew Anne to him and put an arm about her shoulder. Thru her sheer blouse he could feel the chill of her flesh, and his heart ached for her.

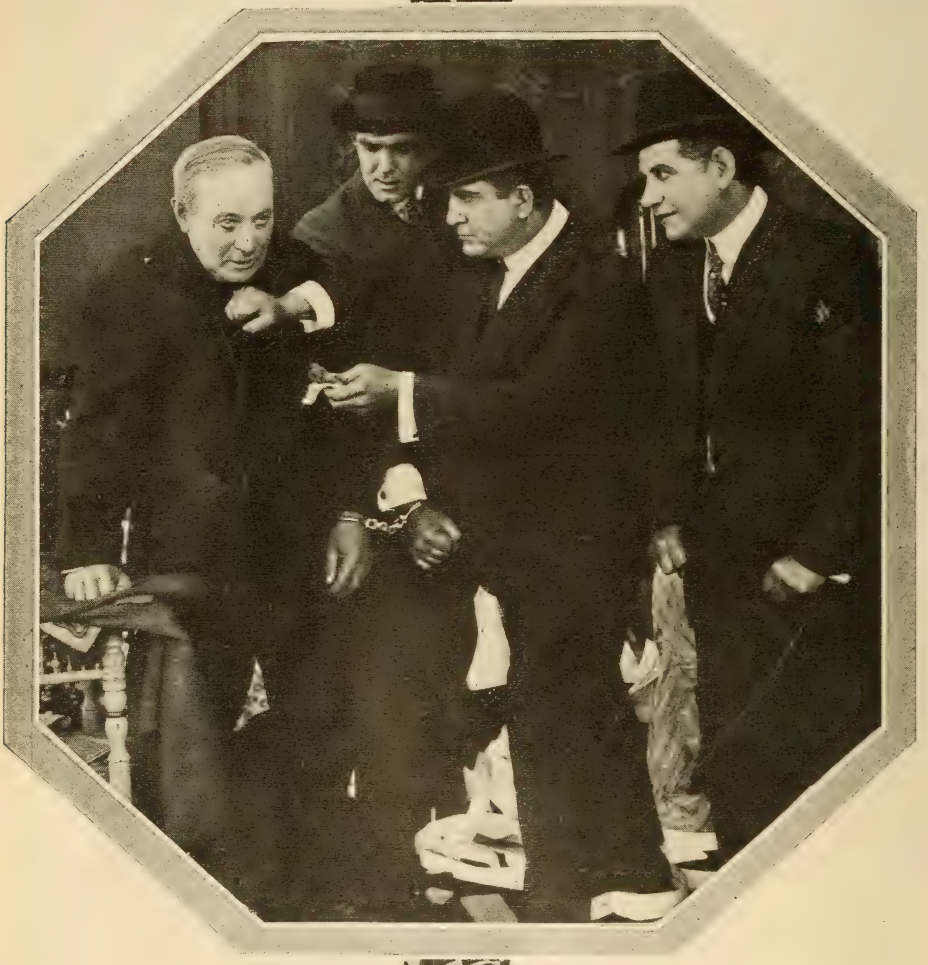
"Brace up, my girl," he said firmly; "this is the dark hour before the dawn."

Detective White was kneeling on the floor beside Randall's body, and he suddenly straightened up with a jerk. "God!" he muttered excitedly. "he isn't dead—he breathes! Send an ambulance call—quick!"

They all came at once—the ambulance surgeons, who carried the inert flesh that had been Randall quietly from his home; the portly policemen, who epitomized law and order. And in the end, that Anne might be spared the deepest indignities, Trevor gave himself up on a charge of attempted murder. Detective White was talking to one of the men eagerly.

"It's a toss-up between the two," he was saying. "Randall stood in wrong with both of 'em. I happen to have been an ear-witness of one and an eye-witness of the other. I saw Trevor here pitch into Randall at a reception last week, and Randall

requested him to apologize, which he refused to do. While I was carrying the request to Trevor I overheard Mrs. Randall here talking to him on a separation suit or something. Anyway, I sure heard her say she'd kill him. Yesterday Randall sent for me to guard the house from tonight on until further orders. Said he was afraid for his life. Doped out some gag about being afraid the curio-room would be entered and they'd pot him—but I think he was afraid of Trevor."



THE ARREST OF BANKS, THE BUTLER

Anne had sunk into a chair, her face white, tragic; her eyes wide with the terror that had avalanched upon her.

Trevor raised his hand. "Please, detective," he said quietly, "I have given myself up. Details later."

In the hospital whither Randall had been conveyed the end was approaching fast. Closely attentive, nurses hovered over him, praying for the consciousness that should precede the end, hoping that he would speak one word that would solve his violent death.

Closely guarded in their respective homes, Anne and Trevor waited for the end that would mean, perchance, life or death to Trevor. In that silent time on their Gethsemane they learnt the meaning of bitter-sweet, the life that can rise triumphant out

of death, the love that laughs at an eternity of separation.

And then came news. Henry Randall had died, but before his lips were sealed he had done one goodly deed to Anne and John.

"Banks—did—it," he had gasped, the words choking, his eyes filmed—"tell them—Banks—curio-room—trying to steal—my love—love to Anne—and John."

And so, perhaps, all things were as they were meant to be. Detective White and his men caught Banks in an obscure rooming-house, and the cowering, wretched man hadn't a chance. He had stolen a jewel from a cane in the curio-room, it seemed, some time before. Randall had discovered him replacing it with paste on the evening he went up to call Anne, and the shooting had ensued.

After the nine days' scandal Anne went home to Eastfield—to find balm for her spirit in the garden of roses where reigned a perennial youth. And in the June of the following year John Trevor sought her there.

In the garden, with her head on his shoulder, he drew from his pocket a tiny, crumbling rose. "You said, 'Then take this—poor, hurt little rose—just to remember me by—me and June—and the roses.' Do you recall that, beloved? And I answered you, 'You mustn't think that I can *ever* forget June—and your roses—and you.' Ah! my sweetheart, my rose of the world, I never have—I never have."

## Watching the Films Go By

By GEORGE M. RITTELMEYER

FATHER used to think he was lucky to get a ride to the town-hall once a week in a one-horse wagon. Willie feels that nothing short of a forty horse-power touring car is good enough to take him to the movies.

When father called on mother, he thought he was doing well to get to see her once a week. Percy isn't happy unless he takes Clarissa to see the pictures every night.

If we were to see one man rush up to another on the street and kick him in the seat of his trousers, we would feel like calling a policeman, yet we rave with joy when we see the same thing happen in a film.

If you have seen the same picture before, dont fail to tell the exhibitor. It may induce him to refund your money.

We always notice that the poor, starved mother usually appears to be well fed.

Some people are never satisfied. We heard a lady complain last night because they showed only seven reels.

We've always noticed that the young men who leave home in the pictures to make good for their mother's or sweetheart's sake have never recorded a failure.

It is rumored that the pie trust is contemplating erecting a large factory at Los Angeles to supply the Keystone Company with an inexhaustible supply of missiles.

After watching a film run for fifteen minutes, we heard a voice in our vicinity asking what it was all about. We had been wondering the same thing ourselves.

We have often wondered why so many films contain so many long leaders. In the language of the small boy, "We dont go to the show to read a book, but to see a play."

Before leaving the show, dont fail to express your opinion regarding the pictures. The exhibitor is a patient man and may listen to you.

THE day on which her mother had passed away it seemed to little Hattie as tho God had turned the lights of even the brightest days very low and that the earth was suddenly peopled with the stalking shadows of strangers. At night even the light of the stars was extinguished, leaving her all alone peering back thru the now-darkened vistas of her nine years' life in a vain quest for some little token of the bright yesterdays. The more she peered, the heavier grew her burden of sorrow, until the delicate gossamer of her soul was weighted down to profounder depths of feeling than most of us ever know.

At length she solved the vexing problem, and with the solution came a burst of light that only death could extinguish. She would take the place of that dear one who had left to go to Heaven; *she* would be mother now!

Hattie knew but one formula, and that was never to think of herself, but to consider only the happiness of others—especially her children. And now, instead of being worried over the presence of others in the family, she rejoiced that there were others for whom she could become mother.

In the first place there was little Millie. Little Millie was perfect for the purpose, because she was so helpless and needed so much care and attention. But there were two other members of the family that were more helpless than little Millie, and they were Peter and Pudge! Peter and Pudge were two healthy puppies that needed constant watching. One moment they would be standing together with their heads on one side, their eyes sparkling with deviltry and their tails wagging in a gale of mischief. Before you could turn around they would be tearing up the only

pair of shoes that Hattie owned. Of course they had to be severely scolded after this and be shut up in the abandoned chicken-house until their howls had torn the little mother's heart into shreds of sympathy. Then they were hugged and kist and given so much of the scarce food that they waddled about in seeming danger of bursting before they could find a cozy spot in which to sleep off their gluttonous debauch.

Suddenly—it was one rainy afternoon, only a month after the good mother had gone away, altho it seemed years—the cherished dream of foster-motherhood was overshadowed by calamity. A man with kindly eyes called and announced that he was the Overseer of the Poor, and that since the church committee could no longer afford to send supplies, he was afraid that he would have to take them all off to the Poorhouse.

Hattie had never heard of the Overseer of the Poor, and she smiled. "But this is our home," she said, correcting his impression. "We cant go away. I am mother now, and we are all very happy!"

The Poor man took her in his arms and kist her. Then he set her on his knee and talked for more than an hour. It seemed that their home was owned by a man who said that he wanted it at once, and that they had not a cent in the world, and that this Poorhouse was a home for people who had neither home nor money. So they must go there with him now. Thereupon came the first real trial of motherhood. Dogs were not allowed in the Poorhouse!

The Poor man had a sympathetic understanding, and he saw that all the force in the world could not separate the puppies from their adopted mother unless he desired to break her little heart, so, with a shrug and a kindly smile, he let them go along.

In the Poorhouse life began anew —a terrible life rudely crushed down by a coarse, fat woman named Mrs. Hodd. Mrs. Hodd was as furious as she dared be about the puppies. Each day she bore down upon the little spirit of Hattie in an effort to break it. But the little mother stood with flashing eyes, with her brood cowering behind her ragged skirt, her fist clinched, and her eyes became more powerful than the weight of a great red hand.

Two long months dragged by even more slowly than those dark days of dawning mother-sense. Millie cried herself to sleep each night in the mothering arms, and the puppies grew thin and retiring. Then the kind-faced Poor man came again with a letter and told them that at last their uncle had consented to take them, and that they were to depart by way of stage at daybreak on a long, long journey.

Again came the battle and stand for the united family when a protest was raised against transporting the innocent Peter and Pudge. There was something in little Hattie's resolution that broke down all opposition and again won the partisanship of the Poor man, who was seen to pay the stage-driver some coins, with a wink that bought immunity for the loyal family.

They spent two days and nights rocking back and forth in that bumping stage. Millie and Peter succumbed to a pitiable attack of sickness that was more disgusting to the other passengers than it was dangerous to themselves.

It was toward the evening of the third day that something quite wonderful in the mothering life of Hattie took place. A beautiful young lady and her adoring husband got into the coach with their tiny baby! It was much more helpless and not a great sight bigger than Pudge. Until it grew dark little Hattie kept her eyes upon the tiny bundle that was snuggled in her mother's arms, hungry for the sight of a real baby. Darkness settled down and weighted her disappointment, and she was just drowsing off when a little cry broke the monotonous creakings and rumble of the coach. It was the baby! The tiny whimper was music to her ears,

and she slipped off into slumber, satisfied.

Early the next morning the young husband spoke to her when he heard the whimpering of the puppies in the basket beneath the seat. "There are three in my family," she gravely assured him, "not counting myself. I am their mother, you know."

The young man was vastly amused and told the pretty woman about it.

HATTIE, MILLIE, PETER AND PUDGE

She leaned over and kist Hattie. "I have a baby, too," she said softly. "Would you like to see it?"

Hattie looked at it a long time in rapture.

"Some time may I hold it?" she whispered.

"Now, if you like."

For an hour she held it, and great exaltation flowed thru her veins as she drew it close, that she would remember perhaps on some eventful day in years to come. She sang softly and seemed herself in the arms of her own destiny, helpfully soothed and lulled by thoughts and emotions that were too great for her to comprehend. The mothering instinct had thrust childhood from her life, and she was to know children only thru sheltering them. She would never know what she had lost or what she had gained!

"Elderbush Gulch! All out here!" And Hattie realized that all things were but a dream and the baby was not hers, and that she had a family of her own, and the next minute she and little Millie and the puppies were tumbling out of the coach.

"Our name is Pease, dear," the sweet young lady was saying; "and you must come and see us—and hold the baby again."

The next moment Hattie was confronted by a man who was surveying their bundles, and particularly the basket containing Peter and Pudge.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" he said,

shaking his head. "So you're Jim's kids, are you?" The next minute he had them up in his arms and crushed them in a painful hug. "You're all right, but I dont know about them pups," he said, scratching his head.

"I am their mother," said Hattie, solemnly, "and we would all die if we was to leave each other."

"I dont know about the pups," he said, with a smile, "but you might. I wont take no chances, so we'll put 'em in the buckboard. Up you go, all of you!" And soon they were galloping along a rough road, swaying perilously.

At a narrow pass in the hills Hattie suddenly shrank back at the sight of a man who was actually as brown as a boot and covered with curious clothes, especially his head, which was bristling with feathers.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked her uncle. Hattie pointed to the copse where she had seen the curious man, but he was gone! She explained. "If you hadn't never seen an Indian before I'd never believed it! You got sharp eyes, all right, and what you see is worth knowin'. I'm afraid it means trouble."

In a few minutes they had reached the settlement, and Uncle Dick guided them all to a long log cabin which he called the Community House. "Where's the Boss?" he asked of a swarthy man he later called "Mex."

Just then a big man, with a forbidding countenance, appeared and stood looking down at the new arrivals with a frown.

"Well?" he growled. Uncle Dick was on the point of answering, when Peter suddenly popped out of the basket and ran for shelter under a bunk in the corner. "No dogs in this house! Chuck 'em out!"

Hattie's motherly efforts had never met such resistance as she found in

"I DONT KNOW ABOUT THE PUPS," HE SAID

the Boss, but he, too, was persuaded to give some ground by allowing the puppies to remain outside of the cabin, instead of banishing them from the settlement. But all that night and the nights that followed the mother-heart of little Hattie was lacerated by the pitiful and unceasing howls of Peter and Pudge tugging away at their bonds just outside her window. No one knew it, but every night, after all but herself were asleep, she stole outside with a bone for each of the neglected children, supplemented with a prolonged caress.

But as time went on, the sufferings of the locked-out portion of Hattie's family increased—if one were to judge from the nightly howling. The Boss was on the point of killing the nocturnal offenders, and little Hattie was beginning to lose the sympathetic interest of most of the men. Hattie herself could endure the nightly ordeals no longer, and devised a solution that was revolutionary in character. She sought Miggs, the settlement carpenter, and pleaded with him to cut a hole in the side of the cabin that would lead from her little bedchamber to the outside. Miggs was amused, then horrified at such a proposal in the face of the Boss's possible wrath. But then little Hattie began to weep as only mothers weep, which so frightened and affected Miggs that he promised to comply with her request.

Thus began a series of episodes that were greatly to affect the destinies of all the inhabitants of Elderbush Gulch.

Ugly Bear was a fitting name for the chief's son. While he was not a favorite among his fellow tribesmen, he was feared by one and all of them. It was the old chief's policy to preserve peace with the white settlers, while it seemed to be the purpose in life of his son to bring about continual strife. Ugly Bear left no opportunity idle for bringing about a rupture with the peaceable settlers. His latest offense had been to insult the young wife of a farmer. The farmer had shot after his fleeing form.

Ugly Bear arrived at the Indian camp in a fury, and, surrounding himself with a score of young braves who were eager for war and scalps, he sowed the seeds of rapine in their eager souls. As luck would have it, the dog-feast was approaching, when every Indian would feel the ugliest passions of his nature boil thruout a maddening dance and feast.

The day of the feast arrived, and each was ready to gorge himself, except Ugly Bear and his boon companion, who had gone off to hunt for the afternoon. No one noticed their absence when the feast began, and as it progressed, with frenzied feasting, each glutton was too absorbed with his own appetite to note that they were still absent.

The howls had sunk thru the night, and a pale moon had risen over smouldering fires and sleeping or writhing beastly forms, before Ugly Bear and his companion returned, infuriated with a luckless day and over the disappointment of missing the feast thru an accident to Ugly Bear. In vain they sought even a half-eaten scrap of succulent dog-flesh. Then it was that Ugly Bear's companion recalled having seen two fine, fat puppies on his latest reconnoiter of the settlement. They set off in no good humor.

Thru some ill chance Peter and Pudge were roaming about the cabin preparatory to being drawn in thru the newly made trapdoor for the night. It was not a difficult matter to catch them, but it was an impossibility to keep them from squealing like a couple of pigs the moment they found themselves in unfriendly hands. There was nothing to do but dispatch the noisy creatures immediately for safety's sake. Each Indian drew his hunting-knife and raised it, with a few muttered incantations to the god of the feast, when there was a shriek that startled all within hearing.

Ugly Bear dropped his precious

trophy, and his companion felt his seized from behind and saw the tiny figure of a child pulling frantically at the howling dog. Ugly Bear decided instantly what course to take and, seizing the girl by the hair, raised his knife high in the air.

The next instant there was a report, and the form of Ugly Bear, the chief's son, fell lifeless among the bushes. His companion turned and ran like a deer toward safer shelter.

THE ATTACK ON THE COMMUNITY HOUSE

Even in their state of torpor the Indians realized that something vital had happened. But the tribe was too steeped in its own vice to act that night. Those who could respond at all were unable to follow up their belligerent inclinations. A score of Ugly Bear's friends stole back and under cover of night brought home the body of their idol.

By noon the following day, however, the spark of hatred had been fanned into revenge. It needed but the response of a message to a neighboring tribe and a pow-pow to bring the matter to actual blood and fire.

The Boss, while not a pleasant man, was a man of keen sense and good judgment. While he saw at once that the objectionable dogs had been the immediate cause of the conflict, he realized that it had been inevitable. The serious truth that lay before them was that the long-expected clash was at hand and that all the outlying homesteads must be warned without delay. The log house was the only building that could be used in case of a serious siege.

Two days passed, however, and nothing was seen or heard of the Indians, and those who knew little or nothing of their cunning ways could not be persuaded of the serious state of affairs.

The more populous portion of Elderbush Gulch had resumed its daily routine of life, with the exception that the settlers carried arms wherever

they went. Young Mr. Pease had done an especially rash thing that morning. Since his baby was the only one in the Gulch, one neighbor after another had begged to be allowed to keep it for the day. This request had been steadfastly refused, until old Mother Garnet had begged for the privilege, pleading for a retaste of the joys of her own infant memories. So Mr. Pease had taken baby over the hill to her cabin as he was on his way to the Community Clearing.

An hour later more than two hundred redskins descended upon the settlement without warning!

Fortunately, the Boss had taken precautions to have at least a score of men stationed about the outskirts, ready for just such an onslaught. These met the first assault and saved the settlement from immediate annihilation. Ten settlers were killed or wounded, however, and the outlying houses were set on fire. The Indians suffered heavily, which caused them to retire.

The women and children were herded like sheep in the direction of the log house. The men sought the shelter of every available tree and house, and all who could returned to their homes for extra supplies and arms.

By an unfortunate series of circumstances, the Pease family were submitted to grievous peril. The young husband had fallen, wounded, in the first assault. Fortunately, he had fallen in the deep grass and was not located by the band of scalpers that followed in the wake of the mounted warriors.

Mrs. Pease had heard the fatal war-whoop and fled in the direction of Mother Garnet's. She found the house already in flames. Now frantic, and with but the one thought of her precious baby, she ran thru the perilous, burning cabin, shrieking for her child and not content until she had explored every corner of the two smoke-filled rooms.

As she fled across the clearing and into the strip of woods that lay between her and the log house she was oblivious to the bullets that struck about her. Her one thought and word was, "My baby!"

There were no whoops the next time the foe appeared. In fact, their approach was so silent as to be an almost fatal surprise. They had stolen up close to the top of the neighboring hill and then descended rapidly, spreading out so as to surround the settlers. They rode like the wind, saving their ammunition until an effective shot could be made.

A score of settlers were soon laid upon the ground. To complete their plan of attack, they did not withdraw again, but took shelter behind any object that afforded. They were better protected than the outer cordon of defenders, and there was nothing left for the settlers to do but to retreat as best they could toward the log house.

The log house was now filled with a stern gathering of both men and women who realized that life was but a matter of small chance. A single glance at the horde of besiegers told them that it was but a matter of time. They were outnumbered twenty to one, and it needed but a single night and the exercise of the savages' cruel ingenuity to make an end of them. There was but a single chance to be saved, and the Indians would take care that this quarter was well guarded against communication. The army post lay eighteen miles as the crow flies.

"God knows, nobody can get thru that fiendish circle that now surrounds us!" the Boss said, between his teeth. "It would be a certain and useless sacrifice of life to try."

Mex stepped forward. "I kin do him." For a moment it looked as tho the Boss was going to knock him down, but when he looked him square in the eye and saw that he meant to try to save them and not his own life, he nodded curtly.

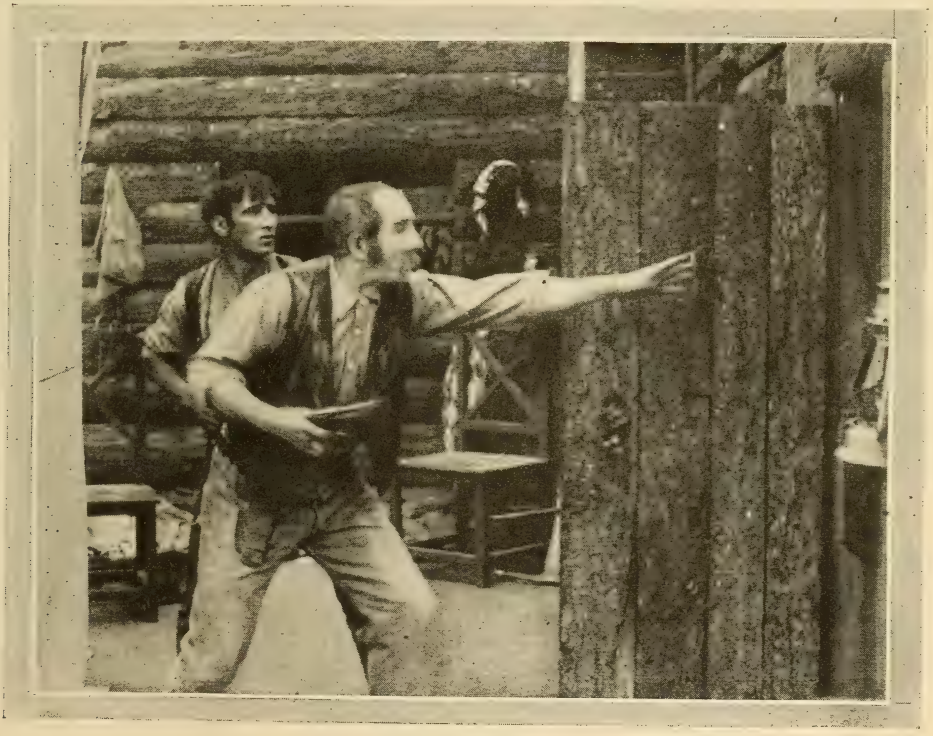
"Well do it, Mex, and if we're not both killed, I want to shake you by the hand after this is all over." He had never spoken a civil word before to the Mexican.

The man firing from a loophole by the Boss's side went down with a

bullet in his side and Mex was soon forgotten. Everything was forgotten in a mad effort to keep the fire hot enough to hold the Indians off from rushing upon the cabin.

Little Hattie, with that protective interest uppermost, had rushed back to her little charge, Millie, the moment she had been released from the rough clutches of the murderous Indian, and had soothed the frightened she was calm as she placed her three charges inside their little room. Her eyes were large and fraught with awed understanding as she saw death but a few feet away. But she held Millie close to her and gently rubbed the backs of the two trembling puppies. Death was near her children, she knew, and she was ready to make any sacrifice such as mothers make that would benefit her babies.

She listened to Mex as he said he



THE LAST STAND

child as best she could. At her heels had followed the two real culprits of the whole serious affair—Peter and Pudge—yelping with selfish violence. Without a second thought, Hattie had lifted them into the bed beside little Millie, and soon all four were huddled together, their thumping hearts beating in excited but happy unison.

Hattie could feel the brooding anxiety of those two days that followed, and kept close to her little family, never letting any one of them out of her sight. When the Indians appeared would ride to the army post and save them, and her face lighted. She simply took him to the little trapdoor and opened it.

When little Hattie peeped out again in the great smoke-filled room, she saw something that made her give a little moan of pain. For there in the corner she saw for the first time the face that she had last seen bending over a baby. She read the tragedy in that face instantly. It was the face of a mother who had lost something beyond recall.

In a moment she was by Mrs. Pease's side and had taken her hand and led her inside the little room. Her heart and soul and mind harbored but one thought that threatened to shatter them all: "My baby!" is all she moaned.

"Yes, I *know*," whispered Hattie, tenderly.

Then she realized that she had another charge, and in a manner that was soothing amidst the din, began to mother this baby's mother.

Thus the hours fled by and hope was oppressed amidst the smoke and the groans of the wounded. It was but a matter of time, they all knew that.

At a little patch of window, Hattie occasionally looked out. It seemed like a heavenly vision to her when she espied a patch of white in the arms of a settler who had been sorely wounded. In agony he seemed, yet he was crawling closer and closer. Suddenly she saw that it was Mother Garnet's son, and the patch of white was a baby—*the* baby, of course. The man's efforts tore her heart. She suffered with him, moaning softly at his futility. Then suddenly she saw him give a violent spasm, drop the child, and clutch at his breast. He had been wounded fatally!

Hattie returned to the room a little more sinister, yet more encouraging, as she gave her charges a gentle pat. She paused a moment before she raised the trapdoor. Then she slipped out into the death-ridden open.

She crawled as she had seen the man do—oh, it seemed miles! From the first she saw the tiny bundle of white. Once a wounded Indian tried to strike at her. At all times the bullets plowed little furrows in the earth all about her. At last she had the baby in her arms. Then all was sweetness; death with this warm little bundle of flesh close to her breast would have been sweetness. She could not remember how she returned to the cabin for the thought of it. Now she had reached the trapdoor; now she was inside! For a moment all was blackness. Then she noted with horror that all her charges were no longer there.

The rest would have been horrible without the thought that she was now a mother supreme—hugging a wee, helpless child to her breast. The great room was in terrible condition. The wounded were lying everywhere. She saw her charges huddling together, and they joined each other with silent awe. There was a great wood box in the corner; and when she heard them say that the Indians were about to break down the door, she and all of them got inside and closed down the lid.

She heard the whoops now nearer and soothed them all. The young mother was not there—she dared not think where, in the midst of this horror. But what she did not hear was the notes of a bugle sweetening the carnage with the promise of life.

When the soldiers burst into the log house most of its defenders collapsed from sheer exhaustion or wounds they never knew they had. Then they counted the cost of the conflict. The most pitiful of all was the meeting of young Mr. Pease and his half insane wife. As they languished in each other's arms the words clung to their lips for a long while, and then it was he who uttered them: "Our baby?"

As if in response there came a baby's cry from the corner of the room, and every one turned as if electrified. The lid of the wood box had been raised, and Hattie sat there blinking with a baby in her arms. On her right sat Millie, frowning at the light. On her left sat Peter and Pudge with their heads on one side and two tails swaying in the background.

The mother had sprung forward with a hungry cry of unspeakable joy.

"How did you know enough what to do?" asked the amazed father.

Hattie smiled an enigmatical smile that held the secrets of the Sphinx behind it. "I have a family of my own," she said; then, indicating Millie and the pups, "I am their mother, you know."

This story was written from the celebrated Novel

By ARTHUR TRAIN

FIFTY pairs of eyes from the tiers of seats in the clinical amphitheater were fixed on the operating-table below. Dr. Crisp, the brilliant and daring hospital surgeon, was performing an operation entirely new to the annals of surgical science.

There was a deft application of splints, a quick winding of surgeon's gauze around the tiny, furry limb, and the operator stepped back from the table.

"Gentlemen," he announced, with thinly concealed elation, "in two weeks we will know the results of this operation. Permit me to show you the results of two weeks ago."

An attendant entered, bearing two young cats—one a distinct tortoise-shell, the other a glossy black. But by some strange perversion of nature the right forefoot of each was marked with the fur of the other.

Dr. Crisp held back the fur on one

animal, and a bright red suture showed clearly to his audience.

"You see," he said, "the results of the operation: a clean suture and perfect articulation of the bones beneath. In a week this little kitten will be as playful as ever."

The fifty pairs of eyes held their fascinated gaze upon the speaker. The silence was broken by a muffled cough from a handsome, rather pale gentleman in fashionable street attire.

Dr. Crisp raised his hand impressively. His closing remarks were simple, but weighted with a great portent. "The problem, gentlemen, of amputating a limb from one creature and grafting onto the stump of another has been solved."

The spell was broken, and, in little groups of voluble students, the class dismissed itself. The gentleman in street attire came forward and touched the surgeon's shoulder.

"Why, how do you do, Mortmain?" asked Dr. Crisp, straightening up quickly.

"I'm scarcely thinking of myself," said the gentleman, shaking the surgeon's hand warmly. "What you have done today is more valuable than several of my lifetimes."

He turned on his heel as swiftly as he had come and left the room. In the spell of deep thought, the usually cool, imperturbable gentleman, with the gray eyes of a recluse and the austere face of a priest, was admitted to his house and passed quickly thru a drawing-room hung with rare etchings and paintings, to the study beyond.

Mortmain's roomy study was one of the city's treasures. No newly rich man could hope to rival it. The ancient Flemish tapestries framing a priceless stained-glass window; the exquisite, quiet Corots on the wall; the cabinet of peach-blow vases, were the lifelong selection of a master connoisseur. In one corner stood a baby grand piano, its delicately carved case the shrine before which ten thousand prayers had once breathed.

As their hoarder sank into a lounging-chair, his eyes did not sweep the priceless room. A deep sadness curtained them, and he sighed enviously.

"I, Mortmain," he said half-aloud, "the gentleman of leisure, tyro virtuoso and collector of costly things, do but possess, judge and enjoy man's handicraft. Crisp shapes man himself in God's image. What a world between the doer and the onlooker!"

His long, pliant hands fell to sorting the mail on his table until they came upon a plain, legal-sized envelope. Mortmain opened it and read:

> My Dear Mortmain: — Two of your notes that Mr. Russell holds are overdue, the third is due at the month's end. I have no reason to believe that he will demand payment at that time, yet, as your attorney and friend, I warn you that he has you completely in his power and can force you into bankruptcy.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> Ashley Flynt.

Mortmain laid down the note and slowly swept his eyes around his study, drinking in each treasure.

"Perhaps," he murmured, "my passion has become my vice, but I have every confidence in the generosity of——"

"Mr. Russell, Miss and Mr. Forsythe," announced his butler.

A tall, well-set-up gentleman entered, and as Mortmain shook hands with him, he could not help marveling at the sudden embodiment of his thoughts.

"Ah! Mortmain; my wards, Miss Forsythe and Mr. Forsythe."

The art collector took the tiny, gloved hand that the girl held out to him, and his glance traveled to the face beyond it.

"Is she not beautiful?"

Mr. Russell's smiling question caused Mortmain to drop her hand hurriedly. Perhaps he had stared at the girl too evidently, but she was beautiful, with the web-like brown hair and innocent, direct eyes of a Watteau shepherdess. The brother he appraised as the ordinary type of good-looking, somewhat sickly man-about-town.

Mortmain's eyes searched again for the girl's. There was a quiet

MORTMAIN TAKES BELLA FOR A RIDE

confidence in their quick play that comforted him.

"Come," he said, leading her toward the wall, "I want your opinion of a little Tadema I have just picked up."

"Oh!" she gasped, "you frighten me. I know nothing about paintings, but I would walk on all fours to hear you play."

"As you wish." And Mortmain bowed slightly and seated himself before the keyboard. Curiously enough, in keeping with the instrument, he played an old hymn that had come out of France with the Huguenots and years ago had tear-stained Puritan faces. For in its soul, to those that read it, were the mother-calls, the bliss, the suffering, the godliness of martyrs.

The last soft note trembled on the air, and Mortmain glanced up at his auditors. Tom Forsythe was affected,

and Mr. Russell was politely bored, but the girl's face was as beautifully expressive as the transcendant, upturned one in the Huguenot Lovers.

"I believe you're springing a hymn," laughed Russell, "or something of that sort, on us—'The Dying Monk's Curse.'"

He turned to go, and the girl's pale face colored suddenly. She leaned forward, and for a second time her eyes were held by those of the master musician. But in a moment she, too, wondering and soul-tossed, had gone.

"Tom, cant you tell me what troubles you?" Bella Forsythe, snuggled like a kitten on a window-seat in the Russell drawing-room, ran playful fingers thru her brother's hair. With his face in the shadow of the curtains, the young man's mouth twitched, but he did not answer. They were a curious study, this loving brother and sister—the one with direct eyes and primrose-tinted skin; the other sallow, a bit furtive; yet a remarkable family resemblance stamped them both.

At the sound of feet in the hall Tom got up and faced about. Russell entered and came toward them. Incisive, square-jawed, his face was expressive of purpose.

"Tom," he said, "would you mind waiting in the library? I have something to say to Bella."

The door had barely closed, when his face softened and he sat down beside her, taking her hand in his.

"Bella," he said, "please dont be shocked by my suddenness. In spite of your essential modesty you must have noticed my growing regard. I am in the prime of life and offer you my love. In a few years——"

"Dont go on—please, please!" she said, drawing herself away. "I want you always as my dear and respected guardian."

Her look, rather than the words, warned him. Russell arose stiffly, smiled as easily as possible under the circumstances and withdrew.

"Tom," he said, entering the library, "I have been informed of your debts. I advise you to give up your reckless friends. Remember, I make no further advances."

Fear, pain, hate showed plainly on the youth's expressive face. He clinched his hands impotently and stood in a pose of menace before his guardian.

The Russell house stood in large grounds, with a carriage-drive leading in from the street, and just as Tom advanced upon Russell the swift patter of horses' feet came up to them.

Tom sprang to the door and met Mortmain, crop in hand, in the hall.

"I've come on the chance," he explained, his eyes shining with anticipation, "that your sister rides. I've the horses with me."

Tom instantly forgot his troubles. "Does she ride?" he cried. "Why, she's a regular 'Polly of the Circus.'"

In the scant space of ten minutes the girl had accepted Mortmain's challenge, scurried into her habit and mounted the dancing, high-strung horse. They rode off.

"It's a cinch," said Tom, looking after his sister with fond eyes; "and I have a faint suspicion that they're starting something more important than a canter."

For once he was right. The meeting at Mortmain's house had produced an unusual case of swift and compelling attraction. The ride out together was only one of the million methods that love contrives.

Tom turned back to the library and found Russell waiting, a check in hand.

"Oh! by the way, Tom," he said, as if no interruption had occurred, "take this check for five hundred down to the bank and bring me the money tonight."

When the younger man, the tempted one, had gone, Russell drew aside the curtains and watched his progress down the drive.

"Irresolute in walk," he mused, "in thought and, let us hope, in deed."

Three hours winged by, the cabaret filled and emptied, and Tom still lingered with his friends over the

spilling, sparkling wine. They started with six at table, but, with sundry knowing winks, had gradually withdrawn, until only one remained with the unfortunate Tom.

The night was warm, the air thick, and Tom's head sank down in blissful slumber. He awoke, to find himself alone and the proprietor standing over him.

Then came the presentation of a shockingly large bill and the instant confusion of Tom. The proprietor stormed and threatened arrest. His guardian's check! Tom suddenly remembered that its proceeds lay in his inner pocket and, sitting up boldly, he took out the bills and proceeded to count out the nasty total of the wine-bill.

Then, with the waiter bowing himself graciously off, Tom's head sank between his hands in a brown, aching study. He had just become a thief! The betrayer of a trust! How could he ever face his guardian now?

"REMEMBER, TOM, I MAKE NO FURTHER ADVANCES"

But before the repentant and frightened young man could summon up his courage, two others—a pair of happy, radiant lovers—had returned from their ride and stood before the master of the house.

Their message shone from their eyes into those of the heart-sick guardian. They clamored in a happy chorus for his consent.

Russell fairly shivered with hate toward his debtor and, barely able to conceal his temper, cut in upon them.

"As her guardian," he said slowly, "she cannot marry without my consent, or else risk the loss of her fortune."

Mortmain's steely eyes met his, and he lowered them, a sneering smile twisting his mouth. Bella stepped between them, and the bitter words and, perhaps, punishing blows were checked—to fester into poisonous hate.

a mute appeal in his eyes that tore at her gentle heartstrings.

Russell bluntly told her all, the while he watched the play of anguish across her childlike features. Suddenly his words became tender—the seeming guardian of old—and he drew her to him.

The girl wrenched herself free, a shudder of repugnance thrilling thru her. Russell felt it, and the thwarted man turned to cruelty as his weapon.

"You do not believe it—there is the

HE WHEELED AROUND AND FACED THE LEERING CARICATURE

Mortmain bowed coldly to Russell, took Bella's hand, kist it devotedly and left the room.

At this moment the unhappy Tom took it upon himself to return. At a look from him Bella retired, and Tom, trembling like an aspen, with tear-choked voice, confessed his sin to his stern judge.

"Is that all?" The words bit deep into his ears. "Then go! I'll have no thief of a trust living on my bounty. Go at once, sir!"

Bella had heard the inexorable voice raised in anger and entered the room just as the crushed, guilty-faced Tom passed hurriedly by her. There was

phone—you know where to find him."

Tom, in a deserted corner of his club, was summoned to the phone, and the words that winged to him in a halting, clear, weak voice made him tremble like the doomed.

"Tell me," Bella faltered, "is there a price to pay? Shall I help you, brother?"

"Yes, yes!" he cried eagerly.

"There is only one price," she said slowly—"it's me." And the wire buzzed with emptiness.

Tom staggered to his feet, a look of dreadful resolve upon his drawn face.

Attorney Flynt hung up his phone

receiver and whistled with surprise. Russell's hoarsely raised voice was still stinging his ears—a voice that had demanded the immediate collection of Mortmain's overdue notes. "Collect at once or proceed for bankruptcy." There was no middle course.

He turned to his clerk, and the face that met his caused even his judicial soul to shiver. Cadaverous to a degree; peering, jaundiced eyes under bushy brows; pendulous mouth drawn downward, the man Flagge was a hideous living gargoyle.

Leaving brief instructions with his faithful clerk to follow, Flynt hurried to Mortmain's home. Mortmain read the evil tidings on his face, and as Flynt made a clean breast of his rigid instructions, the ruined man raised his clenched hands importunately to heaven.

"I believe I could kill him," he cried, the great veins standing out in his neck. "His pretended generosity was but a disguise of rank treachery."

As Mortmain's sick heart gave vent to its feelings, the creature Flagge entered the room. His swollen tongue licked his lips greedily, and his eyes shone mistily like danger signals in a fog.

He spread the records of the loans and the notes themselves on the table, and for long hours Flynt and his client discussed the impending disaster. The attorney urged bankruptcy, but Mortmain would not hear of it, his eyes pleading for a better way out.

Flynt arose, and his clerk gathered up the papers. "Only a stroke of fortune, such as the death of Russell and the loss of the notes, could save you." Flynt shook his client's lifeless hand and departed. The night wore on, and the ruined man did not move. Suddenly, as if guided by a strange fatality, he arose, slipped on his coat and hurried on foot to Russell's house. A light shone thru the curtain in the study window, and waving shadows flickered across it. Russell was evidently up late with a temperamental guest.

AMONG THE SHRUBS THE SOUND OF A SPADE RANG OUT

As Mortmain stared at the curtained window a hand brushed his shoulder, and he wheeled around to face the leering caricature from Flynt's office.

The fellow smelled to heaven with cheap whisky and lurched affectionately toward Mortmain.

"Tha'sh yer fren' Russell, a

bloomin' bad 'un. Gots'h notes. Made me a beggar in the stock mark't. Le's kill 'im together.''

Mortmain drew away from his confidential clutch and beckoned a passing policeman. Flagge, cursing and raving, was given into his charge, but, with Mortmain's back turned on his homeward journey, the creature calmed into sudden sanity, and the puzzled policeman released him.

Mortmain stopped on his stoop long enough to pick up an envelope. Once inside his library he opened it. There, neatly filed, were his set of notes to Gordon Russell!

Flynt's creature must have dropped them, he surmised, and his eyes turned greedily to the coals in the open fire of his fireplace. The attorney's words flashed thru his brain—something about a fire—and he started toward the fireplace.

The sudden clatter of the phone jarred him to a standstill. It was Bella's gasping voice: ''Mr. Russell was murdered in his study just a little while ago—and the police are after Tom. They say he was the last one seen——''

The voice shut off abruptly, and Mortmain dropped the receiver from nerveless fingers. Suddenly the room swam before his eyes, and he staggered, his hands clutching wildly at the air. His right hand caught upon the fangs of a bronze, verdigris-coated dragon, and together man and grinning image crashed to the floor.

For hours, it seemed, Mortmain lay in a deep swoon, the blood trickling from his wounded hand. Then the frightened household found him, and he was tenderly borne by gentle hands to a couch.

The thick, wheedling voice of Flagge came to him, and in a powerless stupor he saw the butler deliver his notes over to the attorney's clerk. With a cry, Mortmain broke the spell, but the creature had fled.

The hideous night spent itself, and when Mortmain sat up, refreshed, in the early morning, Dr. Crisp was already by his side. He smiled and

MORTMAIN REFUSES

shook Mortmain's uninjured hand, but his eyes were very serious. The wounded man's hand had swollen alarmingly, and Dr. Crisp gave him a whiff of anæsthetic while he carefully examined it. A knowing, half-pitying look shot across his face.

''Mortmain, I shall have to amputate your hand at the wrist within twelve hours.''

''No, no, no! Surely there is a

restorative treatment!" cried the afflicted man.

"There is one hope only—you remember my experiment with the kittens? I am going to try it on you."

"Why, it's against the law," shouted Mortmain, in hoarse defense —"the maiming of a human being."

TO DRINK THE TOAST

"If we can find a man," said Crisp, grimly, "who is desperate enough to sell his hand, I'll take the chance with the law."

The hour for the operation had arrived, and in the intervening twelve hours a rush of events had happened. Doctor Crisp had found his victim—an unfortunate who was willing to sacrifice his hand for ten thousand dollars. In separate cabs Mortmain and the unfortunate had been conveyed to the doctor's house. Only one thing had marred the journey—the mocking figure of Flagge had dogged Mortmain's cab, and once, at a stoppage, he had thrust his reptile's face into the cab window. Once, too, Mortmain had nearly fainted, and Crisp, seizing his arm, had pointed to the other cab and said: "In there is the man who is about to give you his hand. He takes it more courageously than you do."

The preparations for the operation went on apace, and the unfortunate man in the darkened anteroom bowed his head in anguished prayer.

"If thy right hand offend thee," he muttered between sobs—"cut it off!"

The agonized words were heard by Mortmain, and in desperate fury, as he lay strapped to the bed, he struggled against the stranger's sacrifice.

"Quick!" whispered Crisp to his assistant—"a dose of chloroform!"

With the saturated cotton pressed against his nostrils, Mortmain's struggles gradually ceased. The unconscious unfortunate was brought into the room on a stretcher. Only the body and the weak chin were covered with a sheet. The pallid, composed features of Tom Forsythe were disclosed.

At almost the precise moment of the hazardous operation, Bella tore open a note which read:

> We have not located your brother as yet. He was last seen in conversation with Doctor Crisp, the well-known surgeon. After which he was seen in a machine going toward Doctor Crisp's country seat in North Attleboro. Confirmation later.
>
> JOHN MERRILL,
> Merrill Detective Agency.

The girl, with strange forebodings, quickening her actions, instantly

resolved to follow the clew herself. In a scant minute she was seated in a taxi bound for Dr. Crisp's home.

The operation was over, and Mortmain lay composed, his right hand bandaged to the elbow, and the anæsthetic still holding him unconscious of pain or surroundings.

In an adjoining room Dr. Crisp, his face gone ghastly pale, worked feverishly to revive Tom Forsythe.

"No use!" the surgeon groaned; "he is dying."

Just as his assistant rushed in with a tank of oxygen, Dr. Crisp covered the lax face and turned away. The two surgeons looked intently at each other. The unfortunate was dead!

The doorbell vibrated like a shriek in Dr. Crisp's ears, and, in spite of an ingenious butler, Bella rushed into his presence.

"My brother Tom!" she cried. "Oh, tell me that he is here!" And she flashed his photograph before the surgeon.

His eyes drank in the horrible resemblance, and the sweat of the damned beaded his forehead.

"No, I dont recognize him," he said at last. "He is not a patient of mine."

As if in mockery of the lie a deep groan came from the adjoining room. Bella sprang to the door.

"Mr. Mortmain!" she cried, half-stunned with horror. "What is he doing here?"

"Silence!" demanded the surgeon. "You are risking his life. We have just operated on him to save his hand. He will recuperate here in the country."

Bella's eyes widened with the sudden news, and she shook with fright, but the stern, drawn face of

WITH A SCREAM OF
UPON HIM, BEAT

FURY, MORTMAIN WAS
ING HIM DOWN

the surgeon was her only appeal.

"My brother?" she pleaded, drawing close and trying to take his hand. "Are you sure you have not seen my poor Tom?"

Crisp shook his head—the words would not come—and she turned and slowly left, her eyes starry with new hope for those she loved.

It was along toward the hour of three, with a gleaming full moon marching overhead and the lawns about the house picked out in patches of soft light, when Mortmain opened his eyes, stared about him and glanced thru the open window.

Among the shrubs the sound of a spade rang out, and three men were hurriedly filling in a new-made grave. Mortmain distinctly made out the sinister figure of Crisp directing the butler and his assistant.

And coming toward his window, snaking back and forth in the shadows, surely he made out the crouched figure and moon-bathed face of the attorney's fiendish clerk.

With a cry of terror at these waking apparitions, Mortmain collapsed upon his bed, covering his telltale eyes.

Years afterward, it seemed, he awoke from a deep sleep, to find himself in his own bed, in his own home, with the buzz of low voices about him.

Mortmain closed his eyes again at the sight of Crisp and opened them when the voices had ceased. By his side lay a newspaper, and the staring headlines caught his eye:

THE MURDERER OF GORDON RUSSELL STILL AT LARGE

POLICE STILL SEARCHING FOR TOM FORSYTHE

Accompanying the article was an excellent reproduction of a photograph of the fugitive.

Mortmain groaned with mental suffering, and the horrid pictures of the past seethed thru his brain. Why had they never suspected him? he wondered. The creature Flagge possessed his notes and was hounding him everywhere. And, with an effort, Mortmain tried to brush the leering, fawning image from his brain.

The piano!—the very thing to soothe his anguished brain.

Mortmain seated himself and started to play a soft Chopin nocturne, but the keys jangled in a hideous discord.

He looked down. Was he going mad? The right hand was stiffened in claw-like supplication!

DR. CRISP AWAITS RESULTS

He opened his eyes again, set with resolve to be up and doing. Slowly his right hand appeared from under the bed-clothes, and he shrieked aloud. *It was not his hand!*

At the wrist-line a fresh suture showed mute evidence of the neatly performed operation. In a frenzy of crowding thoughts he arose to his feet and staggered across the room.

An hour afterward, he stood in the presence of Bella and took her tenderly into his arms. She made him sit down and, holding his hand close between hers, poured out from a breaking heart the story of her search for Tom.

Mortmain heard her thru and withdrew his hand to gently stroke hers.

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# Are Moving Pictures Greater than the Press

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg
A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

THE press is called, by Carlyle, the fourth estate of the realm. If that is true, the movie, with its pictures and action that penetrate more deeply than mere words, is the greatest estate of them all. Behold in the Motion Picture the whole huge earth sent to your very muscles and vital tissues by the rush and motion, light and shadow of almost a living force. Newspapers are full of meat and juice, to be sure; they teem with information. Howbeit, knowledge that comes only by the sight of the printed word, facts gleaned visually by second hand and only thru the quiet, resting eye, cannot be long retained by the person of average education.

Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things, the fate of fighting cocks or fighting kings, linger longer and more vivaciously in your thoughts, if gathered in by the muscles, by the pigment spots in your retina, than by the indirect sign-posts and symbols called words. The sentence, "Sheriff Jim Captures the Bad Man of Gulf Hollow," soon makes its exit from the verbal stage of your linguistic memory. A painting or photograph of the event will be retained even longer in your mental archives.

A Motion Picture, however, portraying that occurrence in its fullness of action will be so visualized upon the tablets of your intellect as to be confused with and thereafter often mistaken for an actual personal experience. It is possible, as a feat of memory, to retain, to recall, and to recognize the stirring events of a Motion Picture scene. It is possible that a mere photograph will be fogily recollected. Printed words more often are not recalled or accurately retained. They are frequently lost to memory, except as matters of recognition.

Experimental psychology, to put the matter simply, has discovered that memory is subdivided into three parts. Perfection of memory is very rare. When present, it includes the threefold power of retaining, or retention of the fact, the ability to recall a fact at will, and the capacity to recognize as familiar the repetition of the fact. When you read a periodical, book or newspaper, you may have at subsequent occasions only the last-named quality. That is to say, you will recognize the knowledge as not new, as having been seen or read before. Words spoken are thus readily recognized as having been heard before.

When a picture is shown to you, it leaves a deeper impression upon you. It will be retained and found to be familiar when seen again.

Actual experiences, dreams and Motion Pictures, on the other hand, cling more tenaciously to your fiber. These become part and parcel of your whole self. You can recall them as you would the pleasures and emotions of your most dramatic moments.

Of the Motion Picture it may be said, scientifically, physiologically and psychologically, that it tutors nature. Artificial strife lives in its touches livelier than life.

From the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to the sight;
Such startling figures from the movie flow,
As warm as life the blended shadows glow.

There can be no hesitation, if the experimental laboratories of psychology may be taken as a guide, in paying due meed of praise to the Motion Picture, not only as a mere disseminator of facts, information, knowledge and education—books, papers and pedagogues do as much—but as an Aladdin's lamp, for provoking originality, deep thought, invention and discovery.

Words, words, words are spoken in the schoolroom, printed in newspapers and books, on signboards and elsewhere. They wing their way into the eyes and ears and are buried forever, until accidentally resurrected by recognition or electrifying events. Words are the honeyed dew of physicians, soon digested away. Man soon eats his words. Children at school, youths at college, men and women in the world are given the bastinado with words. Their ears are cudgeled with them; their eyes are buffeted with them; they are belabored and bethumped with words, yet they are never stimulated to think, to reason, to reflect, to invent, to originate and create, or to discover.

Well-read people are not usually thinkers. They are, perchance, better informed, fuller of knowledge and superior to the unread, but they lack initiative.

A Koenigsberg or an Edison, with a dozen books in his library, leaves a greater heritage to the earth than a Southey with his library of eighteen thousand volumes. You may read and store up a legion of facts, but that is not intelligence or creative power.

The child at two years of age, who is guided, taught and led to observe, point out, find and note all the details in pictures and events around him, is decidedly superior in intellect to the "precocious" child so-called, who memorizes a song, reads letters and uses words, yet cannot choose the details in a picture.

Mr. F. R. Willard, a pedagogue of Springfield, Mass., undertook recently to find the precise influence of Motion Pictures upon the thoughts of a child. Plainly, there could be no doubt that the same story read in a schoolbook, and acted upon the screen, prodded the minds of the children differently. One was a cold, dead, mechanical, unfeeling series of words; the other, an animated, emotional, dramatic series of actions all but experienced by the little spectator.

Children from ten years to youths of eighteen—3,700 boys and girls—were used by Mr. Willard in his investigation. Twenty per cent. of these attend the movies more than once a week; all attend at least once in two to four weeks.

It is not at all amazing to note that these 3,700 children exhibited the judgment of values and of pictures superior to that of grown-ups. There is no doubt that persons above twenty and thirty use bad judgment about most things, if experimental psychology is worth anything. Their prejudices, faiths, religions and habits of thoughts are congealed, clotted and baked. It is impossible for any but children on the average to give a fair estimate of events and actions roundabout. Even children warped by domineering prejudices of their parents cannot be taken as infallible.

Children, according to this investigation by Professor Willard, are impatient with incoherent, silly, foolish, unreasonably sensational pictures—the judgment and good taste of children around twelve and fourteen years of age in the seventh and eighth grades; cowboy and Western actions were preferred by the first grades, and pictorial weeklies and educational plays by the seventh and eighth. Comedies remain consistently popular at all ages. In the high schools, most pupils prefer thrilling plays, excitement, and also Wild Western events. Plays and educational processes stand next, with travel and comedy both in third place. Tragedies, deaths and unpleasant things are least popular. Spectacular displays are also disliked.

There is another advantage in the

(*Continued on page* 161)

# "LITTLE BILLY"

by CLARKE IRVINE

To you who have witnessed the performances of Little Billy Jacobs on the white curtain, no introduction will be necessary. Suffice it to say that his real name is Paul Jacobs, and that his father is none other than Ford Sterling.

When I went to his house to interview him, I found that there was a whole family there. Billy has a little brother and lots of playmates. His mother and father were there, and they did most of the talking about dates and places, but what are they in an interview with so interesting a youth?

Unfortunately, when I visited Little Billy, he was enjoying a pleasant siege of chicken-pox, and he had not had a make-up on for several days, but he was willing to talk and play for me. I saw why he was so good an actor, for he is the most amiable little chap I ever met. Friendly and affectionate, he shook hands, and immediately offered me one of his pictures. I asked him to autograph it, and, sure enough, he scrawled a manly little signature across the face of the print and carefully wrapped it up. And I had it framed, and can see it right now; it's a good picture, too.

Billy has one bad habit, I'm sorry to say. He is a cone-fiend. If you would bribe Billy, buy him a cream cone, and he is yours forever. That put him in pictures—a common ice-cream cone. The story is like this: One summery afternoon, in the early part of 1913, Little Billy was playing in front of his house, which is next to the Keystone studio, in Los Angeles, and, at the same time, Pathé Lehrman was starting a street scene in front of the plant, when suddenly he found he needed a child. He searched the studio for one, but failed to locate the proper actor. Finally, in desperation, his eye lit on Billy's little figure, in overalls and jumper, playing in his

BILLY JACOBS ON A RUNAWAY MINIATURE ENGINE

front yard. Register on Pathé's brain the child-picture, and, ere a few minutes had passed, the youthful screener was starring. But Pathé did not get him with words. Billy had visions of ice-cream cones, and there was a wagon on the corner, so Pathé spent a nickel for a big, red cone, and from that day on Billy does not know what it is to want for one. He demands cones to make him work, and at first his only salary was twenty per week. Instantly, Billy became a popular beau in his neighborhood, for all he had to do was to tell Pathé that he wanted a quarter to buy cones, and he treated all his lady friends. One picture was made in which Billy used cones as weapons with which to win the heart of his fair lady-love. It was a good picture, too.

After many months of tedious toil for the directors of this little star, Billy began to understand the work and to enjoy it. But the first weeks it was no easy "graft" to get Billy to act. Lehrman even stood on his head to get a desired laugh out of the sober little man. Faces and funny gestures often fell flat, with no effect on Billy's laugh-nerves; but, when Pathé stood inverted, Billy roared—but Pathé laughed last, and best, in the projection-room, where he saw the kiddie's screen-smile, which he had so laboriously created. Soon people

began to watch for the Kid releases, and, ere a few months had flown, Billy's name was popular, and his pictures were in demand, not only with the kids, but with the grown-ups.

Another feature of the making of Billy was the wanton waste of film on the child-actor. Real, good celluloid was wasted on him, for he would insist that the camera man grind the machine while he rehearsed, and

more footage was lost on him in this way than is thrown away by a regular company in a year.

Last Christmas, Carl Laemmle presented Billy with a huge hobby-horse, and, after I made his acquaintance, he showed the big toy to me, and he proceeded to do some stunts on the animal. Billy likes to play "dead," and he can do it to perfection.

"Billy, show the man how the Injuns shoot you," requested his mother, and no sooner had she said it than Billy began riding furiously, apparently across deserts and thru mountains, and at a certain time, when he was evidently making good his escape, he "whizzed" breathlessly, and fell off the rocking-horse to the floor, striking his head against the wall. He brushed his hand nervously over the rapidly rising bump, as if it were a bullet-wound, and lay over, quivering with pain. Death came, and then stillness on the cool night air of the canyon, where he lay "dead." It took ten minutes to bring him out; so good was his demonstration that he fooled us properly.

I asked him: "How old are you, Billy?"

"My name's not Billy! That's only my pitcher name, an' they call me Little Billy; but, really, I'm Paul Jacobs, an' I'm four years old." He tells you that he has a screen name, stoutly sticking to his real name.

"What do you like to do best?" I asked him, as he curried his pony, and he replied that he liked to play.

"But dont you like to work in pictures?"

"I dont work in pitchers; I play in them all the time," he said, and he meant it, too. Work is play with him, and the more there is to do, the more

he likes it. All his director has to do is to go thru the action, and Billy cleverly copies him to the smallest detail. It's mere fun for him, and that is the secret of his success.

"What do you play in the films?" I again asked him, and he said: "Oh, I am everything—mostly in love—or the baby boy"; then he lapsed off into another trend of thought, and wistfully asked me: "Did you see my new racing-car?"

"No."

Then he trundled up the steps a bright scarlet toy-automobile with pedals, and ran it up before me for inspection, saying: "This car can beat Barney Oldfield—do yuh wanna see her go?"

Money is no consideration with Billy, for he never gets his salary, except for the goodies that are bestowed upon him by his directors. The financial part of Billy's business is managed by his father, who is putting it away for Billy when he grows up. And his salary is to be envied, too!

If you remember, some of Billy's best pictures for the Sterling Company were: "Papa's Boy," "Billy's Vacation," "It's a Boy," and many other Kid stories. The scenarios were written especially for him, and he even told one story about himself, which was immediately picturized, and it made a good release. The director who made so much of Billy in the last few months was Robert Thornby, who directed the Sterling Kid Company. Billy is now working in Mutual Movies, and is making quite a hit with a bunch of kiddies, supporting and co-starring. Billy has a leading lady, and she has been with him for some time. She is Little Olive Johnson, now also working at the Mutual, and they are a great team.

To describe Billy's screen personality, and his temperament, is quite a task; besides, every one who knows him on the screen is already fully aware of his ability, personality and lovableness, so this story is just a poor attempt to tell about Little Billy. If you come to Los Angeles and want to make his acquaintance, he is always glad to receive visitors and to show them his toys, and he will treat you to an ice-cream cone.

ANOTHER FAMOUS CHILD-PLAYER, BOBBY CONNELLY, OF THE VITAGRAPH, IN "THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION"

# A New Invasion of Filmdom

By ROBERT GRAU

FEW there are who grasp the significance of recent developments in the field of the so-called silent drama. Least of all is it comprehended that the invasion into filmdom of the world's greatest players, to which is now added a stampede of famous singers to bestow of their artistry for the screen, means the very last resort of the producers, before that day so nearly at hand when the lure of the famous name will have been wholly exhausted; when the infant art, slowly but surely marching on to its final goal, will attract men and women of great thought to the film studio, bent upon conquest in what is already conceded to be the greatest boon in the world's history of public entertaining.

GERALDINE FARRAR

Now that Geraldine Farrar has capitulated, so that millions may see her who could not afford to hear her sing, one may expect that some intrepid film magnate will lure the very best of the idolized celebrities of grand opera; for has not Madame Farrar insisted that genius and fame must be converted into cash, must be bought and paid for during the few "fat" years wherein a public may see her as she is, not as she was? The diva has not pretended that she was "tempted" in the interest of posterity. She does not hesitate to proclaim that the greater inducement was the opportunity to add immeasurably to her already large following; that the millions who will see her act, on the screen, the rôles that made her famous in opera will later be attracted to the box-office in a desire to hear her sing. In fact, the diva regards her advent into filmdom as a wholly constructive procedure, adding to her annual income a revenue as great, if not greater than has been hers thru the influence of the Motion Picture's sister gift of science and invention, namely, the phonograph, which has already enriched Miss Farrar almost as much as have her appearances in our opera-houses.

In selecting Geraldine Farrar for this purpose, Mr. Lasky revealed himself as an expert *entrepreneur*. A week before this extraordinary engagement was announced in the public press, there were rumors of negotiations, but no one would regard such seriously. As a matter of fact, the diva had been considering the move for months. It is an amazing illustration of the changed conditions in the amusement field that there was no protest on the part of the impresarios who pay the diva two thousand dollars a night. Were it a vaudeville appearance that was contemplated, Signor Gatti Casazza would have issued an ultimatum instanter. It is known that Miss Farrar has refused an honorarium of five thousand dollars a week to sing two songs twice daily in the vaudeville theaters, even declining to receive the emissary of the big interests who control modern vaudeville.

David Belasco's influence was a material factor in the diva's final decision. Between the two there has long existed a warm friendship—in fact, ever since Miss Farrar scored her greatest triumph in an opera taken from the Belasco production, "Madam Butterfly"; tho, strangely enough, the Lasky Company had already adapted the Belasco play to the screen before the famous singer was induced to accept an honorarium said to be by far the largest ever paid to any stage celebrity to date.

But there are those who insist that the greater inducement was the diva's belief that she may now reveal herself to all mankind not alone as America's greatest singer. Instead, Miss Farrar hopes to utilize the magic screen in an effort to prove that she is also a great actress. Here we have the true significance of Geraldine Farrar's capitulation to the camera man. There are other singers quite as famous who could have been persuaded to add their portrayals to the already notable list in the historian's possession, but so far Madame Cavalieri's "Manon Lescaut" is alone worthy of inclusion in the operatic blue list of screen achievement.

After Geraldine Farrar, who?

This is the query that one may now hear at almost every turn wherever screen folk congregate. Now that the diva has established a precedent, it will not be so difficult to persuade her artistic colleagues to emulate her; but there are not many such artists who could without their singing voices add luster to their fame thru sheer artistry. No one can doubt that Mr. Lasky was prompted most of all by a knowledge that in Geraldine Farrar he secured far more than a great name; in fact, he knew that in all the world he could not have chosen more wisely.

Yet there still remains a virgin field for the film producer—a field, too, that he would not have been emboldened to venture into had not the Queen of Song, "The Carmen of Carmens," paved the way.

Whether Grand Opera artists will both sing and act in silent drama, or act alone, is a question for the future and the further exploitation of phonetic pictures to decide.

Therefore it is not surprising that the air is full of rumors; but these rumors are now accepted with less skepticism than before, because in filmdom nothing is now regarded as impossible. Again and again the rumor of yesterday has become the actuality of today; hence, when it is suggested that the great Caruso is to portray his greatest rôle for the screen, people simply applaud and say, Why not? And we may not have to wait long before the greatest living tenor achieves added renown in the drama of silence, in Leoncavallo's masterpiece, "Pagliacci."

Why not Mary Garden in "Salome"? some one asks. Why not, indeed? There has been only one reason why "Our Mary" has not already harkened to the siren call of the film magnate, and that is Miss Garden's devotion to the Allies' cause in the great strife over the seas; but the writer is able to state with authority that one of the foremost impresarios of this country is now on the ocean, bent upon camping on the diva's trail in the interest of a mighty film concern. It will be recalled that Miss Garden once predicted her advent in picturedom, and this is now almost a certainty, tho perhaps not until the war of wars is ended.

But there is one worldwide figure in the realm of art who has seemingly been overlooked; one who could bring to the screen a new dignity and whose advent thereon would not be handicapped by any of the limitations of the infant art.

Why not the one and only Pavlowa?

Where in all the world may we find another such as the Queen of Terpsichore? Here we have an artiste whose gifts have been revealed only to the privileged few, but who, like Madame Farrar, should utilize the heaven-born gifts that are hers for the benefit of all of the people, not merely for those who can pay fabulous prices.

# The Extra Girls of the Essanay Company —Girls, Girls, Girls!

By RHEA IRENE KIMBALL

GIRLS, girls, girls—just heaps of the girliest girls you ever saw! I approached the big Essanay plant, in Chicago, on a mission—to me, at least—as hazardous and full of pitfalls as a European battlefield, for I knew of the reputed cleverness of the "picture girls," and I trembled. I mentally polished my puns, drew a deep breath, and plunged in. While I waited in Mr. Babille's office, he endeavored to round them up, and I heard excited whisperings—purely feminine—on the other side of the partition: "What shall we say?" "What do you do when you are interviewed?" "Oh, Peggy, please stay by me, in case I am asked any questions"—and Peggy did.

Tall girls, small girls, blue eyes and brown, feminine from curls to dainty toes—it seemed to be raining girls. There were Madge, Agnes, Marie and Evelyn, flushed and breathless—for they had left an absorbing game of football in the spacious rear garden.

"Mostly feet and torn skirts," said the effervescent Peggy; "we cant keep a whole skirt to our 'backs' and play kick-ball."

Sedate little Billie Forrest, a late magazine tucked under her arm, and blasé Gloria at her heels. Then came the Herald Girl, Joan, the stately; Genevieve, Eva, Virginia, and several more—I've forgotten the names of so many! They are all lovely—as lovely and dear as the pictures make them.

It is hard to associate the business side of life with such bits of femininity, but, to my inevitable question: "How did you happen to go into 'movies'?" the unanimous answer was: "Necessity"—as Peggy said: "Foolish question number 999.

AGNES HENKEL

Now, Marie," she prompted, "tell your sad, sad story," and to me she explained: "Marie is the only one of us who had a hard time 'getting in,' and to look at her angel-face, you'd think the managers would be falling all over themselves to get her."

" 'Deed, I did have a hard time," the little beauty said; "I was ten long months trying even to get inside, and not once in all that time did I get beyond the office waiting-room. It's a good thing I didn't have a 'sick child and seven small husbands' dependent on me, isn't it?" A keen sense of humor is not their least noticeable attraction.

Peggy had been thinking hard for something to talk about ("she isn't usually so troubled," Virginia informed me), when she suddenly turned Agnes' profile to me and said triumphantly: "There—look at that! Isn't that something wonderful? Agnes' profile and Ben Turpin's neck are Essanay's most-prized possessions."

With the ice so beautifully broken, we settled down for a jolly afternoon. The girls showed me over the plant, and we saw directors hard at work, and assistant directors harder at work, and everywhere were girls! After the tour of inspection—of the studio proper—was completed, I had a peep at their dressing-rooms. Such dainty, sweet little nests you never saw. Billie's is a veritable rosebud, and the others as lovely—all hung in pretty chintz—each corner bespeaking the personality of its owner.

"Gloria," Madge informed me, "has the most wonderful disposition, for Billie and Peggy tease her all the time."

"Wonderful digestion, you mean," retorted Billie; "she'll even eat my Welsh rarebit."

In their leisure time, the girls crochet and sew, when the weather is too severe for outdoor exercise, and Billie says, if she has any spare time, she has to run home and wash dishes or make the bed, for, whisper it gently, pretty little Billie Forrest and the Essanay "vilyun" were married just six months ago.

"Bryant came home to lunch one day last week," she confided to me, "with the marks of 'drugstore' red lips on his cheek. I thought of leaving him, but there is the duckiest diamond ring in a store downtown, and I want it, so I decided to wait a

ALICE MCCHESSEY

while. It is just as well I did, for he found the ring himself, later on, and come to find out the lips were Miss Bayne's, and she had kissed him —in a scene—so it is all right now."

With the safe banishment of this cloud from the horizon of domestic felicity, we went to inspect the skating-rink Mr. Travers had so kindly built for them. Off we started, when *plop* went Peggy, and *ploppety-plop* came the others after her. "'Snuff," she gurgled, and, when we had righted her and the rest of the "backsliders," we all trooped to her dressing-room, where, from a cunning little cupboard built near the big window, she extracted "the makings" for a regular boarding-school feast.

They are like a big crowd of boarding-school girls—these lovely, ambitious darlings. No jealousy, no faultfinding—just love and harmony.

Speaking of harmony, they had a "Harmony Club"—once—"but," sighed Gloria, "when they heard me sing, harmony flew out of the window, and nearly every one else as well, so the pursuit of the muse was dropped."

"P'ease tan I tum on ne inside?" piped a baby voice, and we all rushed to open the door. Such a tiny mite she was, this wee-bit of a kiddy—Baby Margaret Paul—dressed as "Buster" for one of the directors. She spied a box of candy in Marie's lap, and, with a sidling, and glances from eyes a society bud might envy, this small diplomat whispered to Marie:

"I ist loves you, Miss M'rie."

Her mother came in search of her just then, and the candy had to be surreptitiously tucked into the tiny "pottets" by the adoring girls, for this was the youngest "extra girl" (aged three), and, as such, was entitled to their homage.

They showed me their pictures, their press notices, all things nearest and dearest their hearts—revealing depths hitherto undreamed of, in a picture-actress' character. They take their work very seriously, and are supremely happy to be working all of the time. They are never satisfied with the results of their efforts on the screen—there is always something that could have been done a great deal better, and many things it were better to have left undone. They are their own severest critics.

And their greatest ambition? It

MADGE KEARNS

MARIE MAC DONALD

takes no first-class prophet to tell that without asking them. It is to gain a place in the Essanay "stock," to play parts that carry an appeal and that are a material part of the play.

"When I'm a lady's maid," said Madge, "and bring in a pitcher of ice-water, I know my 'bit' isn't going to make the picture. But I try so hard to do it well that if I can succeed in making the cast look thirsty, it's a hit."

EVA CAMPBELL

There is a winsomeness, a truly appealing quality about them, that makes them very lovable, and, best of all, their innate refinement manifests itself in every action, every little word. They are perfect hostesses, these "extra girls"; they made me enjoy every minute of my visit with them. At work, at play, they are just girls, bubbling over with innocent fun and the joy of living, finding something to be pleased about in all that happens along, and always the good in everything. Dont think their work easy: many are called, but few are chosen. From my heart I wish them luck, success—but most of all, I wish them everlasting happiness.

# A Tonic

By ELIZABETH PINSON

A "good old sport" I used to be,
E'en up to recent years;
Wine, woman, song—I loved all three,
And all doors opened unto me,
So great my popularity—
Girls liked me then, the dears.

But now "age creepeth on apace,"
All furrowed is my brow;
The hand of time has left its trace;
I'm called a "has-been" to my face;
With youth nor maid I have no place,
Nor do they seek me now.

Yet, coldness or rebuffs despite,
I'm happy as the day;
My brain is clear, my heart is light,
Thru that which makes the whole world bright—
The *tonic* which I take at night—
The Motion Picture play.

# The Coronation

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

CHARACTERS:

THE JUDGE.
DRAMA,
LITERATURE,
SCIENCE,
ART,
} Four graybeards.

MOTION PICTURES, a maiden.

SCENE: Olympus.

THE JUDGE:

Well do ye know why I have called ye here—
'Tis to bestow the Crown ye all hold dear;
Who of ye does the most for Those of Earth,
To him I shall award the Crown of Worth.
Come, plead your various causes.

DRAMA (haughtily):

Hear me, then:
I claim that I have done the most for men,
For in the hearts and minds of those who came
To hark unto me, I have fanned the flame
Of their desire for Knowledge.

LITERATURE:

That thou hast done.
But that desire—where was it begun?
Did I not start the fire? And, day by day,
Do I not feed it fuel?

SCIENCE:

Not so, I say.
'Twas I who really taught men how to think,
And drew them back from Superstition's brink;
'Twas I who freed their minds from foolish cant,
And showed them Truth. My claim ye all must grant.

ART:

Think ye that Man's composed only of Mind?
He has a Soul: I taught his Soul to find
Beauty in all things—taught his Soul to see
The joy of Art. The Crown belongs to me.

THE JUDGE:

What has been said is good, and great part true;

(To MOTION PICTURES)

Now, maiden, let us hear a word from you.

MOTION PICTURES:

My years are few, yet 'midst ye all I take
My stand, and dare the greatest claim to make.
Much wisdom lies in what ye all have said,
And yet your teachings ne'er were so widespread
Among the people as today they be—
*Your works have reached the people now thru me!*
Drama, have I not shown thee on my screen
To countless thousands more than e'er have seen
Thee until now? And Literature, also,
Thy highest, mightiest thoughts I've tried to show
To all the world. And Science, what of thee?
I claim thou owest a great debt to me:
Thy truths by me have been proclaimed to all,
Without thy usual dryness to appall
The human mind. And as for thee, dear Art,
I've made thee of the people's life a part—
I've taught the very humble to perceive
Thy Spirit.

One word more before I leave:
With all your Truths—now, mark ye this, O Friends—
My own Originality e'er blends.

THE JUDGE:

Enough, enough! Thine is the Crown of Worth,
O powerful agent of great good on earth!
In thee our highest Ideal we may find—
Interpreter of Knowledge to mankind!

(THE JUDGE crowns MOTION PICTURES)

ART, LITERATURE, DRAMA and SCIENCE regard her with a new respect.

## Best of All

By AUGUSTA BELDING FLEMING

All day long my tiny youngster
Had been noisy at his play;
Oft, for mischief, I had chided
In a mother's gentle way.

Scattered was a host of playthings,
Nothing seemed to satisfy;
"Why are you so restless, darling?
Stop and tell your mother why."

Puzzled frown came on his forehead,
Thoughtful gleam his blue eyes showed,
And he sighed as tho there lifted
From his soul a heavy load.

"Will you promise me, dear muvver,
That you'll do just what I say?
Then I'll tell you what I'm wanting,
And have wanted all the day."

Much amused, I answered: "Dearest,
I will do it if I can."
Quickly to my arms awaiting
He with sweet impatience ran.

'Round my neck his rosy fingers
Clasped me in a warm embrace,
And, with fervent baby kisses,
He caressed his "muvver's" face.

Then I listened as he told me,
In his lisping accents low:
"I want you to take me, muvver,
To the Moving Picture Show."

# Just Like You!

## How New Zealand Walks and Talks, and How It's Mad on Movies

By PAUL H. SIMPSON, Christchurch, New Zealand

FRIENDS, the man who said New Zealand was a small island doing export trade in cocoanuts and cannibals told a fib. New Zealand hasn't grown a cocoanut yet, and as for the cannibal part of the legend —well, we're full-clad, we live in houses, and we speak English.

We are just like you are. We have a city or two here, with colleges, libraries, automobiles, policemen, and other things that'll knock you down if you dont watch out. We've members of parliament, prisons, asylums, unemployed, and some of the other blessings of civilization. Just like you in New York or Chicago, our men wear pug-toed shoes and take pains to have their trousers creased. Our women love looking-glasses and are not averse to a little face-cream. They meet at soda-fountains and drink cool things thru straws while they talk about somebody. They will visit every drapery sale in the city in an afternoon and buy nothing, just like you in New York or Chicago. So we are civilized—and *we are mad on movies.*

Are we mutual friends?

ENTRANCE TO "EVERYBODY'S," CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

We are mad on movies, which means that the movies have got us into the habit of going to see them often. And we dont miss much. We here saw Mary Pickford fry a flounder and kick a man and his hat out of the door in "Tess of the Storm Country." We saw her stick her gum on the piano (or vice versa) and buzz round on a music-stool in "Caprice." We saw Grace Cunard stand on one leg last thing of all in "Lucille Love." We've seen Mr. Bunny in a thousand moods, and Mr. Bunny gets us laughing.

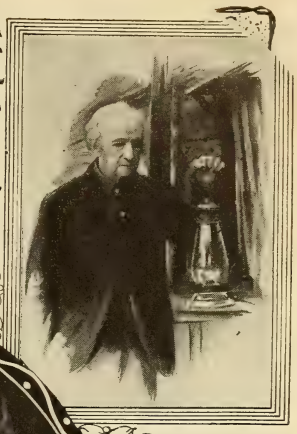
The Motion Picture business has got a grip on New Zealand. In some of our cities theaters are thicker than hoboes at a free show, please understand. Christchurch is keen, but is not in the lead. Christchurch has a population of 82,000 souls, and we (the souls) have five picture shows. Of them, four give continuous sessions daily—The Globe, The Queen's, The Grand and Everybody's. Everybody's has just opened, and is what the French would call *de luxe*. It occupies a valuable site in the center of the city. His Majesty's gives evening entertainments only, but all houses are well patronized. There's room for more, and they'll come. As it is, it is no uncommon sight to see crowds waiting to get into the continuous houses—and somebody must be making good cigar money!

So the same John Bunny, the same Earle Williams, the same J. Warren Kerrigan that act for you act for us. We know them all, but I dont suppose they'll be very wild about that. Yes, there's a boom on now in the movie business here.

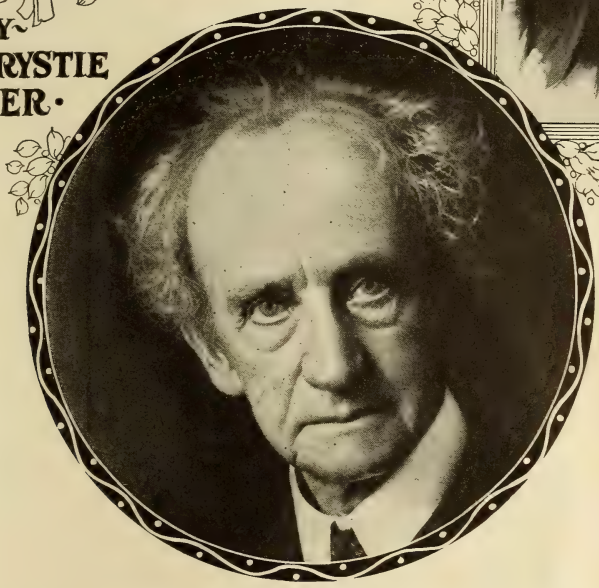
And you'll let up on the cocoanut and cannibal theory, wont you?

UNA MAXWELL, A PROMINENT AUSTRALIAN PHOTOPLAYER

# WHY DO PEOPLE LOVE ME?



~BY~
W. CHRYSTIE MILLER



I AM looking back over my long life—back to my beginnings as an actor who has had the good fortune to win the affection of millions. And because I have reached that point at which nothing remains of the little vanities we stage-folk assume, I have been asking myself, in all sincerity, why people love me. The answer would serve to teach me humility, if pride had not long ago dropped away from me; and in reviewing my career, at the request of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I shall try to show why I believe that these millions of unknown friends have given their love, not to me, indeed, but to the ideal I represent in their minds.

They call me "The Grand Old Man of the Movies," these dear people who write me affectionate letters from all quarters of the globe; and many of them are good enough to remember me as I was in the days before I came to the Biograph—from the time when I first played Benvolio with Edwin Booth, down to my last stage appearance as Heinrich in Molnar's "The Devil."

Naturally, there are certain parts which any actor feels sure that he can play, while of others he may be uncertain. As a boy, I saw Edwin Forrest's incomparable production of Richelieu, and the part of François, the page, appealed to me so strongly that I vowed then and there to play it some day. My ambition was realized, and I had the honor of playing François to Forrest's Richelieu for a long season. Similarly, the part of Benvolio, in "Romeo and Juliet," always attracted me; I played it many times with Booth—the last occasion being the centenary of Shakespeare's birthday, when Booth, who was playing at Niblo's Garden in New York, came over to the Winter Garden, opposite Bond Street, and gave his unparalleled performance of Romeo.

But it is by my work in Biograph pictures that the present generation

knows me, and perhaps the story of how I came into the pictures will be interesting. I had gone out, in 1907, with a road production of a George Ade comedy, booked for forty weeks. Reports from the Northwest indicated a bad theatrical season, and at the end of four weeks the company was recalled. I heard that a man named Griffith, whom I knew, had gone into the pictures and made a success. I went down to the Biograph offices on Fourteenth Street and sent in my name. I waited four hours; then the inner door opened and a gentleman appeared whom, to my consternation, I found I did not know. It was D. W. Griffith—not the Griffith I had expected to see. But, before I could stammer an explanation, he greeted me kindly and led me into the studio, where, to my surprise, I found fully thirty Broadway actors I knew, all waiting to go on in a picture. I afterward learnt that many of them had been working with the Biograph for months, but had kept it secret—both because, in those days, it was considered a bit *infra dig.* to act in the pictures, and because they had a good thing which they wanted to keep to themselves.

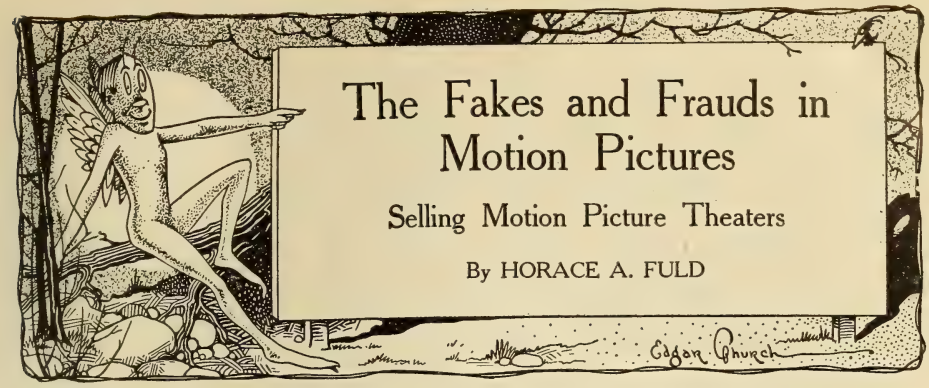
I was at once rehearsed in a scene, my first appearance in any picture being as a sower in the wheatfields. To my surprise and delight, I found that my work on the stage was well known to the Biograph people, and I was at once enrolled as a member of the stock company, to play rôles suggested by my stage successes. From that day to this I have never been cast for a part which did not suit me, and, as a result, I quickly became a popular favorite, for the reason, as I have said, that people everywhere saw in me the realization of an ideal.

I have often been asked what is my favorite among all the parts I have played. I think it is that of the old schoolmaster in "Examination Day," altho I also remember fondly my rôle of the tragedian in "The Old Actor," with Mary Pickford. Another part I enjoyed hugely was that of old Jed, the father, in "A Timely Interception." I saw this picture just the other day; and, when the scene appeared in which I nail up the "For Sale" sign on the old homestead, it seemed to me that it was but yesterday I had played the part. I had a delightful part, too, in "The Little Tease," with Lillian Gish—but if I start to enumerate them I shall never get done.

One more reminiscence, however, may be interesting. When Griffith was directing "Judith of Bethulia," I saw that this was going to be by far the greatest picture he had ever made, and I regretted that I had not been cast in it. At least I'll mingle with the crowd, I thought, and, with that idea, I made up as a native of Bethulia. When Griffith saw me he ran forward, clapped me on the back, exclaimed "Good boy, Chrystie!" and forthwith devised a scene for me.

My ambition? It is to play, in pictures, the rôle of Louis XI. That, I believe, would be a wonderful part for me—and it would make a great picture, too. "Man proposes—God disposes." Some day—who can tell?

Looking back over my years of work in the pictures, I feel a great sense of satisfaction. Not only have I helped, in my small way, to create a new form of entertainment, but I have become known to millions of persons who would never have heard my name had I continued on the stage. It is something to have given these millions pleasure—to have realized for them great, human emotions common to all; and it is much to have gained, in return, out of all comparison with what I have given, their never-ceasing tribute of esteem.



# The Fakes and Frauds in Motion Pictures

## Selling Motion Picture Theaters

By HORACE A. FULD

You want to own your own business? Quite so. For years you have been working for a boss, and you are thoroly alive to the fact that the boss makes more than you do. Let us suppose that you have worked your way up in some big corporation and have saved two thousand dollars. "At last," you say, rather proudly, "I am going to go in for myself." And then you start looking about for the right thing to go into.

Now, you have no particular preference for any business, altho you have probably heard how much some people are making in the picture business, and, moreover, you feel that you know a great deal about it. You have been going to the movies for the last seven years, and know a good many of the big stars when you see them on the screen, and, besides, you have seen the owner of the show you attend, standing out in front, greeting his patrons with a pleasant smile, with no apparent care on earth. It looks good to you, not to say easy. So you pick up any paper printed in a big city, and turn to the "Business Opportunities" column, and here you find several different brokers advertising picture houses for rent, for sale, or for partnership investment—some of them to be given away for almost nothing! Here are two samples:

MOVING PICTURE theaters, 300, 400 to 1,500 seats, with airdomes; profits $40 to $100 weekly; investment $700 up; partnerships, rentals. Reliable Business Exchange, 697 Forty-second Street.

MOVING PICTURE theater; new district, money maker. Owner must go to Europe account enlistment. Can be had with small deposit by live party. Ginger & Jones, 46 Union Place.

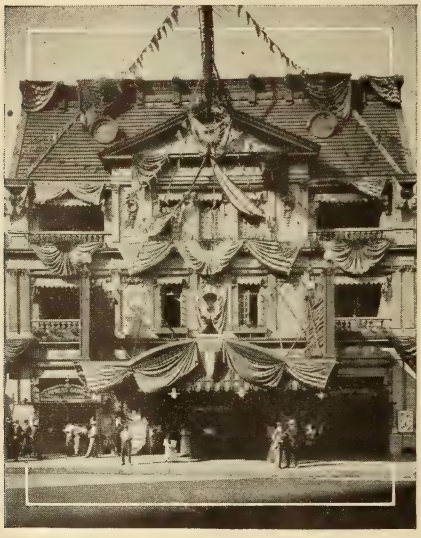
These are but two of a thousand specimens that you may find in metropolitan papers that care to carry these kinds of advertisements. The mining stock broker of some fifteen years or more ago is dead; but he has a very worthy successor in the "business" broker of today, who specializes in selling Motion Picture theaters on a commission basis. Do you suppose for a minute that any sane person is going to sell a picture house—or any other business, for that matter—that is making from thirty to eighty dollars a week net, for a mere song? Well, hardly. That "going to Europe" excuse is being overworked. If the owner of the theater sees you are interested, he uses that as a reason for trying to hurry you up. "My passage is engaged for this Saturday. My country needs me on the firing-line. I must go at once, and will sell cheap to the man who will buy me out." The chances are that his house is not paying, and this is the reason he wants to get rid of a losing business. If the house were paying he would sell it to some one he knew, and there would be plenty of people in the neighborhood who would be glad to make such an investment.

Let's follow our friend with the $2,000. He answers Ginger & Jones' ad because it promises the most. He knocks on the door, walks into the small office and, addressing the first person he sees, is surprised to find himself talking with Mr. Ginger himself.

He states his conviction that he ought to get into the picture game, while Mr. Ginger is sizing him up. Invariably, Mr. Ginger's first question

is, "How much money have you got to invest?" You see, Mr. Ginger has every-priced houses, from $100 up to $5,000, and he wants to be accommodating enough to take away our friend's last cent.

Mr. Ginger, having heard the amount, fairly leaps out of his chair. He argues, "I have the very thing for you. Just placed on the market, too. The owner has made so much money out of it that he is going to retire. Says he wants to give somebody else a chance to make money. Says he doesn't want to corner all the



currency himself, and only wants to find some decent, deserving chap—like yourself—and he would be willing to let it go. It's a real gold-mine. Four hundred and fifty seats. Lease twenty-four hundred with three years to run. Expenses seventy-five a week. Takes in no less than one hundred dollars on Saturdays alone. Figure it out yourself. I'd grab it, but I cant leave this business. All it needs is some sensible young chap—like yourself—to run the thing and make a mint of money. Why, the present owner doesn't know anything about running a picture-house; yet, he's piling up the money so fast he is sick of it. He's asking three thousand dollars, but I think I can get it for *you* for two thousand. Of course I wouldn't do this for everybody, you know; but I took a liking to you the moment you rapped on the door. It showed me you are polite—not forward like most business men. And—I forgot to tell you—there are two stores in the building—one occupied by a candy shop, the other by a tailor. That brings the rent down sixty a month. One thousand dollars is up as security on the lease. Can you beat it? Make an appointment with me, and I'll take you around to see the property."

Of course brokers differ in their methods of salesmanship and aims. He might give you the "partnership talk," and tell you: "The two partners dont agree—one's Irish, the other's Jewish. Now, the Jew wants to quit and will take twenty-five hundred for his share; but I think, between you and me, if he is handled right, he will take two thousand." Mr. Ginger forgets to predict that, after the two thousand is safely in Mr. Jew's possession, Mr. Irishman will quietly disappear from the premises, leaving the sole possession—and all responsibility for bills incurred—in the purchaser's hands, not to mention a loss that will range from $20 a week up, according to the size of the theater and its location.

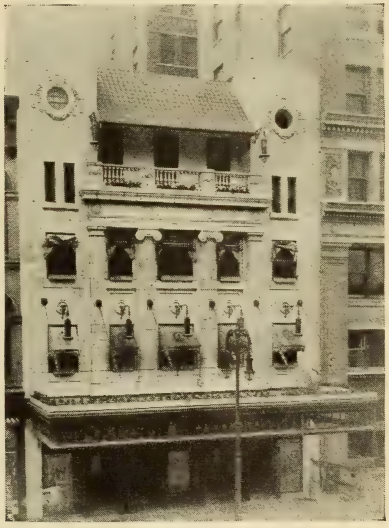
There are a few other things that Mr. Ginger has also quite carelessly forgotten to mention. Perhaps the theater is in a State where they dont keep open Sundays—one of the best paying days of the week, of course. Perhaps, again, there are plans already under way for building a big, expensive theater on the same street, which might put Mr. Small Theater Owner out of business entirely. Or, maybe the fire department has ordered the theater closed, for want of proper exits; or, possibly an open-air theater is to open up across the road. Lots of theaters are sold in the early spring, for this very reason, and then bought back in the fall. There may be, in fact, a thousand reasons why the theater that you go to inspect with a view of purchasing is no good, and even then it is usually the thousand-

and-first reason, and the important one, that you will probably fail to guess.

But suppose that you are gullible enough to keep that date. You may wager your $2,000 that Mr. Ginger has thoughtfully notified the owner of the theater, and that things will look right prosperous on your arrival—big, multi-colored advertising posters out in front, a line of baby-carriages in the alley if you chance to arrive in the afternoon, and a stream of people constantly entering. You are surprised at the number of children in the audience; but Mr. Owner explains that they all pay the full admission price. He escorts you around, shows you the projection-machine, the cane chairs, the piano, and the screen. He makes a lot of everything, and you leave, firmly determined to do your share in allowing this man, who is wearing himself out making so much money, to take the much-needed rest Mr. Ginger has told you he seeks, and which Mr. Owner, casually, has also given as his reason for wishing to sell out.

Possibly you are cautious and suspicious, and, businesslike, determine to watch the place, say for a week, keeping track of all who enter, to see if the broker and owner have told you the truth. You may even insist on sitting in the little cash booth, out in front, and selling the tickets yourself. Fine! Mr. Ginger and Mr. Owner want nothing better. They satisfy themselves, firstly, that you have the $2,000 you claim to have, and even insist upon a deposit of several hundred dollars, this deposit to be forfeited in case you should want to change your mind after they have proved that the theater in question is all they claim for it.

Mr. Ginger now notifies a slick-looking friend of his, who summons several other slick-looking friends, this collection of slick ones being known in the theater-selling game as "boosters." Their business is to fill a theater with spectators and to keep it filled until the theater is sold. They repair at once to the theater neighborhood, get a number of rolls of tickets from Mr. Owner, the duplicates of those in the box-office, and start in. They give the tickets away by the hundred at every saloon, and the saloon crowd shoves its smiling and good-natured way into the theater. They give a ticket to every child within six blocks, and they go even further than that: they drop tickets in every mail-box; they leave a few thousand in the ice-cream parlors, and they catch people coming out of other picture-houses, and even force them



on pedestrians along the sidewalk. People dont usually refuse anything gratis, and so the hundreds troop merrily into the theater, and you, who are standing in the shadow of the doorway across the street, have sore fingers from working your automatic counter.

Or, if you are to be in the ticket-booth, then no tickets are given out, but everybody is furnished with the necessary nickel or dime. That, however, has its drawbacks, as some people will accept the money, put it in their pockets, and walk away. So the owner resorts to still another subterfuge. When you step out for lunch even, or for some minor reason, Mr. Owner quite casually gives the roll of admission coupons a couple of strong pulls, tears off about four hundred

tickets, stuffs twenty dollars in the cash-drawer, and, when you count up at the end of the day, you find the receipts far ahead of even the rosy prospect that had been painted, and feel really sorry for Mr. Owner who is willing to give up such a good thing. Of course all the money goes back to the owner, who is still the proprietor, as he is only letting you collect and count his money for him to influence your decision. And it looks good to you; so you buy.

So you step in on a Monday—a full-fledged picture-house owner, by virtue of the $2,000 that you have saved up for ten years and have just paid to Mr. Ginger. Troubles now come thick and fast. The first thing you learn is that Mr. Owner left without paying his operator (the man who runs the picture machine); that the exchange where you are supposed to get your films will send you no more reels until you pay the money that this theater already owes the exchange; that there are half-a-dozen repairs to be made, ordered by the police and the fire departments; and that the piano collector is around to demand back payments due. You find, also, that the chairs are yours under similar circumstances. So that, after you have gotten the show going—a little late because of unexpected and costly set-backs; your wife in the box-office, your Mr. Ex-clerk at the door—you take stock of what you have bought.

From what you have just learnt, you own nothing but the projection-machine—an old model, by the way—and the "good-will." How much the latter is worth you will presently find out. No boosters are now working for you; but you learn about their methods, because the children, who have good memories for these things, are asking to be let in for nothing. Your Monday matinée and night nets you about $7. Your expenses for the entire week are over a hundred. You lose thirty-seven dollars the first week. You lose still more the next. Then you do what every other person who owns a business that is not paying also tries to do: you go the round of the Moving Picture brokerage offices, offering your house for sale for $2,500. You may add, as *your* reason, that your home town, wife and friends are at Far-away Falls and that you find it expensive commuting. If you are very lucky, you will perhaps sell for $1,000, and you should thank your propitious fate that you got off that easily. You have been in the game just long enough to realize that you dont know the first thing about it; and the chances are that you will go back to your "Far-away Falls" and try to dig up another job. Your picture bubble has burst.

Now, all this is not only what might happen to anybody who was trying to break into the business of exhibiting Motion Pictures, but what is actually occurring, with sickening regularity, in every big city in the country. Sensible people would not think of jumping into the manufacture of rubber tires, for example, without previous experience, yet they invade the picture business with confidence, urged on by the smooth and flattering persuasion of the broker. It is a very alluring business. It looks easy, and it looks attractive. It is the old, old case of the moth and the flame. Make up your mind that it takes a person with picture experience successfully to operate a theater.

Successful men in other lines will tell you that three or four per cent. is what they consider a good return on their capital; and dont you imagine that they would jump at the opportunity of making about five thousand per cent., which is what some of the smooth brokers of the Ginger type promise, if there were really the profits in it that these business parasites promise?

Of course there are paying picture houses a-plenty; but they are rarely in the open market, where you, an outsider, are offered a chance to buy them.

**Next month, the second of Mr. Fuld's articles of this series, entitled "Getting Into the Film Business," which is still more interesting than the present one.**

# Chats with the PLAYERS

## HAROLD LOCKWOOD, OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY

WHEN one's hair takes on a tinge of gray—a becoming gray, mind you—and when one finds one's self puffing after running for a street-car, and when the seventeen-year-olds commence to run rings around one at lawn tennis and golf seems a more discreet game every week—then is the time that one almost longs for the activities of youth and most admires the optimism and the enthusiasm which accompany the early twenties. My hair, alas! has more than a tinge of the gray—quite becoming gray, be it still noted—and altho I fool myself that I am as young as I ever was, still, I spent an evening with Harold Lockwood recently, and when I left him there was a funny little old-fool regret somewhere in my innards that I had arrived at the "comfy" stage of existence.

Harold was the direct cause. He looks so full of the joys of youth, so straight and active, and there is such a mischievous twinkle in those blue eyes of his and such an independent jerk to that toss of blond hair when it comes too far forward, and there is such a big, glorious future to his ambitions that—well, it is good to be a Harold Lockwood, with so much ahead and so little to regret.

Who would not be optimistic with a pocketful of telegrams containing offers from the biggest film manufacturers of the day, and who would not be enthusiastic over the tempting baits to secure a good-looking leading man?

One of the things I like about Harold Lockwood is that he is so manly; another, that he is far more interested in the acquisition of a "King Eight" car, and the way it runs, than about what people think of him. Harold is seldom seen at social gatherings or clubs, and if one wants to run across him, one has a better chance of finding him on the highroad, the bypath or the beach than in any drawing-room or card-room.

"My youth will pass quickly enough," he said to me, "and I will be a character man before so many years have gone. I believe in making the best of the opportunities I have; and as I am honestly in love with screen work, I intend to devote all my energies to keeping the position among Motion Picture artists that I have worked so hard to attain. As you know, I have had several splendid offers lately, and I am with the American because I think my chances are good with this firm and because they are doing all they can to further my interests. I thought it all out well before I accepted their proposition."

Harold Lockwood was always popular with the theater fans, but he reached the summit of his popularity with the Famous Players Company, with whom he worked with Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift" and in "Tess of the Storm Country," and all those who have seen those two

plays must have been impressed with his sterling performances. Then came that lovely little play, "Wildflower," opposite Marguerite Clark; and "The Crucible," also, with the same clever artist; and a number of other photoplays in which he played the male leads. It is not a bit too much to say that his work with the Famous Players stamped him an actor of the highest rank and brought him recognition from every part of the world, and his mail testifies to the interest that the public at large evinces in him.

By all rights, Harold should be swollen-headed; but, instead, he is as normal as a young man could be with the amount of praise that is showered on him. Above all, he considers his physical condition at all times and is a careful liver and an advocate of temperance and exercise.

I first met him at the small studios occupied by the Nestor Company, at Hollywood, when that company first came from the East, and where he appeared under the direction of Thomas Ricketts and Al. E. Christie. He came with a good record from the legitimate stage; and when the first picture in which he worked was projected on the screen, it was clear that here was a comer—if he kept his head. He did, and he has "came."

He gave me his confidence at that time, and told me that he was going to study his work and that he intended to be in the front rank as soon as he could, and when he got there he intended to stay there. There was no conceit about his talk, but there were self-confidence and determination, and when he left the Nestor for the New York Motion Picture Corporation, at Santa Monica, he steadily went forward, and his work improved quickly until he joined the Selig Company at Edendale, where he took leads for a long time and finally accepted the offer of the Famous Players to appear opposite Miss Pickford.

Harold Lockwood is now taking down one of the biggest salaries paid in the business, and possesses privileges enjoyed by few actors. He has earned his right to all this because he has never forgotten for a moment that he is a servant of the public.

"I have always felt," he said, "that I must live up to any reputation I have, and that the public have the right to expect me to put the best there is in me into my acting, and, honestly, I have this in view all the time and know that I cannot afford to become careless. I read every scenario carefully and go over all the points in it and study them out and endeavor to act the part as tho I were really living it; in other words, to make it as natural as possible, to dress it in the right way and to give the character I am playing to the public more than to give them myself."

I asked him about his favorite pursuits and pastimes.

"Apart from my work, which is all-absorbing to me, I think I like automobiling more than anything else. I used to prefer riding, and driving trotting horses, but the little old auto has supplanted the horses in my affections now. I like swimming, and still love a hike on occasion; but—the auto has put everything else in the shade."

Lockwood likes the West, altho he was born in New York State, and many of his earlier successes were made in Western pictures. Nowadays he appears chiefly in society stories; but he is an all-around actor and appears to advantage in evening dress and in Western togs alike—it matters not a whit to him, just as long as he likes the part and can put his whole being into it.

I do not know of any actor who has gone to the head of his profession as quickly as Harold Lockwood, and, altho he is blessed with good-looks and a splendid stage presence, his success is as much dependent on his enthusiasm and intelligence, which qualities he has brought forward by dint of honest endeavor and hard work and by grim determination and self-confidence. He is being featured in a series of original plays, and his admirers will be delighted to know he will be seen constantly on the screen.

I would like to possess his ability and his future. RICHARD WILLIS.

## KEMPTON GREENE, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

I HAD wandered over half of St. Augustine, and had been drawn back to the old fort, which held a great deal of interest for me. And there I bumped into a blond young fellow, who seemed to find a great deal of interest, also, in the ruins of the famous old place. And him I

recognized as Kempton Greene, of the Lubin Southern Company, which spends its winters in St. Augustine and its summers in Philadelphia.

"How do you do, Mr. 'Man from the Sea'?" I murmured politely.

He turned swiftly and smiled. "How do *you* do, Miss Reporter Person?" he returned, with equal politeness, but with a twinkle marring his perfect solemnity.

But he looked at me suspiciously. "Is this for publication?" he demanded immediately.

"Why?" I countered.

"Because I haven't anything to say for publication," he assured me gravely.

But I persisted. "Where were you born, please?" I began.

"In Philadelphia," he returned. "June twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and ninety. Satisfied?"

"Thank you. No. Ever on the stage?" I parried, refusing to be ruffled.

"Yes—with the Smiling Island Stock Company, and in vaudeville. And I have been in Motion Pictures three years and have never worked with any other company. I much prefer photoplaying to stage work."

"What is your favorite line of work?" I prompted.

"Light comedy," he answered, without hesitation.

"Why," I gasped, surprised, "I thought you liked dramatic work. What about the title part in 'The Man from the Sea' and the son in 'The Cry of the Blood'? Didn't you like them?"

"Certainly," he responded heartily. "I enjoyed them immensely. But there have been some light comedy parts that I have played that I have enjoyed even more."

"What is your favorite sport?" I asked, after I had recovered from this surprise.

"Horseback riding," he said enthusiastically. "And in these days of the automobile, it's a relief to discover some one who still clings to the noble horse. (No joke intended, for Mr. Greene is a skilled rider.)

"As for mental recreation," he went on, "I write short stories occasionally, tho honesty compels me to admit that they are not much good. Now and then, when an editor relaxes his eagle-eyed vigilance, one of them creeps past him and steals its way into print."

"Are you in favor of censorship of films, Mr. Greene?" I asked, hoping, by so doing, to take his mind off his troubles.

"Certainly—if the censors have brains!" came his ready answer.

(Oh, blasphemy! I thought. How dare ye mention such a possibility as that of censors without brains!)

"Who are the greatest photoplayers?" I asked; "the public is interested in your judgment."

"Edith Storey and George Beban. I suppose, since 'The Christian' and 'The Alien,' there are lots and lots of people thinking the same thing about them."

And now for a personal description, which I obtained as we walked back to the hotel in the beautiful twilight of a Southern spring day. He is about five feet nine inches in height, and he weighs about one hundred and fifty. His hair is blond, with a bit of a wave where it is brushed back over his ears, and his eyes are very blue, a heritage from his Irish mother.

He has a nickname, "Kemp," and he isn't married!

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

## BEVERLY BAYNE, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

I CANT describe Beverly Bayne; so why try? Others, far more versed in the art, have tried and failed. I can only say that she is five feet three inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds; that she has crinkly brown hair, and twinkly brown eyes; and that her skin is like an apple-blossom, soft, exquisitely smooth, and pinky-white. But further than that, I can merely sit in dumb admiration, and fairly ache with the

longing to put her loveliness in words.

Perhaps the ache was shown in my face, for she turned to me swiftly. "Oh, are you ill?" she cried, alarmed.

"Does that relieve the pain any?"

"Wonderfully!" I replied solemnly, jotting her answer in my notebook. "And were you educated there?"

"No," I gulped. "I'm only wondering where you were born."

She stared at me, surprised.

"Why, Minneapolis, Minnesota," she returned, a trifle startled.

"There, and in Chicago and Philadelphia. I came here directly from college. I've been with Essanay three years; haven't been on the stage—but I dont think I care for it; and I

dont believe that stage experience is necessary for success in pictures."

"But what is the secret of success?" I asked.

"There is no touchstone," she answered, "or magic sign that I know of. It's a case of hard work, adaptability, an expressive face that suits the camera, and a certain amount of emotional feeling, real or simulated."

She is modest, I thought—half of her own fine points are left unmentioned.

She had just returned from a hard ride on one of the bridle-paths for which Chicago is famous, and Miss Bayne on horseback is a vision to delight the eyes of a poet or an artist.

And speaking of artists, she is one herself. One of her greatest ambitions is "to do something really worth while," as she expresses it, in art—portrait painting preferred. And her other hobbies are quite bewildering in their variety, such as collecting fine linens, antiques and china, and then, too, she loves music and plays well.

"Whom do you consider the greatest photoplayers?" I asked, with my notebook half-filled.

"Oh, there are ever so many that I like. There are Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Carlyle Blackwell, Francis Bushman, and House Peters. They are my favorites; but there are ever so many more whose work is so good, that I just sit silent and watch them, either with tears or with laughter, as their delineation demands."

"And what do you think of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?" I demanded vainglorioously.

"I think it's a splendid medium in which the public and the photoplayer are brought into closer friendship and understanding. I like every bit of it, from the front cover to the back. And every bit of it is worth its weight in gold to the photoplayer and to the public.

"Isn't life gloriously worth living?" she asked suddenly, her brown eyes sparkling, her cheeks pink with the kiss of the lake wind.

I agreed that it was. I should have liked to have thrown my notebook into the lake, and gone stirrup by stirrup down the road with this modern young Diana, but the voice of the people called, and I answered.

"Are Motion Pictures destined to outshine the stage, do you think?" duty prompted me to ask.

"No; each covers a vastly different field, yet both go hand in hand," she replied quickly.

"What a relief to the theatrical managers this will be!" I murmured, scribbling busily. "And what improvements do you suggest in Motion Pictures?"

She knit her fine brows, tore her eyes from the vista of springtime and answered: "Good, conscientious work on the part of each individual in every department of the film productions."

And when I asked her the name of her favorite poet, confidently expecting her to say James Whitcomb Riley with his "Green Fields and Running Brooks," she confessed, with calmness that goes hand-in-hand with sincerity, "William Shakespeare"!

Any girl who is as young and as pretty as Beverly Bayne, and who spends her leisure hours reading Shakespeare, has my utmost respect.

She looked at me with the courage of desperation in her Van Dyke-brown eyes.

"How many more questions have you on that list?" she demanded.

"Oh, two or three more," I answered nonchalantly, knowing, guiltily, that there were at least a dozen.

"I'll make a bargain with you. Forget the rest of those questions and I'll give you some of my latest photographs with a special one for yourself. And I'll treat you to luncheon at a queer, little, old inn. Is it a bargain?" she demanded, springing up.

"It is," I answered promptly, stowing the list in my pocket.

"All right, then. Let's amuse our appetites for awhile," she cried gaily, starting for the door. And I followed the dashing heroine's lead, as who wouldn't? ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

# What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD

Franklin Ritchie (Biograph) was playing, in 1904, as Charles Mansfield in that well-known melodrama, "The Vacant Chair."

Zelma Rawlston (Biograph) was the originator of the part of Willie Van Astorbilt in Pixley and Lieder's musical comedy, "The Burgomaster," in 1900, and later appearing in vaudeville, known as the American Vesta Tilley, at Koster and Bial's in 1904.

Frank Farrington (Edison) was Walter Waston in "The Girl in the Taxi" in 1910.

Howell Hansel (Thanhouser) was the leading man of the Castle Square Stock Company, Boston, Mass., during the season of 1903.

Fay Tincher (Reliance) was one of the singsong girls in "The Shogun" in 1904, and in 1907 was Mabel with Joe Weber's production of "The Dream City."

Tom Ricketts (American) was with Frank Daniels in "Miss Simplicity," as Sergeant Jean Thomas Michel, in 1903.

Joseph Levering (Lubin) was Hiram Preston in "Down by the Sea" in 1904.

George Morgan (Biograph) was Patrick Quinn in Florence Bindley's "The Street Singer" in 1904.

Della Connor (Pathé) was Madge, one of the show girls with Frank Daniels' "Sergeant Brue" in 1905.

Consuelo Bailey (Reliance) was Solange in "The Jester," with Maude Adams, in 1906.

In the fall of 1907 Jane Wolfe (Kalem) was on the road in "The Duel."

Eulalie Jensen was the stunning widow, Mrs. Talcott, in "The Time, the Place and the Girl," in 1908.

In 1905 Ethel Grandin (Smallwood) played the part of Little Tretty with Richard Golden in his vaudeville sketch, "Old Jed Prouty," in Boston.

At the opening of the new Weber and Fields Music Hall in Forty-fourth street, Norma Phillips (Reliance) was one of the showgirls in "Roly-Poly," 1912.

During the season of 1903 Bessie Barriscale (Kay-Bee) was the heroine, Madge Brieley, in C. Dacey's "In Old Kentucky."

James Kirkwood (Famous Players) was promoted to James Cope's part of Sonora Bill in Blanche Bates' "Girl of the Golden West" in 1906-07.

Edgar Jones was Mack with Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France" in 1903.

H. A. Morey (Vitagraph) was Brigadier-General Ricketts with Montgomery and Stone in that musical success, "The Wizard of Oz," in 1903.

Ralph Ince (Vitagraph) appeared in "Ben Hur," where he played the part of Cecitius, in 1907.

Edward J. Le Saint (Selig) was appearing in Lillian Mortimer's melodrama of New York life, "A Girl of the Streets," in 1904, in the part of Don Green.

Sidney Olcott (Warner's) was Mike Dooley with Joseph Santley's "From Rags to Riches" in 1904.

Wilfred North (Vitagraph) was Captain Lovel with Alice Fischer in her comedy, "The School for Husbands," in 1905.

Ashley Miller (Edison) was with Anna Held in "The Parisian Model" in 1907, appearing in the part of Carver Stone.

Herbert Brennon was playing with the Lyceum Theater Stock, Minneapolis, 1903.

Thos. Ince (N. Y. M. P. Co.) was Hud Bryson in "The Ninety-and-Nine" in 1903, and later in the season joined the American Stock Company, where he played a great variety of parts.

Harry L. Dunkinson (Essanay) was Tom Smith in "At the Old Crossroads," 1903.

George A. Holt (Vitagraph) was John Hobbs with Josephine Cohan in her vaudeville sketch, "A Friend of the Family," in 1906.

That English musical comedy, "An English Daisy," furnished a starring vehicle for Charles Murray (Keystone) during the year 1904, when he appeared as Hiram Smart in that play with his partner, Ollie Mack.

George D. Baker (Vitagraph) was a member of Maurice Freeman's Stock Company at the Columbia Theater, Brooklyn, where he appeared in all the heavy parts, 1905.

Eugene Ormonde (Famous Players) succeeded Robert T. Haines in the part of Kara with Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods" in 1905.

# Expression of the Emotions and the Teeth

by Albert Levin Roat A.M., D.D.S.

A very important factor in the facial expression of a photo-player, or of any individual, is the teeth. The character and position of the teeth in the jaw control facial conformity. Beautiful teeth and a well-moulded face are an asset for a pleasing expression and show to advantage during laughter, conversation, or when at rest.

A toothless person can express many facial contortions and emotions not possible for the individual with a good set of teeth properly positioned and a perfectly moulded face. However, the antics of the toothless character are always less pleasing.

The proper time to arrange for good teeth and perfect jaw-development is in the beginning. Tooth-development begins at a tender age. When the temporary teeth start to shed, or fall out, the permanent ones take their place. Some children's teeth shed naturally, while others must be extracted. And right here let me caution you that both premature and delayed extraction of the temporary teeth are a direct cause of irregular and mal-positioned teeth of the permanent set and of restricted jaw-development.

To explain the matter more clearly, it is necessary for me to tell you just what does occur when teeth are removed from the jaw before the next ones are ready to take their place, and why delayed extraction will cause the very same result.

When a tooth is extracted because of some annoyance, or lost by accident, the remaining teeth have a tendency to move into the space so created. That makes insufficient room to accommodate the second tooth, so it must take an irregular position. Delayed extraction of a temporary tooth forces the second tooth to erupt out of line, either in front or behind that temporary tooth, thus creating an irregularity. Fortunately, such distressing conditions can be corrected, provided they are given immediate attention. But, if such irregularly positioned teeth are permitted to remain till the bony structure about the root becomes dense, then it is a difficult matter to correct the fault.

The position of the teeth in the jaw controls the mould of the face. Crowded teeth prevent proper jaw-development. When a jaw is underdeveloped, the effect is seen in the facial expression. The most noticeable deformities of the face, due to those conditions named, are: protruding chin, resultant from a sliding forward of the lower jaw caused by early extraction; the crooked face, twisted to either side, due to a loss of teeth on one side of the jaw; the overshot jaw; the pointed appearance of the upper lip, due to overlapped front teeth which are crowded together. This condition can be caused by premature or delayed extraction, or by thumb-sucking. Another unsightly disfigurement is prominence of the cuspid teeth, commonly called the "eye" and "stomach" teeth, which have the "fang" appearance. All these conditions prevent a perfectly moulded face, and therefore affect the expression of the emotions.

Professional people understand and appreciate the benefit of a good set of teeth, and all of them do what they

can to have such teeth. A pretty set of teeth lights up an ordinary face, and the expression is pleasing.

To keep the teeth sound and clean, it is not necessary to become a slave to the toothbrush. I would caution you not to use your toothbrush like a scrubwoman does on a tile floor. A toothbrush properly employed is a scientific assistance in a mechanical way to keep the teeth clean. However, if a brush is used without discretion it will do more harm than good.

The teeth should be brushed after each meal, and surely before retiring, because it is at night that "mouth-bugs" work havoc. Particles of food left between the teeth and on the surfaces disintegrate and form a chemical element that decays tooth-structure. Brush the teeth on the front and back surfaces. Brush the gum toward the tooth edge. Also the grinding faces. Remove all particles from between the teeth and use a quill pick for that purpose. Wood and floss and rubber bands break down the delicate membrane round a tooth, and leave a favorable place in the gum for "mouth-bugs" to dig deep.

All of us are not blessed with "white" teeth, but every individual can have "clean" teeth at a small cost and very little effort. The many dentifrices on the market, and the so-called wonderful "mouth-washes," are in many instances more harmful than effective. Some of the powders and pastes contain substances which affect tooth-structure. Scientists have proved that germ-destroying washes will not kill germs to any degree. It is a logical argument. The saliva mixes with the solution and makes it weak and inefficient. If it is used strong enough to kill germs, it will invariably destroy tissue.

A tooth powder, to be effective and worthy to use in the mouth, must contain grit, but not in sufficient quantity to wear off the enamel. Precipitated chalk and a flavor is all that is necessary. Good soap will clean the teeth. Salt water is recommendable. It removes substances from the teeth and hardens the gum-tissue. As a mouth-wash, it is unexcelled and costs little.

Bleeding gums should be given attention. Usually it is due to small particles of tartar, or "bone" which forms under the gum and adheres to the tooth. When pressed upon those small, pointed, sharp bits of tartar, the gum bleeds. Of course some diseases cause the same result, but the dentist will diagnose the case and correct it.

That distressing malady so prevalent at present, called scientifically *Pyorrhea alveolaris,* or Riggs' disease, and commonly termed "loose teeth" and "receding gums," is caused, in many instances, by that same formation of tartar. In the early stages, its removal restores the parts to health.

The teeth should not be abused, but they must have exercise. Proper mastication supplies that want perfectly, and it prevents indigestion. To masticate the food properly it is not necessary to "Fletcherize" it. Chew slowly; bite upon the front teeth and grind with the back ones. The act of "chewing" the food will affect the facial expression. One-sided mastication develops muscles on one side more than on the other, and the result is noticeable.

## Film Magic

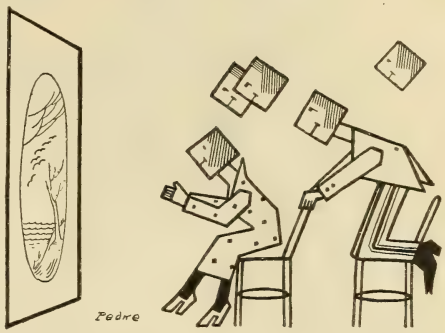
By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

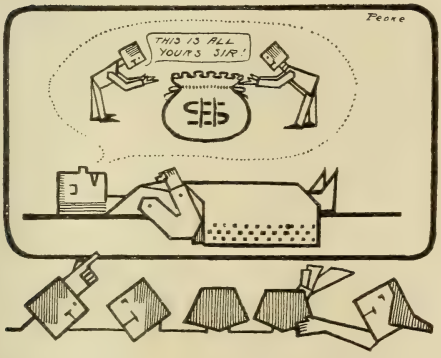
Love and hate, death and fate,
All we've felt or seen,
Flash and go, fast and slow,
Here upon the screen.

# A Motion Play Primer That Is on the Square

By HARVEY PEAKE

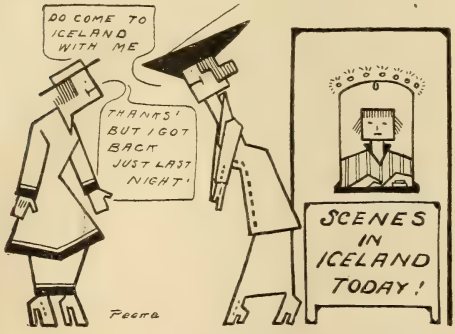
**M** is the Marvellous Motion we see,
In figure, in water, in cloud and in tree;
Nature in loveliest movement is seen,
In all of her phases, upon the white screen;
Nothing is lacking but color and sound—
A fact that gives cause for a wonder profound.




**N** is for Numerous Novelties shown,
Foremost of which is the one that is known
As the Dream Vision, or Visual Thought,
In which our subtle brain children are caught;
So other wonders, as marvellous quite,
Make up the Picture Shows, night after night!

**O** is the "Orpheum," "Odeon" too,
Where Motion Pictures are always on view;
'Twould not be a bad thing, I'm sure you'll agree,
To call them the "Paradise," for then, you see,
The name would bear out all we feel when we go
Into a wonderful Motion Play Show.




**P** is the Pleasure the Picture Play gives
To every person who really lives;
Not only Pleasure, but Instruction too,
Forms a large portion of every good view;
Patrons of Picture Shows travel afar
Without discomfort of Vessel or Car!

*(Continued from August issue, and to be continued next month)*

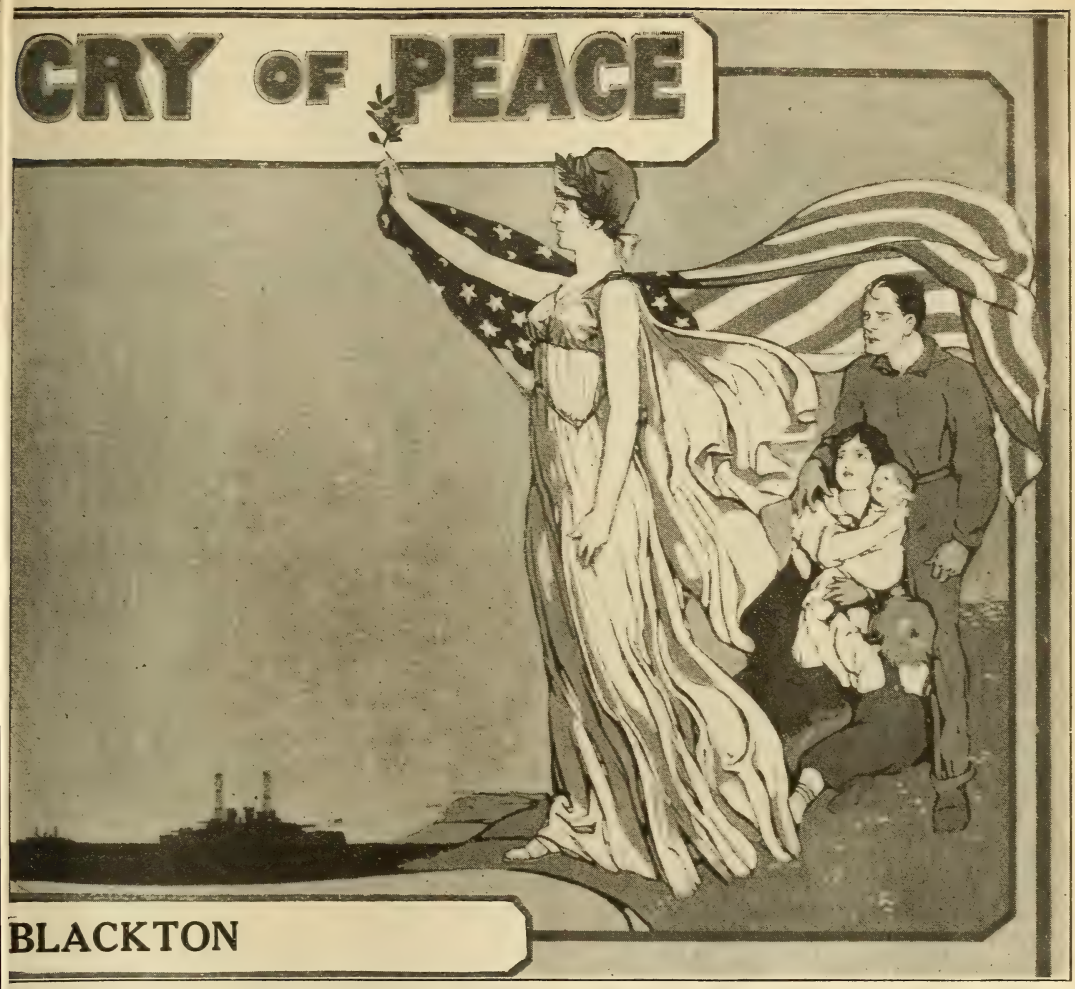
MOTION PICTURES are, in the abstract, so colossal, so epochal, so powerful in their appeal, so widespread in their scope, that any one thing, in the onward march of this tremendous industry, which stands out in relief against a background of general bigness, must possess qualities of high intrinsic value.

The latest Vitagraph achievement, "The Battle Cry of Peace," written and produced by J. Stuart Blackton, is worthy of editorial notice, because it marks a milestone in the progress of a new and stupendous art, and because it is the first Motion Picture to be used to exploit an important nation-wide propaganda.

"A Call to Arms *Against* War" the subject is styled, and the "vital facts" so succinctly presented are from Hudson Maxim's remarkable book, "Defenseless America," and Mr. Blackton arranged the statistics into visualized picture-form and has interwoven a powerful dramatic story.

Ex-President Roosevelt and Major-General Leonard Wood, Commander of the Army of the East, both read the photoplay and gave the author valuable advice. Colonel Roosevelt says: "It is calculated to arouse in the heart of every American citizen a sense of his strict accountability to his government in time of need."

The film is in eight reels, divided into five parts: Part I—THE WARNING, in which Hudson Maxim, the great gun and explosives expert, appears personally. Part II—THE INVASION; and Part III—IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY—comprise a wonder-




fully dramatic story, with all the sensational and spectacular possibilities of the bombardment and capture of Greater New York by a hostile fleet and army. Part IV—The Price—is an allegorical masterpiece of inspired symbolism: Columbia, crushed and bleeding, captive of the God of War, finally throwing off the yoke by virtue of the Spirit of America revivified. Part V—The Remedy—deals in a masterly way with the practical means of safeguarding the country.

Scores of prominent men in Administrative and Army and Navy circles personally endorse "The Battle Cry of Peace" as striking at the root of a National peril. The subject of unpreparedness is one of vital and immediate importance. The remedy lies entirely with the people of the United States, and the quickest, surest way of reaching them is thru the medium of the screen.

Many men of National prominence will personally appear in "The Remedy," including Ex-President William H. Taft; Robert W. Lansing, Secretary of State; Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War; Governor Whitman; Admiral George Dewey; Rear-Admirals Sigsbee and Marix; Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott; General Horace Porter; ex-Secretaries of War Jacob M. Dickinson, Luke E. Wright and Henry L. Stimson; Judge Alton B. Parker; General Horatio C. King; Senator Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona; officers and men of G. A. R. Posts, the National Guard and the Regular Army and the Navy.

THE last ballot permitting our readers to vote in the Great Cast Contest is printed in the present number. The Great Cast Contest will close at noon on September 6, 1915, and a full announcement of the result will appear in the November number, giving the two all-star casts.

In starting this stupendous contest the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE had several worthy purposes in mind:

(1) To use it as a medium of applause and appreciation for the most talented artists of photoplay.

(2) To give the public a chance to set ITS stamp of approval upon the great photoplayers, rather than the studio's and the publicity man's.

(3) To cause the photoplaygoer to think for himself and to select the players that he wants to see.

(4) Thru an enormously large appeal, to give notice to the manufacturers that the public can think, can discriminate and can select.

(5) To reward the Great Cast with suitable and valuable prizes.

The results of the Great Cast Contest are already being felt. Studios are beginning to realize that the ensemble of their casts is of greater importance than the featuring of a star with a poor or indifferent support. We can assure you that the all-star casts which you selected in this contest are not simply an expression of your desires. The day has arrived when the surviving companies must cast each part in a photoplay with a capable Moving Picture actor or actress!

The most amazing proof is that over seventy-four million votes were cast in the Great Cast Contest. This is surely the voice of a nation speaking, not the whim nor pleasure of a small minority. If we have attracted new readers, made new friends, helped to uplift Moving Pictures and have aided in crowning the life work of the great artists of the screen, your purpose and ours will have been accomplished. Surely no greater dramatic verdict has ever been rendered!

The player receiving the largest number of votes for any one part will be entitled to first choice of the prizes, and so on; only members of the first and second casts will receive prizes.

LIST OF PRIZES.

| | Value |
|---|---|
| 1 $500 Columbia Grafonola and records | $550.00 |
| 1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring | 100.00 |
| 1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring | 75.00 |
| 1 pair diamond cuff buttons | 25.00 |
| 1 Colonial Baby Regent phonograph and records | 125.00 |
| 1 large oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "A June Dawn on Gloucester Coast" | 250.00 |
| 1 set of Shakespeare, handsomely bound in leather | 30.00 |
| 1 round trip to Bermuda | 90.00 |
| 1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 2 bronze, electric candlesticks, complete | 17.50 |
| 1 Columbia phonograph | 175.00 |
| 1 set works by O. Henry, handsomely bound | 20.00 |
| 1 oil painting by Gilbert Gaul, N. A. (original of Sept. '14 cover) | 75.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 1 bronze statue (lion) | 25.00 |
| 1 oak Regal phonograph and records | 75.00 |
| One set of various Motion Picture books and pictures, including all that are handled by this magazine | 25.00 |
| 1 set Muhlbach's Historical Romances | 25.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 1 pair bronze book-ends | 25.00 |

| | Value |
|---|---|
| 1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 1 set of "Famous Paintings" (Funk & Wagnalls) | 25.00 |
| 1 framed oil painting by Jas. G. Tyler (original of July 1914 cover) | 100.00 |
| 1 Morris chair and Mexican rug | 85.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and reproduction of Washington Memorial | 20.00 |
| 1 oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "Gloucester Harbor in Midsummer" | 50.00 |
| 1 Mexican rug | 50.00 |
| 1 handsomely framed oil painting by Emil Termohlin, "October Harmony" | 100.00 |
| Total value | $2,137.50 |

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing. They may be in different companies.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part well.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled.

## STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO JULY 14.

### THE GREAT CAST

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Leading Man | | 7. Comedian (Male) | |
| Francis Bushman | 930,760 | Charles Chaplin | 1,256,270 |
| 2. Leading Woman | | 8. Comedian (Female) | |
| Mary Pickford | 988,850 | Mabel Normand | 1,134,110 |
| 3. Old Gentleman | | 9. Handsome Young Man | |
| W. Chrystie Miller | 1,160,170 | J. Warren Kerrigan | 891,590 |
| 4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice | 1,573,260 | 10. Beautiful Young Woman | |
| 5. Character Man, Harry Morey. | 630,750 | Anita Stewart | 875,580 |
| 6. Character Woman | | 11. Villain, Jack Richardson | 913,850 |
| Julia Swayne Gordon | 898,280 | 12. Child, Bobby Connelly | 1,114,740 |

### SECOND CAST

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Leading Man | | 7. Comedian (Male) | |
| Earle Williams | 900,295 | Ford Sterling | 789,485 |
| 2. Leading Woman | | 8. Comedian (Female) | |
| Beverly Bayne | 703,530 | Flora Finch | 935,650 |
| 3. Old Gentleman | | 9. Handsome Young Man | |
| Charles Kent | 1,047,755 | Antonio Moreno | 745,725 |
| 4. Old Lady, Helen Dunbar | 810,770 | 10. Beautiful Young Woman | |
| 5. Character Man | | Alice Joyce | 810,930 |
| Nicholas Dunaew | 607,120 | 11. Villain | |
| 6. Character Woman | | Bryant Washburn | 906,045 |
| Norma Talmadge | 850,785 | 12. Child, Helen Costello | 1,016,000 |

(Note—No player who is in the first cast can also be in the second cast.)

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The following are the leading competitors for the first and second casts:

| LEADING MAN | | LEADING WOMAN. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Warren Kerrigan | 840,595 | 1. Anita Stewart | 900,410 |
| 2. Crane Wilbur | 658,380 | 2. Alice Joyce | 720,910 |
| 3. Arthur Johnson | 635,630 | 3. Edith Storey | 698,800 |
| 4. Carlyle Blackwell | 615,450 | 4. Florence LaBadie | 672,720 |
| 5. Paul Scardon | 566,670 | 5. Clara Young | 659,930 |
| 6. James Cruze | 544,320 | 6. Mary Fuller | 592,280 |
| 7. Harold Lockwood | 543,310 | 7. Ruth Stonehouse | 584,370 |
| 8. Tom Moore | 479,000 | 8. Pearl White | 546,050 |
| 9. King Baggot | 477,220 | 9. Cleo Madison | 521,810 |
| 10. Maurice Costello | 474,390 | 10. Norma Talmadge | 516,540 |
| 11. William Garwood | 464,490 | 11. Marie Newton | 476,600 |
| 12. Antonio Moreno | 463,490 | 12. Marguerite Snow | 464,080 |
| 13. Romaine Fielding | 462,300 | 13. Vivian Rich | 460,900 |
| 14. Edward Cecil | 428,980 | 14. Lottie Briscoe | 459,010 |

### OLD GENTLEMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Thomas Commerford | 802,910 |
| 2. | Van Dyke Brooke | 698,100 |
| 3. | Logan Paul | 597,880 |
| 4. | Robert Brower | 590,765 |
| 5. | William West | 550,820 |
| 6. | Francis Bushman | 524,880 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 511,400 |
| 8. | Murdock MacQuarrie | 484,810 |
| 9. | Bigelow Cooper | 474,000 |
| 10. | Charles Ogle | 439,640 |
| 11. | James Morrison | 413,260 |
| 12. | George Periolat | 405,950 |

### OLD LADY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Helen Relyea | 605,570 |
| 2. | Julia Stuart | 573,295 |
| 3. | Louise Lester | 539,930 |
| 4. | Mrs. George Walters | 485,500 |
| 5. | Norma Talmadge | 485,290 |
| 6. | May Hall | 463,830 |
| 7. | Flora Finch | 462,540 |
| 8. | Kate Price | 459,590 |
| 9. | Pauline Bush | 430,270 |
| 10. | Edith Storey | 405,520 |
| 11. | Kate Toncray | 356,750 |
| 12. | Mrs. Kimball | 328,840 |

### CHARACTER MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Warren Kerrigan | 688,520 |
| 2. | Francis Bushman | 630,945 |
| 3. | Marc MacDermott | 606,545 |
| 4. | Romaine Fielding | 603,865 |
| 5. | James Cruze | 596,650 |
| 6. | Arthur Johnson | 589,670 |
| 7. | King Baggot | 551,570 |
| 8. | G. M. Anderson | 544,890 |
| 9. | William Wadsworth | 535,655 |
| 10. | Earle Williams | 532,690 |
| 11. | Billy Quirk | 515,660 |
| 12. | Crane Wilbur | 510,550 |

### CHARACTER WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Edith Storey | 659,485 |
| 2. | Edwina Robbins | 620,680 |
| 3. | Ruth Stonehouse | 584,700 |
| 4. | Cleo Madison | 571,845 |
| 5. | Mary Pickford | 564,760 |
| 6. | Clara K. Young | 561,705 |
| 7. | Mary Fuller | 549,335 |
| 8. | Louise Lester | 531,140 |
| 9. | Alice Washburn | 518,010 |
| 10. | Flora Finch | 512,690 |
| 11. | Marguerite Snow | 509,170 |
| 12. | Kate Price | 508,490 |

### COMEDIAN (MALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Wallie Van | 657,070 |
| 2. | Sidney Drew | 621,820 |
| 3. | Wallace Beery | 558,450 |
| 4. | Billy Quirk | 534,520 |
| 5. | Roscoe Arbuckle | 526,320 |
| 6. | Hughie Mack | 512,970 |
| 7. | William Shea | 466,270 |
| 8. | Victor Potel | 464,745 |
| 9. | John Brennan | 451,620 |
| 10. | William Wadsworth | 448,300 |
| 11. | Donald McBride | 432,300 |
| 12. | Arthur Housman | 431,000 |

### COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Lillian Walker | 786,580 |
| 2. | Ruth Roland | 744,450 |
| 3. | Margaret Joslin | 733,290 |
| 4. | Kate Price | 684,610 |
| 5. | Norma Talmadge | 682,800 |
| 6. | Constance Talmadge | 620,010 |
| 7. | Florence Lawrence | 587,000 |
| 8. | Victoria Forde | 541,580 |
| 9. | Karin Norman | 524,170 |
| 10. | Mary Pickford | 521,000 |
| 11. | Vivian Prescott | 450,190 |
| 12. | Alice Washburn | 410,960 |

### HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Francis Bushman | 737,365 |
| 2. | Crane Wilbur | 688,200 |
| 3. | Donald Hall | 673,065 |
| 4. | Carlyle Blackwell | 654,500 |
| 5. | Earle Williams | 646,850 |
| 6. | Harold Lockwood | 618,540 |
| 7. | James Morrison | 541,390 |
| 8. | Bryant Washburn | 472,180 |
| 9. | Tom Moore | 471,990 |
| 10. | James Cruze | 466,010 |
| 11. | George Larkin | 464,940 |
| 12. | Webster Campbell | 450,100 |

### BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Mary Pickford | 843,120 |
| 2. | Norma Talmadge | 764,835 |
| 3. | Mary Anderson | 759,160 |
| 4. | Pearl White | 673,300 |
| 5. | Clara K. Young | 670,980 |
| 6. | Beverly Bayne | 647,235 |
| 7. | Lillian Walker | 605,090 |
| 8. | Florence LaBadie | 546,150 |
| 9. | Marguerite Snow | 514,670 |
| 10. | Margarita Fischer | 483,440 |
| 11. | Blanche Sweet | 482,540 |
| 12. | Ruth Stonehouse | 479,860 |

### VILLAIN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Harry Morey | 902,270 |
| 2. | Paul Panzer | 734,850 |
| 3. | Harry Northrup | 646,050 |
| 4. | Roger Lytton | 600,870 |
| 5. | Romaine Fielding | 567,580 |
| 6. | Ned Finley | 528,890 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 521,700 |
| 8. | Frank Farrington | 472,950 |
| 9. | George Cooper | 472,070 |
| 10. | King Baggot | 470,530 |
| 11. | Francis Ford | 467,410 |
| 12. | Lester Cuneo | 466,190 |

### CHILD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Yale Boss | 697,310 |
| 2. | Audrey Berry | 683,595 |
| 3. | Helen Badgely | 616,700 |
| 4. | Andy Clark | 597,335 |
| 5. | Billy Jacobs | 565,595 |
| 6. | Clara Horton | 533,750 |
| 7. | Dolores Costello | 521,870 |
| 8. | Mattie Roubert | 518,170 |
| 9. | Marie Eline | 475,520 |
| 10. | Lillian Wade | 465,160 |
| 11. | Eleanor Kahn | 464,910 |
| 12. | Mary Pickford | 419,510 |

# Greenroom Jottings

We propose a new organization—The Moving Actors' League, with Edwin August as president. Since Harry Carey, famous Biograph burglar, has again moved, now to the Universal Company, he is declared elected.

Leonie Flugrath, the third of her family to become a "Poor Little Rich Girl," has returned to the Edison Company.

Vera Sisson, formerly Warren Kerrigan's leading woman, is now a Biographer.

Cleo Ridgely, who with her husband crossed the continent on horseback for this magazine, is now with the Lasky Company.

Arthur Housman, having left the Edison Company, is at liberty. Also Yale Boss, famous boy player, but now a young man.

Alice Joyce and Tom Moore, her husband, have left the Kalem Company; present whereabouts and future plans unknown.

They have had an election at Universal City, and Herbert Rawlinson was elected king, and Ella Hall, queen. But where was Edna Maison? Also Robert Leonard?

Director Tod Browning, of the Mutual Company, is still in the hospital, slowly recovering from the serious injuries received in an automobile accident. His companion, Elmer Booth, the Komic comedian, was instantly killed.

Maud Allan, the celebrated dancer, and Cyril Maude, the creator of "Grumpy" and "The Little Minister," are the two latest screen captures. The Morosco Company is the producer in both cases.

Mabel Normand wasn't on speaking terms with Roscoe Arbuckle recently, because his bull "purp" persisted in "chawing up" her dancing-pumps. Now the "purp" has found a precious long-lost bracelet of Mabel's, and all are friends again.

The Essanay Company borrowed all the dogs in the city pound for a scene in Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys," and let them loose. It may look funny when you see it, but it was no joke gathering up those dogs afterwards.

Sydney Olcott, famous O'Kalem player and director of the good old Gene Gauntier days, has temporarily taken up his residence at McLubinville to supply Irish plays.

The important news of the month is that David W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, Thomas Ince, and former president H. C. Aitken, of the Mutual Company, have formed a new company, combining the Reliance, Majestic, Keystone and Broncho companies, and will produce big features to play in a chain of theaters thruout the country at $2 prices.

Cause and effect. Roscoe Arbuckle weighs 285 pounds; Tim Welch, 309 pounds. The tide is always high in the waters around Los Angeles when bathing is good.

Blanche Sweet is neutral. When asked her favorite color she answered, "Plaid!"

Edith Storey and her mother have just returned from a pleasure trip to Bermuda.

Augustus Carney, who became famous a few years ago as "Alkali Ike," has been playing the part of an aged Revolutionary soldier in "The Martyrs of the Alamo," until he says he really feels old.

Fred Mace, one of the original Biograph comedians, who with Mack Sennett afterwards developed the famous Keystone comedies, has returned to the Keystone Company. Weber and Fields will also wear the Keystone label.

J. Stuart Blackton's big masterpiece, "The Battle Cry of Peace," will appear simultaneously in book form and as an eight-reel film, thus linking definitely the publication of a work thru two different mediums—literature and Motion Pictures.

You may add Ford Sterling and Teddy Sampson to "Who's Married to Whom," for they dont care who knows it.

Eleanor Fairbanks, who played a leading part in last season's successful farce, "A Pair of Sixes," has signed a Lubin contract.

"Junius" says that the best photoplay of the month is "The Alien," which will wring tears from the eyes of the hardest wretch, because it acted that way in his case.

Edwina Robbins has not left the Vitagraph Company, as reported, but on the contrary she got a raise in salary, which is a color of another horse.

Our $10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "The Chalice of Courage," a powerful story which appears in the September SUPPLEMENT; second prize to the author of "The Alien," one of the most pathetic stories we have ever carried; third prize to the author of "Mortmain," which is quite Poesque. Dont fail to read all these great stories.

We have with us this evening: George Beban (p. 45); Robert Edeson and Muriel Ostriche (p. 77); James Morrison and Donald Hall (p. 81); Ethel Clayton (p. 57); Jack Standing (p. 59); Anna Little (p. 54); Herbert Rawlinson (p. 51); Hobart Henley, Cleo Madison and Agnes Vernon (p. 38); Robert Conness and Viola Dana (p. 25); Pat O'Malley (p. 28); Mae Marsh and Alfred Paget (p. 71).

The Vitagraph Company have released Norma Talmadge to the National Company.

Jane Cowl, popular stage beauty, who last starred in "Within the Law," is playing for the Universal Company; "The Garden of Lies" being her first.

Mabel Trunnelle and Marc MacDermott are to be featured by the Edison Company in Bulwer Lytton's "Eugene Aram."

House Peters did not stay long with the Lasky Company, and is now with the N. Y. M. P. Company.

Wallace Reid will have the honor of playing opposite Geraldine Farrar.

Francis Bushman and Marguerite Snow will make their Metro début in "The Silent Voice."

Leah Baird is again Maurice Costello's leading lady, assisted and directed by Van Dyke Brooke.

W. Lawson Butt, famous English star, plays Don Cæsar de Bazan for the Kalem Company, the story of which will appear in the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT.

"My Life" is the title of an article by Crane Wilbur which will appear in the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Mr. Wilbur's pet hobby is fishing.

"Girls, go barefoot!" says pretty Vivian Rich to all those who would gain health and beauty, and she practises what she preaches.

The Edison Company consider themselves very fortunate in procuring a contract with Mrs. Fiske, who is America's representative actress, to play Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," which is one of her favorite and most successful characters.

And here's some very bad news for the worshipers of the courtly Donald Hall. He has done gone and got married. Frankie Mann, formerly of the Lubin Company, is the lucky one, and the pair of them are now Vitagraphers.

Robert Harron has just returned from his two weeks' vacation which he spent at Santa Catalina Island.

Ernest Truex, who played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Good Little Devil," is to play George Ade's "Artie" for the Vitagraph Company.

The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted to them during the month is awarded to Edwin A. Plitt, 2232 E. Hoffman Street, Baltimore, Md., for his drama "A Daughter of India."

Speaking of high tides in bathing localities, Hughie Mack with his 344 pounds and Kate Price with her 227 pounds are certainly entitled to consideration.

"Junius" says that the person who selected "Little Pal" for Mary Pickford to star in was no friend of hers.

Important news! Charles Chaplin has purchased a new pair of old, second-hand shoes.

Serials may come, and serials may go, but "The Hazards of Helen" (Kalem) seems to be going on forever. It has been running for a year now, and it is a close race between Helen and Elaine to see which has the most hazardous exploits in the longest time.

The friends of Francis X. Bushman did not appear to like the looks of the record in the Great Cast Contest published in our last issue, and they have apparently been getting very busy, as witness the changes in this issue. The last ballot appears in this issue.

Henry Walthall says that his best work was done in "The Avenging Conscience," but he expects to do even better.

Pauline Bush is the latest to adopt the famous and never failing "Much Needed Rest" cure for that tired feeling.

Marguerite Courtot looks beautiful enough on our cover this month, but wait till you see her in bridal attire in Kalem's romantic "In Double Harness."

A promising couple are Eugene Palette and Anna Luther, who are now working together at Los Angeles under the Selig emblem.

J. Warren Kerrigan was chosen to present a large silver cup to Ruth Purcell, "Queen of the Beauties," at Universal City, and a beautiful couple they made.

Speaking of beauty, can you imagine anything more beautiful than "Ham" and "Bud" as marble statues in Kalem's "The Toilers"?

And here's a bunch of news, including a list of candidates to the "Moving Actors' League": Joseph Smiley and his wife, Lilie Leslie, have left the Lubin Company and joined the World Company; Messrs. J. Searles Dawley and Walton have deserted Dyreda for Famous Players; George Larkin now with Selig; Tom McNaughton, English star, opposite Marie Dressler for Lubin; Beatrice Van (no relation to Wallie Van and Billie Van, but first cousin to Moving Van) now with American; Justina Huff with Imp, and her sister Louise with Rolfe; Frank Cooley has left American; Bess Meredith back with Universal; Jere Austin and John Macklin with Kalem; William Elliott, of "Experience" fame, with Balboa; Edgar Jones with Thanhouser; John Harvey with Universal; Marguerite Loveridge, sister of Mae Marsh, has assumed her right name, Lovey Marsh; Fritzi Brunette and Bob Daly, her husband, with Selig; Helen Ware and Allan Dwan with N. Y. M. P. Company; Earle Fox back with Selig; also Julian Eltinge, champion lady player of the world; also Doris Baker; A. Garcia with Biograph; Gus Alexander with Nestor; Ben Wilson with Reliance; William Russell with Universal; also David Wall; Carol Halloway and William Ehfe with American; also Carl von Schiller and Charles Bartlett; Gene Palette and Edward Peil with Selig; Helen Leslie and Jacques Jaccard to return to Universal after their honeymoon. That will be about all, but more to follow in the September SUPPLEMENT, which will be out on August 15th.

"CHARLIE"

KING

LEONARD

MAE MARSH

CONKLIN

ANITA STEWART

## As Others See You, or Gleanings from the Audience

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

It was during Universal's "The Grail" that I made an odd discovery, namely, that in each change of costume Anna Little looked like a different girl. As a friend of mine remarked: "She never photographs twice the same."

We were excitedly watching Grace Cunard perform in "The Broken Coin," when a murmur of admiration reached us: "She sure is the lightning-speed—she hasn't walked once!"

Victor's "The Cheval Mystery" was one of the best worked-out, breath-taking movies we have seen in a long time. The settings in themselves were marvelous, and Rosemary Theby's acting as the feminine Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde more than equaled Miss Frances Starr's stage presentation of Becky Sharp. Miss Theby's expressions were so splendid that words or "leaders" were absolutely unnecessary.

Here's something to make Ford Sterling sit up and take notice. Two women were conversing while watching Keystone's "Courthouse Crooks." As Ford Sterling went thru some of his antics, one giggled: "Isn't he comical, tho?" And the other one answered: "You bet! I like him better than that old 'Chapin'." He certainly got off a wonderful stunt when he walked from one two-story window to another on a clothes-line.

As Nitra Fraser attempted to skate, snowshoe, cakewalk and dance in "Love, Snow and Ice," the man beside me said: "It seems to me she cant do anything especially well."

Our sentiments were just the opposite as we saw Elsie Janis, in "Betty in Search of a Thrill," catch a hitch behind a fast-moving truck, jump over a fence and vault into an automobile, run it to a bridge, climb over the bridge down ten feet to the water, fall into a canoe and paddle with her hands, tip the canoe over on her assailant, and swim to the other side of the lake. As one woman said, with a pleased laugh: "She doesn't care where she lands," and her companion admitted: "Some stunts that girl's going thru!"

Perhaps it was because the whole audience was in a happy state of mind during this photoplay that I noticed how really good-looking Owen Moore is. One girl near me evidently admired his good looks also, for, as he tore off his coat and wrapped it about the dripping Elsie, she enthused aloud: "Isn't he darling! He's the first to give me a real good thrill in a dog's age!"

We wish to hand a bouquet of appreciation to Louise Beaudet for her splendid acting of a repulsive part as "The Woman" in "The Goddess."

Conversation verbatim during Charlie Chaplin comedy, "A Woman":

"Poor Charlie's getting it."

"Yes, I dont see what those actors are made of, to be knocked around that way."

"I wonder if Chaplin could take a serious part. Isn't he handsome now!"

Do you remember the enormous moccasins Mary Pickford wore as Little Pal? Well, a woman in front of me chuckled to herself for some time as she watched Little Mary scuffling about, and then she laughed: "Her feet are *so* expressive."

May we beg and entreat the heroines of the Motion Pictures not to paint their lips so heavily? It is very inartistic and disillusioning to see a beauteous maiden in a "close up" with her lips oozing grease-paint.

We doubt if Ruth Roland can look unattractive. In "Who Pays for the Commonwealth?" we saw her achieve the remarkable feat of hurling a lamp and vases at her antagonist, leap over a table and land in a heap in a chair, have her clothes fairly torn off her, and yet, after all was over, look pretty.

(*Continued on page* 182)

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

ROMAINE.—The opening paragraph in your letters reminds me of the sign, "Dont kill your wife! Let the Gold Dust Twins do the work!" Bettie Marsh was the little girl in "God Is Love" (Reliance). Florence Hackett now with United.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS.—Thanks for the flowers, but there was postage due on them. I prefer the other kind of dew. Jack Standing was Landy in "Fanchon the Cricket" (Famous Players).

V., TACOMA.—Robert Ellis was Dr. Clark in "The Black Sheep" (Kalem). William Stowell in "The Gentleman Burglar."

JACK R., ENGLISHMAN.—Monroe Salisbury was the king in "The Goose-girl" (Famous Players). Paul Kelly and Lucille Hammill in "The Closing of the Circuit." J. W. Johnson, of the "Runaway June" series, now with Metro.

GENEVIEVE L.—Lillian Gish was Jane in "Battle of the Sexes" (Mutual). I cannot answer your questions here for want of space, but if you will write to the National Board of Censors, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y., they will mail you a pamphlet entitled "Standards of Judgment of the Board," which will give you all the facts you require for the debate.

BETTY BELL.—So you are still in hopes of seeing Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence playing together.

ABE, 99.—Edwina Robbins is with the Vitagraph and has not left. The "h" is sounded in "Thanhouser." Oh, I am navigating all right, thanks. Just wait till you see the SUPPLEMENT! Marie Newton is with Biograph.

M. L., NASHVILLE.—That report that Charlie Chaplin is a deaf and dumb Jew is false. So you worry because "all the great players are now doing features" and you seldom see them. That is one reason why feature players, as a rule, do not retain their popularity. But they are not all in the features—we still have many of our old favorites that we can see once a week.

ROBIN HOOD.—Your description of me is very good, but you are just a little out of drawing. I agree with you that Tom Moore is one of our best directors. Marguerite Courtot makes a charming little leading lady, and she may yet develop into a strong lead.

TYLYE.—Frederick Church is now with Kalem. No, you didn't see Edna Mayo in "Help Wanted." That was Evelyn Greely, who is now with Metro.

M. F. B., LOWELL.—A character man is one who has the power of representing with equal facility widely different characters, *e.g.*, Murdock MacQuarrie and King Baggot. I really enjoyed yours, and thanks for your dandy compliments.

AGNES M. M. C.—Address Cleo Madison, Western Universal, Universal City, Cal. Mary Keane and Kempton Greene in "By Whose Hand" (Lubin). Your letter was quite long, but I am getting used to long ones.

BRUTAL PARTY (to Jones, who has just rescued a young woman against her will)—You big chump! You've just spoiled forty feet of film.

NANEEN.—All photoplayers are musicians; the instrument they play is the human heart. Virginia Kirtley was Nellie in "The Once Over" (American). Vivian Rich was Helen in "The Two Sentences." She was also in "In the Sunlight."

J. FLOYD S.—George Fisher was Wallace in "Winning Back." So you admit it! A guilty conscience needs no accuser—if you catch him at it. Helen Dunbar is now with Metro. Metro is taking on a lot of players, and the Lord only knows how they are going to pay them.

OCTARICE M.—Delphine Fielding was Bess in "The Hard Road" (Universal). We are never more positive than when we are in the wrong.

WILD WEST.—Albert Vroon was Jackson in that play. William Garwood and Marguerite Snow in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). You really ought to give the type on your machine a good housecleaning. Use an old tooth-brush.

MAE S.—Your letter was very interesting. Hope to hear from you again. Charles West and Harry Carey have left Biograph and joined the Reliance-Majestic.

FULLER-KERRIGAN. — You here again? Very well. You are apparently a pessimist, and a pessimist's point of view is only a point, after all.

DOLORES M. C.—Marguerite Clark was chatted in July, 1915. That was a pretty warm letter of yours. Which zone do you hail from—the torrid, temperate, frigid, postal, or war zone?

MARIE T.—Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell appear in "Jean of the Jail." Henry King now with Selig.

D. D. T.—I am so proud of your appreciation that I am going to quote from it: "The only degree I can boast of is A.B., but you have me beaten, for you are doubly an A.M.; not only are you Answer Man, but you are Artium Magister at answering questions. Your work is distinctly educational, for while you answer the questions asked you are constantly pounding it into those kidlets to think, think, think; and you are showing them that there is something in this life besides mush and kisses. Sir, my hat is off to you, for you're not only an education, but you are rapidly becoming an institution. There is no charge for this and no answer is required nor expected. I want to get it out of my system that I appreciate your work." I am, sir, your humble servant.

ROSAMOND W.—Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "The White Rose" (Princess). Wilfred Lucas with Mutual.

D. M. S.—The general public did not favor that piece so much. Dorothy Kelly is fairly popular. You give me too much credit, my dear. It is my correspondents, and not I, who make this department what it is. Without you and my other readers it would be very dull and dry.

AGNES A.—Carlyle Blackwell did not play in "Wildfire." You mean "Spitfire." Olga 17 is no longer a member of the Correspondence Club, I believe.

DOROTHY, 17.—So you hope you will never live to hear of my passing away. I shall not shuffle off the coil for a long time. Have no fear, little one. Harry Pollard and Margarita Fischer, of Beauty, are now with Essanay.

MELVA.—Conway Tearle was Charles in "The Nightingale." No; I am not going to leave. This place and its surrounding is my paradise. Thanks. George Stillwell was Waldo in "Prince of Peace."

MARIA, CAL.—Vitagraph have their main studio in Brooklyn, but they have leased a 200-acre estate, known as "The Oaks," at Bayside, L. I., valued at $600,000. The Biograph Company are now in New York.

FOXY.—Our first issue was February, 1911. Your verse was very pretty.

MILDRED BAND.—Miss Joyce is "resting." It is not known when she will be "rested."

ALFRED E. D.—Carmen de Rue was the girl in "Rivals" (Keystone). I arise early because I believe that the early hour has gold in its mouth; the late hour, lead.

DOROTHY H.—Send for a list of manufacturers. Just send a stamped, addressed envelope. Frank Farrington is with Edison. See his picture on page 34 of the August issue.

TOGO.—Edward Connelly had the title rôle in "The Devil." The "Big U" is another brand of Universal. Your letter was pretty long, but I will suspend sentence.

MARY A. H.—I advise you to stay in the country. The cities are too full of people, and they are all in a hurry. Avoid the eternal hum of machinery and cultivate love for the songs of nature. Jane Lee was the child in "The Clemenceau Case." So you want a chat with L. C. Shumway. Some of the players answer letters. May Robson has joined Vitagraph.

ETHEL OF MT. AIRY.—Marie Hesperia was the girl in "When a Woman Loves." Lloyd Hamilton in the "Ham" series.

YELLOW SPECIAL. — Claude Flemming was opposite Clara Young in "Hearts in Exile" (World). Sorry, but I cannot tell you anything about Florence Turner, except that she left the Vitagraph for England a few years ago, after having reached the top rung of the ladder of fame in this country, and since then she has scarcely been heard of in this country.

SHE—I'm a real movie actress now, Freddie.
HE—Wot do you play, Maggie? De human string-bean or Chaplin's cane?

DEETJE AND JACQUI.—Glad to hear from my two Holland friends. So you have a new idol now in Charles Chaplin. You have about 3,194,674 co-worshipers. Your letter was very interesting. I haven't seen Valdemar Psilander play. Must be an awful handicap to carry around a name like that.

ELMHURST-ON-THE-HUDSON.—Yes; I think the player would send you his picture. "The Island of Regeneration" was taken in the Brooklyn studio and at Oyster Bay, N. Y. You are right about President Wilson. He is certainly trying to do the right thing, but in times like these I would rather be right than President. But Bryan wouldn't.

DOROTHY F.—Robert Harron's picture appeared in April 1915 issue. Alice Joyce was chatted in October, 1914. Pat O'Mally is with the Edison Co.

ENGLISH GIRL.—Jack Standing and Courtenay Foote are both English. "The Christian" was taken in Boston and Brooklyn. You were too late for August.

JEAN, NEWARK.—Did you say warm? There is a shorter word for it. You want to know the name of the picture that Anita Stewart wears thirty-one gowns in? She wore a great many in "Sins of the Mothers," but I have other things to do than count frocks.

BLACK BEAUTY.—Edith Peters was the waif in "The Heart of a Waif" (Edison). Norma Talmadge was Janet and Van Dyke Brooke was Uncle John in "Janet of the Chorus" (Vitagraph).

EDITH M.—Florence Dagmar was Jane, Marshal Neilan was Tom in "The Country Boy" (Lasky). Thanks for the fee. You should have signed your name at the top. Glad to know you.

THE FAMILY'S IDEA OF JOHNNY

BEFORE AND AFTER

PA PROMISED TO TAKE HIM TO THE PICTURES

US, WE & CO.—Crane Wilbur was interviewed in November, 1912. Last picture of him in June, 1915. Mary Pickford had the lead in "Little Pal" (Famous Players).

W. R. A.—I am not sure about her salary. Some companies make from twenty to one hundred prints of the same film. It depends upon the nature, maker, value, exchange, etc., as to how much the rental of a film is.

AGNES G. D.—I try not to discuss the war or our international relations, but some of you people persist in violating my neutrality. Miss Sackville was the sister in that Selig. Maurice Costello played in "Criminal."

BOBBIE D.—That was Viola Dana in "The Stoning" (Edison). You ask "How does a person become an actor? What does he have to do?" This convinces me that you are better qualified for some other calling.

IDA M. W.—Joe King was the husband in "Their Hour" (Gold Seal). James McDermott and Jack Mulhall were the brothers in "His Brother's Keeper" (Biograph). Edward Cecil was the foreman. Arthur Albertson was opposite Alice Joyce in "The White Goddess." Guy Coombs was Rhanda and Jere Austin the high priest.

N. L. B.—I really dont know of a W. B. Klingensmith, a camera man. If I hear of him, I will let you know next month.

ANNETTE K.—Owen Moore is now with Keystone. J. W. Johnston is with Metro. I believe that the champion homing pigeon was owned by Wm. J. Lautz, of Buffalo, whose bird traveled 2,511 yards a minute for 100 miles in 1900.

HELEN J. H.—Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "Saved by a Dream" (Victor). Clara Young and Earle Williams in "Love's Sunset." Is it possible that this beautiful old film is still on the market?

THOMAS W. C.—So you find that many of the criticisms of the films that appear in print are influenced by personal interests or by advertising. Of one thing you can be sure: Whatever you read in this magazine is absolutely unbiased and unprejudiced. No company in the world has a word to say as to the editorial policy of our magazines, and not one has ever tried to influence the management by advertising or otherwise. The Editor informs me that not even President J. Stuart Blackton has ever yet asked him to say a favorable or unfavorable word about any film, company or player. List was sent by mail.

AUST D.—Naomi Childers was the wife in that Vitagraph. Lilie Leslie in "White Mask" (Lubin). It was storyized in our May 1915 issue.

GLADYS H. C.—Harold Lockwood played in "The Lure of the Mask" (American). I will give you the names of the plays as they are released. So you dont think I am seventy-four? Wait till you see my tombstone—that will settle it—and me too. You will probably have a long wait!

JOHN S.—Yes, Gretchen Hartman. Only about six months.

GERTIE.—Here's just what you want: "For every ill beneath the sun, there is some remedy or none; should there be one, resolve to find it; if not, submit, and never mind it." Dont cross your bridges till you come to them. Most troubles are those that are feared but never come.

FIND THE BOY WHOSE BIG BROTHER IS USHER AT THE MOTION PICTURE SHOW

TARHEEL CRACKER.—Whoa thar! Back up! Not so fast! Charlie Chaplin directs his own plays. He also writes them. Florence LaBadie is still with Thanhouser. She appears to be the leading woman for Thanhouser. Irving Cummings with American.

JOHN T., BUFFALO.—I have used a magnifying glass, telescope, and field-glass binoculars on your joke, but haint been able yet to see the point. Is there one? Roberta Courtlandt and Pearl Gaddis are one and the same.

ADELAIDE CONWAY.—Yes, Mary Anderson the dancer in "Breath of Araby" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Snow and Ethel Cooke in "Daughters of Kings" (Thanhouser). In the circulars that Bosworth sent out it was announced that Owen Moore played opposite Elsie Janis. George Stone and Violet Radcliffe and Carmen De Rue in "Rivals" (Komic).

BEANS.—You give the wrong title. Never mind the company, as long as you get the first word right. Edith Taliaferro is not playing in pictures now. Not unless you write to the General Film Company of your section and get it from them.

HELEN C.—So you received a nice letter from Romaine Fielding? He is very popular in the club. Pauline Bush is considered one of the best leading women in the business, and she is featured in every play that she appears in. That is why my readers seldom ask for her. Besides, everybody knows her. Thanks for yours.

TERRY J.—"Stolen Goods" was taken in California. You ask what day in the week did 11th of December, 1877, come on? You might write to Henry Walthall. You were just too late for August. Always glad to hear from new members.

ARLINE W. L.—Robert Broderick was the senior partner, Frederick de Belleville was the junior partner and Laura Sawyer was the factory-worker in "A Daughter of the People" (Dyreda). The figures that are shown very small are done by double exposure, and it is the principle of contrast that makes some of the figures look small by comparison with those that were taken under the other exposure.

THE MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE—I dont care whether I'm rescued or not—this magazine is food and drink to me.

G. L. P., CHICAGO.—Ollie Kirkby was the girl in "The Closed Door" (Kalem). Robert Ellis in "Prejudice" (Kalem). Leo Delaney was Arthur, Anders Randolf was Mr. Turner in "The Way of the Transgressor" (Vitagraph). Your letter was very interesting.

OLGA, 17.—Your letters are always welcome. I am quite happy, thank you. It is a great thing to live content with small means, and to love elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion. Mary Charleson plays opposite Crane Wilbur, and I dont think any change is contemplated.

ALTER EGO.—"Dust of Egypt" is a Broadway star feature. They are all shown at the Vitagraph Theater before they are released. Edith Storey has dark brown hair. In "The Island of Regeneration" she wore a blonde wig. You like the old Biographs better than the new?

LILLIAN B.—A chat with Beverly Bayne? Yes; I sent your letter to Olga, 13, and no doubt she will acknowledge it.

CLARABEL S.—To compare G. M. Anderson with Harold Lockwood is like comparing a racehorse with a reindeer, both of which are excellent in their way, but it is a different way. Mr. Anderson is not handsome, Mr. Lockwood is. The world loves an Achilles better than a Narcissus, a Bonaparte better than a Beau Brummel, and a Jess Willard better than a Vernon Castle, but Mr. Lockwood is far from being effeminate. You refer to Arthur Albertson. Ella Weiant was Evelyn in "Poison" (Kalem). Margaret Prussing was the girl in father's office.

FRANCES O'C. — Richard Tucker was Boyd in "The Southerners." You say you cried when you read that Kerrigan was married, and then wept with joy to find that it was his brother Wallace? No doubt your friend is jealous.

MARY C.—I am indeed sorry you saw that article. You can rest assured that you are getting a square deal with the Photoplay Clearing House. This magazine will back up that statement.

LILLIAN S.—Robert Ellis was the physician in that Kalem. Garry McGarry was the son in "The Estabrook Case."

MELVA.—The office-boy was not cast in that play. Al Filson was the Francis Sullivan in that play. That limerick of yours was fine.

BOBBY H., WELLSBORO.—Elsie Greeson you refer to in that Selig. Arthur Donaldson in that series. Charles West in "A Lodging for the Night" (Biograph). I do not like to see the casts given on the screen on the instalment plan. It breaks into the plot too much. It is bad enough to be interrupted with subtitles to read, let alone the burden of remembering names of players. And, too, it tends to mar the illusion.

KEARNEY DOLL.—Address the players direct to the studios. Pat O'Malley was Bob in "According to Their Lights" (Edison). Theda Bara was Iza in "The Clemenceau Case."

REGENT MEMBER.—Crane Wilbur and Mary Charleson have been featured in "The Road of Strife" (Lubin). There seems to be great diversity of opinion as to whether Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark is the best player. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

MAXINE C.—Yes to all your questions except that Mary Pickford does not wear a wig. I advise you to stay in the country. I would like to trade places with you.

RUTH A. MAC.—Katherine LaSalle was Hinda in "An Innocent Sinner." Laura Fields was Marion in "Where Brains Are Needed." So you can see nothing in Irving Cummings to rave about? Well, who's raving?

NOVEMBER GIRL.—Reggie Sheffield was the little boy in "Lady of the Lighthouse." George Chesebro was Crosby in "Money." Warner Richmond was Lane in "Third Commandment" (Kalem). Franklyn Hall was George in "His Jungle Sweetheart" (Selig). Robert Warwick was the lead in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

I. M. & U. R.—There is no truth in that gossip. Carlyle Blackwell was the king.

HELEN J.—Miss Page and Charles Chaplin in "The New Janitor." They were real Japs in that Kay-Bee.

BERTHA D. N.—Miss Brown was Nell in "Shorty's Adventures."

HERBERT P.—Fred Truesdell was the doctor in "The Man Who Found Himself" (World.) James Young was Dick in "Lola" (World).

ROSAMOND W.—Phyllis Gordon is with Kalem. I dont know when Florence Lawrence is coming back.

RALPH M. R.—The word *photoplay* may mean the script, the reel of film, the plot, or the set of pictures on the screen; so you can *write* a photoplay, *act* in a photoplay, or *see* a photoplay. The word *scenario* has come to mean the *script* of the photoplay.

BESS OF CHICAGO.—Joseph Kaufman plays opposite Ethel Clayton, with Lubin. Marguerite Clayton is with Essanay. Louise Orth in "Seven Days."

O. JULIAN.—W. Chrystie Miller is not playing now, but Biograph are showing some of the old films in which he appeared. Of course I chew gum, but I never chew tobacco, and seldom chew the rag—chew my words, too; seldom swallow them.

NETTIE E.—Anna Nilsson was the lead in "The Sister's Burden." You need not try to find out who I am. The only way to learn the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, is to consult "Who's Who Among Answer Men."

CLIFFORD G. R.—The SUPPLEMENT will have different material from the magazine, but of the same nature. You will see no picture, nor story, nor article in one that you have seen in the other.

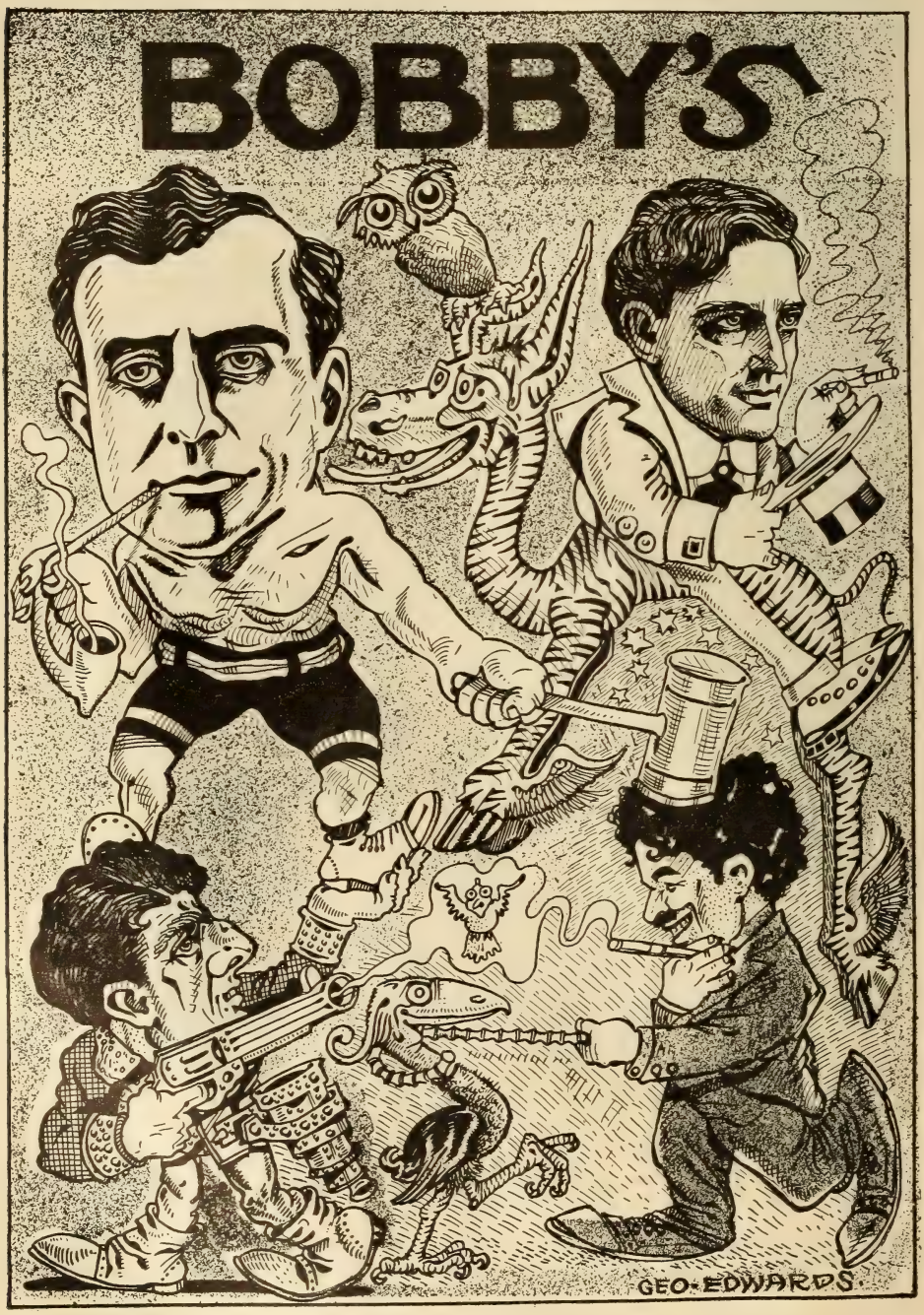
IDA B.—Reggie Sheffield was the blind boy and Lionel Adams was the father in "The Lady of the Lighthouse" (Vitagraph). Marie Walcamp was the daughter in "The Mysterious Contragray" (Nestor). Ethel Clayton and Joseph Kaufman in "The Furnace Man" (Lubin).

SPEAKING OF PERISCOPES—WHY NOT THIS?

PYTHIAS 1ST.—Fred Church is with Kalem; Anna Schaefer with Vitagraph; George Melford with Lasky; Charles Hitchcock with Keystone; Helen Case with Knickerbocker.

CLARA AND ANNIE M. E.—William Scott was Hiram and Elsie Greeson was the girl in "She Wanted to be a Widow" (Selig). Gladden James opposite Helen Gardner in "Underneath the Paint."

HELEN M. L.—I am in accord with you when you say that "A Price for Folly" is well worthy of being called "A Blue Ribbon Feature." Your mother is right, because the Vitagraph has hired a Fifth Avenue mansion for picture uses.



HELEN OF TROY.—So now you are in California? Where next? That's the life. Always glad to hear from you, wherever you are. Arthur Housman is not playing now.

IVA S.—I believe the numbers refer to their age, but not in case of Abe, 99. Anna Rose was the girl in "The Corsair."

HAZEL M. S., CAMBRIDGE.—Gene Gauntier is still with Western Universal. The expression "first run" means that the film has not been shown before that day; i.e., that it has been "released" that day by the exchanges all over the country. "Second run" means that it is the second day the film has been on the market.

W. E.—Anna Nilsson was the wife and Dot Bernard was Alice in "The Second Commandment" (Kalem). You dont expect a man to go into the Motion Picture business today and know all about it tomorrow, do you? I have been in it about five years and I am just getting my hand in. The writer you speak of is new yet. Give him time and he will arrive.

EMMA L.—Robert Conness was Bootles in "Bootles' Baby" (Edison). Write to Universal, 1600 Broadway, New York City, for pictures of their players.

W. T. C., UTICA.—Elizabeth Burbridge and Edward Brennan in "Tricked."

EDGARDA H.—Arthur Bauer and Arthur Ashley in "The Moment of Sacrifice" (Thanhouser). The National Board of Censors is not an official body. That is, it is not controlled by any Federal, State or City laws. Many States and cities have passed laws making official censors, but that does not stop the National Board from doing its work. A film may soon have to be passed by half a dozen different censors before it can be shown in some communities.

DOROTHY C., ORANGE.—L. Shumway was Gabriel in "Love's Savage Hate" (Lubin). Edna Purviance was the girl in "A Jitney Elopement." How do I know whether Mary Pickford is afraid of toads?

BERYL, 18.—No, I dont mind your bothering me a bit. That's what I am here for. Blanche Sweet is still with Lasky. Monroe Salisbury was the district attorney in "The Master Mind." Marguerite Risser was the escaped girl convict in "Threads of Destiny." Jack Clifford was Fedor. Harry McCoy was the son in "Mabel's Blunder."

IDA B.—I dont agree with you about those Ham Kalem comedies. I have seen many of them, and they average up fine, many of them better than the average Keystone. One out of every five Keystone is incomparable, of their kind, but certainly some of the other four are pretty poor. Fred Mace is back with them again, and we may expect to see something.

ELEANOR D., STATEN ISLAND.—There is still a difference of opinion as to which is preferable, a program of one- and two-reel features or a program of a five- or six-reel feature and one short one. As for me, I would rather see four or five plays in an evening than one or two, provided they are all good. But we are not all alike.

PRETTY PEGGIE.—Jay Dwiggins opposite Flora Finch in "A Strand of Blonde Hair." R. Stanley was the ne'er-do-well in "Saved by Telephone."

LOUIS C., CAMBRIDGE.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "Man Overboard" (Selig). I dont think any company has yet done Zangwill's "Children of the Spaghetto," or whatever you call it.

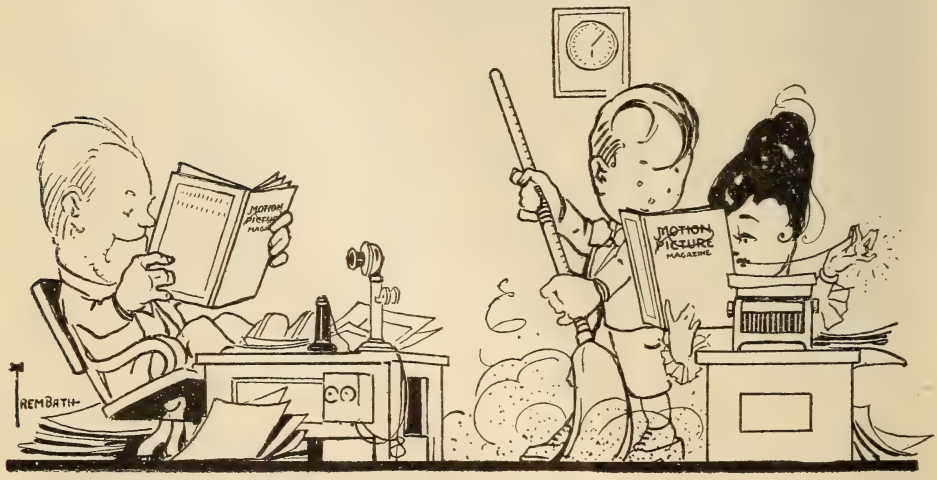
ANNA R. ANXIOUS.—Mahlon Hamilton was Paul in "Three Weeks." Harry Myers and Charles Arthur in "Love and Tears." You're welcome!

SUPER.—Thanks for the picture of the dogs. Very cunning. If we should have any serious trouble with the feriners, you can be pretty sure that it will bear the brand "Made in Germany."

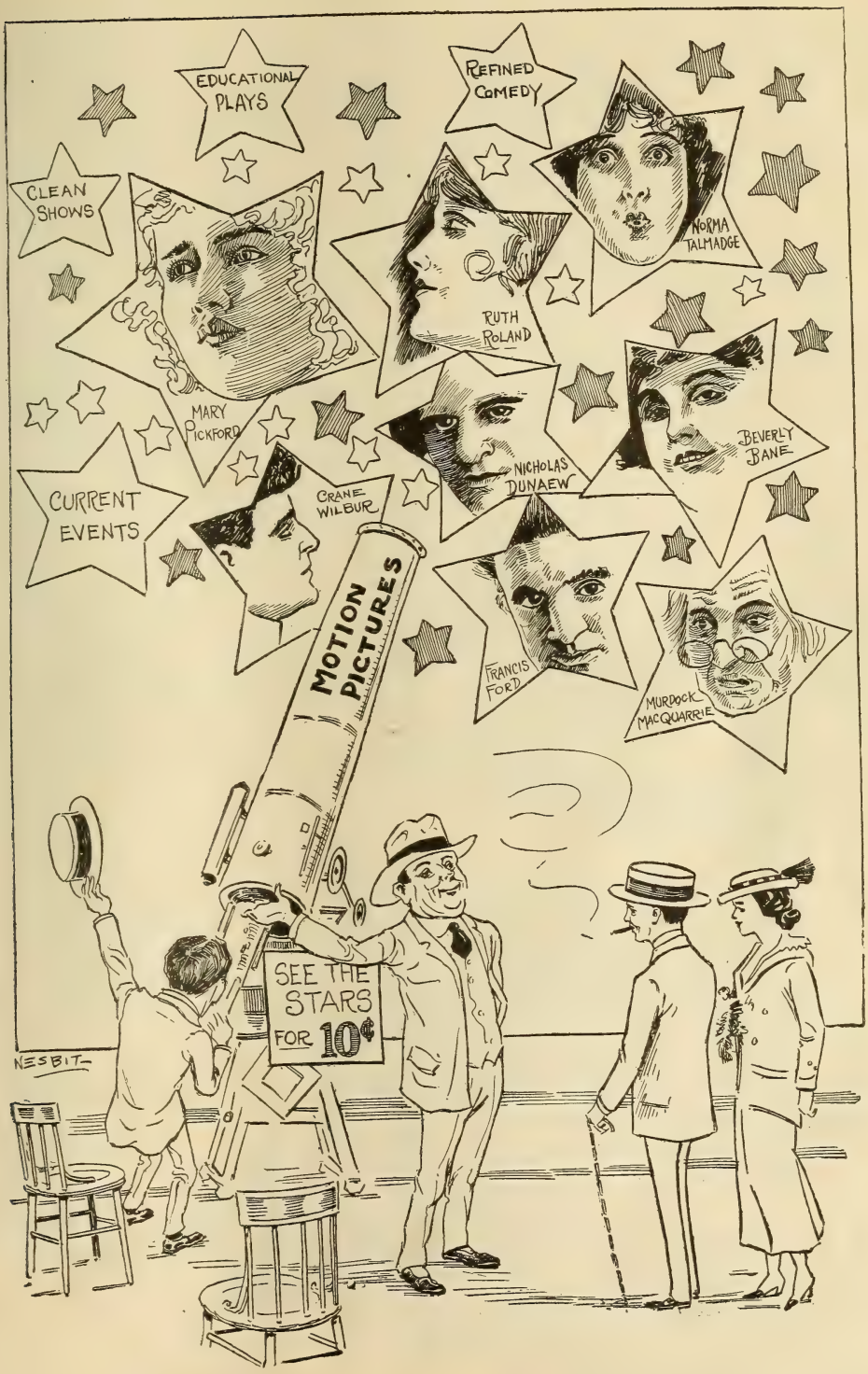
HELEN R. BRYANT, IND.—Marie Hall and Boyd Marshall in "Deadline" (Princess). Rhea Mitchell was Vera and Webster Campbell was John in "First Love's Best." Rosemary Theby is with Universal.

GERTIE.—Ruth Elder was the daughter in "Love and Money" (Thanhouser). James Cooley was opposite Leona Hutton in "His Affianced Wife." George Fisher was her brother.

LUCILLE P., COVINGTON.—Walter Edwards and W. Raymond Myers in "In Old Italy" (Domino). Gertrude McCoy and Richard Tucker in "On the Stroke of Twelve" (Edison).




NO COMMENT NECESSARY




"STARS OF A SUMMER NIGHT"

"Say, mister, how soon will you have Cindy fixed? I comed a long way to see her, and didn't know she was broked into three parts."

Louis B.—Cleo Madison was the girl in "Their Hour" (Gold Seal). Chats with the players you speak of will come in time.

Jane MacR.—W. Merkyl was the Earl in "Gretna Green." You were too late for July. Guy Coombs was opposite Alice Joyce in "The White Goddess" (Kalem). Yes, Alice Joyce and Tom Moore have left Kalem, and are not yet located.

Grace E. F., Natick.—Miss Brown was the girl in "Shorty's Adventures in the City" (Broncho). Milton Sills was William in "The Deep Purple."

Elizabeth B. H.—Katherine Lee was the child actress in "The Hen's Duckling" (Reliance). Rankin Drew was the nephew in "Janet of the Chorus" (Vitagraph). Mother Benson was the mother in "Her Adopted Mother" (Universal). Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Litle Queen."

Billy.—Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey had the leads in "The Island of Regeneration" (Vitagraph). Cyrus Townsend Brady wrote it, and, by the way, he is a great man. I have met him, and visited him in his home. He has written over seventy novels, that have been published.

Kerrigan Admirer.—You refer to Jack Darling. Cannot give you the name of that play from your description.

Ch. H. T.—Louise Glaum and George Elliott in "Scrub." Yes, Vivian Rich in "The Heart of Gold." Mabel Normand.

Little Mary.—Dolly Larkin was Flora in "What Money Will Do" (Lubin). Cleo Madison and Joe King in "The Dancer" (Gold Seal). Dont forget that it is awfully easy to be critical, and awfully hard to be correct.

L. W. H.—Jack Dillon was the artist in "His Only Pants" (Nestor). You are asking a very delicate and extremely important question—whether it is proper for a man to kiss a baby's feet. I wouldn't do it, but I leave this for the women.

U. Know Me Al.—Cleo Madison and Joe King had the leads in "The Whirling Disk" (Mutual). Charles Perley opposite Augusta Anderson in "The Sister's Solace." 335,000 for next month, I believe.

Peggoty Perkins.—Sorry, but I dont remember your last letter. Winnifred Allen was Mary in "The Reward" (Reliance). George Brunton was Sir John in "Key to Yesterday."

J. L. S., Ottawa.—Florence Dagmar was Jane and Dorothy Green was Amy in "The Country Boy" (Famous Players).

DAZED

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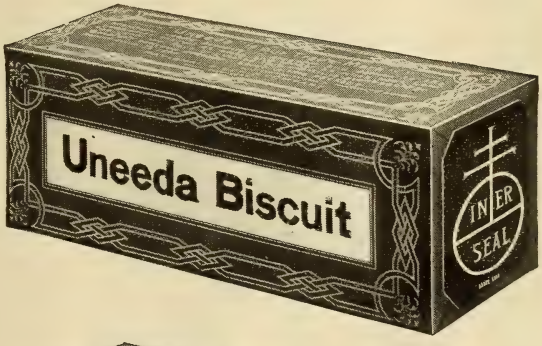


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AUG. BRKA.—Vinnie Burns is with Romaine Fielding. Loraine Huling opposite John Emerson in "The Bachelor's Romance."

MARION T. B.—Cyril Leonard was Sammy Harms in "The Buffer" (Essanay). S. Rankin Drew and Norma Talmadge in "Janet of the Chorus" (Vitagraph).

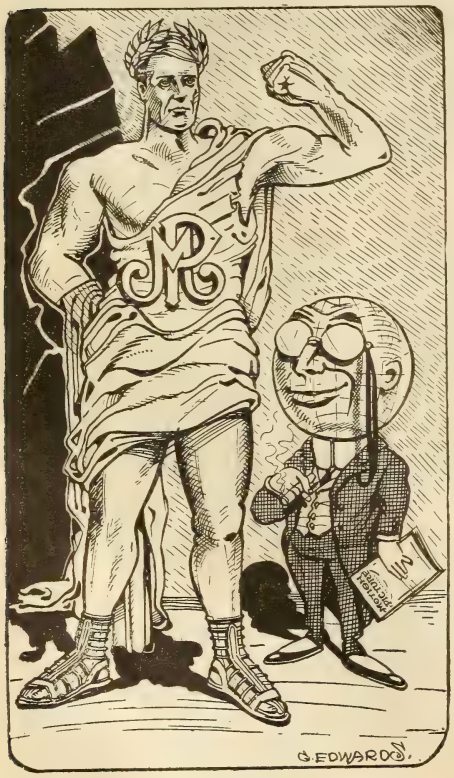
F. W., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.—Florence LaBadie played in "Bianca Forgets." Your letter was interesting.

JERRY F. S.—Kindly take a reef! Nineteen closely written pages are just a wee bit too much, dont you think? Figure it out for yourself. Say, 2,000 letters of 19 pages each; equals 38,000 pages; equals, at 20 lines to the page, ten words to the line, 7,800,000 words! You refer to Julia S. Gordon.

BETTY, 15.—Justina Huff was the sister in "The Regenerating Love" (Lubin). She is now with Imp. Elsie Esmond was the girl in "The Stolen Birthright." Florence LaBadie in "The Adventure of Florence" (Thanhouser).

TALLULAH C.—Those were fragrant thoughts of yours expressed in flowery language. Mary Pickford is in New York this summer, but will return to the Coast.

VIOLET M. H., AKRON.—Cleo Ridgely was Jean in "Scotty Weed" (Kalem). J. Brady and Eugenie Forde in "The Yellow Streak" (Selig). Franklyn Hall was George in "His Jungle Sweetheart" (Selig). No, that is not real liquor that the players drink, usually a soft drink.




THE WORLD—My boy, you're developing wonderfully, but you're still in the rough.

J. J. J.—I have given your letter to the Editor, and you will no doubt hear from him or see it in print.

URELA MC.—That play was a Thanhouser. Anna Nilsson in "The Sister's Burden" (Kalem). Gypsy Abbot in "St. Elmo," opposite Henry Walthall.

NORMAN L. K.—James Ross was Dr. Jacob in "An Innocent Sinner" (Kalem). Franklyn Hall in "His Jungle Sweetheart" (Selig).

FLORENCE W.—Your letter was very cheery. Will pass it along. You mean that's what he said. The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. A great many of the boasted salaries are paid in stage-money. I get $8 a week; real money.

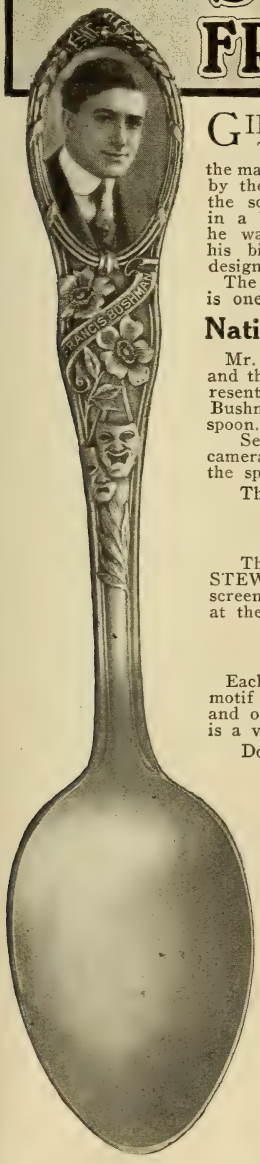
ELIZABETH K.; ESTHER S.; E. B.; DERETTA E.; ELIZABETH H., OAK PARK; W. L. F.; THELMA C.; RUTH R.; WILLIAM H. P.; JOCELYN; IRVIN D.; OLD GLORY; ELIZABETH H.; MARGARET T.; GEORGIA C., and GLADYS W. N.—I have read all your letters and enjoyed them.

JESSIE ROLLINS.—Your inquiry enclosing a clipping from a magazine to the effect that they do not know of a market for photoplays outside of the Kalem Company deserves answer. The gentleman with the military or steamboat title who is conducting said photoplay department is deeply at sea. He evidently knows but little about the demands for photoplays. By reference to the Photoplay Clearing House I find that it is selling regularly the photoplays of outside writers to Biograph, Universal, Lubin (both Eastern and Western studios), Edison, Vitagraph, Eclair, Majestic-Reliance, Essanay, Western Vitagraph, Gaumont and to several of the feature companies. I have noticed several other misstatements and lack of reliable information in the above-mentioned department.

BETTY B.—Thanks for sending me that verse. Your inquiry raises the question, Who shall direct the director? Mr. Reed was the doctor in "Her Doggie" (Biograph). Irene Howley was Susan in "The Suffering of Susan" (Biograph). Bessie Barriscale was Jane in "The Reward" (Ince). Your letter was very interesting.

I. M. A. B.—You are? You want a chat with King Baggot? You will find one in the SUPPLEMENT, probably in the September issue. Spottiswoode Aitken was the old gentleman in "The Avenging Conscience." Yes, Yale Boss was in New York. He is no longer with Edison. I am not sure whether Charles Chaplin answers letters, but I think not. If U R A. B., I AM A. M. Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise ho, ho!

# SPOON WITH FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN




GIRLS, here is your chance! Take tea with Mr. Bushman, the matinée idol of Filmland. Reproduced by the silversmith just as he looks on the screen, his smiling face is framed in a beautiful medallion, and because he was born in January, wild roses, his birth-month flower, embellish the design.

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**National Stars Corporation, 1328 Broadway, New York City**

ESMERALDA.—The first two instalments of "The Goddess" were taken at Chimney Rock, North Carolina.

C. N. W., SAN ANTONIO.—Mack Swain is the Keystone Ambrose; Edna Payne with Ideal.

PEGGY O.—Evart Overton has been with Vitagraph about six months. You ask me to tell you who is "back of this great war?" My answer is, if anybody, Nietzche. You are very resourceful in your apologetic explanations.

NEWCOMER.—Yes, "The Victim" was taken in California. There is a Western Vitagraph at Santa Monica, Cal. Yes, "The Awakening" (Vitagraph) was a very good thing. You are wrong about that player.

KERRIGANNETTE.—Edgar Jones and Justinia Huff had the leads in "On Bitter Creek" (Lubin). Mary Fuller and Matt Moore in "The Girl Who Had a Soul" (Universal). Eugene Pallette and Lucille Young in "The Spell of the Poppy" (Majestic). Virginia Kirtley and Robyn Adair in "The Last of the Stills" (Selig). Al. St. John and Dave Morris and Louise Fazenda in "Crossed Love and Swords" (Keystone). No cast for that Nestor. Thanks very much. My favorite drinks are buttermilk and Billy Sundaes.

READING RAY.—You are misinformed. Norma Talmadge did not get married and leave the Vitagraph Company to go West with her husband. It was not matrimony, but a matter of money. She was offered a fabulous salary, and she accepted it. Her sister Constance and mother will continue to play for the Vitagraph. Write to Universal for a picture of Ray Gallagher.

F. B. COLEMAN.—Thanks very much for that Canadian one-cent brooch you sent me. It is quite odd.

CLIFFORD R. C.—Just call up the General Film Company and they will tell you where that play is playing. Yes, Edgar Jones and the Huff girls left Lubin. Mr. Jones is directing for Thanhouser; his wife, Louise Huff, is with Rolfe, and Justinia is with Universal. Could this be called a "house divided against itself"? Arthur Housman left the Edison Company about July 1st, I believe.

MRS. E. E. S.—I really cannot tell you why Alice Joyce and Blanche Sweet blacken their lips. And you dont like the way G. M. Anderson rolls his eyes? I will see that he rolls them some other way. He is apparently coming along again.

H. E. N.—Herbert Rawlinson was the lead in "The Black Box." You ask me if Carlyle Blackwell failed? Yes, in a way. He filed a petition in bankruptcy showing that his assets were $11,000 and his liabilities $8,000, but this was all due to his Favorite Players Company, which was recently disbanded. Mr. Blackwell found, like many others, that it is an easy matter to make good films, but a mighty hard matter to sell them.

TOGO, BRADDOCK.—Your letter was indeed interesting, but you failed to ask questions this time. Always put your questions at the top of the letter. Such is life. Life is at best full of dangers, and but few of us ever get out of it alive.

POINTING THE WAY

# THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

## A THING MORE DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE THAN THE KNACK OF WRITING ONE

### The Photoplay Clearing House Acts as Advisor, Friend and Agent in Setting You on the Right Road to Successful Scenario Writing

Established for over two years, with a record of hundreds of sales, over 13,000 manuscripts reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market, the Photoplay Clearing House has become the one authoritative and reliable agent for the handling of authors' product in the Moving Picture industry. We have received over 5,000 testimonial letters; we are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; our business is in intimate personal touch with all of the leading photoplay manufacturers, and our staff of editors, who personally pass upon all material, consists of the following well-known photoplaywrights: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall and others. In order to qualify for our reading staff of editors, it is necessary that an editor be a successful scenario writer, a fair and able critic, and a good judge of market conditions and values.

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Dear La Roche:
For the benefit of your readers who are scenario writers, would like to give you an idea of our needs here. Would be pleased to have submitted to me detailed synopses of any ideas you may have that would make four- or five-reel photoplays. Am particularly looking for strong material suitable for Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn or John Barrymore. Quick decisions will be given and payment made immediately on acceptance.
FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO.,
Russell E. Smith, Scenario Editor.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I beg to acknowledge herewith your check for $35.80 in full payment for my script, "Scared o' Women," sold by you to the Vitagraph Co. Please accept thanks.
You are aware that I have been for a long time much interested in the work of writing scripts, not as a vocation, nor for the check, but as a real pleasure. I shall continue to send them in to you from time to time, and assure you that I am much gratified by your very cordial treatment.
Barton, Vt. F. H. PILLSBURY.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Regarding my manuscript, "The Half Eagles," which you recently sold for me to the Biograph Co., I appreciate your work in this matter most highly, for I was about to give up in despair, until I noticed your ad in the "Motion Picture Magazine."
I fully realize that it is more difficult to sell a script than write one, because the same script was turned down by a number of companies. Also, your revision helped to land the bacon.
CHESTER B. STROBEL.
799 Lehigh St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Photoplay Clearing House:
We enclose check for $75.00 for manuscript entitled "What Happened on the Barbuda," by Willis C. Pratt, 479 W. 152d St., New York, as per contract on file.
THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Your check ($31.10) for my photoplay, "The Light in the Window," sold to the Mutual Film Corporation, just received. The greatest praise I can make is to say that your ability is only equaled by your promptness. I am sending you more scenarios shortly.
Yours sincerely,
Hotel Van Nuys, SYDNEY K. RUSSELL.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Photoplay Clearing House:
We are more than busy here now, turning out some good stuff, tho material is as scarce as ever. Trusting that everything is well with the Clearing House, and hoping to have the pleasure of considering more scripts therefrom in the very near future, I am
DORIS M. SCHROEDER,
Editor, the Vitagraph Co., Western Studio.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Briefly, my object was to avoid mistakes in the future rather than negotiate sales of the plays in question. On this point your work has been of decided help to me, and I feel that the fee has brought its return already, for I have a small market, tho not a howling demand, for my work.
I hope within the near future to revise the three plays you recommend and will send them to you as soon as completed. Pray accept my thanks and appreciation.
41 Broad St., N. Y. A. L. STILLMAN.

Dear Sirs:
We are enclosing herewith the release slips for the two scenarios entitled "The Proof," by S. V. Cooke, Elmwood Hotel, Halifax, N. S., and "Weeds," by H. F. Jamison, Alexander, Ark., made out to the amount of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) each. As per your request, we will mail the checks to you immediately upon return of these slips.
UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
Scenario Dept.

### THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

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All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

## PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FACTS, CALEXICO.—Mary Pickford answers her own letters, but she could possibly afford to hire a secretary if she wished. She is in California most of the time, but in New York part of the time.

CLEO MADISON FAN.—You ask three foolish questions. Your last, "Does Warren Kerrigan have his shirts made to order?" is not in my line. Dont you know that I have no clothes line? Hobart Henley plays opposite Cleo Madison at times, and they are a popular team.

NAN KARR.—James Kirkwood opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players). He also played in "Behind the Scenes."

SAMUEL O.—James Cruze was James, Frank Farrington was Braine, and Albert Froom was Vroom, while Marguerite Snow was Olga in "The Million Dollar Mystery" (Thanhouser). Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson in "The Altar of Ambition" (American). I agree with you that "The Spendthrift" might have been much better if the parts had been taken by photoplayers rather than by stageplayers. I, too, thought it very uninteresting. The players failed to register.

AMIGO. — Ruth Roland with Balboa, Grace Cunard with Universal. Charles Chaplin in Los Angeles. Ruth Roland was chatted in August 1913 issue. I am quite sure you would stand no chance to play the lead in your scenario if you sold it to a company. "Dont count your chickens before they are hatched."

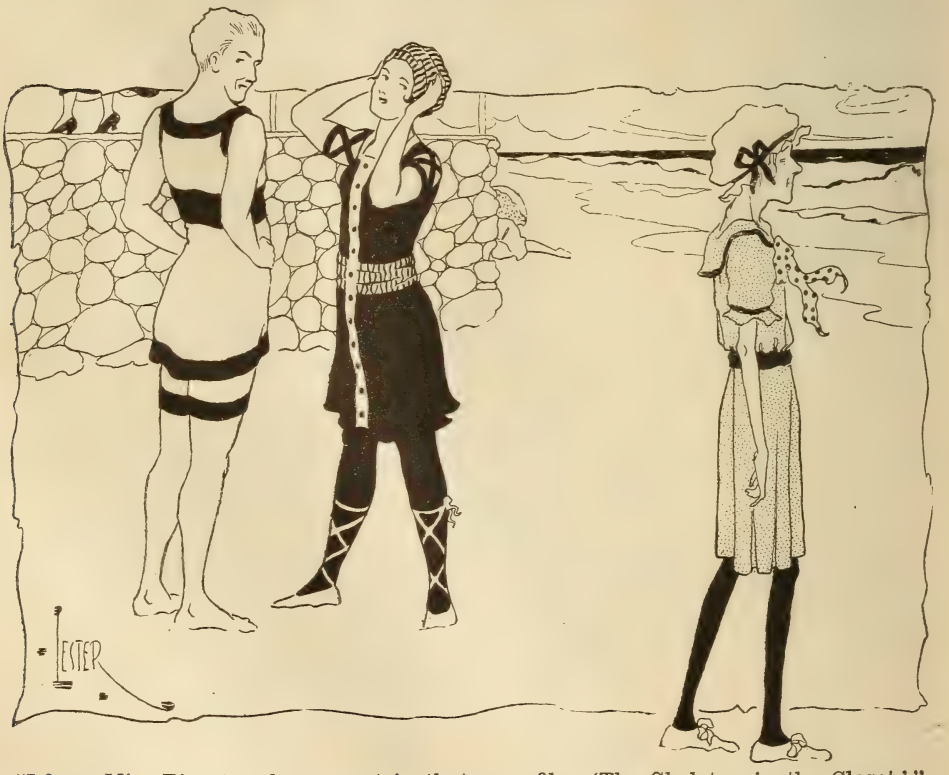
M. P. S.—Address Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Pat O'Malley was Bob, Margaret Prussing was Grace and Charles Sutton was Knowdon in "According to Their Lights" (Edison).

JEAN F.—Harold Lockwood is with American. Jack Standing played opposite Mary Pickford in "Fanchon the Cricket." They call a party where there are no women present a "stag," but I cannot tell you why, unless it is because it resembles stagnation.

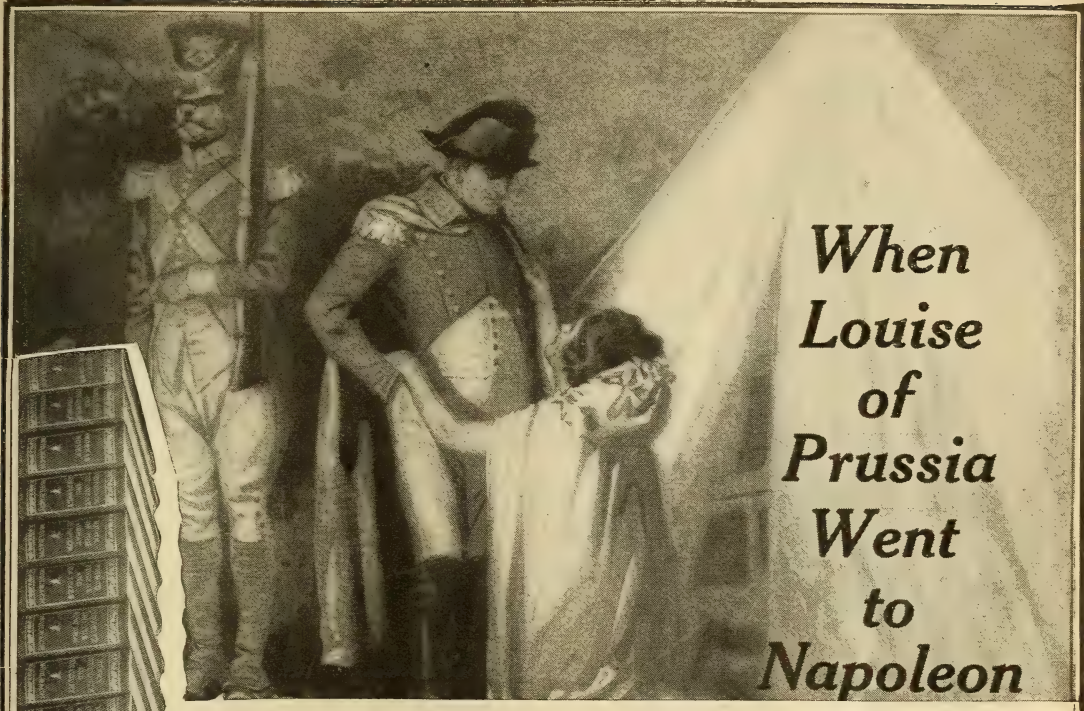
PEARLE, SYDNEY.—"An Innocent Sinner" was released May 3, 1915. See announcement on another page about the SUPPLEMENT. Albert Machin was Bob and Vivian Pates was Mary in "Mother Love" (Lubin). Wallace Reid was interviewed in May 1915 issue.

A. L. A.—Sorry, but we didn't get a cast for that Pathé.

PLATO.—I really thought that you were a very bright, polite, gentlemanly young man, and now you say that I am a "conceited old reprobate." Is it possible that we were both in error?




"I hear Miss Pipestem has a part in that new film, 'The Skeleton in the Closet.'"
"Really? What does she play?"
"The Skeleton, I believe."



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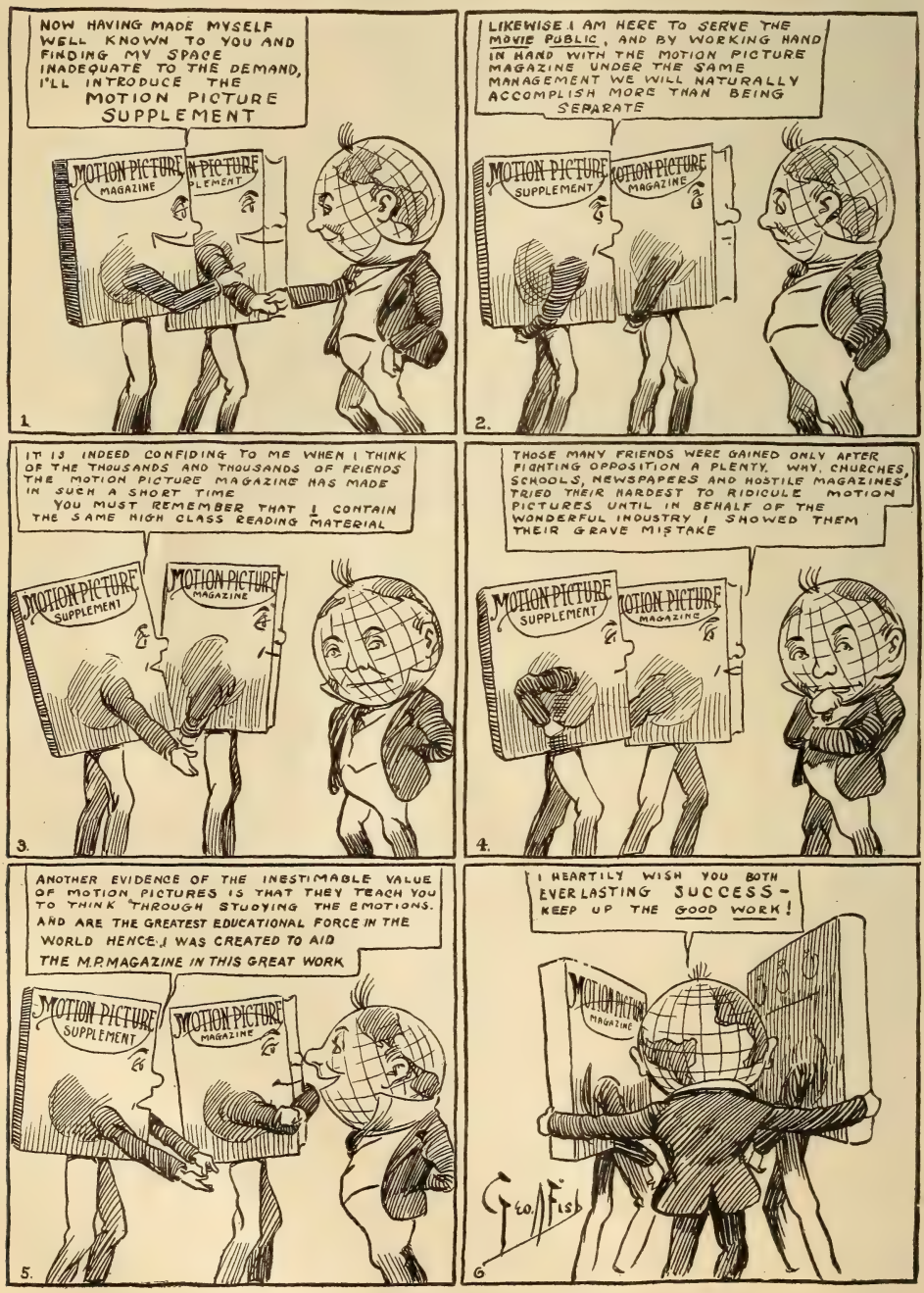
DORICA, THE FLAPPER MELB.—Your letter is very interesting, but you do not ask questions. The expression "I'm from Missouri; you must show me," was first used by former Governor Folk, of Missouri.

M. P., O. K.—The Editor has taken up your first question. Also your second. Miss Wallace was opposite Chester Conklin in "Wild West Love" (Keystone). Cecile Arnold was opposite Charles Chaplin in "Caught in the Park" (Keystone). Albert Vroom in that Thanhouser.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MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT
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6

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The first edition will naturally not be on sale at all newsstands until a demand for this new magazine has been created. Hence, those who cannot secure a copy otherwise may mail 15 cents (coins or 1-cent stamps) direct to us at any time, and a copy will be mailed as soon as it comes from the press.

During the last year or two the Motion Picture industry has grown by leaps and bounds, and so has our magazine; but twelve numbers a year are not enough to say what we have to say. Instead of changing our present magazine into a semi-monthly, we have decided to continue our present monthly magazine just as it is, without any change whatever, and to issue another brand-new magazine, which will come out just fifteen days later. It will have very much the same departments as its sister, namely, a Gallery of Popular Players, Chats, Brief Biographies, Stories, Greenroom Jottings, and an Answer Department conducted by our own inimitable Answer Man. Those who wish to have their queries answered or their letters to the Editor published in the first issue may address them the same as before, except that on the top of each must be written, "For the Supplement." It will not be necessary for readers of one publication to read the other, for each is complete in itself and entirely different from the other in material, altho the general character will be the same. New stories, new features—nothing will be repeated.

Price 15 cents the copy; subscriptions $1.75 the year.

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Inside page, $100; fourth cover, $200; inside covers, $125; one column, $34; two columns, $68; one inch, $3.50. Size of text page, 8 x 10; size of one column, 2⅝ x 10; size of double columns, 5½ x 10. Hence, plates and cuts of standard magazine size can be used. Advertising forms close August 1st.

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MARGARETTE K. T.—Some of yours are short and sweet, but then some are mighty long. So you think that Nicholas Dunaew is too good to play as a comedian, and that he looks more like a scholar.

WILLIAM S.; LORAINE C.; M. L. D.; L. H.; G. M. H.; OLIVE S.; ETHYL W.; GERTRUDE H.; MARIE SWEET; PETE LAME; CLARA, ST. JOSEPH; LIBBY D.; ADELAIDE O.; W. R. C.; BROADWAY T.; PEGGY F.; MISS W.; PEG LIVINGSTON; BERTHA M. P.; THOMAS C. D.; and NINA R.—Your letters were all very good reading.

WILDFLOWER.—James Neill was General Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia." I haven't heard anything about Sidney Chaplin going crazy. No truth in it, of course. We will have a chat with House Peters soon.

MAE L.—So you would like to see Harold Lockwood, Beverly Bayne and Marguerite Clark at the Vitagraph studio? Why? You ask me how you can be neutral when your father is German and your mother is English? Well, that is all the more reason for being neutral.

D. M. B., SODUS.—Your letter is very interesting. So you did not like our story, "According to Their Lights"? Well, everybody else did, apparently.

W. G. R., WELLINGTON.—Leah Baird is still with Vitagraph. Chester Conklin, Fred Mace, Mack Sennett are all with Keystone. Send an International coupon.

OLGA, 17.—Good-morning. Wrong! I still admire Secretary of Statements Bryan. He is such a quiet, peaceful, little man, and never says a word.

IRENE B., MORGANTOWN.—Write Jack Richardson, care of American Company. I fear that Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence will not be seen together again, except in old releases.

M. E., HOUSTON.—Robert Grey opposite Cleo Ridgely in that Kalem. So you want to correspond with W. T. H. Vitagraph have few child players, altho there are the Costellos, Connellys and Audrey Berry. Vitagraph is noted for its heavy artillery rather than for its light infantry.

PRINCESS.—You must write a separate letter if you want information about the Circulation Department. You know each department answers its own letters. Yes, I agree with you; but the trouble is that the Russians dont seem to stay licked.

BEVERLY. — Beverly Bayne opposite Francis Bushman in "Thirty." You do me an injustice when you say that I am funny. I haven't a funny bone in my body, except my funny-bone.

ANNETTE G. B.—Marin Sais, Arthur Shirley and William West in "The Money Leeches" (Kalem). Hughie Mack was the cook in "Fat, Fair and Saucy." No; the expression "Fat, fair and forty" is from Sir Walter Scott. Arthur Ashley and Loraine Huling and Mignon Anderson in "The Reformation of Peter and Paul." Mr. Ashley's dog is dead.

FARNUM FAN.—Hobart Bosworth joined Universal. "The Rosary" is the first Selig story in our magazine for some time. Thanks for the fee.

ELVIRA E. R.—Marie Weirman was opposite King Baggot in "Pressing His Suit." Arline Pretty was leading woman. Eddie Lyons had the lead in "When He Proposed" (Nestor).

GERTIE.—Adele Ray was Marian and Stewart Baird was Edward. The rules are that you must write on one side of the paper only. I am informed that there are ninety-six theaters in San Francisco where Motion Pictures are shown, exclusive of those at the Exposition and at churches. I believe that the Powers cameragraphs are most used. I cannot tell you what projecting machines are best, and if I did my opinion would not be worth much.

LITTLE MARY.—Thanks for all the clippings you sent me. Minta Durfee was the girl in "He Wouldn't Stay Down." Harry Loraine and Eloise Willard were Smith and the wife in "Neighborly Neighbors" (Lubin). Louise Meredith and Owen Moore in "Help Wanted."

MELVA.—You say you will double and triple your affections for me if only I will secure a good photo of Robert Leonard for the gallery? That's worth working for and I will take you up on that. Ruth Elder was Marion in "Helen Intervenes" (Thanhouser). Virginia Waite in "The Tall Dark Woman."

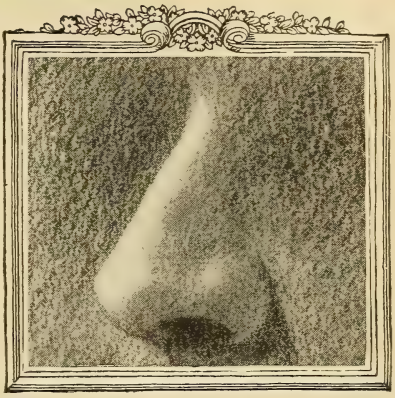
FLORIDA KID.—Arthur Bower was Pfaff and James Cruze was Lord Trevors in "A Leak in the Foreign Office" (Thanhouser). Roscoe Arbuckle in "Fatty Joins the Force" (Keystone). Jack Mulhall in "His Brother's Keeper" (Biograph). Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Box."

J. T. N., WASHINGTON.—So you have often noticed Anita Stewart, Edith Storey and Norma Talmadge wearing the same dresses? This may be so, because every studio contains a large wardrobe from which the players may make selection, but every player has a number of gowns of her own.

J. LESTER Y.—I am indeed sorry. Send along your questions.

PEG OF ANYWHERE.—The expression "to go on the boards" means to become an actor. In a limited sense the word *stage* signifies the floor, or the boards of a theater. Julia S. Gordon and Earle Williams in "The Tiger Lily." That's pretty old. Carlyle Blackwell in that F. P.

BEVERLY B., JR.—Earle Williams had the lead in "The Juggernaut." Did you not recognize him? Church expenditures for 1913 amounted to $410,000,000, and about 763,000 new members were taken in. You can figure out for yourself how much it costs to save each soul, but some of the money was spent in making the bad good as well as in making the good gooder. Yes, I go to church every Sunday.

# Conspicuous nose pores

## *How to reduce them*

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

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SAL SHOESTRINGS.—No; Edna Mayo and Gwendolyn Pates are not the same.

ALICE M.—Biograph take most of their pictures in California, but their company is now back in New York. Your letter was interesting.

EDITH.—There are fifteen instalments for "The Goddess." Adrienne Kroell is not playing now.

PYTHIAS 1ST.—Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde had the leads in "The Destroyer" (Kalem). William Shay is with Fox.

JESS OF MEADVILLE.—Edna Purviance in "Jitney Elopement" (Essanay). Also in "Champion." Gale Henry was the actress in "The Fatal Kiss" (Joker). No answer on that Pathé. The Pathé publicity man is asleep at the switch.

HELEN L. R.—Always glad to see you. Louise Fazenda was the girl in "A Bear Affair" (Keystone). Bryant Washburn was Prince Lorenz in "Graustark" (Essanay). Eileen Sedgwick was the girl in "The Eagle's Nest" (Lubin). Paul Willis was the boy in "The Little Soldier Man" (Majestic). Margaret Edwards was Truth in "Hypocrites" (Bosworth). Address, William Farnum, in care of Fox Film Company, N. Y.

FLOWER EVELYN GRAYCE.—You ask why Celestia, the Goddess from Heaven, wears a Greek costume? I am not an authority on costumes in Paradise. Yes; I am a naturalized citizen, and a neutralized one, too. I am afraid that some of our German-American citizens cannot say as much. The man who shot Francis Ferdinand about a year ago knew the gun was loaded, but he probably did not know how far it would carry.

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.—Thanks for the Havana cigar. It was very refreshing. You want an interview with Lillian Gish? Elmo Lincoln was the blacksmith in "Her Shattered Idol." Mack Sennett, Thomas Ince and D. W. Griffith are the three directors for the new corporation called "Sig," which is formed from the three names. Almost as bad as V. L. S. E.

KATIE B.—Always write to the companies for pictures of players. Paul Doucet was Lucio in "Devil's Daughter."

X. Y. Z.—Blanche Sweet is 5 feet 5 inches; Mae Marsh, 5 feet 3 inches.

MAIDA.—Of course I like you. Alice Joyce isn't playing at this time. Never heard of that name. Yes; but the difference is that Great Britain succeeds in blocking German shipping without taking lives. There is such a thing as law.

FRIEDA F.—Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Test" (Selig). Send for a list.

LYNN.—Jack Holt is with the Rex Company. Cleo Madison's chat was published in April and June 1911 issues; picture in February 1915 issue.

KAMEO.—Address, Fred Church, in care of Kalem. I really dont know. Yours was interesting and clever.

G. EDWARD D.—No; Mary Fuller did not play in "The Sob Sister." J. Arthur Nelson was Slim in "Slim Joins the Army." Bettie Burbridge opposite.

FANNY FAN.—Betty Holloway and Florence Williams were Claire and the housekeeper in "The Gray Horror" (Lubin). Melvin Mayo was the judge in "The Decision of the Court" (Lubin). The child in the first chapter of "The Goddess" is not known. William Dunn was Currier's son in "The Juggernaut." Lillian Burns was Nell in "The Love Whip." E. J. Brady had the lead, Eugenie Forde and Leo Pierson in "The Yellow Streak" (Selig). I am sorry you were neglected.

MARGARET B.—Essanay have a studio in Los Angeles, operated by Charles Chaplin; one in Niles, Cal., run by G. M. Anderson, and one in the Eastern studio at Chicago. Hobart Bosworth was the Sea Wolf in that play.

EDWARD H. F.—We have never printed "Love, Luck and Gasoline." Francelia Billington, Knute Rahmn, Carlyle Blackwell in "A Life in the Balance" (Kalem). "The Juggernaut" in April, 1915.

OLGA, 17.—This is your third time at bat this month, and in each you made a hit. You now have a fine batting average. You, too, are disappointed about the Exposition.

ANNIE D. G.—I know of no Jean Thrall in pictures. Perhaps she goes under a different name. Jean Darnell is not playing now. Marie Eline is no longer with Thanhouser.

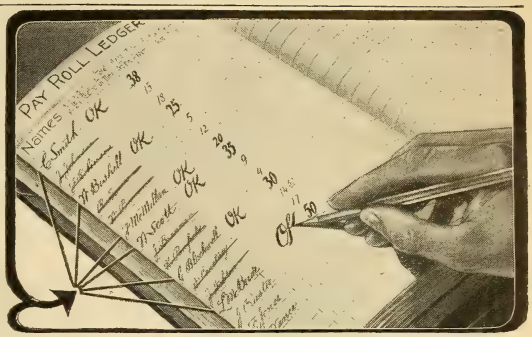
C. M. C.—I am sorry, but we have no cast for "Kindred Souls." Will let you know about it when I secure the information.

JERRY C.—So I failed to answer your letter, did I? Well, please may I have your forgiveness? You just happened to be one of several hundred last month who failed to get a line of commendation for clever letters and interesting questions. But, all things come to him who waits. We have hundreds of good letters that the Editor intends to print as soon as he can make room.

ROMAINNETTE.—C. Holland, Lee Morris, Lillian Haywood and Bessie Eyton in "Beautiful Belinda" (Selig). Marin Sais, Arthur Shirley, William West, Paul Hurst and Ollie Kirkby in "The Figure in Black."

CURIOUS CONSUMER.—Isabel Rea and L. W. Robinson in "Destiny Decides" (Biograph). "The Vengeance of Durand" story was published in February 1913 issue. Never published "Love's Sunset." You ask which is the older, Dustin or William Farnum? I haven't their ages just now. Norma Talmadge has a two-year contract with the National.

PRUNNELLA.—Mae Marsh was Lilywhite in "Man's Genesis" (Biograph). Mr. Reed was the doctor in "Her Doggie" (Biograph). Irene Howley was Susan in "The Suffering of Susan" (Biograph).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GENE.—Your letter very interesting. Write to companies for pictures of the players. Have handed letter to Editor.

ANNETTE B.—Jack Drumier was the factory owner, Victor Pottman, the Italian, and Mary Malatesta was his wife in "Man and His Master" (Biograph). Minta Durfee was the lead in "The Rounders" (Keystone). Baby Zoe Lewis, Francis Hopper, Charles Griffith and Imy Forrest in "Just Like Kids" (Lubin).

GABY GIRL.—Your letter was indeed good reading matter. Always glad to hear from you. Hope you enjoy your vacation.

SADDLE R.—Sorry, but you have the wrong title on that play. Gladden James had the lead in "Underneath the Paint."

ANELLA.—Lillian Herbert was the maid in "The Breath of Araby." No player by that name. As Glen Buck says, "People who exalt art above nature know nothing of either."

MARGARET A.—Donald Hall, the Chesterfield of the movies, the man with the princely bearing, is still with Vitagraph, and you can address him care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

RUTH CALDWELL.—Of course I am a man—what did you think I am, a horse? You have a keen perception otherwise. Some people look at things; others see them; a few see thru them. All things are transparent to those who have eyes backed up with brains.

KERRIGAN FUND.—Frank Borzage and Bessie Barriscale had the leads in "The Cup of Life" (N. Y. M. P.). Harry Lonsdale was the doctor in "Sands of Time."

STRANGER, D. C.—I would call that false modesty; but, even so, it is the most decent of falsehoods. And you think Harold Lockwood is the handsomest man in California. Harold, Harold, what have you been doing to this poor stranger?

PEGGY, PKSBY.—Both Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport are with Lasky.

VYRGYNYA.—Yes; Warren Kerrigan has fully recovered. You are wiser than most of my readers. Amusement to an observant mind is study.

MAURICE H.—Lilie Leslie and Jack Standing in "The Inventor's Peril" (Lubin). Dot Kelly and James Morrison in "The Four Grains of Rice" (Vitagraph). Harry Davenport and Rose Tapley are Mr. and Mrs. Jarr in the "Jarr" series.

PYTHIAS 1ST.—Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde in "The Destroyer" (Kalem). Ruth Stonehouse and Francis Bushman in "The Slim Princess." Charles Arling in "Do Re Me Boone."

MARION D. C.—I like to give advice, but advice is not a popular thing to give. Perhaps what you want is not advice, but approval. Giving advice is an unnecessary responsibility.

AGNES M. M. C. C.—You refer to E. K. Lincoln in "Shadows of the Past." So Mary Pickford will continue to be your favorite? I hope so, but you cant tell.

**Are Moving Pictures Greater than the Press?**

(*Continued from page* 90)

Motion Picture as a stimulant to thought and a substitute for that greatest of teachers—experience. To see a Motion Picture drama or play is to see something that is a pronounced success. Recently, in a large city with ten "legitimate" playhouses, the five-reel movie drama of "Du Barry" was selected by the wife of a prominent railroad magnate "because," as she said, "only good plays by good companies are to be seen at the movies, while you never can tell whether either or both will be worth while at the theater."

It is fallacy, untenable experimentally and clinically, to hold that the Motion Picture theater is selected not from choice but as an economic necessity. After all, it is a matter of the survival of the fittest. The two-dollar theater seat is not worth a jitney, if the play is poor—as is usually the case—and the actors worse. As a Motion Picture, that would not pass the first audience. If ever the Motion Picture producer is forced to make films just for the sake of making them, there will be a great falling off in attendance at the movies.

It is not, however, the vast power of the Motion Picture to stir you out of your rut, to remove your set habits, to disrupt your reading by rote without thinking or acting, that makes it what it is. The Gargantuan incentive to invent, to think, to explore, to enlarge the memory, is only equaled by the accumulated experiences the patron of the movies enjoys.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools—all people are so, sometimes—will learn in no other. When Shakespeare said the injuries wilful men procure to themselves must be their schoolmaster, there were no movies. A burned child dreads the fire, true enough; but if a child is burned on a movie screen, the children who see it experience the event without the anguish. One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning, and the Motion Picture is that harmless and ideal thorn.


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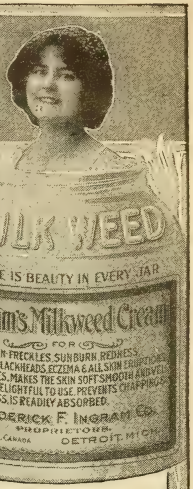
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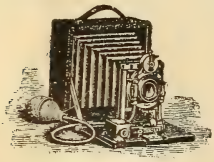

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"Advertising is the life of trade." If you have anything to sell, and would be up to date, announce it here!

The Limerick Contest closed on June 30th—fortunately for the Limerick Editor, who was buried under a pile ten thousand strong! He is a conscientious old soul, however, and assures you that every limerick was carefully read and enjoyed. When the selection was finally boiled down to one hundred, several of the magazine's staff editors assisted in the final selection. The first prize of $5.00 is awarded to Marjorie, W. Spencer, 1527 Belmont Avenue, Seattle, Wash.; the second, of $3.00, to Charles H. Turnbull, 819 Leffingwell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; the third, of $1.00, to O. O. Kerman, Monroe, Mich.; the fourth, of $1.00, to Frederick Wallace, 217 South Street, Bristol, Conn. Their limericks follow:

But now comes some further good news! In the valiant ten thousand there are so many clever and witty limericks remaining that the editor has decided to continue the contest and to make further awards. In the October number, four more prizes of $5.00, $3.00, $1.00, and $1.00 will be given, and the end isn't in sight! We shall repeat in the November number with a similar dividend! Of course there will be lots of dandy limericks left over, but the limerick column is a little institution enjoyed by all of us, and we will continue to regale ourselves by offering a "smileful" of them each month.

KING BAGGOT'S QUEENS.

From bold bandit to dealer in arts!
We have watched you play all of these parts—
But, O King, have you guessed
That the card you play best
Is the *deuce* with "us pore" ladies' hearts?

MARJORIE W. SPENCER.
1527 Belmont Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

HARD ON SYDNEY!

Jane Morrow's addicted to verse!
They say—when she goes to rehearse—
  Oh! horrow, Jane Morrow,
  We hear this with sorrow!
You couldn't do anything worse!

CHARLES H. TURNBULL.
819 Leffingwell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAM THE FIRST.

Not a breath would we breathe about Farnum,
But "the fannies" all praise him, consarn'm!
  For the rest of us guys
  They haven't got eyes—
And they'd tear up his socks just to darn 'em!

O. O. KERMAN.
Monroe, Mich.

PEARL WHITE.

Poor, periled, exploited Pearl White
Had a horrible nightmare one night;
  She passed a whole day
  In the orthodox way,
And was almost exhausted with fright.

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.

FIND THE VALUE OF "X."

With the finest physique in the business,
And a profile that's hewn out of stone,
  He sports amethyst rings,
  And of singleness sings,
  Has old maids on strings,
  And the manners of kings,
But his "ego's" the largest that's known.

A. D. ELLIE.
Sebago Lake, Me.

NOT ACCORDING TO THE "CHAT" MAN.

There was a young fellow named Quirk,
Who wasn't addicted to wuirk;
  He would jump in his Ford,
  With a French bull aboard,
And ride where no labor did luirk.

R. W. KIRSCHBAUM.
Newark, N. J.

NOT ON THE MENU.

Here's praise to the dark-eyed Anita,
There's no one alive that can beat 'er!
  If it wasn't for Earle,
  I would make her my girl;
But I'd lose her quite soon, for I'd eat 'er!

GEORGE OLIVER DESOURDIS.
Worcester, Mass.

WISE BOY.

There was a young fellow named Billie
Made love to his girl like a gillie;
  But he learnt the right way
  At a Biograph play,
And now he's so happy, he's silly!

ARTHUR LENOX.
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(*Continued from page* 88)

Her eyes widened, and she drew back. Then she laughed uneasily.

"I dont know what made me feel that way," she said; "but your hand —I never noticed it before—I thought I held the hand of my brother!"

Mortmain laughed, too—somewhat harshly, to cover his embarrassment. It was more than he could bear, and he left her abruptly, to return home and find Dr. Crisp waiting for him.

Mortmain's face became savage in its sternness, and, without preamble, he suddenly flashed the newspaper picture of Tom before the surgeon's eyes.

"Is this the man who died in your house?"

"Yes," said Crisp, bowing his head; "I did it to save you."

"Leave me, wretched man!" cried Mortmain, horror-struck—"leave me alone with my ghosts."

The maddened man dashed toward a mirror, and stood with clenched fists. He could have sworn that the vice-deformed face of the attorney's clerk had grinned forth from it.

And then came a series of long, silent nights in which the grinning face and crouching form lay lurking for him in every polished surface and void shadow.

Mortmain grew sleepless, haggard, hated the sight of food and shunned his friends.

At last he aroused himself and resolved on a trip abroad—the ocean might bury his ghosts. As a farewell he gave a little dinner party to those most dear—the kindly professor, the famous artist and Bella, the beautiful girl now quite beyond his reach.

In the midst of the dinner the artist arose and proposed the toast: "To Mortmain and Miss Forsythe—may they soon be one!"

The half-raised glass dropped from Mortmain's hand with a crash, his brows gathered darkly, and Bella, her tender heart terribly hurt, could scarcely control her tears.

A bit later Mortmain led her to his study, and the panting girl poured forth her string of accusations: his long absence from her; his growing coldness; his lack of interest in Tom, and now his apparent shunning of her presence.

Mortmain heard her thru to the end. His heart was fairly bleeding with his love for her, yet he could not speak. His defense was too revolting—he stood condemned!

In a moment, sighing softly, she was gone, and the figure of Flagge stood before him.

There was no mistake this time; no vapor of the imagination. The man's breath hissed in his ear; the stench of rum filled his nostrils.

"I have come to collect on the notes."

"That is a matter in which you may do your worst!"

Flagge drew close, the look of cunning deepened in his yellow eyes, and he barely whispered: "How about Tom Forsythe? Are you prepared to answer for him?"

"You dog—go!" screamed Mortmain—"before I kill you!"

"Ah! the glove pinches—the hand tortures!" the lawyer's clerk croaked, and then drew closer.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "that the police have the finger-prints of the murderer's hand?" and his beady eyes fastened upon Mortmain's rigid right hand.

"Ah!" With a scream of fury, Mortmain was upon him, beating him down, reaching for the scaly throat. He must—he must choke him—trample out this miserable life!

"Gurgle, gurgle!" Ratlike sounds came from the creaming mouth.

Then Bella brushed aside the curtains and pointed a flaming finger of scorn at him, so that he dropped his victim and cringed before her.

"Liar and double murderer!" she said, in a burst of hate. "*I know you now!*"

With a wrenching of his brain, as of crashing timbers, Mortmain recovered his senses. Doctor Crisp stood by his bed, smiling down.

"Your hand is doing fine," he said—"there is no question of amputation, and all your debts were canceled in Gordon Russell's will."

Mortmain waved the deft liar aside with a weak gesture of scorn. Something he could believe appeared in the doorway. It was Bella, her young face set toward his, and blushing like the roses she bore to him.

Tom, with both hands swinging freely, entered back of her.

"Am I mad?" cried Mortmain—"or is this Paradise?"

"Neither," said Bella, kissing his wounded hand. "You're going to take tea with me now."

"But the murderer?" insisted Mortmain. "Tom, answer me!"

"Why, the murderer has confessed long ago," said Tom. "A queer fellow named Flagge. Carried a grudge because Russell had ruined him."

Then Bella stooped and took Mortmain's face between her hands, and in their soft crutch his eyes were focused on her alone.

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JUNE BEVERLY.—All the Beverly's I have. Lamar Johnston was Harry in "The Lady of the Cyclamen" (Selig). Evart Overton was leading man in "To Save Him for His Wife" (Vitagraph).

ARTHUR F. B.—Winifred Kingston was opposite Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian" (Lasky). You ask me to tell you whether Mary Pickford is a better player than Marguerite Clark? Do you want me to violate my neutrality?

MILLIE R. H.—Harris Gordon was the artist in "Nichola Dupree" (Thanhouser). Francis Joyner was Edward in "The Only Way Out" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi had the leads in that Selig series.

RED SOX FAN.—Looky here, sire, dont call me those names. Shall consult our baseball editor. House Peters in "The Bishop's Carriage." Carlyle Blackwell and Harold Lockwood. Anna Nilsson in "The Sister's Burden" (Kalem).

MARGUERITE G. Z.—Yes, we were the first Motion Picture magazine on the market. We pointed the way. We were the first to introduce chats with and to feature the players. Many companies were opposed to this, but they finally had to yield. The Vitagraph Company was the first to feature their players. Now all companies do it, even if their players are not worth it. Not only are there about twenty Motion Picture publications now, but nearly every newspaper has a Motion Picture department.

STUART M.—Ethel Jewett and Mignon Anderson in "Girl of the Sea" (Thanhouser). Teddy Sampson was the girl in "The Slave Girl."

ETHAN A. B.—Virginia Kirtley and Robyn Adair in "The Hut in Sycamore Gap" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "The End of the Gallery."

WATCH YOUR STEP.—Name, please, next time. Robert Walker was the composer in "Girl of the Music Hall." Walter Long was Pat. "Battle Cry of Peace" not done.

FLORENTINE.—Glad to see your long letter. It will do you as much good as it did me, for, as Bacon observed, reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. You must not read too much nor study too hard. Edith Johnson was Annette in "Lure o' the Window."

MARIE P., COVINGTON.—Charles Waldron was Dick in "When We Were Twenty-One" (World). Guy Coombs in "The Swindler" (Kalem).

BABE.—Clara Williams and Harry Keenan in "Winning Back" (Broncho). Boyd Marshall and Rene Farrington in "On Account of a Dog" (Princess). Edna Mayo in "Stars Their Courses Change" (Essanay). Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in "The Little Gray Home."

MADELINE E., ST. LOUIS.—If you want your answers to appear in the SUPPLEMENT, you must write "to be answered in the SUPPLEMENT" at the top.

MILDRED P.—Of course I will be your dad. You are very observing. We require more than eyes; we require understanding. We really see only that which we comprehend.

ROSE C.—Yes, Wilmuth Merkyl in "Gretna Green." Jack Standing in that Famous Players. Val Paul was the young man in "Diamonds of Fate" (Powers).

OLIVE M. K.—I hope you are recovering. You need not try to find out who I am. Of course! How would you feel if you originated an idea and others came along and adopted the idea for themselves? Francelia Billington in "Strathmore."

CLIFFORD R. G.—Yes, Sidney Chaplin is Gussle in the Keystone.

JOHN K.—It would be impossible to print a complete list of names in the Great Cast Contest, because there are several hundred of them for each part. Margaret House was the stepdaughter in "The Human Menace" (Gold Seal).

EDMUND C.—You are in error, because the National Board of Censors is not responsible for posters, handbills, or other advertising which is given out. Local authorities should attend to this matter when it is offensive or indecent. Harry McCoy was Harry in "The New York Girl" (Keystone).

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

WE desire to ascertain what photoplays are the greatest yet produced, and we ask our readers to decide by writing on a postcard or paper the titles of not more than five photoplays that he or she has seen, which are worthy of being called *classics.* At the top write "Motion Picture Classics"; at the bottom your name and address, and mail to this magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other mail. There are just 218 "classics," according to the opinion of our readers to date, but we give only the fifteen leaders in the order named:

"The Christian" (Vitagraph).
"Tess of the Storm Country" (Fam. Pl.).
"My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).
"Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).
"Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).
"A Million Bid" (Vitagraph).
"The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith).
"Cabiria" (Italia).
"Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).
"Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).
"The Eternal City" (Famous Players).
"The Spoilers" (Selig).
"The Stoning" (Edison).
"The Escape" (Mutual).
"Last Days of Pompeii" (Kleine).


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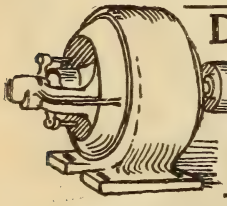

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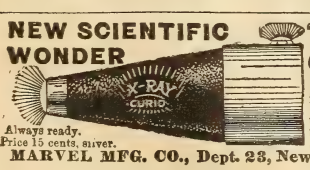


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GERTRUDE M. H.—Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The First Commandment" (Kalem). If you have a first edition of Charles Lamb's "Eliza," it is worth about $150, provided it is the first issue of the first edition, published in 1823.

MISS FANNIE K.—Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was." Nitra Frazer in "Love, Snow and Ice."

JANE CANUCK.—I dont approve of the use of gas in war, but it was to be expected after the Germans gained so many meters. Ben Turpin was the fat man in "By the Sea." Dot Bernard with Fox. Mayme Kelso was the aunt in the Mutual series. George Spenser in "The Lion and the Mouse."

MARIE B.—Winnifred Allen was the girl in "The Jeweled Dagger of Fate" (Reliance). Marguerite Loveridge in "The Chasm" (Thanhouser). Harry Millarde and Robert Walker in "Her Bitter Lesson." Cecile Arnold was the girl in "Gussle's Day of Rest" (Keystone).

F. P. L. B.—I advise you to get more in the sunshine, which is the greatest germicide, disinfectant and tonic known to science. Flood your heart and home with it. Reggie Sheffield was the child in "The Lady of the Lighthouse" (Vitagraph). Katherine Lee and Rosanna Logan in "The Lady of Dreams."

LORENA B.—Alice Brady was Emily in "The Boss." Mary Pickford had the lead in that Famous Players. I do not believe in turning the night into day. Like the other animals, I like to sleep while the world is dark and work while it is light. That is the natural way.

PAUL E.—O. A. C. Lund with Universal. Neva Gerber was with Favorite Players. Paul C. Hurst was the detective in "The Figure in Black" (Kalem). Tom Moore was the minister in "Prejudice."

MARY R. T.—Morris Foster was the millionaire in "Nickola Dupree" (Thanhouser). Ernest Truex and Ernest Lawford in "A Good Little Devil." David Hartford was Tess' father.

MRS. MARY C.—Harold Lockwood and Olive Golden in that Famous Players. Frank Elliott was Sam in "It's No Laughing Matter" (Bosworth). I guess you refer to George Periolat, of the Kerrigan-Victor, who is preparing a book on curios, coins and antiques. He is quite a collector and authority, I hear.

LAUGHING JACKASS.—Peggy Pearce and Wallace McDonald had the leads in "The Blighted Spaniard" (L-Ko). Fay Tincher in "The Love Pirate" (Reliance). Agnes Vernon.

MRS. C. W. S.; HARRY H.; MISS G. M.; MARIE B.; MARGUERITE G. Z.; BEN S.; PAUL B. S.; LILLIAN L.; ESTELLE W.; ALICE O.; MISS L. S.; MADELINE F.—Your letters were all very interesting. I am just starting out on my vacation, and you must excuse me if I do not add a personal note for each.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

J. N. Stewart, of 5 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., sends us the following clipping on "Noses," from the June *Atlantic Monthly*, and then proceeds to do what no other poet has done—write a verse in honor of a nose. Here are the article and verses:

ON NOSES.

People are constantly remarking that they observe this or that feature of the human face more than the others. Most generally it is the eyes that thus command attention; frequently the mouth. Occasionally some one will be found who declares that he notices hands first and chiefly; and I know at least one man (not in the shoe business) who vows that the foot is the most characteristic and significant portion of the human frame. I may add that he married on this theory. He is not happy.

For myself I must confess to a divided love. The eyebrow is a fascinating feature, which, by having its direction turned a hair's breadth, or its distance from the eyes altered by a fraction of an inch, can change the expression of the whole countenance. The ear has a humor of its own, and can delight or amuse by its angle, its size, and its texture; or by its position on the head can add distinction to the profile, or remove every vestige of it. But of all the neglected and unsung features the nose has the fewest lovers. It occupies the central position, it covers the largest territory, it shows the most amazing variety. Yet it shares the fate of all obvious and unchanging things, however necessary and important. It is ignored, or passed over with a reference to its size and its general direction.

I have read that no poem was ever written to a nose. Can you, offhand, recall a single rapturous or even admiring description of one? I search my memory in vain, but produce instead one instance that has always interested me by its neglect. You recall that little poem of Browning's, "A Face," the brief and charming description of a girl's profile against a background of gold. The "matchless mould" of softly parted lips, the neck "three fingers might surround," and the "fruit-shaped, perfect chin" all receive their due of praise; the nose, a seeming necessity in any profile, is not even mentioned. It may be as well; each reader supplies in the lovely face the line that suits him best. The poet may have feared that by its mere mention he would produce the effect too often given by the nose in real life—a heaviness that mars an otherwise charming face.


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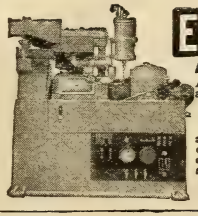

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Her nose I deem most beautiful of all;
The wondrous form that doth my soul enthrall—
The eyes divine, the lips of witching grace,
Give sparkling life to her most beauteous face;
But, 'tis her nose I love—that noble mold
That speaks of tender charm, of courage bold,
Of humor, sweet caprice, of thought and heart—
God's crowning gift to set her face apart.

Lillian L. Ventrieul kindly sends us a unique idea that she is responsible for, called "A Psalm to the Movies":

The movies is my opera, I shall not want anything else; they make me lie down nightly with better thoughts, they lead me in fancy all over the world. They restore my spirits; they lead me easier to walk in the path of duty for mine own sake.

Yes, tho I walk thru many streets on my way to the theater, I will fear no fatigue; the director and his staff will comfort me.

They prepare a love-scene before me in the presence of much hardship; filling my head with a desire to do likewise, until my stay runneth over into the next performance.

Surely "Metros" and "Keystones" shall follow one another every day on the screen, and I shall dwell in anticipation thereof forever.

Despite the fact that Helen Hosmer MacDonald's letter has provoked what may be considered a sufficiency of argument and might now be allowed to rest, this response from Wynne Dietrich, Box No. 13, Sheldon, Mo., will serve to "close the case":

Would it be considered presumption should a meek and humble member of the proletariat buried in the wilds of darkest Missouri, raise his voice in a few words of appreciation—and some other things? Well, whether it will or not, I am going to presume. I have now read four consecutive issues of your magazine, and have them tabulated thus: Good, Better, Best, Still Better. Every department and every special feature is good—some are better than others, but none are worse. I have no criticism to make, and my only suggestion is that you keep on as you are going, making each issue better than the preceding.

(*Continued from page* 170)

Now, having voiced my appreciation, I will proceed to those "other things." In an unusually happy frame of mind, armed with a pipeful of excellent tobacco and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I had just settled myself for an hour or so of solid enjoyment, when, quite by accident and without a word of warning, I ran kerplunk into that mournful wail from Helen Hosmer MacDonald. Why didn't you insert a danger signal? It was like diving into twenty feet of ice-water and ice forming on the surface before one can come up. I was immediately plunged into the midst of a gloom thicker than a London fog—and then my pipe went out. I dont remember being so low-spirited since the day I finished reading L. Case Russell's "Here Lies" (or is it "Her Lies"?) and the consequent funeral pyre of scripts. However, after spending a few minutes in the Answer Department (some tonic, that Answer Man, even tho you possess but the slightest sense of humor), I felt better and proceeded to dissect her letter with an idea of diagnosing her case. My first impression was that she either has developed an awful grouch at everything in general, and the movies in particular, or else she is inclined to be a trifle hypercritical. Consequently it may be, after all, that her very able letter of criticism applies to conditions as they existed some time in the dim and misty past when the cinematograph was young.

However, if by any possible chance she intends her diatribe to cover present

(*Continued on page* 172)

## Answers to the Picture Puzzle

IN answer to the little puzzle for children that appeared in our August issue on page 171, we received many thousand correct answers, and it is impossible, we regret to say, to mention the names of all the boys and girls who were clever enough to solve the mystery. The winners are Herman Greenlaun, 1745 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Penadys A. Kelley, Box 164, Fairhaven, Mass.; Miss May Neill, Box 6229, Simcoe, Ont., Canada; Florence Kavanaugh, 465 Sackett Street, Brooklyn, and Sophia Lindemann, 1615 Woodhaven, N. Y., who have by this time received their prizes. The correct answers are Lillian Walker, Francis Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Mary Pickford, Harold Lockwood and King Baggot.


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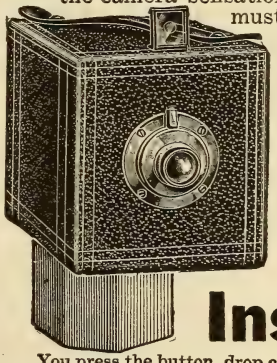

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(*Continued from page* 171)

conditions, I must beg leave to differ with her. For instance, I fail to observe just where you are "making little tin gods on wheels" out of our people of the screen. I think you are merely giving some very clever people their just deserts and doing your level best to give credit where credit is due, without favoritism of any sort. I do not believe that the majority of these people are all swelled up because of the adulation they receive. The most of them impress me as being ladies and gentlemen of unquestioned culture and refinement—very human and very likable. I see little evidence of inordinate conceit and very, very few show the slightest indication of being at all "up-stage."

In conclusion, let me add that I am very well acquainted with the releases of the leading producers, and there are very few, if any, that merit any of the harsh criticism so freely offered by Mrs. MacDonald. I have attended many of the better class theaters in many cities in different States and have watched closely the reception of the screen offerings by the patrons, but at no time have I found them hypercritical. There is, of course, always room for improvement. Nothing is so good that it could not be better. The quality of plays, the directing, the acting and the projection are by no means all that they should be. But when I pause to think of the miraculous growth and the wonderful development of the Motion Picture—but yesterday, as it were, a pleasing toy and today the mightiest and most potent factor in our modern civilization—in spite of imperfections, I cannot restrain my enthusiasm. And it is my honest belief that the most earnest desire of every leading writer, producer, director, actress and actor, is that each succeeding picture shall be the best. Consequently, when mistakes are made, when slight incongruities slip in, or even should they fail entirely, let us not spur them on to greater things by dousing them with ice-water. There is a more gentle, more kindly way.

S. King Russell, Pasadena, Cal., deals in lesser and greater evils in his following keen note:

As an honest critic, I would like to say a few words in the Keystone discussion. Your readers, for the most part, have abused that company unmercifully, perhaps more than they deserve. Maybe some of their productions have been frivolous, even crude, but certainly none were any more harmful than a certain Vitagraph "star feature," a recent release, entitled "The Enemies," which should never have been shown on any

(*Continued on page* 174)

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(*Continued from page* 172)

screen. Did the National Board of Censors take a nap during this production, or do they consider the brutal conduct of lawless men who act like fiends instead of humans and the glorifying of the bestial passions, hatred and revenge, a praiseworthy thing for the photoplay to instil in the minds of young America, not to mention the general public? If the critics who take exception to burlesque comedy—life must have its froth as well as its dregs—would suppress dramas like "The Enemies," they would make the photoplay a factor for uplift, not degeneration. Think it over.

H. Pells, 459 East Twelfth Street, Prince Albert, Sask., Can., gives the following bit of information, which may prove of value and interest to Mr. Maul and those interested in his idea:

I read the interesting letter from Mr. Ray Maul, of York, Pa., in your magazine. It might interest your readers to know that a device similar to that mentioned by Mr. Maul was being used by some of the Motion Picture palaces in the West End of London three years ago.

In the lobby of the theater was an easel, with a list of the pictures being shown, and alongside of the names was given the time that each picture was due to be shown. Further, there was also another device for the benefit of the patrons in the inside of the theater, in the form of an electrical signboard on either side of the screen. When a picture commenced, the name of the following feature was lit up on the boards, with a hand pointing to it. This served to eliminate the bad habit some people have of leaving the theater in the middle of a reel, causing a disturbance and much inconvenience to the other patrons.

Jimmy Blair, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., thinks that one may lack the ability to "act," as acting goes, and yet be supreme by that great gift of nature, ever victor over art:

Is it necessary in order to get a hearing in "Letters to the Editor" that one step on the toes of some popular favorite? I am interested in the improvement of Moving Pictures, but who is to be the judge of what *is* improvement? I notice some critics like to roast players and companies when they consider their work a trifle raw, but suppose the rest of us like them that way.

The most of us fans, like Mary (sit tight, Miss Falvey; we're going up by your corner pretty soon), are a little bit old-fashioned. Deep down in our hearts there's a soft spot for the player who is just "folks," and for the folksy plays, too. We're tired of the gush and glitter and of the vile and sordid. Give us more of the big, clean, noble and the happy side of life and more plays about common, everyday people.

There is one player, we will call her little Molly Pout, who has excelled in giving us "folksy" characterizations. And now some one tells us that she lacks ability to act. Perhaps she does. Perhaps the innocent sweetness, the strength and the purity that have made her the idol of millions is her own personality, and she is not Art, but Nature. Heaven forbid that she should ever be cast in a part in which that personality would be hidden. So please dont try to improve on her. We like her best just as she is.

Mr. P. C. Ritch, of Copperfield, Ore., takes issue with Mr. Haines, of Haverstraw, N. Y., on the latter's knowledge of Western ways. Dont know but that the man from the "brush" is right:

Quoth Mr. Edwin Irvine Haines in the March number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE: "Now, as a matter of fact, the Western cowboy is a very up-to-date person as to his attire. He is always dressed in short corduroy riding breeches and vest, with jacket of dark cloth and stock or linen collar. The cowboy of the Motion Picture died with the road-agent and buffalo long ago."

Excuse me for laughing, Mr. Edwin Irvine Haines, but in what part of our glorious West did you see this particular brand of cowboy? Am afraid if a party happened to stray onto this part of the range dressed as you describe, and happened to mention that he was a sure-enough cowboy, some kind and fatherly soul would advise him to keep it to himself and stay hid, for fear some of the boys of a more hilarious and reckless disposition would find it out. Why, if a Western play was shown on the screen with the characters dressed as you describe, every true son of the West would be righteously insulted and would rise up with loud cries of protest and gnashing of teeth. "Chaps" are used around here as a protection from brush and weather just as much as they ever were. Of course, the "six-gun" is not so much in evidence, but still lots of the boys carry them in hopes of seeing some of the animals that prey on the young stock. And we have a man here in our little town that carries a "six-gun" strapped to him at all times. He was shot from ambush last summer, and he

(*Continued on page* 176)

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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figures on evening up the score if the opportunity arrives. So you see, you resident of Haverstraw, they are not all dead yet. Personally, I have no criticism to offer in regard to the better grade of Western plays such as are produced by Thos. H. Ince, for instance. All his productions that I have had the pleasure of seeing had the combination of picturesqueness, reality, characterization and distinct detail, as well as good subjects, that make a play worth going to see.

Elizabeth A. Chudoba, 126 Whiting Street, Hartford, Conn., stoutly defends Keystone and beginners. She claims a laugh for the one and a chance for the others. She says that her letter is for the critics exclusively:

I am always interested in the column that is set aside for people's letters to you every month. I wish to add my side of the story.

Some of the letters make me quite indignant, especially those knocking Keystone and Biograph comedies. What if they do favor the egg and pie throwing "business"? We cant tell how many people are made happy by witnessing these performances. Especially when one has had a trying day, he needs just to go to a theater that carries a comic program, and the blues will vanish in a jiffy.

"If a smile would make a body happy, he would be a brute who would not give it to him," was a quotation from a man of the people. If these people, however "low and vulgar" (?) enjoy these pictures, why not let them have 'em? We have sense enough to go to a theater where serious plays are featured, if we want to see them, so why not go? These plays were not meant for you. You can read the bulletin-board and see what the program is before you enter a show. I certainly do not consider myself one of the "low, vulgar class," but I am not narrow-minded enough to want these pictures cut out just because they dont attract me. Who are we that we should be pleased individually? I do not consider myself such a great person that I can demand the happiness of a universe be confiscated at my order. These "jokers" are meant to be jokers and are put out as such.

Richard Tuggle, Vinton, Va., appears to be singularly fair-minded as well as observant. Also, he sees *"beneath"*:

I am a close reader of your estimable magazine and have read many of the letters from "fans" here and there, some of whom, it seems, would like to set their favorite players upon the uppermost rung of the ladder of fame and honor, and cast down, at the same time, to the lowest depths of ignominy and oblivion those players who have failed to obtain a secure position in their good graces.

I also am a person of strong likes and dislikes, and am not without prejudice, as you will understand later; but let's remember that these men and women, the screen actors and actresses, are just men and women, after all, and have their distinctive personalities just as you and I. Some of them dont appeal to me, I admit, yet they do appeal to countless others—in fact, I find that those players, and films, too, that least appeal to me are the popular ones. The fact that I have no liking for Keystone and Pathé comedies does not prove that they are without merit; it merely proves that my nature wasn't built according to Keystone specifications.

There has been much said lately in answer to that difficult question, "What is most needed in Moving Pictures?" It is my opinion that the essential thing which is lacking is with (or rather is not with) the audience rather than the film. This essential is a keener and more intelligent appreciation of films and players. Too many of us misjudge a good actor on account of impracticable and sometimes impossible parts which he is forced to play. Too bad, of course, that all of them cant choose their own parts. If they could, I fancy there would be quite an over-supply of leading men and leading ladies, too. Suffice it to say that any player who plays leading parts altogether will eventually become more widely known and more popular than the player who plays nothing but mediocre parts. This is indisputable, and it is also according to human nature. I leave it to the director to decide which player is best qualified to take the lead. I simply ask my friends, the "fans," to observe carefully and see if the fifteen-dollar clerk doesn't sometimes display more real histrionic art than the millionaire manipulator. Bushman adds to his popularity every time he grinds Washburn under his heel. I shall not attempt to say which of the two is the better actor. I know well enough for my own satisfaction, and that is sufficient. Friends, please let up a little on the hero-worship and accord to the villain a little of what is justly due him!

If I were asked to name the handsome man of the movies I would, without hesitation, say Donald Hall. He is a fine actor, too, in spite of his good looks. Sidney Drew is the only real comedian in Moving Pictures, I am thinking. I guess the Chaplin aggregation will camp

(*Continued on page* 178)

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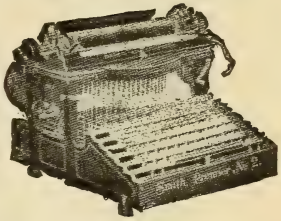

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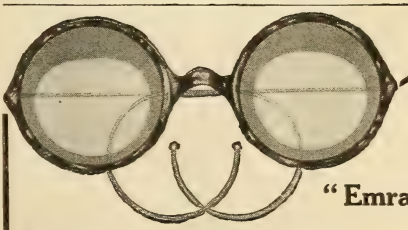

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(*Continued from page* 176)

on my trail for that remark, but I reiterate, Sidney Drew can be funny. Harry Morey and William Humphrey are two men of whom we will hear much and see more if they are given a chance. Romaine Fielding is the best character man in America and Harry Northrup the best villain—and there are some good ones, Bryant Washburn being not the least.

Miss May B. Martin, 1606 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., takes up several points of interest and discussion, intelligently:

I have just read with much interest in the April issue the "Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher" in regard to the slapstick comedy. I suppose my enjoyment was due, in a measure, to the fact that it so thoroly agreed with my opinion in regard to this particular brand of comedy. I have often wondered how long the managers were going to spoil a perfectly enjoyable evening by having one or two of these so-called comedies. Now that Selig have added this brand of comedy to the Lubin and Biograph, not omitting Keystone and the wonderful (?) Charles Chaplin, we wonder who will be the next. No one enjoys more than I the real comedy of Sidney Drew and some of the other Vitagraph pictures, where the comedy is the result of the situations and not the falling and knocking about of people, and I truly hope the day will come when the slapstick comedy will be a thing of the past.

While we are on the subject, may I have just a little more space, and altho they say "comparisons are odious," I would like to say just one more word, and that is in regard to the peerless Alice Joyce, as she is called so often. I cant for the life of me see how the votes for this actress have piled up into the thousands, and not one vote has been registered to the credit of that "truly peerless" actress, Miriam Nesbitt. Possibly she has a few more years to her credit than Miss Joyce, but, if so, they have only added to the finish and perfection of her artistry. Pictures in which Miss Nesbitt appear have a finish and certain touch to them that other pictures have not. And surely to an actress who has supported so many great stars on the legitimate stage is due more appreciation than she is apparently getting. Alice Joyce is rather pretty in a way, but about as stiff as a toy doll when it comes to acting. It does seem a shame that so many of the fans let a pretty face blind them to the appreciation of the real artist, and here's hoping that some day the Motion Picture public will recognize such true artists as Miss Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott.

And here is a dissenting voice from Mr. Addison Blume, of Brooklyn:

The Answer Department has always been a source of much pleasure and profit to me, a confirmed movie fan. I have read the various ebullitions of several correspondents who take objection to the slapstick comedy presented on the screen by Charles Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, and others, with much interest, and desire to register my hearty disapproval of their sentiments.

I have witnessed many comedies of the Keystone brand and have failed to see even the slightest transgression from the path of morality and decency in a single scene. There is nothing abnormal about slapstick comedy. When Fatty kisses a pretty girl, he enjoys it, and he is frank about it—none of your platonic stuff for him. When Charles Chaplin takes a wallop at some unoffending bystander, I think it is screamingly funny. I am sick of the comedy that is based on mistaken identity or involved plot; I like to see some rough-and-tumble comedies. It is life; it is real, tho it is a bit exaggerated. But it is this very exaggeration that we enjoy; it is spontaneous exaggeration. Yet I am no "low-brow." I read Schopenhauer, Kant, Ibsen, Tolstoy and Shaw, and I enjoy them. But I like to laugh, to roar, at the inimitable antics of Charley, Fatty, Ambrose and Mabel.

I believe the dissenters are not young, healthy people; I picture them either as misanthropes or dyspeptics. I do not believe it is necessary to be uplifted even in our comedies. It is my honest conviction that Charles Chaplin has done as much good for us as any uplift movement, and probably a good deal more. It is good for us to laugh unrestrainedly. It is true that Charles Chaplin is silly, but we must not forget that only a clever man can be silly, while any one can make himself foolish.

I must really ask your pardon for this unconscionable transgression upon your time, but this philippic has been smouldering in my breast for quite a while, and I felt I would have no relief until I poured it out to one who I am sure will receive my opinions in a sympathetic light.

Helen Hosmer MacDonald, 337 West Twenty-second Street, N. Y. City, who unwittingly stirred up a storm of indignation in some circles, and interest in others, comes forth with this reply at once, explanatory and conciliatory:

When I wrote your magazine some time ago, I had no more idea my letter would

(*Continued on page* 180)

# *Look Out For That First Little Tooth —*

WHEN the baby begins to drool—when the saliva flows always from his little mouth—*then* the teeth are about to come, and *then*, above all—must you be careful of your baby's food. Give him the right food—and wash the little red gums and the new, tiny teeth with boric acid solution—and there will be no teething troubles for the baby or for you.

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(*Continued from page* 178)

be published than I had desire that it should be.

My interest in Motion Pictures is not on the plane which would cause me to spend my life gazing at Kerrigan, as one of your correspondents is evidently willing to spend hers, poor girl, but because I see in them the most wonderful means to an end that has yet to come to us.

Almost, if not quite, the greatest craving of human nature is the desire for entertainment, and the costliness of it has often brought ruin in its trail. In studying the subject, the stage has seemed to offer the most diversion; also as a teacher it is often more powerful than the pulpit. But much money is needed to see good plays. How splendid, then, to realize what these silent dramas are giving us for a single nickel! It is glorious when we think what it can mean, should mean, and I claim that every one who has the power should feel it his highest duty to encourage the best—turn a cold face to that which does not reflect credit on this wonderful art.

What are critics for? What is the meaning of criticism? Is it not something better than mere flattery? Should not the workers in this new field be encouraged to see that there is a loftier side to their work than mere beauty? There are films that seem to be advancing with almost each new production, actors whose work is pre-eminent for its intelligence and refinement, yet I look in vain for what I would call real recognition of it.

Altho Miss Evangeline Johnson, of Tennessee, and "Gertie," of a place not given, are so wrought with me—or I should say my letter—I still feel all is not lost, for I would never have known that my views had come under the hand of the printer had I not received the pleasantest of letters from a member of the Club, of which, I take it, you are the "Grand Sachem." The writer asks me to join, and but that I fear the "black ball" of Miss J. and "Gertie" I might. However, the two letters the young girl has written me have awakened the kindliest feeling, and I hope to know her better. I love young girls despite the "brown taste" I've put in Miss J.'s mouth and the fact that "Gertie" calls me "scathing" and lots of other awful things. I still say I love girls.

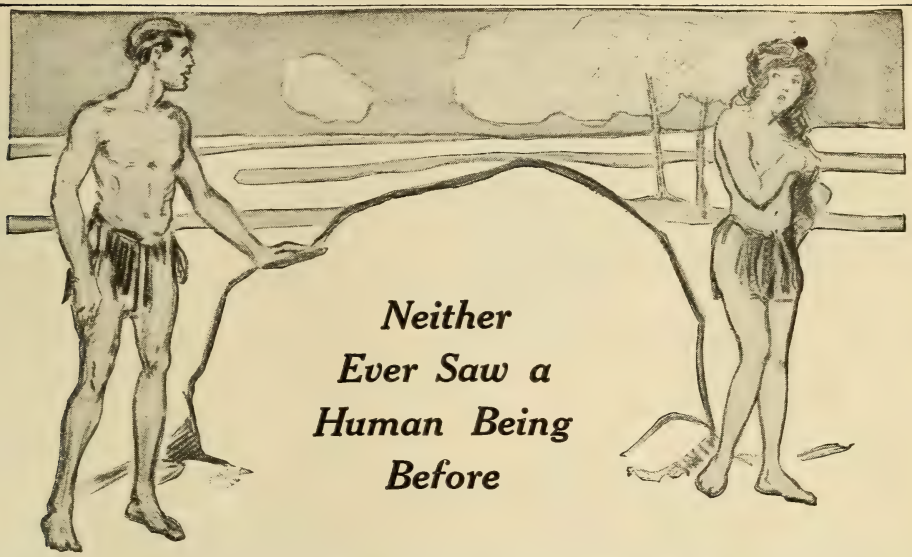
Since reading the March issue I have taken every number and read every line of the letters and answers section. Have I not thus wiped out my wicked past? But it is with real regret I note letters that are vulgar, coarse and even abusive, yet thru it all you preserve a calm, smiling (I think you are smiling) attitude that must cause us all to make you deep obeisance. I admire, I respect you—I take back all I said. Perhaps I have been behind the scenes too much in both the literary and dramatic worlds, and it may have colored my views, but when I think of the girl who would spend her whole life looking at Kerrigan it recalls some hours I spent in the dressing-room of a well-known actress and thru the open transom heard the leading man talking. He was a matinée idol, and was entertaining his companion by reading the silly, silly letters girls were sending him. Oh, if the foolish girls could only have been in my place! While I have every reason to love the profession and many that are in it, there is, alas! this side to it. And I am so fond of young girls I would shield them from this species of folly, especially as there is another and a better side to admire and respect, just as it is in the Motion Pictures.

I may be a deep and close student of the work, a sharp critic in my desire for the best, but I shrink from being personal unless it is to give credit where it is real pleasure to find I can. But when all is told in the attack these two young ladies have made on me, all can be summed up in the one thing—the point of view—which is really what influences most things in this life. I think it more than likely that both of these young damsels will have different ideas when they have lived as long as I have—certainly if they ever know as much of life.

I am interested in a girl who has seen too much of the rough side of life. Chance led us into a place where "The Long Way" was being shown. This is one of Edison's exquisite productions, breathing beauty and refinement, with a story interesting and entertaining. I might have talked hours and not gained the headway that picture produced. With my belief in refining influence my heart goes out to Edison pictures, for their keynote seems to be an aiming for the best.

I have received a number of very nice letters and have become philosophical regarding "Gertie," and feel I cannot be less forbearing over her language than you are over Mrs. MacKenzie's. Perhaps I should also emulate you and say, "I am now deeply humiliated."

"Gertie" is evidently such a devotee at your shrine that she is going around with a chip on her shoulder, and I really grow alarmed when I think of her feelings on reading Mrs. MacKenzie's letter, whose very introductory words put the stamp on her or him. My poor little ewe lamb of an objection pales into insignificance in the company of such. "Gertie" is truly a loyal subject. I am sorry to have touched her idol so apparently unfeelingly, but may I be allowed to say, with Lady Teazle, "I vow I bear no malice against those I abuse"? Then surely my present attitude of respectful admiration should wipe out even greater sins than mine. May I hope it will?



## *Neither Ever Saw a Human Being Before*

A boy of three is cast on a desert island—all that's left of a ship's company. On the opposite side of the island a baby girl is cast up. Both grow up; neither knows of the other. How they survive—how they meet—what they think—throws a light on how our prehistoric ancestors may have lived—a vivid picture of instinct and need for love. The title of this story is "Primordial," and it is one of many stories—stories that writers like Rex Beach, Booth Tarkington, Robert W. Chambers and others say are some of the best stories ever written by an American author.

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**As Others See You, or Gleanings from the Audience**

(*Continued from page* 132)

A serious young girl of sweet sixteen made this very severe criticism while Blanche Sweet was appearing in "The Clue." She said: "You know, Blanche Sweet could be the most wonderful actress in the world, and I couldn't admire her so long as she wore that mop of uncombed hair and those blackened lips."

I was so interested in the remarkable acting of Gertrude McCoy, Sally Crute and Viola Dana in "The House of the Lost Court" that I was absolutely oblivious, for once, of the audience and its remarks.

We no longer rush to see a Kalem, now that we know we shall not see Alice Joyce. Let us hope that the Essanay Company, which has always stood for what is best, will not share the same fate of meeting the indifference of the audience. A good share of the personality of the actor—the modulations of his voice, his coloring—is absent in Motion Pictures; therefore one needs double the charm and attractiveness to be successful on the screen—that is, to reach great popularity. Now, while Edna Mayo is very sweet, Bryant Washburn a clever actor and recent additions to the Essanay Company good, they lack the vim and dash of the old work of Francis Bushman, so beautifully assisted by Beverly Bayne. Essanay still holds a trump card in the person of Beverly Bayne.

Marguerite Courtot, did you play in Kalem's "Her Husband's Honor"? We looked and looked, but could find no characters given. I suspect it was you, however, who, according to my next-seat neighbor, were accused of being the sweetest, cutest, prettiest little thing she had ever seen.

Last but not least: If you want to see a photoplay that brings the real tears to your eyes, that makes you happy because of the godliness of some people and miserable because of the wickedness of others, and if you want to see a charming little actress, go to see Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Way."

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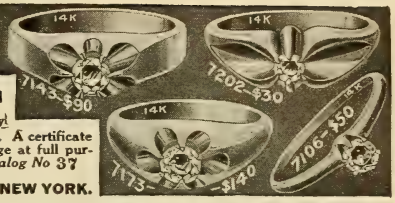


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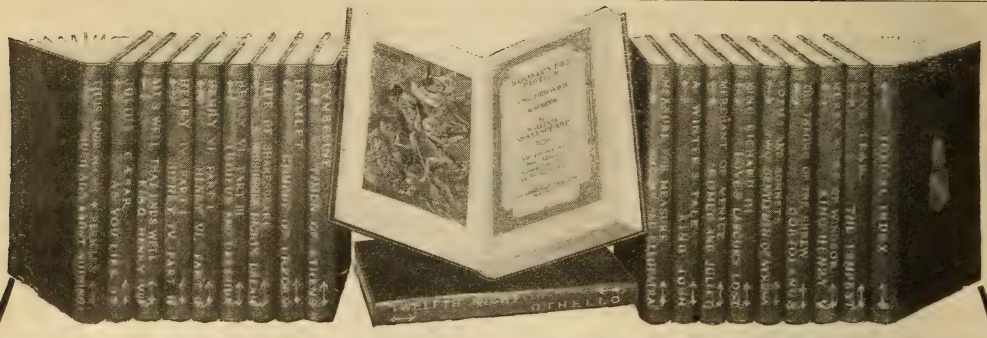

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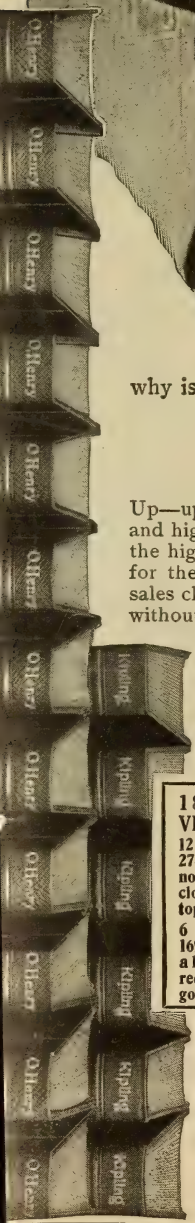

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# *EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS*

ON AUGUST 15TH the publishers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE launched a new publication, the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, and this beautiful magazine will appear hereafter on the 15th of each month, while the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will continue, as heretofore, to come out on the 1st of each month. Both publications will carry practically the same departments, by the same writers, but no matter will appear in one that has appeared in the other. While it will not be necessary for the readers of one publication to read the other, they will find both equally interesting and attractive. The SUPPLEMENT, on account of its larger size page (9½ x 12½), will surpass its sister publication in its wealth of beautiful illustrations, but the MAGAZINE will continue to be the CLASSIC among Motion Picture publications for its wonderful stories, special articles, Motion Picture news and gossip, and the numerous departments and features that have made it the most popular and widely circulated magazine of its kind in the world. Over one hundred beautiful pictures appear in each issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. What other magazine can say as much, and what other publication of any kind can lay claim to superior artistic qualities?

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And our list of writers of special articles is just as imposing. Here are just a few of the good things to come:

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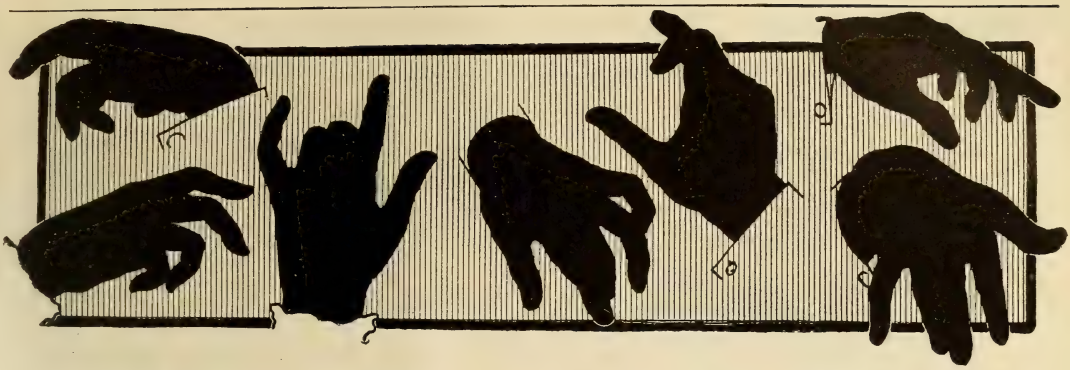

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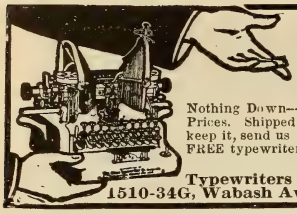

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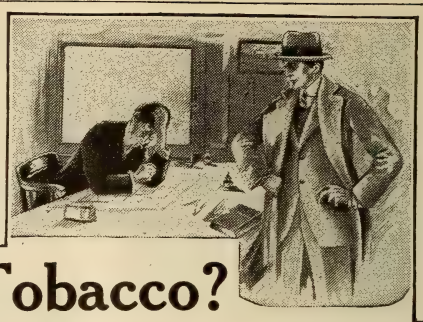

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VOL. X NO. 9

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# A Message from the Screen

By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

With hands fondly clasping a photo,
Which she gazed at thru eyes filled with tears,
A mother's thoughts dwelt on a loved one
For whom she's been longing for years—

A boy who had gone from her fireside,
Led on by the world's luring way,
And she wondered if his heart could answer
The prayer that she breathed every day.

She had heard, tho her friends tried to hide it,
The text of the stories sent home,
That her boy had forgotten her teachings
When the big city's glitter he'd known.

Then out o'er the street her gaze shifted
To the throngs that were clustered about
The front of a big Movie theater
As the first show's spectators streamed out.

The big swinging doors were wide open,
The screen at the rear she could see;
It was showing a fight with a fire,
And the picture was true as could be.

In the film a crowd was shown plainly,
And she studied the faces in view,
When suddenly her pulses were quickened,
And her heart beat with vigor anew:

"My boy!" she exclaimed, in her rapture,
With heart overflowing with joy,
For there it appeared in the pictures—
The figure of her missing boy.

Was he ragged, unkempt in appearance?
Did his face show the markings of vice?
Did he shrink from the gaze of the public?
Was he paying the wrong-doer's price?

In her chair, when the picture had faded
And flickered and passed from the screen,
She thought of the vision she'd witnessed—
Now what to her heart did it mean?

In her eyes there was kindled the fire
Of happiness, long since burned low,
And about her lips slowly was edging
The same smi' › of long years ago.

And the sadness that long had obsessed her
Gave 'way to unspeakable joy,
For the picture had truthfully told her
That she need not despair of her boy.

# GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

BEVERLY BAYNE
(Essanay)

GLADYS HULETTE
(Edison)

CHARLES RAY (N. Y. M. P. Co.)

GERALDINE FARRAR
(Lasky)

ELIZABETH BURBRIDGE
(N. Y. M. P. Co.)

FLORENCE LABADIE (Thanhouser)

MARY FULLER (Universal)

EDWIN AUGUST (World)

ELLA HALL (Rex)

HENRY B. WALTHALL (Essanay)

MARY FULLER
(Imp)

MYRTLE TANNEHILL (Kalem)

*October Motion Picture Magazine*

# A KNIGHT *of the* TRAILS

*By*
ALEXANDER LOWELL

## KAY BEE

MOLLY BOLDERO STEWART was the gold mine in Canyon City that all men were prospecting for. She queened it royally over the Palace Restaurant. It was she who watered the milk, diluted the coffee and re-dished ancient victuals for the habitués of the one and original café. Moreover, she did it with such supple twists of her bared, round arms; such a nervy, friendly twinkle in her round, blue eyes, and such rapid-fire showing of white teeth and rose mouth, that every male in Canyon City was ready to dare Broadway competition with the Palace Restaurant.

More than this, they tipped her lavishly for any little attention she might bestow upon them—and the frugal little waitress had salted the tips away until she felt no envy of any strike of gold-dust.

Two there were, in particular, who sought Molly Stewart. One was Bill Carey, a mine promoter, and an Easterner, with the unsavoriness that emanates from a certain class of Eastern men when morals are pawns, principles are nil and a woman is only a woman after all.

Jim Treen was a big, breezy, life-giving Westerner—a prospector and a true son of the plains. There were tonic in his laughter, gunplay in his wrath, and honor in his love for Molly Stewart.

They had planned to be married in two weeks from the day on which I humbly venture to chronicle these events, and much had to be accomplished in the fortnight.

Molly had curtains to make and hang; certain, mysterious white things to achieve; frequent incursions into Canyon City's one drygoods establishment, where calico hobnobbed lovingly with staple groceries and hardware played tag with patent medicines. She had also to pacify the distraught proprietor of the Palace Restaurant, who all but begged her to marry him to keep her, and was only deterred from said proposal by the fact that he already had two wives living and had no little difficulty in keeping them apart. Also, Canyon City was just far enough from the erstwhile home of Brigham Young to keep that gentleman's cult from aiding and abetting desirous bigamists.

Another task to harry Molly's prematrimonial days was that of preserving equanimity among her meal-ticket hostages—and Bill Carey in particular. Bill was wroth; speaking à la Bill, he was sore, he was peeved, he was hot under the collar. Bill hied him from a town where Mollys, on an inferior scale mayhap, are as plentiful as mushrooms in a damp soil. To come to a one-hoss Western mining camp, find one "nifty baby," and then have her take the chaste vows of wifehood was sorely annoying to Bill. The girl was no great shakes compared to certain burlesquers he familiarized with, but she was a girl, and that had its advantages.

Fortunately for Molly, in that it created a diversion of interest, Canyon City was exceedingly wrought up at this time over the mysterious bandit who had been terrorizing the stages and other travelers for the past few months. Canyon City was beginning to hint that it was high time the sheriff *did* something. It inferred, none too delicately, that that's what he was *for*. Whereupon the sheriff, with true Western ingenuity, perused a volume of Bret Harte's, wrote out a minute description of an imaginary road-agent, printed a munificent reward sum under it, and plastered the town with the circulars. Then he organized posses after each hold-up, and dashed madly thru brush and boulder, to return empty-handed. Some said the bandit was an agent of Satan; but as the same has been said of every one in the cosmopolitan profession of crime, one begins to doubt His Evilness the pecuniary ability to maintain such an extensive staff.

Molly Boldero Stewart was the only one in Canyon City to say a conciliatory word for the despised and feared highwayman. "He never robs *women*," said Molly, to whom all the world was roseate with sentiment just then, "and he's always careful not to injure," she added, rather liking the originality of her theory.

She said it so sweetly, with her eyes ever so very wide and blue, that Jim Treen, who had just entered and overheard her, caught her in a grizzly hug, to the uproarious amusement of the sheriff and the bartender, to whom she had been talking.

"Dont care," laughed Jim, a bit embarrassedly; "she and me's goin' to be pards; aint we, girl?"

"We sure are, Jim." The girl said it with quite a beautiful faith shining in her eyes, and a little, reverent softness in her voice, that made the sheriff "hem" very loud, indeed, and think, not quite complacently, of a faded, dull-eyed woman cooking ceaselessly at home.

As for Jim, his hand crushed one of the torn circulars he held, convulsively, and he was heard to mutter

something about women and angels and men and devils, which, somehow, sounded derogatory to the last two mentioned. Then he ordered drinks for the crowd, and Molly slipped away to see if the pies were made—men are *such* pie-eaters!

"SHE AND ME'S GOIN' TO BE PARDS, AINT WE, GIRL?"

tips. She may have been commonplace, but I dont know. There is a great deal of poetry in shining floors and spruce curtains and well-cooked food, and, in a world Bohemia-mad, the Mollys are refreshing things to meet.

And so she stood for a moment on the threshold of the tiny place, looking at it with misted eyes. She did not see the very gorgeous things, the little waitress. She never told me precisely what she *did* see, but, knowing Molly, I can imagine it was Jim coming home at night hungry and dog-tired—herself, neatly attired, setting forth a steaming supper—a rude

It was a week later, and a week before the wedding day, that Molly slipped out to Jim's shack to hang the new curtains she had made, place the neat dish-towels in the cupboard, and otherwise tidy up.

Molly was a real home-maker. She was housewifely to her blunt finger-

cradle in one corner of the room, with a rosy, rollicking babe asleep—an evening spent under the stars, his head in her lap. Not so bad, eh, Molly? For if that is what you have thought you have put your fingers on the pulse of life and counted it, true and strong.

Inside the shack, perfectly male when she entered it, a transformation soon took place. She scoured and scrubbed and polished and dusted, hung the crisp curtains and installed the new towels, and, just as she was about to lay down the rugs she had removed to beat, she detected *It!*

Now, the West lacks the subtlety of the East. There the code of morals is simple and understandable. Hence, when Molly perceived a small trapdoor in the center of the floor, she did not arraign her own conscience at the bar to determine whether she should investigate or not. She hardly knew that trapdoors were secret things. She promptly and deftly pried it open, and breathlessly descended the ladder hugging the wall.

Once to every woman! Mercifully but once—that chill, numb, nauseated moment when she reaches desperately, strainingly, for the chalice of courage; when she gropes in an evil blackness for one ray of belief; when she prays the God she worships that she is living a nightmare, that on another breath she may awaken from this hideosity to the sweet saneness of the moment before.

But Molly knew she would not awaken. Down at the foot of the little ladder she had perceived in the dimness a candle and a handful of matches. The light, flickering ghostly, had revealed a pile of loot—the county-famous loot of the mysterious bandit. Every one in Canyon City would recognize it—most of it, at any rate—and certainly she, who heard it volubly and minutely described with each recurrent disaster, would be aware of it. She didn't know how long she stayed there, staring, staring, till she thought, with an unaccustomed touch of hysteria, that her eyes must pop out and be added to the ill-gotten pile.

When she stumbled up the ladder, at last, Jim was standing in the kitchen, and his face was blanched as she faced him. He twisted his sombrero desperately.

"I reckon you got me, Moll," he said, very low.

For a long minute the girl was silent. Then she broke into a torrent of rancor and pain and bitter disappointment.

"An' to think you've let me go on along, Jim Treen," she finished, frenziedly, "letting me sew and work and plan and hope for a —a *bandit!* I thought you were a man —the biggest, finest man in all the world. I was willing to do *anything* for you —and all you thought of *me* was— *that!*"

"LETTING ME SEW AND

"Moll— I'll quit—I swear it— I've meant to ever since I met you— honest. Now I'm—goin' to begin—"

"After I've found you out—of *course.*" Molly eyed him contemptuously. "A big, husky man like you," she said bitterly, "to be stealin' from innocent people and marryin' a girl that's worked *honest!* Oh, Jim, I didn't think a man could *be* so vile!"

"Moll—as I live I'll turn over. I wont ask you again till I can *prove* it—honest to *Gawd,* little girl—and all I ask is that you keep still before the sheriff, and I'll square it with him. I'll return every darned thing, Moll, and I'll start *square.*"

and a solitaire ring in his hand. He smiled ruefully, whimsically. "*This* is honest, anyway," he meditated, "and I never stole off a *woman,* whatever I may have done——"

Back in the Palace Restaurant,

WORK AND PLAN AND HOPE FOR A—A *BANDIT!* I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MAN!"

But Molly had taken one look at the laboriously worked curtains, the scrupulous cleanliness of the place, the sinister trapdoor, and had fled, sobbing and shaken, from the place.

Jim stood alone in the deserted kitchen, hand on the horse's head, which was thrust interrogatively in,

Molly merely declared her intention of remaining single, and said, in an attempt at jocularity, that her bank-book was to be her partner instead of a man.

One, at least, harkened to that declaration with keen interest, and that one was Bill Carey. Outside of

the overwhelmed proprietor, who all but did her work for her in his delight at her return, Bill was the most enthusiastic.

He resumed his attentions with ardor. Bill was conceded to be a masher back East. He had a "way" with women. If, in the clean, wide West, the way was somewhat offensive, Bill remained happily unaware.

JIM STOOD ALONE IN THE DESERTED KITCHEN, HAND ON THE RING IN

His promoting schemes were falling short of capital also, and the neat, round sum of $820.75 recorded in Molly's proudly exploited bank-book would help considerably.

A heart on the rebound, you know, and Molly's was a very guileless little heart. Moreover, she was sorely wounded. The dead weight she carried in her breast she called hatred of Jim, and she learnt to smile on Bill Carey. Wonderful things he promised her: a home in the East; proper investment of her money, which was the *thing* to do; marriage at *any* date she would agree upon. He paid insidious homage to the unsophisticated girl. He made her feel realms above her humble station. He flattered her with the crudity only an amateur would give.

And finally, across a table in Molly's room in the Palace, with her bank-book between them and his plans of investment agreed upon, Carey pocketed the hardly hoarded tips, and they arranged to wed the following night. He left, with much bravado and no little familiarity, to make arrangements with "the sky-pilot."

Do not accuse Molly of duplicity. Hers was but a primitive mind fed on the belief that to be an "old maid" was to wear a stigma; the untaught nature that feels a paltry glory in vengeance, and the general idealism of habitués of the Palace Restaurant. Molly was undeveloped.

HORSE'S HEAD, A SOLITAIRE HIS HAND

Jim Treen was quietly sitting in "Charlie's" saloon on the night of Molly's wedding, when Barker, the proprietor of the Palace Restaurant, burst in upon him. Jim was heavily engrossed in the game. It had been his refuge when, his highway career abolished, Molly gone and his dreams shattered, he had turned to something to fill his restless nature.

"Treen," the apoplectic looking proprietor exclaimed, "Molly's man has skipped—cleaned her out of every doggone cent—she's at the church—he's——"

"*Where?*" The voice that questioned was ominously quiet, but those who knew Jim Treen heard the gunplay in the word, caught the glint of steel in his eye and thanked their stars they were not in the boots of "Moll's man."

"Here's his note, the dirty skunk!" Barker cried, thrusting a soiled sheet of paper into Jim's hand. Somehow it was unpleasantly suggestive of the man. The note read impudently:

BABY MINE—You're warm stuff, kiddo—and easy. I'm off with the dust you were good enough to give me in payment for my kisses. Cheap at that, eh? Tra, la, lady-bird. You'll have a good wait at the church.

Your hubby—perhaps,
B. C.

Jim's face whitened. "I'm off," he said hoarsely; "I'll break the bronc's neck, but I'll get him—I'll——"

The rest was a cloud of dust. Jim only conjectured his journey's end, but he felt certain that Carey was taking the stage for the eastbound train at the Junction. It was for the Junction that he set out. "Faster, girl, faster," he urged the horse. "It's for Moll, girl; it's for her. God! dont take that, too—her little money—faster!"

Over rutty, narrow roads, around S-like curves, thru spots of open and across patches of boulder and brush, until he saw, or rather heard, at last, the rumble of the stage in the distance.

Carey, sitting next the driver, heard the pound-pound of the pursuing horse and knew instinctively. He leaned nearer the driver. 'A hundred dollars, pard," he said excitedly, "if we catch the eastbound before that horse behind catches up; that's flat—a hundred."

Jim saw the sudden start and subsequent onrush of the stage, and knew that unless he took some clever shortcut he was beaten. A lightning vision of Molly came to him there on the ever-narrowing road—round, blue eyes all hurt with tears; credulous, child mouth adroop; straight, trim little figure crumpled up.

"God!" he gritted, "I'll go over Thunder—and we'll win!"

Jim, the bandit, did Jim, the knight of the trails, a world of good. As the bandit he had known perforce every blazed, and many an unblazed, trail over Thunder Mountain, which gave at its other end directly onto the Junction; while the stage must

needs follow the windings of the road in the valley.

It was a desperate chance, taken by a desperate man. They plunged up an incline almost perpendicular; stumbled over boulders that rattled down behind them with reverberating thuds; came to places where the trees met so thickly that they cut both horse and man in forcing an entrance, and finally they emerged on the down trail, which was comparatively simple, and dashed into the Junction simultaneously with the stage.

sadly, "I'm awful glad to have had the chance to do this for you, Moll—an' I just want to say one thing before we quit forever—that is, I've sent every last bit of loot back to the sheriff and wrote him a letter telling him all—that I've reformed and all that. An', Moll, if there's any road-agent business to do from now on, I want it to be the kind I've done tonight for you, if possible. Good-night."

"Jim!" It was hardly more than a whisper, but the man at the door

JIM WAS HEAVILY ENGROSSED IN THE GAME

Carey pulled his revolver immediately, but Jim was ahead of him. He knocked it from his hand and fairly shook the money from him by the throat. "You're in the West yet, you dirty little rat!" Jim spat at him, "and we hang thieves out here!"

On the way home, Molly's money safely in his chaps, Jim reflected on the irony of his last speech. "But I never stole from a *woman*, anyway," he said whimsically, "and I never did it in such a sneaking way—anyhow, I had to scare the little beast *somehow*."

Molly was in her room when Jim returned and went to give her her money. As he turned to go he said turned swiftly. Molly rose and came nearer to him. "I think I understand more'n I did, Jim," she said uncertainly. "He was so sneaking low. You were wild and wrong—that's so—but somehow—oh! Jimmy, Jimmy, you was *always* a *man*."

It's some time ago now that Molly and Jim were married, but I saw her recently, and she pointed proudly to her two small sons playing about the neat cabin where the old shack used to be. "I've just one wish," she told me gravely; "that *both* of them will be *exactly* like their father, 'cause then they'd be really and truly *men*."

# The PHANTOM HAPPINESS

by FRANCIS WILLIAM SULLIVAN

"I TELL you, Alice, I cant write here. I'm stifled by all this luxury. Ideas simply wont come. If only we were back in our first little home!"

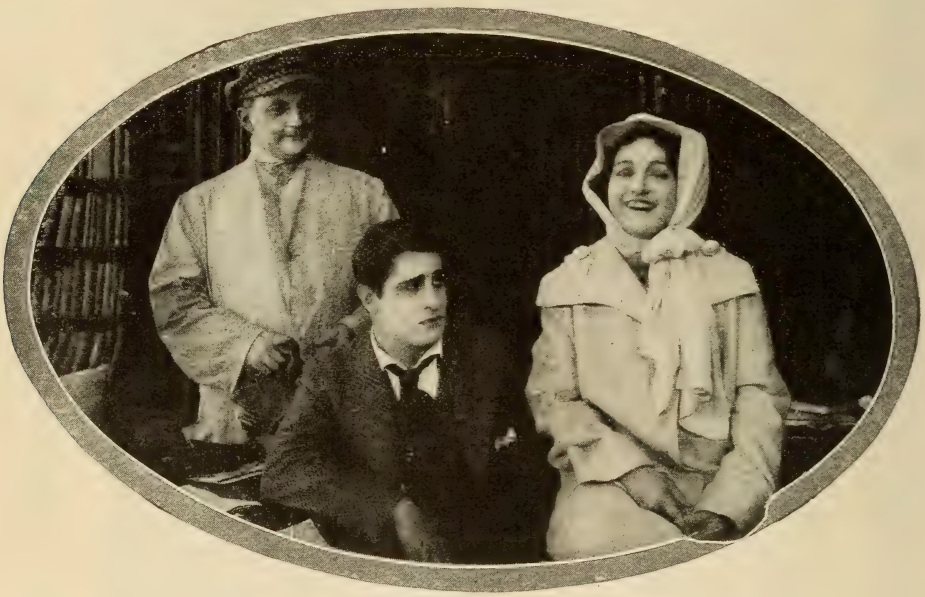
Don Emerson, seated at the carved desk in the great study, looked up at his wife, who stood in the doorway dressed for her morning motor ride. Thru the open windows came the blended clang, rattle and roar of a spring day in the city.

She laughed the gay laugh of perfect material happiness; the laugh of one who has at last realized a dream.

"Dear old silly! What's the use of bothering with your scribbling now? We're not dependent on your novels any more, thank heaven; so why work he said. "And I'm losing both here." He swept his arms about the room, furnished with costly profusion but lacking in simplicity and taste. "Is there no end to this social whirl? I never see you any more; you're always on the go. Good Lord! Alice, let's quit before it's too late—while we still have each other."

She tugged at her motor veil to see that the pins still held.

"Dont be ridiculous, Don," she told him. "You ought to be thankful for the money. And now I must run.



"IS THERE NO END TO THIS SOCIAL WHIRL?" HE ASKED

yourself to death? Why not be sensible and enjoy Aunt Geraldine's legacy as I do?"

Emerson looked at her bitterly. The speech was typical of their variant points of view. To Alice the sudden coming of wealth after poverty had brought liberation, life, indulgence; to him it had brought stagnation, bondage and the withering of his art. What did she know of that insistent demand to create children of their fancy that in true writers cannot be denied.

"All the aunts' legacies in the world wouldn't make me happy without the joy of work and love, Alice," I'm giving a card party this afternoon, and I *do* wish you would drop in."

Conscious of the footman, who appeared silently, Emerson checked his reply.

"I'll see," he said.

When his pretty young wife had gone, he sat for an hour lost in that hopeless depression and discouragement that is the curse of most writers. Then a servant brought him a letter. It was addressed in a feminine hand, on delicately scented paper, and seemed to breathe an exquisite personality. Don opened it wonderingly. He read:

I have followed the success of your novel, "Thorny Paths," with much interest. Have you forgotten that you promised me an autograph copy that day among the roses? But to have forgotten that, you must have forgotten me—which isn't very flattering to

MARY ALLISON.

Had he forgotten? Oftener than he dared count he had remembered their one meeting in the rose-garden of the little country house where he and Alice had lived before riches came: the fair stranger trespassing, ignorant of his presence; their conversation; his sure feeling that she personified the heroine of his book—the woman his own soul longed for; his promise to send her the volume, and their exchange of addresses.

That had been all, and yet it had apparently been one of those swift flashes of junction between two kindred souls. And now her note. It was just such a trifle as, occurring at the psychological moment, has inconceivable power for good or evil upon human lives.

He did not join the rout at Alice's card party that afternoon, but as he slipped out of the house he heard its deafening confusion, and in his mind's eye visualized the familiar scene: jaded women at tables playing for stakes they could not afford; tray-laden servants moving about; Alice flushed, excited and triumphant.

What Mary Allison's note had begun this party finished. Driven in desperation from his own house, he answered the letter by calling on her. After the first conventionalities they slipped into a delightful intimacy. They sat in Mary's living-room, a subdued place, book-lined and with a recessed bay-window that looked out upon a sunny garden fragrant with roses. The house was quiet and perfectly ordered; she sympathetic, stimulating.

JADED WOMEN AT TABLES PLAYING FOR STAKES THEY COULD NOT AFFORD

"By jove! I could work *here!*" Don said fervently.

She leaned forward; her steady, dark eyes seeming to probe his very thoughts.

"That's an idea!" she cried enthusiastically. "Why not improvise an extra study here? Think how flattered I should be to have the famous Donald Emerson writing in my house!"

Don laughed the matter off, but did not forget it. He left that day, a

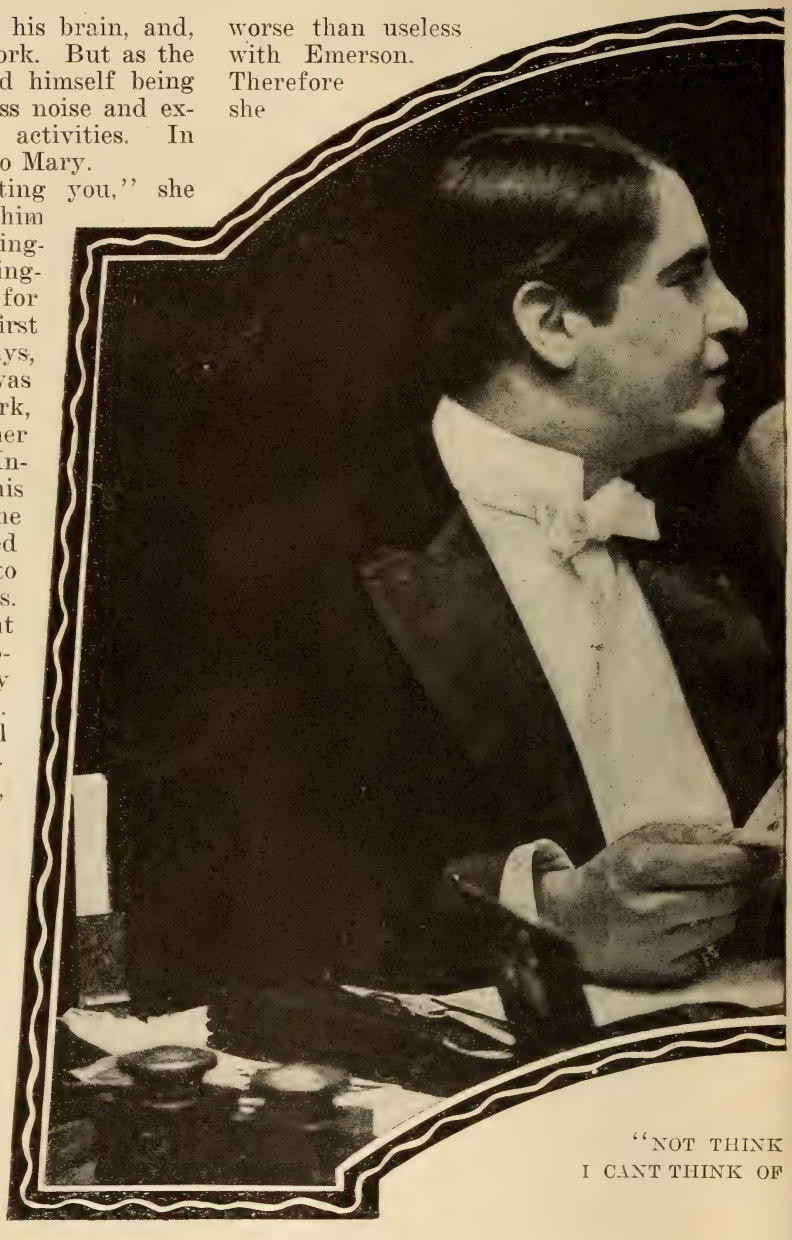
new plot seething in his brain, and, going home, set to work. But as the days passed he found himself being beaten by the ceaseless noise and excitement of Alice's activities. In despair he returned to Mary.

"I've been expecting you," she said quietly, and led him to the recess in the living-room, where the writing-table stood waiting for him. It was the first day of many such days, and always, tho he was immersed in his work, he was conscious of her presence near him. Invisibly she smoothed his way, arranged that he should not be disturbed and listened eagerly to the finished chapters. Sometimes she sat down at the table opposite him and they talked of many things.

It was these skilful evidences of compatibility that made Mary, with her quiet dress and eager sympathy, become a constantly larger factor in Don's life. That he might have dropped into a cleverly prepared trap never occurred to him.

A woman of thirty, with means of her own, Mary Allison was one of those dabblers in the arts who, in loosing the bonds of convention, loose also the bonds of restraint. From that first meeting with Emerson long ago in the country garden, she had determined, with an astounding egotism, to gain him for herself.

The true vampire is one who accommodates her method to her subject, and Mary Allison was clever enough to see that the ordinary glittering methods of infatuation would be worse than useless with Emerson. Therefore she deliberately set about creating the atmosphere his starved genius craved, and when she had made herself indispensable to him his gratitude accomplished the rest.



"NOT THINK I CANT THINK OF

One day, when he had finished reading her his tenth chapter—always a landmark with him—he looked up to find her weeping softly. A sudden deep emotion shook him as he strode across the room toward her.

"What is it, Mary? Please! I cant stand ABOUT YOU? ANYTHING ELSE!'

seeing you cry over my silly tale."

She tried to smile up thru her tears. "It's the story. It's so wonderful, so beautiful! I never dreamed it could be like that. But dont think about me."

"Not think about you! I cant think of anything else. If it hadn't been for you I could never have done the book. If it's good, you've made it so."

"Oh, Don!"

She sobbed afresh, and then suddenly the weeks of preparation bore their fruit. Long-suppressed passion and gratitude mastered him, and he swept her into his arms.

Shortly after this Mary Allison went away for a few weeks, and, being deprived of the one place where he could write in peace, Don again attempted to work at home. But it was like trying to write in bedlam. Day and night there were the noise and confusion of some party in progress or in preparation. Distracted, unable to concentrate, Emerson simply sat and stared at the empty paper before him, while his anger and sense of outrage grew with every moment that passed.

Then one night, when Alice had been away from home and he had been able to make some progress, she brought the entire party of twenty-five back to the house. They were hilarious and ready for mischief.

"Ah! Donny's working," shouted one débutante, catching sight of his light. "Let's all go up and see how the novel's getting on!"

Emerson heard and, putting his work away, waited for them. Later, when they had gone, he went to his wife's dressing-room and ordered the yawning maid away. Then the long-taut tension of his control snapped and he precipitated the crisis that had been threatening for weeks.

"I've reached the end of this thing," he cried, trembling with anger. "I wont stand it any longer.

Time and again I've asked you to consider my work, to meet me halfway. But you wont do it. This money has turned your head; you're money-mad, and if that's your idea of happiness you shall have it.

"But it's not mine, and I shant stay here. I loved you once, and I thought you would finally come to your senses. But you haven't, and I can see you never will. I'm thru. I've found my happiness elsewhere, and I'm going to take it."

And without waiting for her to reply he strode from the room and left the house.

There are some natures which life must jerk up by the roots to reveal their depths, and Alice's was one of these. Her awakening came as the days passed and Don did not return. Taking her husband's love for granted, as she did her other comforts, it was not until he was irrevocably gone that she realized what he had been to her. Then her social debauchery suddenly became unendurable, her wealth and display hollow mockeries.

As the days lengthened into weeks she heard of him only by rumor, and his name was linked with that of Mary Allison. Alice wondered, more or less dispassionately, what she could be like. The two were much together, people said, and were deeply interested in a charity hospital for children. Emerson's book was announced and awaited with anticipation.

Then the happiness she had thrown away became

SHE WENT WHITE WITH ANGER, AND WITH ONE SWIFT

MOTION TORE THE CHECK ACROSS

the dearest desire of life to Alice. She saw her former existence of leisure and extravagance as it really was, worthless and useless, and that her wealth had lost her much more than she had gained.

All life became a vain regret and yearning for her husband. She wrote to him, but received no reply. She recalled the things that he had loved and surrounded herself with them. She remembered his delight in flowers, and every morning filled the vase on his deserted desk with his favorite kinds. And all the time she hoped.

Then, when the conviction came home that his decision was irrevocable, she went in desperation to her lawyer.

"How shall I get him back?" she pleaded abjectly. "I will do anything, *anything!*"

"Madam," said that worthy, touching the tips of his long fingers, "your money has lost you your husband; the same agency must win him back. Buy off the Allison woman."

Mary returned from the children's hospital that day softened and glowing. Something in the frequent sight of the helpless little ones had touched her, and the thought had come that perhaps life could hold no sweeter reward than caring for a child. Momentarily, novel-writing was eclipsed by motherhood as the noblest business in the world.

"Mr. Turner is waiting to see you, ma'am," said the maid.

Mary Allison entered the library and was not long in learning Mr. Turner's business. He (ahem) represented certain legal interests in regard to a certain delicate (ahem) matter.

"Speak out. What do you want?" flashed Mary, her dark eyes like coals.

"That is the question I came to ask *you*, madam."

She looked at him a moment and commenced to understand. Then, in a dry, hard voice, she forced him to the point.

"All my client asks is that you relinquish any claim to the person we have in mind and use your influence

to have him return to his wife. In token of gratitude my client asked me to give you this." He handed over a slip of engraved paper.

ALICE'S DAILY MUTE MESSAGE TO HIM

Mr. Turner returned to his office, where Alice, her pretty face pinched with suspense, waited for him. "Just as I expected, Mrs. Emerson," he said. "You didn't offer enough. My advice is that you go to this woman yourself and present your case. Certainly she cant refuse *you*."

Mary looked at it. It was a check for $5,000. She went white with anger and, with one swift motion, tore the check across.

"That is my answer to your client," she said, handing it back; "and now go."

At first the thing

seemed impossible to do—plead with a woman for her own husband; but finally she brought herself to it—and humbly, for she had to acknowledge that Mary had been wiser than she in her bid for Don's love. She set out for her rival's house.

That afternoon, when Don left Mary at the gate of the charity children's hospital, he, for the first time, turned down the avenue toward Alice's mansion. He needed some indispensable notes for his work, which he remembered having left in the desk of his study.

Disregarding the butler's amazement, he went upstairs and into the familiar room. Then he noticed, with a sudden shock, that the place was changed. He stared in surprise. Then he knew. In his absence the room had been changed into the plain and comfortable study he had formerly begged for so often in vain.

"HOW DARE YOU OFFER ME MONEY!"

The showy fripperies were gone, and the desk was dusted and neat, ready for him to begin work. Yes, there was his picture, and the vase beside it was full of flowers, marigolds and poppies and petunias from his own garden, fresh and sweet, picked that day.

He stood for a minute silent and thoughtful, recognizing the import of this change, that it was Alice's daily, mute message to him of realization and repentance. And, for the first time, a feeling of misgiving and regret took possession of him. Slowly he secured his notes and left.

Returning to Mary's home, he found the door open and walked in. But inside the threshold he stopped suddenly, arrested by the sound of voices from the library—women's voices—tense and vibrant.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars if you will go out of our lives forever! Isn't that enough?"

Emerson drew his breath sharply. Alice's voice! She *did* love him, then! A strange feeling of bewilderment that was part happiness thrilled him.

"How dare you offer me money!" he heard Mary say, scornfully. "Do you believe I dont *love* him?"

"Fifty thousand—a hundred thousand!" cried Alice, her voice rising excitedly.

"Never! You threw his love away, and I was clever enough to get it. Do you think it can be bought?"

The curtain in the doorway swayed, and, for an instant, Emerson saw them facing each other—Alice, white and anguished; Mary, proud, disdainful, drawn to her full height, his picture clasped to her breast.

But Alice, desperate now, would not be denied.

"Oh, I will give it all to you—everything I have—my fortune, my jewels—everything! I'll beggar myself, if you will only go away and give me back my husband!"

(*Continued on page* 172)

This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

# "HIS · PAL"

by CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

This story was written from the Photoplay of C. B. CLAPP

"LOCKED!" cried the woman, struggling frantically with the handle.

"Impossible," said the man.

"And the key on the outside! Quick, the back door," she continued, pointing.

The man, whose left arm hung uselessly by his side, lifted the latch of the door and thrust against it. It did not give an inch.

"Barred," he exclaimed.

He looked toward the big east window of the single room of the cabin. He took a step in that direction.

"No," said the woman, "he'll see you." She sprang to the window and stared down the trail. "He's coming. Oh! what shall we do?"

"I never dreamt that Dick Robertson could get so insanely jealous as to suspect me, his friend and partner."

"Or me, his wife, the mother of his child. If we only had little Dick here."

EVELYN ROBERTSON ARRIVES AT HER HUSBAND'S HUT

"What made his father take him today of all days? I'm terribly sorry I involved you in this, Mrs. Robertson," said Bob Wingfield, earnestly, "but I am so accustomed to turning to Dick in trouble that when I met with this accident"—he lifted a bleeding arm—"I naturally came here."

"Of course," said Evelyn Robertson, "it's all right, only we had a fearful scene this morning. I told him you were nothing to me and I was nothing to you," she went on, unheeding the flash in the man's eyes which might have contradicted her and which showed that the husband's intuition was keener than the woman's. "That is why he took little Dick away. But I dont understand the locked door."

"He didn't lock the door. It was open when I came in and——"

"The Chinaman did it," said the woman, quickly. "He hates me."

"Why?"

"Because I had him discharged."

"I see."

"You remember how you two boys were living when I came," continued the other. "I never saw such wretched housekeeping in my life—bad cooking and unwashed dishes and the beds——" She shrugged her shoulders. "Look!" From her place by the window she pointed far down the trail. "He is with Dick now. He was hanging around the cabin when you came. He saw you enter. He barred the back door and locked the front. It's all perfectly plain. I told Dick he ought to get rid of him, but he always had a soft heart, and he would be kind to him, and now——"

It bade fair to be a sorry ending to Evelyn Robertson's second honey-

moon. After the birth of baby Dick, Robertson, having lost his position and finding nothing to do, had gone West with his old college chum, Wingfield. They had picked up a little money here and there in precarious mining, and the major part of what they made had gone back to Evelyn and her boy. Wingfield, without ties of his own, had cheerfully contributed from his own share to the support of the brave woman waiting pluckily for better times, until at last they had struck it. They were working a fine claim for which they had already declined big offers, and they were on the way to riches. It meant ease and comfort and happiness in Dick Robertson's mind for the woman and child who bore his name.

Evelyn Robertson would never forget the joy with which she read that telegram summoning her to the rough little cabin in the mountains and telling her that the future was assured. Singularly enough, it had been at Wingfield's suggestion that Robertson had called his wife West. The husband had intended to wait a little longer until the financial question had been settled, and then go to her; but Wingfield had pointed out that Mrs. Robertson would enjoy not only the summer in the mountains with her son, who had not been particularly well, so her last letter had said, but he suggested that she would enjoy being a part of the making of the fortune and seeing the development of the claim.

These and other arguments had convinced Robertson, altho they reacted upon him disastrously later on. There had been a slight acquaintance in old days between the wife and Wingfield, before she had married Robertson, but to what extent the friendship had developed Robertson did not know. He was of a jealous temperament, which he strove hard to control. The thought of his wife alone all that long time in the East had almost driven him crazy. But there was a dogged determination about him that would not give way. He never even voiced his suspicions. The little money that he had made he could not devote to the journey East. It had been needed for her support. So he had worked and waited.

She had not suffered any privations, and she had no idea until she had reached the wretched cabin after a long day's drive from the nearest station, what hardships the two men had sustained and how they had stinted themselves that she and her boy should lack nothing. That they had gone hungry and cold and shelterless, that they had frozen and burned and starved in their quest for gold did not bulk quite so large in her imagination, because these things were not so vividly present as the squalid condition of the cabin in which Ling Hung Foo, a wretched, degraded Chinaman, driven from the settlement by the officers of the law, presided in his lazy and degenerate way.

Both Robertson and Wingfield were fine men, but they had fallen into careless indifference as to their bodily welfare; largely, as Evelyn realized, because they had lost touch with civilization and the refining influence of woman.

The Chinaman had resented the arrival of Mrs. Robertson at first, because he thought it would mean more work for him, but later because she made her disapproval felt. She was a capable housewife, and altho she tried to get along with Ling Hung Foo, she found out very shortly that it was hopeless. Then she insisted upon his discharge.

It was summer, and Wingfield had pitched a tent for his own sleeping quarters some distance away. He took his meals with the others in the cabin. Robertson had been reluctant to dismiss the Chinaman; not that he cared particularly for him, but because he did not wish to have his wife work. In his concern and affection he did not realize that she would be more unhappy forced to submit to the conditions she deplored than in any work at all. Indeed she wanted to work. To repay in some measure the devotion of her husband and his friend

had become a passion with her. Wingfield, not yet blinded by affection, realized that, and he added his vote to her plea. She had her way.

They were far from the settlements, and the discharged Chinaman hung around the camp, making himself spasmodically useful in the claim and being fed with scraps from the table. He had to work harder than before, and in his mind developed a hatred of the woman who had caused his undoing. There never had been a shadow of suspicion between the two partners, but now that affluence was in prospect and the wife of one was there, constraint grew up between them.

Evelyn Robertson had in full the subtle charm which some women exercise, albeit unconsciously, over all sorts and conditions of men, and Wingfield, whose devotion to Robertson was unbounded, awoke, with horror, to the knowledge that he was growing to care for his friend's wife! He determined that in order to avoid wrecking his peace of mind he would dissolve the partnership and go away. There had as yet been nothing in the intercourse between the wife and the friend to which the husband could by any possibility object, and yet Robertson, in some strange way, sensed the growing feeling of the other man for his wife. To speak was not to be thought of; at least to the man, but to the woman! That very morning they had a fierce, passionate parting on the porch of the cabin. He had taken the boy and had gone for the day, declaring that he intended to ride to the settlement, leaving Wingfield to work the claim. There, as ill luck would have it, the latter had met with the accident that had brought him back to the cabin.

EVELYN TRIES TO PACIFY HER JEALOUS HUSBAND

Handling his pistol carelessly, it had gone off, and the bullet had torn thru the fleshy part of his forearm. The wound was not serious, but it had bled profusely. He had come to get it dressed. He found Mrs. Robertson at the window, staring

down the pass thru a pair of field-glasses, in the direction her husband had gone. As she looked she saw him turn about, evidently to ride back to the cabin.

Neither she nor Wingfield had seen Ling Hung Foo lurking back of Wingfield's tent. As soon as the miner entered the cabin and closed the door behind him, the Chinaman ran, with catlike swiftness and softness, to the porch, stepped to the door, of which he had previously possessed himself of the key without attracting attention nor awakening suspicion, since the door was never locked—there was nothing to steal and no thieves on that lonely mountain. He thrust the key in its hole, turned it softly, withdrew it, ran to the back, barred the other door, and then crept away thru the trees. To loose a horse from the corral, to spring on his back, to gallop down the trail in the direction in which Robertson had gone, were his next moves. Several times, with diabolic ingenuity, yet with an appearance of utter guilelessness, he had spoken a few broken words to stimulate the jealousy of the husband. Now he intended boldly to make the gravest charge.

The youngster not feeling well, Robertson determined to take him back to the cabin. He was more moved to this because he repented his jealous outbreak of the morning. He knew, of course, that his wife was truth and honor itself, and he cursed himself for a fool for having entertained a suspicion. Yes, for that matter he could repose as much trust in the fidelity of his partner as of his wife. He was coming eagerly up the trail, when Ling Hung Foo burst from the trees, and in his broken, pidgin-English told him that as soon as he had gone Wingfield had presented himself at the cabin. All his suspicions came back on the instant.

"I hope he doesn't get away till I get back," he said grimly.

"He no go 'way," said the Chinaman; "me lock 'em dloor."

He presented the key to the astonished husband. Robertson took it with a deep and bitter oath, which frightened his son, and savagely spurred his horse up the trail. It was this meeting that the woman had seen after she had tried to pass out of the locked front door to get water from the spring for the washing and binding of Wingfield's wounded arm.

"Oh! what is to be done now?" she cried. "He will see us here and——"

"If I get hold of that Chinaman I'll kill him."

"Yes, yes, but it's of me you must think now," she went on, with feminine and wifely selfishness.

"I can break down the door."

"What good would that do? He would see and——"

"I can get out thru the window."

"It is in plain sight from the trail, and he is coming fast. Think, think!"

"I have it," said the man.

He whipped his revolver out with his right hand.

"What are you going to do?" cried the woman.

"Wait! Where does Dick keep the nuggets and gold-dust?"

"You know as well as I—in the little hanging closet on the wall."

She pointed to a box-like structure fastened to the logs. Altho his left arm pained him excruciatingly and he was quite faint from loss of blood, Wingfield stepped rapidly across the room, clutched the revolver by the barrel, battered down the flimsy closet and scattered the nuggets and gold-dust on the floor in front of it.

"Now turn over that chair," he cried. "Drag the cover off the table; shove it aside."

While he spoke he also moved the furniture, overthrowing some so that the usually tidy, well-arranged room suddenly assumed a look of disorder.

"Now," he said at last, when he had rapidly arranged things to his fancy, "stand there by the broken closet."

Such was his fierceness and insistence that the bewildered woman obeyed him without question. He fired the revolver at the wall and

thrust the still smoking weapon into her hand. "Your hair," he said—"if you could dishevel it a little."

As if she were hypnotized, she thrust her hand thru it. The next moment they heard the rapid gallop of the horse.

"Back up whatever I say," cried Wingfield, hurriedly. "Perhaps you'd better shoot again."

But before the dazed woman could comply with his command, the meaning of which she understood not at all, they heard heavy footsteps on the porch. A key was thrust violently in the lock.

"You fool," cried Wingfield, loudly, "you shot me in the arm, but do you think that any woman is going to prevent me from taking the gold and——"

The door was thrown open.

"You cowardly hound!" cried Robertson, springing into the room gun in hand. having heard everything. "What is the meaning of this?"

THE INJURED CHINAMAN IS RESCUED

The woman dropped the revolver to the floor and sank back against the wall. She hid her face in her hands and sobbed. Her action was utterly unpremeditated, but no art could have been more effective nor could have better fitted in with the situation.

"Evelyn," demanded her husband, stepping toward her, but still keeping Wingfield covered, "has he harmed you? Has he dared——"

"No, no," said the wife, hysterically, "he—he——"

"The game's up," said Wingfield, very white; "you've got the drop on me. The woman snatched away my gun when I broke open the cupboard and shot me in the arm." He looked down at the useless left arm. "I was going to take it all and make a getaway."

"A thief!" exclaimed Robertson, horror-stricken. "Wingfield, I would

not have believed it. I thought you were in love with my wife."

"Would you rather have me steal your gold than your honor?" asked the other, bitterly.

"No, of course not, but——"

"In love with her! Does this look like it?"

"Evelyn," said Robertson, turning to his wife, "I have wronged you. It was money this man was after—not you."

"No, no," cried the woman, "I cant——"

"Silence!" interposed Wingfield. "I dont need any defense from you. I've played the game and lost, and now I suppose you will take me down to the town and——"

Robertson shook his head.

"I dont know what madness has come over you. I dont know what madness came over me, to suspect my wife." He threw the gun on the table behind him. "We have been pals too long for me to do anything like that. Take what is there and go freely. You've given me your share many a time for my wife and boy, and there is plenty more to be had in the claim. My God! it's worth all the treasure to have the relief that I feel here."

"I'll take nothing," said Wingfield, "but the remembrance of your generosity. I must have been mad to do what I did, but maybe you will learn not to think so badly of me after a while."

"Dick," cried the woman, "dont let him go. He is wounded. He will bleed to death."

Wingfield sank down in the chair. Robertson sprang to his side. He rolled up the loose sleeve.

"Water and bandages here, Evelyn," he said quickly, "and then that flask of whisky."

"Let me do it," sobbed the woman as she complied with her husband's directions.

"I am not fit that you should touch me," said Wingfield, grimly submitting himself to his partner's ministrations.

The flow of blood being checked, the wound bound up, the miner, strengthened and refreshed, started to leave the cabin.

"The gold," said Robertson, offering him the nuggets.

"To h—l with it," said Wingfield, striking down the outstretched hands. "It has brought me trouble enough already."

He went out of the door and started down the mountain. Robertson followed him to the door and stood looking at him, his heart wrung with agony and shame. They had been partners so long; they had lived together so intimately for so many years; they had taken part in so many desperate adventures. Each had borne a share, intimate, personal, devoted, in the life of the other. All his jealousies of his partner were gone. Robertson knew that he had not trusted in his wife in vain, and he knew, in spite of all that had happened, that his partner would never have betrayed him that way.

But theft! He could not bring himself to believe the monstrous thing. What could it mean? Where was the explanation? He turned to his wife.

"Evelyn," he said, "there is something so extraordinary about all this that I cant understand it. I would have staked my life on Bob Wingfield's honor."

"Yet you suspected me," said the woman, hysterically.

"I was mad to do so. I came back to tell you that and to beg you to forgive me."

"Papa," cried the little boy, who had been playing outside in obedience to his father's directions, "Uncle Bob is calling you."

"Go to him," said Evelyn Robertson, marveling greatly.

Robertson ran down the trail to where Wingfield stood beside his horse. He reached his side in a few moments, whereupon, the trail happening to run along the side of a little cliff, Wingfield pointed down below. There lay the huddled-up body of Ling Hung Foo. The Chinaman, having precipitated the crisis inside the cabin and fearing lest he be caught in

(*Continued on page* 164)

# THE CURIOUS CASE OF MEREDITH STANHOPE

by GLADYS HALL

KALEM

THE unsanctified passion of a man for a woman is a strange, unholy thing. It is like some venomous, sinister spider weaving a radio-lined web and drawing the fly, man, into its silky, evil meshes.

This story was written from the Photoplay of NORBERT LUSK

Perhaps the most pitiable phase of the game is the sight of a strong man, a talented man, a big man, playing the fly to some cruelly poisonous spider—throwing himself into the web with a fool's recklessness, dying there a fool's death.

Every one in Gotham was talking about Meredith Stanhope and "The Firefly." Men shrugged their shoulders and looked virtuous and supercilious, while secretly longing to burn their fingers at her white, hot flame. Women looked contemptuous, or maternally compassionate, or baffled and vexed, according to their lights and their age. Débutantes, under their mothers' guidance, emulated The Firefly in every way plausible, and were stickily saccharine in their pure young hope to save the interesting bachelor from the fly's demise.

And Meredith Stanhope trod his path, all heedless of the babble in Gotham. Alas! a light woman's lighter laughter danced and sang in his blood; shallow, mocking eyes haunted his restless sleep; flesh, coldly soft, tantalized his touch. He was mad for a woman who was but a beautiful husk for a wanton and libertine soul. And he knew, and he did not care. And therein lay his ruin.

Meredith Stanhope had begun his career as an artist, and, when he first met The Firefly, he had achieved a niche in the Hall of Fame that placed him among the notables. He had done some wonderful, inspired things. He was original without being eccentric—novel without being radical. And, of artists, the greatest hailed him as "Brother."

When the embryo great master of his time first met Creola Dante, The Firefly, he let his art drop from him as a child drops some petty toy. Art, for him, became the clothing, bejeweling and housing of The Firefly. For these things he lived and labored; in achieving her satisfaction he was content. Heaven lay in a hint of tenderness in her smile. Heaven's antithesis was her cool displeasure.

Occasionally—*very* occasionally—Stanhope picked up his discarded pencil or brush and attempted to recapture his interest in his erstwhile mistress, Art. On one of these rare occasions he took a jaunt into the rural regions for a little sketching, and it was there he met the boy who had the power to give his flame-sick soul some needful balance. Stanhope did not analyze the affair. He had reached the stage where self-analysis meant self-damnation. He only knew that he felt a very cordial liking for the farmer-lad, whose name was Dan and whose young life stretched behind him as clean and taintless as his own virgin fields. But one desire ruffled the placidity of his life—and that could hardly be said to ruffle it; rather, it was a guiding star, high, unfaltering, eternal—his desire to be an artist. Unaware at first of the identity of the stranger, Dan showed his little sketches eagerly, and Stanhope recognized a talent both virile and masterly. Rude it was at present, untaught and painfully unfinished, like the boy himself. But a highly sensitized soul showed in the subjects and an ardent idealism breathed from every line. Emotion was needed, perhaps; but at this point Stanhope shrugged, and a look of distaste touched his face. Emotion, yes—but not the kind that ravaged and destroyed all in its wake.

Upon his return to town, Stanhope called up his one intimate and close companion, Eustace Kennedy, and asked him to come out with him to The Firefly's summer home for dinner. Kennedy had never met the siren, but he alone, of all Stanhope's world, knew his friend's heart-history. This, however, was the first time Stanhope had ever desired another's presence when he was going to The Firefly. Eustace, ever optimistic, augured hope from this.

Twilight found them on the porch of The Firefly's Westchester home—Stanhope, dark, big, eager; Kennedy, slight, frail, some years his junior; the woman, sinuous, malevolent, showing signs of a new interest when speaking to Eustace.

"I must be getting old," Stanhope

"GOOD-NIGHT," CAME QUIETLY FROM THE GLOOM

remarked, half-pityingly, as they sat blowing smoke-clouds into the amethystine dusk; "I've taken a paternal interest in a country lad."

Creola stirred a trifle. She did not love Stanhope—but she worshiped his money. Even the faint suggestion of another interest roused the feline watchfulness and suspicion in her nature. He had never admitted another interest before—not even so guileless a one as a rural youth.

"Good!" Eustace said, his enthusiasm wavering under the scornful glint in the woman's eyes.

Stanhope, for once disregarding the danger signals and still imbued with the freshness of the new association, plunged recklessly on. "Met him on my sketching trip," he said; "he was a type, Creola, to the bare feet and the tattered straw hat."

"Ah-h!" the exclamation was soft, sibilant.

Stanhope's first enthusiasm, since their meeting, filled her with a savage rage.

"Go on!" said Eustace; "he sounds good."

"He *was*," declared Stanhope—"just that, Eustace. And, moreover, he was—an *artist*."

"Ah—a protégé!" Eustace whistled it cheerfully.

"A diamond!" hissed the woman; "one of those stones—so rare—in the rough——"

"Why, yes," Stanhope went on, fatuously. "I believe he *is* that, Creola. And you both should have seen his face when I gave him my card. Up to that point I was incog. to him, as it were. He grew almost purple. You see, he had shown me all his

work—good stuff it was, too; and all along he had thought me just a fellow-struggler taking a companionable interest——"

"Instead of"—there was a steel-like quality in The Firefly's voice—"a *past* master—eh, my friend?"

Stanhope caught the implication and winced. Eustace flushed with the embarrassment of his friend. Then Stanhope said, with a sort of abject passivity, "He hadn't heard of my—decline—Creola. He had heard my name when it *was*—a name. And, like all amateurs, he worshiped my fame—a poor god!"

"Where is he—this Raphael?" Creola's voice was dangerously sweet. There would be a scene, she promised herself, if Stanhope had done aught with the lad without her knowledge. But the man only crushed the light from his half-smoked cigar and said, tonelessly:

"He's where I found him, I imagine. I gave him only my card."

It was a very little scene; but Eustace, physically delicate, was sensitively acute. The dominion of the woman had been made apparent to him, not so much by word as by look and tone, the veiled threat of her beautiful eyes, the snake-like, venomous coil of her body. He felt a storm gathering, pent-up and ready to burst in her breast, and he sensed that Stanhope would rather face it alone than be humiliated by a third presence—even the presence of his closest friend.

He must have shown the depression he felt, for The Firefly let her hand rest on his arm an instant, and her voice, which could be very tender and soft, was gently troubled. "We have wearied you," she said. "I see that we have"—and her eyes studied his delicate, well-bred face, troublously—"but you must dine with me here Friday week," she went on decisively. "I am to have a little party to celebrate the end of the show, and I want you to be one of us—greatly."

Eustace bowed, gravely. "I shall be charmed," he said. "Good-night, Stanhope."

"Good-night," came quietly from the gloom.

There came the sound of Eustace's feet crushing the gravel walk, the sudden shrillness of a woman's voice, a half-audible, wholly inadequate man's protest, then silence. The fly was beating its feeble, futile wings.

The black-and-white dining-room was but a frame for the exotic, tropical beauty of The Firefly. She shone in it like some resplendent jewel in a fitting case. She was startlingly compounded of blood and fire, and ice and flame, and tender flesh-tints and close, soft hair. Around her table sat Eustace Kennedy, his sister Claire, the only other woman; Meredith Stanhope and three of Creola's theatrical acquaintances. Claire was a slender, fawnlike young creature, with soft, timid mouth and amazingly frank, decided eyes. If they were turned on Meredith Stanhope, to the exclusion of all others present; if they became inexplicably humid and mothering as they looked, no one was the wiser; and if they fell on The Firefly with a hurt surprise, that heartless, marvelous creature was unaware.

Claire had had a hard time winning her brother's consent to her presence here.

Finally she had admitted her desire to be near Meredith Stanhope. Despite Stanhope's inglorious infatuation for The Firefly, Eustace knew him as curiously clean-minded and high-idealed. He understood, as few did, that Stanhope was in the clutches of a superwoman—that he was as unfortunately and as helplessly victimized as the proverbial fly, and that, once free of her spell, no finer, truer man would walk. In Claire and her half-unconscious devotion he saw a vague hope. Her very *difference* from Creola was charm in itself—the air of wholesomeness she gave forth; the fresh softness of her youth; the allure of her rosy innocence. Surely, reasoned Eustace, it would be like stepping from cigaret-smoke into spring-air. And so he took his sister.

"I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT I COULD WILL MY SOUL TO WHOMSOEVER I PLEASE"

Creola had been very kind to Stanhope that night. Perhaps the fear of losing him lent him an added value. It was her kindness that gave him courage to exploit some of his pet theories—to talk and argue with some of his old brilliance and wit. And under cover of his animation Creola was tentatively trying her charms on Eustace—very subtly, for she knew her man; very eagerly, for she appreciated his bank account.

"Transmigration is a *thoroly* plausible thing," Stanhope was saying earnestly. "I am of the firm belief that it *can* happen and *does* happen every day—a soul is too rare, too wondrous a thing to live but one life in one body; it lives many lives, for many purposes, to fulfill many ends. I believe firmly that, should I die, I could will my soul to whomsoever I wished. It is, to me, a thing apart—a thing to be dealt with sacredly, but individually. My body I have no care for; but my soul is an entity, and as such will live on to inhabit other earthly tenements after I have gone."

Creola, alone, laughed, after Stanhope had finished, flushed and very much in earnest.

"Dear Buddhist or Mohammedan, or whatever you be," she jeered, "what, then, of *me?* Did some thoughtless witch — some *Shylock,* mayhap—go off taking his soul with him?"

"How do you mean?" Claire asked interestedly. Creola flashed her a mocking smile.

"Have you noted, *belle ami,*" she laughed, "that I am sans—a soul?"

Claire laughed a bit constrainedly. She *had* thought that, but she was too inexperienced and too solemnly impressed with the belief to indulge in repartee.

Curiously enough, the other guests were impressed with Stanhope's startling theory; especially so was Eustace, whose sensitive face was fixed in deep thought.

The conversation went on between Stanhope, Claire and the other men, and The Firefly bent more and more obviously toward Eustace. She had the full battery of her eyes on him now—she used every fiber of her beautiful body, every line of her lovely face to its supreme advantage. She threw out her wiles like tiny tentacles to draw him in, and, from

the sight of Eustace's face, she was succeeding.

It has been said that Eustace had a frail body and a highly sensitized organism. Added to these things, he was more or less inexperienced and not overstrong in matters of will-power. More or less compulsory seclusion from the habitual world of men had undermined his resistive powers and his hard horse-sense. Therefore, instead of steadily repelling The Firefly by his aloofness, his eyes, his flushed face, his eager, too-boyish mouth betrayed him. He was hers for the asking—*this* patrician—this moneyed, fatuous youth. And, moreover, Stanhope would be roused to fresh passion by the demon, Jealousy. It would kill the things she did not understand and therefore hated—his newer and purer desires for his art and his fatherly interest in this "clod" off there in the open country. It was *very* simple.

Stanhope had noticed—it had all been too obvious—and he remained after the others had left.

There was a terrible scene. When passion and cowardice clash, ugly things take place: The Firefly was a thousand furies when the gates were down. She ramped and stormed and cursed, and Stanhope said bitter things to her—cruel, ugly, miserable, veracious things. And then he left.

"This time it is for good," he told her as he stepped to the door. "You have sucked the last cent out of me—you have made the final fool of me—I'm *thru*."

Ah me! if things were only as easy as the words describing them! If "I'm thru" had been the simple thing it sounded—but Meredith Stanhope knew as he turned homeward that he had closed doors never to open again, on more than The Firefly's home in Westchester.

His art was a maimed thing. Ever and always it must drag its bruised wings in the mud to which he had brought it. His youth was withered and sear, along with his faith, his hope and his idealism. His health was shattered, nerves gone to smash, constitution wrecked. He had made of himself the worst kind of a fool—pitied by women, scorned by men. And tonight he had looked upon the cause of it all and seen her feet of clay. A miserable half-goddess for whom he had offered up his heart's blood. He would go into eternity, leaving an ugly splotch for the world to remember him by.

When he reached his rooms his decision was made. He would die as

"YOU HAVE MADE THE FINAL

he had lived—a coward and a cur. But before he left he would attempt one thing—he would will his soul and his natural strength to some real mate whose record would match her own—never the drained-out, futile, cast-off fool of The Firefly.

It was at this point that Stanhope finished the note he had been writing, willing Eustace his essentially dauntless spirit and his inherited strength. Mechanically, almost as one who has done it before, he sought in the desk for his revolver and raised it to his head. There came a queer, breathless sound from the doorway; a lithe spring across the heavy carpets, and a boy's voice saying shrilly: "Stop—oh! Mr. Stanhope — *Master!*"

The man lowered the revolver and looked dazedly at the boy's white face. He had projected himself into eternity, and it seemed difficult to come back.

"Dan," he whispered uncertainly, "why are you here? I'm—not worth it, boy."

But the lad was sobbing on the man's knee, and he seemed to be whispering, as one addresses the Deity in terms of awe, "Master—Master—Master!"

FOOL OF ME—I'M *THRU!*"

Eustace Kennedy. Stanhope firmly believed that he could do it; if things of the flesh were inherited, children marked by their mothers in prenatal fright, the thirst for drink descending unto the third generation, why could not the soul, the mind—man's one immortal gift—be passed along to a receptive successor? Perhaps it would benefit the delicate youth; perhaps the sweet-faced sister, he thought, irrelevantly, whom one would wish for over one's morning coffee, cradling one's babes and snuggling close beside a homey fire. She was very much a woman. No doubt she was waiting for

Stanhope, the man, was soon forgot by ever-hurrying Gotham. But supposedly dead, Stanhope, the artist, revivified. His pictures became famous and fabulous as to price. Connoisseurs shook their heads and lamented over the sad loss to the world of art. Yellow journals spilled forth copious copy wherein The Firefly, who did not hesitate at this remunerative advertisement, and Stanhope were exploited for the gluttonous joy of the scandal-mongers. It was a nine days' wonder—and then they passed into the limbo of forgotten things, along with contemporary murders, forgeries, Reno news, etc. Only a clique of artists, critics and art-lovers

recalled Meredith Stanhope with any true regret—and Eustace Kennedy.

Because of the note directed to Kennedy and found in Stanhope's rooms the day after his disappearance, Eustace had come into possession of all his personal effects, including the paintings which had become so priceless. The other bequest Kennedy had not made public.

Eustace and Claire had been sitting on the lawn of their home on that never-to-be-forgotten day. One of the men in Stanhope's hotel had brought him the note, saying that they had been unable to rouse Mr. Stanhope that morning, had forced the door and found this note, which they delivered promptly, as he could see.

The note had been brief, merely stating that he had made a hopeless mess of things, and before they were any worse he had decided to end them. Testing his belief in the transmigration of souls, he willed his to Eustace, along with his strength and natural will-power, trusting that he would derive the good from them and eliminate the bad. He also requested that Eustace take charge of his effects, and, in conclusion, that he be remembered to "your sweet sister, who, curiously enough, is the last one to bid me a mental speed-your-soul."

That letter had made surprising changes in the Kennedy household. Claire, ever quiet, had seemed to draw into herself completely. She was like a flower which, just bursting into bloom, had received a mortal wound and drawn into its sheath. The love for Meredith Stanhope, that had denied itself birth during his lifetime, was tragically, luxuriantly born after his death—and the woman who loved him had not even memory of tenderness to sustain her bitter grief.

For days afterwards Eustace held himself aloof from the society of his friends. Stanhope's death shocked him, but stronger yet was the strange inheritance that his friend had left him.

Curiously enough he felt himself growing physically strong—his pale cheeks took on a new color; his muscular system strengthened, he seemed to feel a newer and stronger vitality. Then suddenly the desire came over him to possess Creola Dante. It was a dominant, a driving desire, so different from his former unconscious infatuation. Eustace resolved to see her and to win her—no puny, retiring love this time, but a strong man face to face with his mate.

Plumbing accurately the depths of his credulity, Creola palmed off the "wronged but still virtuous" story on him. She pleaded to a young faith ruined, a trust betrayed, and led up at last to her miraculous purging thru love of him. They would go to some foreign land, she planned, and begin life anew; some fair southland where only love counted—love like theirs. And to achieve this end—it was lamentable, of course—he must sell Stanhope's paintings for the wherewithal.

"But I have plenty for us both," Eustace would plead. "You know I have——"

"For a little while, my beloved," the human cat would purr. "But we must have plenty, you know, little one. We will be outcasts; we must be fortified."

And out in Westchester, in Stanhope's house, run by Eustace Kennedy's money, The Firefly would caress her theatrical manager and bid him have patience—her latest fool was busy collecting the wherewithal for their own departure.

One day, a month or more after the events narrated, an eminent art critic burst excitedly into an exclusive art club and gesticulated wildly to an astounded group of fellow professionals.

"Stanhope's *alive!*" he was saying heatedly; "it's God's truth. I've seen him, talked to him, got his story from him and persuaded him to return. It's really the most amazing—the most incredible—I tell you—I—"

"For God's sake, Abry, come to earth!" ejaculated Saconte, nervously. "If you're not drunk or

(*Continued on page* 173)

# SHADOWS FROM THE PAST

By DOROTHY DONNELL

MARY, LADY LESTER moved across the dim, luxurious room with a slow step that had a sort of eagerness about it, and the thin sleeves of her morning-gown fell away from her round, upraised arms as she altered the arrangement of the hyacinths in the Ming bowl on the tall mantelshelf. The great, cloudy sapphire on her marriage finger wove a ribbon of blue light among the stiff lavender spikes. She lingered over the task absurdly, as tho she loved

the deep, wonderful colors of the Ming's ceramics; loved to see in the mirror's depths the echo of her richly glowing room and the slim lines of her face and neck, beautiful still in spite of her thirty-seven years.

Her lips were arched and of a full, dull crimson, like those of Rossetti's women; indeed, with her deep-set, dark eyes and cloudy hair and the faint hollowing of her temples and throat, she might have posed as the original of "The Blessed Damozel," dreaming yonder on the wall. As she looked wistfully at her mirrored self she drew a long, difficult breath of relief that as yet there were no signs of the hereditary enemy of woman-kind—Time.

"It would be like robbing him," she murmured slowly; "that was all I had to bring him, my beauty, and when that goes——"

But it had not gone. With every glance of her husband's eyes Mary knew that she was still beautiful, and her soul thrilled with joy. In spite of her ten years of married happiness Lady Lester savored life's beneficence anew every day she lived. The luxury that surrounded her; the wonder of being loved; the breathless sense of security and peace she felt, were miracles that never lost their element of surprise. That there was, in the unadmitted background of her consciousness, a feeling that it was too good to last, she chose to disregard. Ten years ago she had begun to live; she had torn the pages that had preceded that from the book of her memory.

A step in the hall brought the swift blood to her forehead, but it was only the butler with a trayful of letters.

"Beg pardon, my lady," ventured the man, "but har' you hexpecting Mrs. Fitz-Allen to-day, my lady? A man 'as just called harsking for her and left this note—werry urgent he says, my lady——"

LORD LESTER, SUITOR FOR

A cloud dimmed the sunshine of Mary's face. "Put it on the table, Wixon," she said. "I—yes, I believe my mother did intend to run into town for some shopping today."

The butler bowed and withdrew like a noiseless machine. The deep rose-and-blue of the hangings, the subtle tones of the Eastern rugs, the dull pools of light caught in the mahogany were as before; yet to Mary's eyes there was a something in the room that jarred; something menacing and sick and dreadful. She sank into a lyre-backed Sheraton chair and stared dully down at the woven dragons curling about her feet.

Her mother! Well, what of it?

THE SUCCESSFUL MARY'S HAND

Why should her mother's name drain the color from her cheeks and drag like a weight at her heart? Her mother had always been good to her; had always sought her best interests; had, indeed, virtually made her Lady Lester in the face of bitter odds.

Mary shivered and clenched her hands in her soft, silken lap. Her full lips compressed into a thin, drawn line, but tho her look was a moan, no sound passed her heart, and presently the habit of happiness reasserted itself. She thrust the snake-thought from her Eden and, springing up, went to the grand piano and lost herself in one of Chopin's nocturnes.

As the last haunting notes breathed richly across the room she was aware, with that sixth sense we have in our solitude, that some one else was in the room, altho she had heard no footfall. With unhurried deliberation she arose, closed the piano and turned. In spite of herself a sharp exclamation escaped her at the sight of the gross-looking man with one blind eye, who nodded easily at her from the doorway.

"Robert Jardon —*you!*"

The man bowed.

"Not a very cordial greeting for an old friend, hey, Lady Lester?" he drawled. "Your man wanted to announce me, but I told him I was a friend of the family and wouldn't stand on ceremony. How are you, Mary?"

Lady Lester did not glance at the outstretched hand, fat, unctuous, diamond-decked. A faint line of distaste troubled her smooth brow.

"I suppose you were looking for my husband," she said, in a tone that placed a gulf between them. "I will tell Wixon to speak to him when he comes in."

"Hold on"—the man interposed his flabby bulk in the doorway, cutting off retreat—"what's your hurry, Mary? Maybe it was *you* I came to see. You didn't use to be so high and mighty in the old days, if I remember correctly!"

Mary, Lady Lester cast a quick, almost hunted glance about the room, and then, with visible effort, sank into a chair and faced him, smiling faintly. "It was so long ago," she said slowly—"so very long ago."

Robert Jardon touched the lid of the livid, sightless eye.

"Not long enough for me to lose the souvenir Barton gave me on account of you, Mary." His voice slid, as tho oiled, across the words.

"Ha! ha! Pretty good joke on Barton, eh?—your marrying old

Lester, after all! I could have sworn my Bible oath that he was the one of us three you were sweet on, Mary."

She shrank visibly from his loud mirth, a gray shade creeping over her face, deepening the hollows; but still sat silent, not glancing at him, twisting the cloudy sapphire around her slender finger.

"By the way, where did Barton go so suddenly," pursued the visitor, mercilessly, "after you—hem—turned him down, hey?"

"He went to South Africa, I believe," said Lady Lester, faintly.

"South Africa! More fool he for taking his *congé* so easily. Lord knows, Mary, you never gave *me* much encouragement, but I swear I wouldn't have given you up even then if you hadn't disappeared for a couple of years. Just my luck to be in the States when you came back, and old Lester was right there on the job and snapped you up, lucky dog! Let's see—a nervous breakdown, wasn't it, you had?"

"Yes."

Mary lifted her eyes suddenly, and they blazed like uncovered fires on the man lounging opposite. A reflection of their flame glittered in his glance. He leaned forward suddenly.

"Jove! Mary, but you're better-looking than ever," he ejaculated. "Rotten shame to waste a fine woman like you on that stiff-necked old codger, Lester. Dare say he doesn't appreciate you at that, eh?"

"How dare you!" Lady Lester was on her feet in an outraged whirl of anger. "I will not stay any longer listening to you. If you will not let me by I will ring for Wixon. I never liked you, Robert Jardon, and I always let you see how I felt. I do not like you now. There is no excuse for your ever coming here again."

The man, abashed, drew back, and she passed him, head high, loose, gauzy draperies drawn away from contact with his arm.

"So *that's* how matters stand!" muttered the barrister. "Perhaps I'd better just snake around—it isn't time to strike yet."

It was evening. Dinner had just been finished and Lord Lester had eased his portly, lovable shape into a Turkish chair, when the caller was announced.

"Mr. Robert Jardon." The man with the missing eye entered and, as he introduced himself, his one burning orb scanned Lady Mary closely.

JARDON KEEPS LADY MARY IN DEADLY

She showed no outward signs of fear, but her nails were clenched into her palms under her scarf.

Then began a singular conversation, Jardon posing as a solicitor for a foundlings' home, and under each word was a clever, well-aimed innuendo. At the end of an hour he arose, reached for his hat on the table, and a folded slip of paper fluttered to the floor at his feet. He stooped to regain it, and a spark sprang to his eye.

"Mrs. Fitz-Allen—private and urgent," he read under cover of his hat. "Humph! It might be worth my while——"

Three minutes later the folded bit of paper lay in its former place on the table, and the caller had bowed himself out; but its words were multigraphed in the barrister's brain.

FEAR THAT HE WILL BETRAY HER SECRET

As he turned them over and over, malice and triumph shone in his eye.

"And to think she doesn't suspect," he chuckled, as he made his way noiselessly out of the house to plunge into the pandemonium of London's streets—"to think she doesn't even guess! Lord! what a situation!" He walked swiftly up the Strand, gloating over his thoughts till they caught on some secret snag. "Babette!" he muttered. "Well, I'll get rid of her in short order. Who wouldn't lose a French lady's maid—give her the frosty mitten—if he could be sure of an English lady?"

Mary, Lady Lester was not able to be present at the Ambassador's Ball—a nervous headache, Lord Lester regretted, real anxiety in his courteous, suave voice. She was under the care of her physician even now—these frail women overtax themselves so mercilessly in the social life! Yet at home, behind the locked door of Lady Mary's bedroom, the canopied couch lay tenantless, silken coverlid unruffled, fair linen pillow unpressed. The maid, a new one, French by her bootheels, lay across my lady's chaise-longue, beating two small, clenched fists into the rose-silk cushions; while the tall ivory lamp, turned low behind its crimson shade, cast a faint red stain across her pretty, furious face—a stain like the shadow of blood.

"Vraiment elle est la dame, je pense que oui!" she moaned. "She has gone to *him,* so pale behind the black veil! C'est insupportable! I will not bear it, moi, Babette! Il la baisera—he will kiss her on her belle lips while I wait here. Non! Canaille! I will follow—voilà!"

Mary, Lady Lester stumbled blindly as she ran; the way was unknown to her. It was a dark night, luckily, with torn clouds whipping across the sky and long shadows blowing about the streets. Yet to her mind there was no one in all London who would not recognize her. Her soul shrank Godiva-like under the censure of a universe of cruel, staring eyes.

Since the letter that morning—she shuddered to remember how she had read it at the breakfast-table under her husband's kindly clarity of vision—since then she had moved in a world of unrealities, as one moves in the delirium of a nightmare dream. One purpose alone drove her thru the night. It was not hope, nor anger, nor despair; only a numb, breathless purpose to save her husband's happiness out of the wreckage of her life.

The faint glimmer of a gas-jet in a dingy hallway, lighting up a numeral over the fanlight, drew her in. Three flights of stairs thru a darkness that seemed to rustle as with furies' wings and then a door that opened silently to her faint tap.

"Fine! I thought maybe I'd have the honor of a little call from you this evening, Lady Mary."

Robert Jardon's leering face smirked at her out of the dimly lighted hall. He led the way into a crowded, ugly sitting-room, where a fire burned in the iron grate and a small table, drawn up before it, was set intimately for two.

"Sit down, Mary, and let's be cozy," the oily voice invited her, "and take off your veil, my dear. No? Come, come, dont try any nonsense with me, my girl, for I wont stand for it."

Lady Mary Lester put up cold hands and lifted the heavy veil, revealing a face so swept of color that it was almost transparent.

"Robert Jardon," she began heavily, "I came because I must; not for my miserable sake, but for the sake of the noblest man in England. Let us get to business at once. What is your price for the secret you have ferreted out? Name it."

YEARS BEFORE, JARDON, TOO, HAD WOOED MARY

"My price," said the man, licking his heavy lips—"my price is *you!*"

She recoiled, covering her face with her hands. The sapphire on her marriage finger burned a fierce, flashing blue. He believed his point won and laughed aloud in triumph.

Then the laugh changed to a snarl. She had struck him full across his face.

"You foul thing! No!" she cried. "No! I refuse your offer!"

He put up a hand to his forehead, bleeding from the sting of the ring.

"Then I shall foreclose," he said in a grating voice. "I shall take my wares to market, Lady Mary Lester."

"Do," she defied him. "Tell him everything. I am not afraid. What's more, I will tell him myself, tonight —*now!*"

She swept about to go. A little red devil lurked in his baffled eye as he watched her.

"Everything, my lady? You will tell him, I suppose, that you deserted your child fifteen years ago, eh?—ran away and left it as even the animals wouldn't leave their young? Tell him that, Madame Mary, or I shall!"

"You liar!" she said scornfully. "I never knew it was alive—you know I never knew it was alive!"

She ran by him, pulling at her veil, and groped blindly for the door-knob. It seemed to her that she could not hurry fast enough to the confessional of her husband's arms. A cloaked figure, huddled in the hall, brushed against her as she came out into the clean air, catching at her sleeve, but she jerked free and was gone under the windy sky.

"Tomorrow," she cried aloud to her own soul, "tomorrow I will tell him everything—I will burn out the sore that has eaten into my happiness, and then, if he wishes, I will go away——"

But a great hope flowed thru her veins that he would not want her to go away. The hope was like a potent drug lulling her to sleep. It was late morning when she awoke, to find a parlor maid, with a delicately clinking breakfast-service, at the bedside.

"Babette is gone, my lady," explained the girl, shrugging her comely shoulders; "where, I do not know. These French!"

She poured out a clear brown cup of coffee and lifted the silver cover from the warm, brown rolls. The very naturalness of the act soothed Mary's first waking pang of horror. Then the sound of voices from the sitting-room beyond sent her upright on the pillows.

"Who is in there? What time is it?" she said in a thin, frightened voice that startled the girl.

"Only Lord Lester, my lady," she told her, "and a gentleman who came to see him on business a few moments ago——"

The words trailed into a gasp as Lady Mary sprang from the bed and pushed the girl violently toward the door.

"Go!" she commanded; "go! and do not come back unless I ring for you——"

Left alone, she dragged a filmy negligée from the wardrobe, a frivolous, light-hearted thing of scent and frills and ribbon-bows, and drew it about her. A sweep of the brush dragged her dark hair into a great, loose pile on the top of her head. Another moment, and she was at the door, crouching shamelessly against it, listening.

What she heard brought a strange look to her face. Jardon, the man she feared, had been found early that morning shot dead in his rooms. And on the floor at his side lay a woman's handkerchief marked with the Lester coat-of-arms. The detective sent by Scotland Yard was having a hard time of it with Lord Lester in the other room.

Lady Mary almost laughed aloud, listening to her husband's dignified anger. She shook with hysterical mirth from head to foot; then, at the sound of the telephone bell, grew rigid against the door. A few sharp queries, and the receiver snapped on its hook.

"Mighty sorry to have bothered you, Lord Lester," the detective's voice said sheepishly. "They've

caught the girl who did the job—a French maid, Babette—found out she's been working for Lady Lester. That explains the handkerchief, all right. Well, sir, I'm glad that everything's cleared up so satisfactorily."

"There was nothing that needed clearing up." Lord Lester's voice was curt. "My wife, Lady Mary, sir, is quite above insinuation or suspicion or the need of exoneration. My wife, Lady Mary, is—*my wife,* sir!"

The woman in the other room gave

LADY MARY SECRETLY VISITS HER CHILD

a gasp as tho she had been stabbed to the heart. With fixed eyes she stared into nothingness; then, slowly, shook her head.

"No," she said tonelessly, "no; he is dead, but the secret—the thing I did long ago—is alive. I thought for an instant I could be happy without telling him, but I could not. There is no happiness in a lie."

Lord Lester's rap on his wife's door was answered clearly—"Come in."

He came toward her, arms out, across the flower-strewn velvet, but before his kiss reached her lips she had put a tiny, silver-strewn table between them.

"No—wait!" she bade him gravely, and drew a long breath before she could go on. "I must tell you something, my lord," she said; then bravely—"something I should have told you long ago. It goes back to the time you first knew me—the beginning of your trust. Do you—do you remember Arthur Barton, a young officer you met once at my home?"

Lord Lester was not smiling now. He stood by the foolish little table, very straight, looking at his wife over folded arms.

"Yes, I remember him."

"I—loved Arthur." Her voice did not quiver, but a spasm of old pain twisted the delicate features. "We were betrothed. My mother was ambitious for me and refused his suit, and—after a tavern quarrel, in which he hurt a man seriously—he—went away——" Her voice was dry and calm. "In the spring, in a little French village, I bore him a child."

The room was very quiet. Lord Lester did not move.

"They told me it was dead——" she said quietly. "But yesterday I learnt that my mother had lied to me. So, of course, this is the end. I am — very sorry — Lord Lester——"

"Where are you going?"

"Why"—faint surprise touched her tired gaze—"why, I am going to my child—my daughter."

"Send for the girl, my dear," he said quietly, "or better still, go for her and prepare the way. She shall be my daughter also." And he placed the cloudy sapphire on her marriage finger again, where it glowed softly.

"You — you can *forgive* me?" she whispered.

Lord Lester bent in courtly fashion and kist her hand. "There is no question of forgiveness," he said gravely. "You are my *wife,* Lady Mary."

# HIS TRANS-

## BY • N MAN

BAR O RANCH, *June 6th.*

GEE! And again gee! And a whole lot more gees! That'll give a slant at my feelin's, but it would take the whole o' Webster's and more spelling than I got in my

GOLD SEAL

This story was written from the Photoplay of JAMES DAYTON,

# FORMATION

## BRUCE

system to write that girl out good. Say, I aint any Robert W. Chambers ink-slinger, but, believe me, when I seen her settin' out on the piazza of the Highland House I wished for a minit I was named Clarence and wore

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my hair long and wrote dreamy-eyed pomes!

Well, sir, it was like this. Y'see every summer a bunch of tenderfoots from the East stray out this way—toorists they call themselves—and we let 'em live on account they're 'most as good as a circus to watch. They set on the hotel steps and cackle whenever a native goes by, and take picters of Lazy Lem, the barkeep, in his chaps an' sombrero, that he keeps special for to be took in. The males of the species wear clothes that would be a shootin' matter if us ranchers tried to get by with 'em, and the females try t' climb mountings on heels two hands high—that is, most of 'em do. But this morning I seen one of another brand.

She was settin' on the piazza with a regular old she-dragon in a purple silk gownd, and the moment I laid eyes on her I knowed I was a goner. I never looked twicet at a woman before and I didn't this time, either, but the oncet I *did* look was *some* look, believe me. She had hair just like—like—well, say, it was real *pretty* hair, and her eyes—oh! what's the use? Anyhow, she was the sort of girl a fellow could look at all day and not get tired of the scenery. Bime-by I come to long enough to see that half Loneville was gathered round watchin' me, and the old lady beside The Peach was bustin' with rage and gettin' purple round the second of her three chins. But The Peach wasn't mindin' a bit. She looked at me as if I was a human being 'stead of a wild animal on exhibition, like most toorists does.

"Ted, old man," I says to myself real firm, "you waltz up the steps of this Palatial Emporium of the West—as Sam Hopkins calls his hash-house in the booklet—and persuade Sam, at the point of your six-gun, to hand you a knockdown to this dame before you grow any more whiskers."

And up the steps I traveled.

"Sam," I says, "they's a girl settin' out on your piazza I'm going to marry," I says, "on'y she dont know it yet. Come on out and give me a knockdown. I want to do everything up nice and proper and accordin' to ettiket," I says.

So Sam takes off his apron and slicks up his hair, and we goes out.

"Ladies," says Sam, bowin', "ladies, meet Mister Ted Allen, of Bar O Ranch. Ted, you son of a gun, you, make your best bow to Mrs. St. John and daughter Anna, of Noo Yawk."

"How do you do?" asks Miss Anna, in the prettiest voice in the world, holdin' out a hand three sizes smaller'n nothing at all, but the old lady lifts up a pair of spectacles on a long stick and looks right thru me at the mountin on the other side.

"The wealthiest cattle owner in Utah, Mister Allen is," adds Sam, sort of casual, and say, you'd ought to have seen the old dame's face change. I could see she was goin' to love me like a mother-in-law from then on. But Miss Anna—gee!

*June 10th.*

It's over. I got my life sentence at two o'clock today, an hour after she'd said she'd marry me. Mother-in-law was strong for waiting and doing the Mendelssohn orange-blossom dress parade in some Noo Yawk highbrow church, but I put the lasso on that suggestion quick, and the old girl knuckled down. I can see with half an eye that she dont like *me*—it's the money she's after—but that's all right; she's welcome. Anna is worth more than all the steers beyond the Mississippi, and I didn't darst lose any time settin' my own brand on her, bless her! When a feller falls in love, he remembers the last census report says there's nine million unmarried males in the United States and he's takin' an awful lot of chances bein' just engaged. So Parson Larrabee, the lunger preacher, hitched us up; the boys gave us a rousin' send-off, and here we are on the train for Noo Yawk.

O' course I'd like to of taken Anna to Bar O, but mother-in-law wouldn't hear to it.

"You've married a wife of quite a

different social statoos than yourself,'' she says, ''and you cannot expect to keep her among the low associates of your bachelor days,'' she says.

Wouldn't that give you a pain? Low associates! Well, I hold that a fellow that works hard and lives honest and does the best he can is a real man, but maybe he aint a *gentleman.* I dont know—course I haven't the education of some, but I guess Anna aint going to be ashamed of me.

How's a fellow going to know all the pesky little things that are law 'n' gospel on Fifth Avenoo? Why, I was born in a hut and scratched for myself since I was ten, an' lived on pork and soda biscuits an' coffee. How could I know what fork to use for a darn fool thing called patty der fo grass?

The worst of it is mother-in-law. Anna is a little trump and only laughs when I make a break as tho it

THE BOYS GAVE US A ROUSIN' SEND-OFF

''Are you, girl?'' I says to her a moment ago.

''No, Ted,'' she says, very soft; ''you've got the *real* things—the things that count.''

''I got *you,*'' says I, grabbing her hand; ''as for this sassiety game, I'll learn the ropes in short order. Watch *me!*''

*June 20th.*

Gosh! I feel like a Bar O steer that's strayed inside the Lazy W's range. I been up against ugly jobs afore now; I done my share in roundin' up cattle-thieves; I can rope 'n' throw a steer with the best of them; but when it comes to gettin' a strangle-hold on this sassiety stunt I'm simply not there—that's all.

was the best joke in the world, but the old lady watches me like a hawk thru that periscope of hers till I dont dare to eat anything but mashed potato. I've lost ten pounds in a week tryin' to be genteel, and last night after dinner I just sneaked out to a lunch-counter and ate three orders of pork 'n' beans.

I've wrote the boys that they'd better study up the ''Correct Behavior'' column in the *Ladies' Home Journal* before they tie up to a mother-in-law like mine.

There was a chap at dinner tonight, a sort of slick fellow in full dress that looked as if it had grown on him, name of Bryson. He sat next to Anna and handed out a line of talk that I

understood about one word in five of. "Who is the phonygraf?" I says to mother-in-law, who was settin' next to yours truly to see I didn't tuck my napkin in my collar, nor nothing.

"That," says she, lookin' at me as hotly as if the new gownd she was sportin' hadn't cost me the price of nine head o' cattle, "that is Mr. Bryson, a great *admirer* of Anna's," she says spiteful, "*and* a perfect gentleman."

"Oh, h—ll!

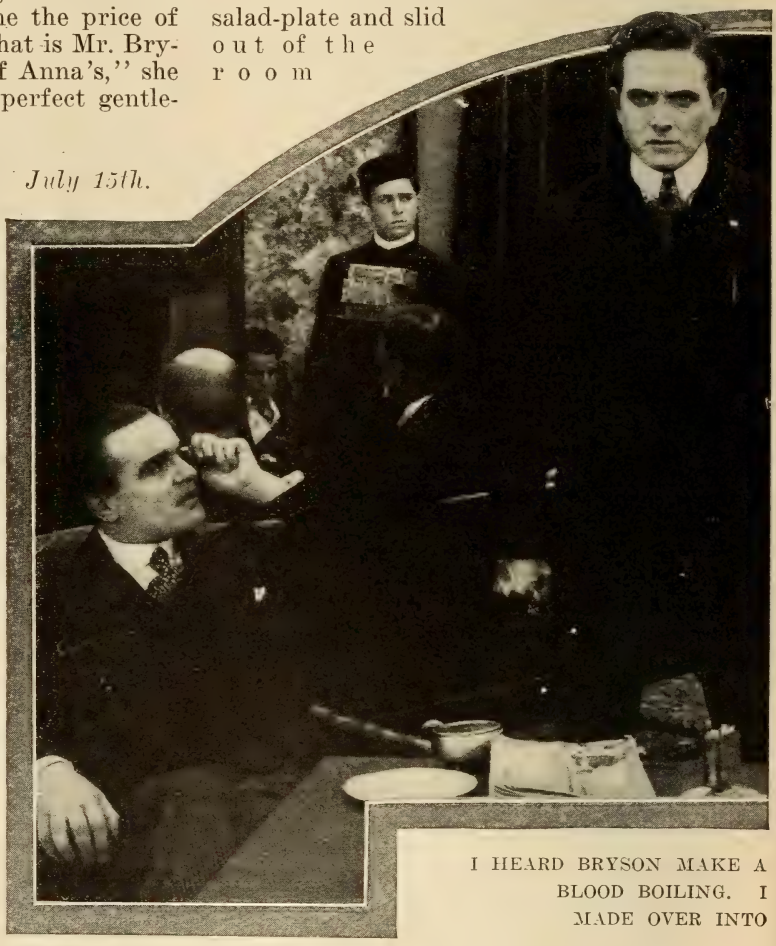
*July 15th.*

I've met a fellow that is a little bit of all right—Anna's brother Bob, just home from college. Him and me hit it off fine, and I can tell you it's sure a relief to have a man to go to with questions. Except for Bob, I haven't met anything in pants since I was East who could stick on a horse, but in spite of his clothes and book-learnin' he's a real man. He did me a good turn the other night that shows him up, all right.

It was my first reg'lar stampede into high life, and I suppose I took some wrong turnings. Seems my tie was all wrong, to begin with—I'd managed the rest of the harness pretty fair, but I knowed from mother-in-law's first stare that the check-rein was wrong, and it was a brand new four-in hand, too, with swell stripes on. Then I done some other faux passes, and about the middle of the evening I was feelin' as cheerful an' easy as an elephant at a suffrage pink-tea. I was sweatin' as tho I'd been roundin' up two thousand head of cattle, an' longin' to wipe my face, but not darin' to because it wasn't genteel.

"Me for the open," thinks I, desperate. "These duds make me feel like a fool. But, Lord! wouldn't I like to see these swells on broncos, riding the Bar O!"

I picked a minit when mother-in-law was interested in her salad-plate and slid out of the room without falling over anything but a fool gilt chair on the way. I dodged across the hall and was just going to push open the library door when I heard some one inside talkin' earnest.



I HEARD BRYSON MAKE A BLOOD BOILING. I MADE OVER INTO

"My dear girl," he was sort of purring, "you have made a terrible mistake," he says, "but it isn't too late to remedy it. Your mother has forced you to marry this clumsy buffoon for his money, but, thank God! this is a civilized age of divorce courts," he says; "and no woman need stay married to a man who

inhales his soup. Why, the very tie he has on this evening is good ground for a divorce——''

I didn't wait to hear more. O' course my first notion was to open the door and pound that lying son-of-a-gun Bryson to a jelly, but my second was to beat it back to the West without showin' up again.

REMARK THAT SET MY FORGOT I WAS BEING A GENTLEMAN

''Maybe he's got the right of it,'' I thinks. ''Maybe I cant make her happy. A man may be O K and straight as a string, but when he aint got the trimmin's of life its tough on the woman he ties up to——''

I went upstairs to my room and began to hustle my duds into the old valise they'd come in. Tell you, I was *sore*. I thought of Anna like she was first time I seen her, and I thought of mother-in-law, and then I looked at myself in the glass and come near giving the mirror a left upper-cut to the jaw.

''Dang you!'' I says to the six-foot, awkerd, hang-dog gawk in the glass, ''what you doing in this corral? Beat it back where you belong, with your low associates,'' says I.

''Where?'' says a voice in the door, and there stands Bob.

''To the Bar O,'' I says; ''that's where low-lived, uneddycated cow-hands like me belong.''

And I told him what I'd overheard. Bob gave a long whistle. Then he come over and kicked a hole thru the valise and slapped me on the back.

''Buck up, old man!'' he says. ''Anna's given old Bryson his walking-papers. He nearly knocked me over in the hall, he was in such a hurry to get out. And she's gone upstairs to powder her nose so no one but the women will know she's been crying. I'd rather see my sister married to you than a dozen Brysons. As for the fool society stunts, I'll be glad to show you the ropes. Only, I'll do it on the quiet, and it'll be a good joke on the mater and Anna when you come out some evening with the Beau Brummel-William Faversham polish on!''

Yes, Bob is sure white, and I've accepted his offer. If hard work 'll make a gentleman, I'll be one yet.

*August 15th.*

Bob is a wonder of a teacher, and, if it does sound like blowing my own horn, I'm not so worse at learning

myself. For the last month we've been practicing in his room at the club, and I'm getting away with the polite stuff fine. Of course it's been a tough pull.

First Bob showed me how to walk and sit down and get up again. I always supposed a kid knew those things by the time he cut his first tooth, but it seems not. Then he piled furniture in the center of the room and showed me how to get around in a crowd; then I had to take a sofa-cushion lady in to dinner and talk to her for eight courses—tell you I felt like a darn fool—but old Bob was sober as a judge and kept me at it till I could dash off a few sentences without turning purple or spilling my soup on Miss Sofa Cushion.

The eating business was harder, but Bob took me around to restaurants and cafés and showed me how to eat *paté fois* with a French accent and got me so's I didn't shy at my fork. And all this time Anna wasn't hep to a thing. I didn't see much of her—kept out of her way on purpose. "For," thinks I, "if she's willing to listen to the line of talk Bryson was handing her about me, she cant care much whether she sees me or not, and a little judicious absence may make her heart grow fonder."

"MY DEAR GIRL, YOU HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE"

Then one afternoon, at the club, I heard Bryson make a remark that set my blood boiling. I forgot I was being made over into a gentleman.

"You ornary, white-livered, mealy-mouthed coyote," says I, emphasizing each word with a shake; "that's my wife you're talking about, and if you ever so much as think her name again I'll half-kill you, and I might go so far as to finish the job."

Bryson stammered an apology and scuttled off, his tail between his legs.

(*Continued on page* 169)

# Ashes of Inspiration

(Biograph)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

WEST'S life would undoubtedly have been one filled with commonplace, respectable insipidity, if his character had been invigorated with that energetic acumen known as tact. There was something in his nature that made him shrink from a moment's ridicule. As a result of dodging moral crises—which might possibly have been turned to advantage—he found the road to future happiness always blocked by the sinister figure of retribution. It seemed, indeed, that his whole life had been harassed by retribution—a self-imposed remorse and calamity because of crimes of omission.

West was not a poltroon, however. When it came to that, he often displayed a prodigious quantity of that particular shade of indiscretion called bravery. He employed this fearlessness as a refuge and a diversion whenever his moral frailty was brought to bay. Only let there be a choice between facing public opinion and risking his life, and he would unhesitatingly choose the latter.

Yet, thruout all crises, West seemed lucky in the outcome, tho, if the truth were known, he was each time plunged into deeper currents that approached ever nearer to the whirlpool of supreme tragedy.

The first great crisis in the manhood of West's life was after he had compromised the affections of Isabel Duke. He had never been serious in his intentions; she had never been otherwise. He turned in protest toward public opinion, and found society pointing an accusing finger straight at his unmistakable conduct. And all the while the girl stood waiting for him, her face poised, shrinking in love, yet slightly tinged with shame.

As he made his way home in the darkness, on that memorable night of discovery, he felt that the whole world was against him. His cowardice was stronger that moment than it had ever been before. It challenged the brute in his nature to come forth and carry him far away to a pleasanter scene—or to destroy him. A spell of rash resolutions fell upon him. Despair settled in his heart, and, for a time, he was cowardly enough to defy the whole world in planning to shut it out of his soul—by suicide. This morbid mood passed, and—as if in contradiction—there came a wild, surging desire for life—life that stings, that thirsts, that hungers, that truly lives!

But the next morning he woke and went out, and found his little world looking at him with questioning eyes. And so he married Isabel rather than face it longer.

Isabel was a girl of spirit and discernment, however, and when the first flush of love had been wafted away, leaving the gray pallor of truth, her fine feelings were coiled into a cable of hate that was as strong and as cold as steel.

West had drifted from occupation to occupation in search of a "career." Rather than feel the ignominy of a complete failure in any particular pursuit, he had eluded public opinion by choosing something new. It was thus, thru an effort successfully to dodge unpleasant crises, that he

literally stumbled into the field of art. All the fine filaments of temperament, mood, and almost feminine delicacy that had served him so ill in all other paths, were suddenly converted into an unsuspected power of execution that delighted him. He worked with a diligence that threatened to overthrow all the failures of the past and make retribution but a bad dream that wakes to the splendor of achievement.

But year after year passed, until the dogs of mediocrity bayed mockingly thruout the night, and each morning found the wolf at the door more threatening.

And all the while Isabel sat by, as it were—but no longer waiting. Unheeded, she was taking deep draughts of the stimulants of society, until she was now in sight of the dangerous dregs at the bottom of the cup that imperil the lone wives of penniless husbands who accept the charity of other men.

Between them both moved a child, like a restless wave beating between two rocky shores. The mother considered her of him who had made a waste of her life. West loved her hesitatingly, as tho the least demonstration meant a scene to be avoided.

The first great crisis in West's artistic career came when the painting that had sapped his best moments for an entire year was ready to send to the Art Committee of the Academy. Nine excruciating days elapsed, during which Isabel relentlessly demanded checks that wiped out his bank account. West protested at her extravagance, but left her with a shake of the head that plainly said, "You will see—*now!*"

Then came the tenth day, and with it the return of the painting. It had been adjudged unfit for hanging, let alone aspiring to the prizes that had falteringly gilded his dreams.

West rushed out into the street. He was the cowardly wretch again, and once more his cowardice nearly rose to sublimity by committing self-destruction—as it had one night nearly nine years before. But again his nature proved of the worm order, that would continue to crawl on the ground until the heel of some giant fate should crush it to extinction.

Not until the next morning did he return, quailing before the innocent gaze of all eyes.

But he alone had not suffered. Isabel had gone out the night before to one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The wealthy young man who had become her most ardent admirer returned home with her as usual. She had left him in the parlor for a moment to take off her wraps, and had found the letter lying on the floor.

For the first time she had permitted the man to touch her with his lips, and his persuasive words begging her to quit it all seemed logic in her ears. She had her hand firmly on the exit from it all and her foot poised for the fatal step, when little Isabel, as tho wakened by a cold breath of approaching tragedy, came toddling downstairs and began tugging at her dress. She bade the man good-night and went up to bed, with a thorn removed, but sheltering a new wound in her breast.

In the morning she met West, and the scorn of the whole world was as nothing compared to the withering destructiveness in her words: "So I have thrown away my life on a failure!"

Other words followed, until each burned out the bitterness of soul that left it raw and bleeding. The child clung to her father until the strength of her mother's will tore her away from him.

Retribution was upon him in terms of rankling tragedy again. The end might have come now, had not fate intervened in the smiling guise of good fortune. Thus the curtain was rung up on a new act of the faulty soul!

The letter came hardly an instant before a fatal decision would have been made. It was from the same rich old uncle who had already spoiled a great portion of his life by exchanging gold for backbone. He wrote:

WEST PROTESTS AT HIS WIFE'S EXTRAVAGANCE

My Dear Boy—I have just been talking with Delameter, who was on the committee that rejected your painting. You need but one thing, he says. You need the one thing that all artists *must* have—Inspiration! Get that, he insists, and you can top them all! I asked him how. He said that you should leave your present troubles behind and go abroad for a year. *But you must go alone!* Do it and I will pay your expenses.

Still fondly, your uncle,
George Hastings.

P. S.—Don't worry about the home here. I'll see th-t things are O. K.

That night West disappeared from his native city, and the only clue he left was a vague address, naming a small fishing village on the coast of France.

The moment West put his foot ashore in that picturesque Brittany village the world became new. Here were the figments of a cherished dream become tangible; here were desire and hope turned into sea and landscapes that would bring fame to the canvas that held their images; here was happiness in the tang of the sea-air and inspiration in the enchanting blue, cloud-flecked skies.

It was dusk when he was taken, by

an old fisherman named Le Morne, to his picturesque hut that overlooked the sea.

The next morning he strolled out at daybreak.

Here all things were different. Life was unhandicapped, as tho he were starting anew with a clean slate. He saw all the mistakes that he had made before as clearly as tho he stood by the side of an erring child. He saw where he had been wrong—wickedly wrong. He saw the better way outlined brilliantly before him, as he strode along the rock-strewn shore, an untrammeled ambition lifting his nature to clearer spaces than it had ever known before. He knew now that he had power to achieve things. He saw, happily, how he could atone for his domestic laxity and make his wife recall all her harsh treatment of him. The future in that moment was as bright and promising as the glorious sun itself.

At that moment he almost walked into a maid of Brittany, who stood with her face toward the sea, scanning anxiously two dim specks that were bobbing far out in the tireless blue. West stood surveying the figure of the girl for a moment. She added color to his happy thoughts.

At length she turned, and each looked at the other a long moment. It seemed to West that a chill air breathed over his soul for an instant, dispelling the vision of a moment before. The next moment he was nearly overwhelmed with a suffocating sense of surging emotion that was new to him. This singular experience was momentary and almost ethereal. The next instant it was past, and he stood looking appraisingly over the wonderful face and figure of a little maid who stood looking up at him as tho she had seen a wonderful vision. Without other warning than a musical "Oh-h!" like the cry of a frightened bird, she took flight and hurried away across the rocks.

West scarcely moved from the spot for an hour. He then and there conceived the picture that should win him the laurels in art that had been denied him. A beautiful maid of ancient Brittany, arrayed in the quaint costume of her country, scanning the broad sea that had taken her lover away!

Whether fate was working with or against him he did not then know, but the maid who served his appetizing breakfast was none other than the girl who had formed his happy vision of an hour before. She was Le Morne's daughter.

Before the week was out he had arranged for her to sit for his great picture. Then began that mysterious something to steal into West's soul that made all other experience fade into nothingness. Some might have termed it romance. He called it the birth of his Inspiration. In point of fact it was Love.

Neither knew just yet what was the great miracle that had changed their lives. West was filled with a vision which he translated to canvas. It was the external image of Love, with the glorious trappings of the soul setting it forth in terms of emotion. He had succeeded in doing what only great artists do and in portraying what only great pictures depict. It was there, inspiring his touch; it was there, shining from her melting eyes and wistful expression. He who runs might read it.

Thus it came to pass that Pierre, the betrothed of little Yvonne Le Morne, saw the picture, and a native jealousy rose within his broad, hairy chest that was hotter and more scorching than the forge of the village smith. He strode over one afternoon to where Yvonne and West sat resting together after an arduous hour of posing and painting. He stood unnoticed near-by for many minutes. There was no untoward sign other than an eloquent exchange of glances when they spoke to each other. He still believed in his sweetheart's loyalty, but a certain covetous glance of the artist made him start forward with an ominous growl and literally tear the girl out of his presence.

But this did not prevent their frequent sittings and meetings, despite

THE JEALOUS PIERRE STOOD UNNOTICED NEAR-BY FOR MANY MINUTES

the fact that Yvonne promised her lover to refrain from them. West treated Pierre good-naturedly, unconscious of the fact that a lion were tame in comparison to the ferocity of the Breton when the bars of reason were broken away. He consoled himself alone with the fallacy that he gave no cause for jealousy and their mutual deportment was beyond criticism. This might have held true to the conventions of the far-away city and people of whom West gave little or no thought these days, but there was much of the caveman spirit here in the wild coastland of Brittany.

Pierre undoubtedly knew of the continued associations of his sweetheart and the foreign artist, but he made no comment. He expressed neither surprise nor resentment when one day West expressed a desire to

accompany him and his fisher companions to their deep-sea seines. Neither knew that Yvonne knelt praying to the Blessed Virgin of the Sands half the day in her artist's behalf.

But this fear of revenge from the hand of her lover was overshadowed by a new peril later in the day, when a heavy sea rose and a sudden great storm descended on the coast. Night came and saw the sea writhing in a fury that nothing could withstand. The fisher-boats were wont to make harbor an hour before sundown, but they lay somewhere in the toils of the sea, without doubt.

All that night did Yvonne walk up and down the rocky coast in company with others bereaved. Now and then did she moan, but not one word did she utter that would tell the night-winds the name of him she had lost. Perhaps it had been a loss of more than one! None might have known had not three half-drowned men stumbled across the rocks two days later with the horror of a hell's experience in their languorous eyes. For miles they had hung together, shoulder to shoulder, brothers in peril. But now, within a mile of the village, one—the strongest—had drawn a little in advance, his weary eyes seeking some familiar form.

Suddenly a girl had risen from her rocky seat and turned toward them. Then, fire seemed to transform the torpor of aching limbs to galvanic joy. She bounded toward the men. The great, hairy fellow in front took a deep intake of breath, and the renewed glory of life flowed into his limbs and his face. He took an attitude as tho to crush the onrushing girl in his arms. Now she was but a few rods away—now she is scarcely a yard—now—God! she has passed him by!

Behind Pierre there is a sobbing cry of a man upon whom life, love and happiness have culminated. There is that cooing that shuts out the world in the simplicity of its own joy. Pierre gave one look and saw his little Yvonne in West's arms. The test is over at last! The die is cast! The iron hand of retribution is upon West's shoulder once more—even now in the happiest moment he has ever known!

But now the little village is upon them all en masse. In the whirlwind of joy over the return of the lost fishermen the little gusts of passion are lost, save in the caverns of the individual souls, where they have become the winds of heaven. Into Le Morne's hut they flock and gather round while the tale of peril is told and the two men are made heroes.

For alone, behind the huts, unseen and unsought, lies Pierre. He is still in the agony of starvation; his bones ache from exposure and buffeting; his veins are afire from thirst. But all these sensations are as balm compared with the burning madness that is tearing his mind and the pain from that gaping wound where his heart's dearest treasure has just been torn out by the roots and sinews. It is a long æon of misery before reason is banished, and then he rises a hulking mass of misery, with eyes that burn with a fell purpose.

It is nearing noon the following day when Pierre knocks at the door of Le Morne's hut. He has one hand thrust into his waistband, and there is a cunning smile playing about his lips. He hears footsteps and clutches an object with his hidden hand. The door opens, and his trembling hand flashes an ugly revolver that the foreign artist himself had brought with him. But the man at the door is Le Morne. Pierre lowers the gun.

It took Le Morne an instant to see it all. He begged and implored Pierre to desist. The young man laughed and caressed his weapon. Then, with a sinister light in his eyes, he bade the old man stand aside. The time for a struggle had come, and Le Morne sprang upon the maniac.

Yvonne was sitting by the side of West, while he told her again and again the thrilling story of their adventure, pausing now and again to sweeten the tale with some little reminder of their own little romance.

LE MORNE WAS LYING WIDE-EYED WITH A BULLET THRU HIS HEART

Then came a shot at the door of the hut—the happy moments were forever effaced in the sight of old Le Morne lying wide-eyed with a bullet thru his heart.

West passed his hand over his brow as tho waking to some former existence. He had broken out into a cold sweat. The old man seemed to be gazing at him with glassy accusation; a crowd of villagers had assembled and were looking at him frowningly. Across the rocks an insane man was running, and he, too, looked back—accusingly. Only the girl near his side was loyalty itself. But, alas! in this new existence he could no longer look upon her the same.

The next day they found the body of Pierre—a great, strong body with a handsome face, into which death of the mind had come hours before death of the flesh and of the soul that suffered torment. They buried Pierre and left little Yvonne alone! For the foreign artist had received a letter in a childish hand only that same day:

DEAR DADDY—Come home soon. We are so lonesome without you, both mamma and I. We love you.

YOUR LITTLE ISABEL.

Poor little Yvonne! An orphan and bereft of her true lover, she had sensed the calamity that hung more heavily than all. West found her sitting alone upon the rocks where he had first seen her. What to the world was rank cowardice, was the most heroic moment of his life. For he faced her and confessed that he had a child. It seemed unnecessarily cruel to mention his wife. The child was lonely for him. He must go.

Involuntarily she sprang into his arms. It lasted but an instant. Then, in a voice that suppressed all things, she told him to go to his lonely child and in a whisper bade him farewell.

Once he looked back and got that vision that would be forever blazoned on his soul in characters of living fire. She half-lay upon the broad stone in abject wretchedness.

West came home a successful artist. In truth his greatest hopes seemed realized when he was notified that his picture had won the grand prize.

Up to this moment Isabel had not cared nor dared to see his picture. Now, in a glow of pride and joy, she hurried to the galleries and gazed for

WEST CONFESSES THE TRUTH TO THE BRETON MAID

a long time upon the celebrated "Breton Fisher Girl." Then she turned sadly away, the newly rushing rills of love suddenly dried in her bosom, for she saw the giving and reflection in this girl's eyes of a love that can come but once in a lifetime. And when she returned to their home she found him sitting in the gloaming and looking up at passing clouds in the sky, and she knew in her heart that he saw and felt and loved only a little Breton maid seated somewhere on the rocky coast of Brittany.

# J. STUART BLACKTON'S PHOTODRAMA

# The BATTLE CRY of PEACE

BY EDWIN · M · LA ROCHE

VITAGRAPH

Two years ago, when "Cabiria" was presented to the public, it sat up and gasped—it was the birth of the big feature. Last year the much heralded "Birth of a Nation" made its bow, playing to a two-dollar scale of seats, with each and every one filled. But there was one big item—an integral element—missing from both of these—timeliness. The motive, the struggles, the clashing armies, had marched past never to return. We viewed them thru the dusty spectacles of history with never a present fear nor thrill for ourselves.

Well, the missing motive has been found. Another stupendous film is in the throes of birth; and its armies, its passions, its fears, its defeats and its sweet and final victory are part of us—our real and throbbing America of the present day.

Now, I had heard lots of loose gossip flying around about the Vitagraph Company's leviathan film, "The Battle Cry of Peace," and, like every one else in gunshot, I was itching to see some of it being taken. One day word would come to the office that the fifteen-inch guns at Fort Hancock were being filmed, and, sure enough, with the wind from the sou'-west we heard their distant booming. Then followed a report that Hudson Maxim, the high-explosive expert, was down at the Vitagraph plant, and that he was posing in a series of demonstrations of high-explosives and ordnance

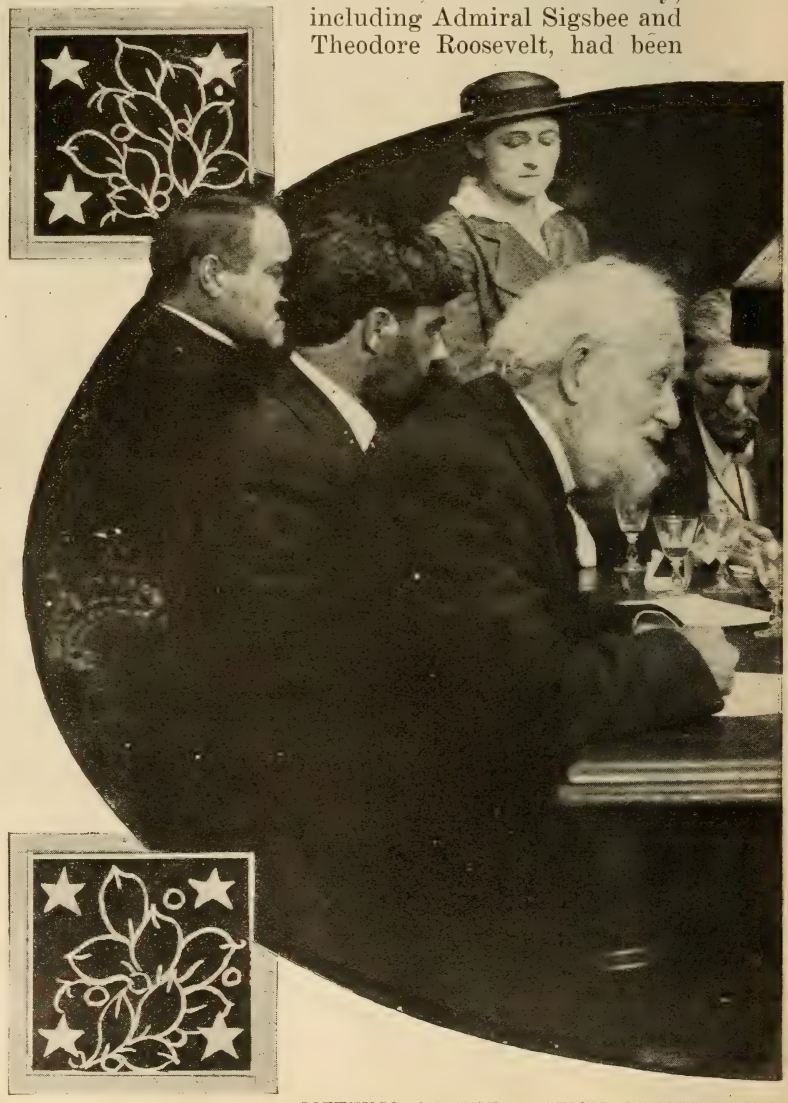
equipment. The next day I picked up his book, "Defenseless America," and started to read it. I kept on reading it on the cars going home and far into the night, until I had finished this soul-stirring, prophetic plea for preparedness of our national defenses. In it breathes a spirit of true patriotism, neither jingo nor self-satisfaction, but an America aroused to the sense of her own peril. Mighty fleets, great standing armies are not advocated—discouraged, rather—but a call to arms *against* war. An insurance fund of efficiency and preparedness is urged with unanswerable eloquence.

"The use of modern weapons is a trade," says Hudson Maxim, "that takes at least five years to learn. A million men in the United States would spring up overnight to repel an invasion; but they would be a million lambs led to the slaughter. We have no weapons to arm them with—no ammunition to fill their empty guns. It would take us two years, running our arsenals night and day, properly to supply our guns with ammunition to last us for three months of war." It made the ex-national guardsman in me fairly turn over in his grave to think of the possibility.

This article is not intended as a puff for Hudson Maxim's message—but every thinking American should read and know the remedy it clearly points out.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton was one of the first to read it—and his duty as a citizen and the enormous publicity that he controlled thru the Vitagraph Company immediately struck home to him. The inspiration for "The Battle Cry of Peace"—a stupendous photodrama, founded upon "Defenseless America," with a gripping drama woven into its warp and woof—came to him.

I knew, in a general way, that New York was about to be attacked by an invading army, and that the military and naval heads of the country, including Admiral Sigsbee and Theodore Roosevelt, had been



MEETING OF THE FOREIGN CONSPIRATORS

in close consultation with Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, as to the proper method of filming such a big subject. I knew, too, in a general way, that there had been trips to Texas, where the regular army were guarding the Mexican border, and other flying trips, with a battery of cameras, to Peekskill Plains, the manœuvering ground of our gallant lads from the New York armories. But I couldn't put it all together. If you ever ask a high private to tell the story of a battle, he gives you only his own little point of view—not all the ground-plan of the great tragedy.

IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE"

Still later I heard that the 47th Regiment had met a "studio army" on the Flatbush meadows, and that our guardsmen had been routed in defense of their homes.

There was a big dramatic side to the photoplay, too, which I had had the good luck to read in Commodore Blackton's original rough draft of his script. There's a thrilling love story woven around Norma Talmadge and her money-grubbing father, who laughs at the thought of America's defenseless condition. Rogers Lytton is a most omniscient spy—'tis said that they really exist in this country today—and the way he lays hands on government secrets is shameful, to say the least. There is a big peace meeting in New York, headed by our dear departed friend W. J. B., when—— But I'm not here to ramble on about the story of the heart-burning plot. It's going to be done into a serial and a novel in book form by Commodore Blackton himself, so I must not let myself steal his thunder.

The producing side of the big picture had spurred on my curiosity to the bursting-point — I thirsted to see how big scenes and big crowds were handled under *fin-de-siècle* directorship.

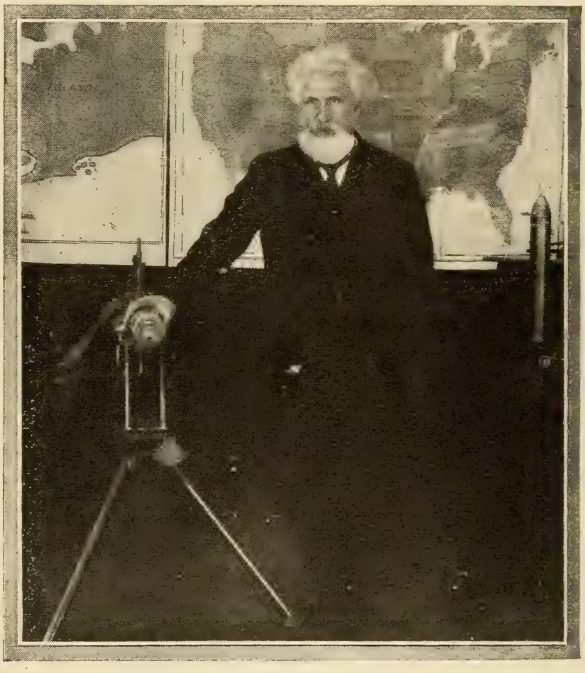
The excuse came—a fairly slack day, and I dusted out early, to find my friend, Eddie Montagu, of the *Brooklyn Times,* to act as my substitute.

On my steps nearing Times Square, a police patrol wagon full of officers clanged down the street ahead of me.

"Funny," I thought, "crime to be rampant so early in the day—in Brooklyn!"

But on turning the corner my question was answered. A howling, pushing, closely packed mob—some five thousand strong, I should say—jammed the square, from the very windows of the Times Building to the Long Island Depot in the background. One squad of police was trying its best to curb them, and another with drawn clubs was just deploying from the patrol wagon.

The thousands of serried faces were turned toward the *Times* windows, from which white bulletin sheets fluttered. I did likewise and managed to read one of them:



HUDSON MAXIM, AUTHOR OF "DEFENSELESS AMERICA," TAKES AN IMPORTANT PART

**FORT HANCOCK AT SANDY HOOK DESTROYED**

**THREE AMERICAN WARSHIPS SUNK**

**BALANCE OF OUR FLEET AT PANAMA—CANNOT REACH NEW YORK IN TIME**

For just a moment I turned as white as an oyster and heart-sick with fear and shame; then I crowded close to a busy officer, showed my fire-department badge, and was admitted inside of the cordon.

"Will you, please," I gulped, "tell me what has happened?"

The words that he grinned at me were bolt quick and just as clarifying. "Vitagraff fellers takin' a war pitcher—say, it's h—ll, aint it?"

I turned to see another bulletin flashed in the window; a mighty roar went up from the crowd, followed by a sharp rush forward.

The line held and I walked over to the cause of all the trouble—the camera. A towering blond man, in easy-fitting clothes, and with a bulldog pipe socketed, and forgotten, between his teeth, was standing alongside of the film weapon, waving his arms and shouting like a maniac. "*One, two, three*—Break in the middle and surge forward—*four, five, six, seven*—Good! Bully!—*eight, nine, ten, eleven*—Read the news; look frightened; sink back! SINK BACK! SINK BACK!—*twelve, thirteen, fourteen*—Dissolve down, there!"

Director North pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the wreck of a wilted collar, the camera crank stopped, and the foremost ranks of the crowd took on almost human looks and postures. As far as the eye could see, the mob back of them bristled with restless curiosity.

Then I began to understand: the *Times* was flashing Vitagraph bulletins, and the now complacent citizens in the van were Vitagraph "extras."

The camera's tripod was folded and snugged in an auto-bus; Director North tore off a hundred or more pay-checks, distributed them, and climbed in after his apparatus. The square was emptying, the terrifying bulletins had disappeared from the *Times'* windows, and the graphic, frenzied scene of a few minutes past seemed a wonderful, impossible dream.

"Hullo!" cried Director North; "hop in and come down to the studio."

I hesitated while the chauffeur cranked the unwieldy ark.

"You'll miss something," the big man shouted above the sputter of the motor; "this afternoon we're going to take 'The Exodus.'"

I jumped aboard, and soon we were bowling out into the suburbs, amid the beautiful homes that flank the avenues of Flatbush.

North pointed a destroying finger in their general direction. "Before the day's over, a lot of these houses are coming down —hurriedly. A good bit of this burg is nothing but a powder mine." I supposed him speaking figuratively—directorial license as it were—but six hours afterwards I realized—— There, I'm getting ahead of my story again.

We drew up in front of the studio gates, which opened to shoo out a seemingly endless flock of motor-driven vehicles. There were the private cars of Vitagraph stars, studio cars, Wally Van's "land torpedo," Van Dyke Brooke's "roadside rest," motor-buses, scenery trucks, and a string of "mosquito" cars, housing some of the fair sex of the big studio's family. Everybody was taking the road to see the "shooting" of one of the biggest series of scenes in "The Battle Cry of Peace"—the flight of its inhabitants from the terror-stricken city of New York.

J. STUART BLACKTON

Commodore Blackton's car closed the van—a powerful gray tourist, with its top housed for quick action and unencumbered view. It tickled me down to the ground when we turned and followed immediately in his wake. I had heard a good deal about how J. Stuart Blackton was reverting back to first principles—and shirtsleeves—with his personal creation, this monster film, and I wanted to see how he worked in the field—the way he had years ago, when Vitagraph's single camera was carried home by him every night and Vitagraph's cash was carefully locked up in a tin box.

We drove slowly along Chestnut Avenue, the field of operations for the day. Three or four big supply trucks flanked us and held up the procession as they stopped at street corners and unloaded cameras, smoke-pots, bombs, electrical apparatus, kegs of lactapodium powder, coils of wire and suchlike mysterious studio-war equipment.

Up each side-street were massed the units of the nondescript flight—push-carts and motorcycles, junk-wagons and carriages, horses and motorcars; and drawn up on the sidewalks were citizens—every possible walk in life, from old crones and ragged urchins to nursemaids and gay boulevardiers.

Each unit of foot and vehicle was commanded by a "super-captain," some veteran "extra" who would not lose his head in the grand *débacle* to come. The trucks were loaded high with household belongings, and many of the "infantry" carried something precious—a book or a treasured picture—snatched in the hurry of flight from their homes.

At each halt Commodore Blackton stood up in his car and inspected every detail of this most extraordinary and heterogeneous army. Then this dean of directors megaphoned instructions to the "super-captains," and we journeyed on to the next station.

I will not attempt to estimate how many people were used in this remarkable series of scenes—"The Exodus." The Commodore told me that there were over one thousand private autos alone, and in the thick of their dizzy flight I could well believe him.

We proceeded to the head of the line, turned, saw that the street was clear, and whizzed back to the first control station.

"All ready!" A dozen megaphones took up the call and passed it down the line. A revolver-shot barked, and with it the nearest captain of extras let out a blast on his police whistle.

WHILE THE PEACE SOCIETY IS HOLDING AN IMPORTANT MEETING, THEY ARE INFORMED THAT THE ENEMY'S FLEET IS ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR

Instantly the street was covered with a human flood of scurrying fugitives, autos, trucks, and pushcarts surging down its wide frontage. A battery of cameras clicked, and we turned tail behind the Blackton car and flew off down a parallel avenue. We arrived at the next control; the revolver spoke again, more police whistles, and another human maelstrom spilled into the avenue. A

half-dozen times the operation was repeated, until we rested and watched the thing we had loosed go by.

It was wonderful! Autos, five abreast, racing hood to hood, tore down upon us and flashed by in giddy tidal waves; maddened horses, entirely out of control, dashed by, rocking their frightened cargoes behind them; pushcart men ran, collided with a spinning wheel, and upset in a sprawl. There was no acting about it—the demon of flight, once let loose, had to shift for itself.

An over-zealous pushcart man had run too close to a speeding auto—its wheels caught his cart and tossed it into the road; the man fell alongside of it, and the mighty juggernaut of engine-driven things swept on and over him. He wasn't killed—God 'a' mercy! we saw them carry him away—but he wont be doing "extra" work for many days to come. Women fainted in the press—sure-enough faints—and the unblushing camera caught them in the act.

With a sudden frequency that always brought us up standing, a house here and there was blown up on the line of flight. The surprised "extras" choking the street skedaddled away from the toppling ruins—the grimness of the picture had them "going" with a vengeance.

ADMIRAL SIGSBEE, CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD AND MANY OTHER NATIONAL CHARACTERS APPEAR IN SOME OF THE SCENES

A fusillade of signal-shots came from the revolver and was answered by a thunderous explosion in a house across the street. Its roof was literally lifted from the rafters, and another explosion sent the walls bulging outwards. People, half-clothed, streamed out of the ruins like ants.

Then all along the murky, tossing line the smoke-pots began to work. Thick clouds of smoke enveloped the fugitives, until they seemed to dance by in eerie whirls.

In the melée we witnessed an accident—almost a sudden real tragedy.

The thing went as quickly as it came. The avenue cleared—"real" citizens ventured from their homes. Nothing was left of the appalling flight of a city under the enemy's big guns but the supply wagons gathering up the cameras and stragglers hoofing back to the studio to "cash in."

From a mile away we heard the echoes of "The Exodus"—the autos were blowing their horns with the din of a naval review on the Bay.

Commodore Blackton suddenly remembered something left undone, and his car leaped off in a gray streak. We followed. At the lowered gates of Long Island Railroad a jam of cars had piled up and out came the Blackton megaphone.

"Tomorrow morning," he said, "I urge you all to assemble at Sheepshead Bay. We are going to take another big series of scenes, showing the formation and effectiveness of the American Legion. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit has offered us the right of way and the use of its trolleys and tracks. We also need private cars to carry two regiments—just as you would give them to our boys in blue if New York were in danger."

The purpose of the man shone thru his words. Instantly a hundred hands or more were held up in acquiescence, and a rousing cheer greeted the author of "The Battle Cry of Peace."

"Big day!" said Wilfred North, grinning up at the Blackton tonneau.

NORMA TALMADGE AND ROGERS LYTTON PLAY IMPORTANT PARTS IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE"

The enthusiast, the incisive organizer, the veteran director of ten minutes ago—so soon does film history record itself—the man who has put his whole heart and soul into making America listen to his coming message, nodded back with a quiet little smile. He had become worn-looking, almost exhausted—so soon do tense moments do one up—but "The Battle Cry of Peace" had marched forward another day in the making.

# The Author and the Director

By ROY L. McCARDELL

Author of "There's Music in the Hair," "Love's Old Dream," and other Bunny-Finch Comedies, "The Jarr Family" Comedy Series, and Other Vitagraph Successes; the Screen Adaptation of the Fox Feature, "A Fool There Was," and of the $10,000 Prize Serial, "The Diamond from the Sky," etc., etc.

THERE is a closer relation between the author of photoplays and the director of them than there is between the producing stage manager and the author of a spoken play. This closer relation is by reason of the fact that the film play is nearer to real human life than the spoken play. It must be nearer to life, more true to nature than the spoken play, because the spoken play has the advantage of words and sound effects with the action—not to mention the aid of color and more effective light effects. The photoplay must convey all these things by suggestion.

Hence it is being demonstrated that the capable author and the capable director of Moving Picture plays must come closer in their relation to their mutual endeavor—the effort to present a photoplay with naturalness and sincerity. For a photoplay is *not* a stage play in pantomime; it is snapshots from life, and therefore naturalness and sincerity in its very essence.

In the face of demand for sincere and natural plays, all interest in the trivial, the fustian and the weakly naïve photoplay has passed. As it is not possible for a director to occasionally direct a picture—working at some other profession or trade for his livelihood—just so is it not likely that the manuscripts of worthy and satisfying photoplays can be furnished by doctors, lawyers, dry-goods clerks, dentists, druggists, to say nothing of track-walkers, carpet-beaters, midwives, plumbers and gasfitters.

I might be able to fill a tooth after taking a few lessons by mail, or I might plead a small case in the police court after reading a book on legal technique, but I could neither be a satisfactory dentist nor a successful lawyer unless I studied and practiced these professions for many years—and had an original aptitude and inclination for them.

It is the same with writing for the film. It is no different from writing for the best magazines. The stories in the best magazines are not written by men and women of other vocations doing stories and poems in odd moments. The best literature and fiction is written by trained professional writers. Were it not so, the myriads of persons who are writing for the screen and are more than satisfied—and well they should be—with $25 and $50 for their "scenarios," would be writing for *Everybody's Magazine* and the *Saturday Evening Post* in the place of Rex Beach, Albert Payson Terhune, Montague Glass, and other notable fiction writers—for $25 and $50 per story.

The good—and they are only good because they are strong, simple and natural—stories on the screen are being written now by staff or

contributing authors who devote themselves exclusively to this form of literature, and who deserve, and consequently exact, decent remuneration for their good work. These trained writers cannot compete in prices with the amateurs to whom an occasional $25 for a bald and trite photoplay is a godsend, any more than the amateur writer can compete in the *merit* of his work with the trained writer.

these skeleton prose pastels and make human and convincing documents of them on the screen. Sometimes he could, often he couldn't. It is an admitted fact in the best studios now *that a manuscript that is not interesting to read will not make a convincing or interesting photoplay!*

Until recently the association of stars and directors was close and was accepted as the exact and proper

WILLIAM RUSSELL IRVING CUMMINGS LOTTIE PICKFORD

SCENE FROM "THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY"

Up until recently the relations between the director of a picture and the author of the scenario were meager and distant. The director was given a bald and unconvincing manuscript, appalling in its brevity. The most important scene might read:

SCENE 14—Library. Mary enters, sees her father is lying by desk murdered, exits screaming.

The director was expected to take thing. For until recently—in fact, during such times as only five, ten and twenty-five dollars were paid for the plot scenarios of photoplays that might cost five hundred times these sums to produce—the director was practically the author.

So it became known that this director was the sole producer for that star—there was the Mary Pickford director, and the Clara Kimball Young director, and the Kathlyn Williams director, and so on. Where

the star went to another producing concern, so his, or her, director went likewise.

The directors were high-priced men, being paid from $150 to $500 and more per week—to make good

ROY L. M'CARDELL, HIS HORSE AND HIS HOME, "HONEY-MOON LODGE," AT SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

plays out of the work of a correspondingly high-priced star from some "scenario" that a barber or a haberdasher was wild with delight to receive $25 for.

But despite the art and popularity of the star, and despite the ability of his or her director to bring out all that is best in the average Moving Picture play and the work of the star and supporting company in it, it has been found in pictures, as on the speaking stage, that "the play's the thing!" Unless the star and the supporting company have a good story to tell on the screen, the work of star and actors—let them "iris," "fade-away," "vision-in" or "close-up" as they may—availeth naught.

Nothing comes so quickly as fame on the screen, and nothing departs so swiftly. Give the Moving Picture

star who is the rage of the year a succession of stupid and fustian stories, and another screen star with better fortune in the matter of more acceptable stories—better pictures—eclipses and outshines the former favorite.

The popularity of features—that is, good features—has brought about a lessening of the importance of certain stars and directors working

EUGENIE FORD AND WILLIAM RUSSELL IN "THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY"

together and has augmented the importance of any good photoplaywright and any good director laboring in unison. *They* will pick the actors they desire, and a good feature without stars is more desired by audience and exhibitors than a slow, silly or stupid story with an all-star cast.

My first close association with a director was with George Baker, of the Vitagraph forces. He produced my Bunny-Finch comedies with much satisfaction to the author as well as to audiences. With Harry Davenport, who directs and enacts the leading rôle of Mr. Edward Jarr in my "Jarr Family" comedies, I have also been always *en rapport.*

This also has been the case with Mr. Lloyd Carleton, of Selig, and Mr. Frank Powell, who produced my photoplay adaptation of "A Fool There Was" in such a satisfying manner.

With each bigger and more important Moving Picture play I wrote came a closer association with the director of it. When my manuscript of "The Diamond from the Sky" was selected as the winner of the great New York *Globe*-Chicago *Tribune*-American Film Company $10,000 scenario prize, I came out to Santa Barbara, where the picture was to be produced, and got in as close communication with the director, Mr. W. D. Taylor, as I could.

I give Mr. Taylor as full and complete and finished a photoplay as I can. We go into the same minute detail of character and costume as we do of scene and situation. We even analyze the psychology of the characters—their actions and reactions on each other, and the motives that actuate all they say and do. With Mr. Taylor and myself there is a unity of purpose, and that purpose is, as I have said, the essence of naturalness in a photoplay—sincerity.

It must not be thought that I hold the opinion that the author shall in any way intrude or much less usurp the functions of the director.

On the contrary, the author should write out fully and completely just what his ideas are to the minutest detail. He should correct and recorrect, and he should constantly consult with and have conferences with the director, but the author should keep off the "locations." He should at all times be as far ahead of the camera

with his photoplay as he possibly can be. If it is a one-, two-, three- or four-reel picture the photoplay should be all finished, complete in every detail and every scene and property, large or small, with full description of all action and every type and costume—and in the director's hands before even the director proceeds to select the players!

With a serial, I hold, and have always held, that the author should be from six to ten weeks ahead of the director and the camera. This gives the director and his assistants ample time to secure properties, locations, scene sets and scene settings, and large and costly adjustments, such as yachts, locomotives or whatever of this sort of thing the manuscript may call for.

A manuscript thus carefully prepared ahead means also the saving of at least thirty per cent. in time and money over the old haphazard way of not knowing what is to be "shot" from one day to another. In this manner actors of characters that "drop out" can be released when their work is finished and not held to cumber the payroll. Also, a multiplicity of scenes can be "shot" in one setting, and extra people may be used in several scene sets, ready and waiting in one day.

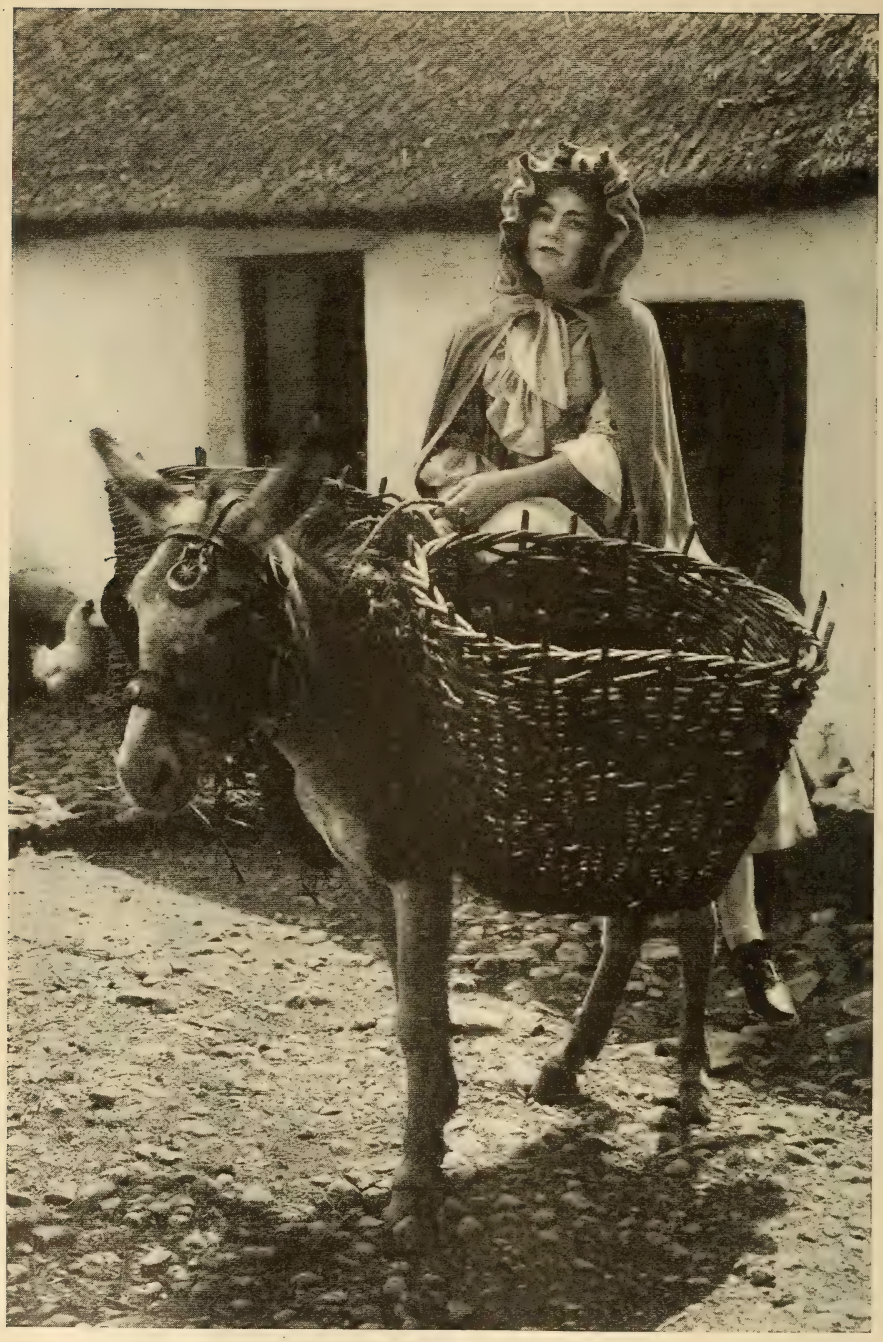
I know of one scene in a celebrated serial that showed a meeting of masked conspirators. This scene was repeated constantly thruout the serial, at a cost of several thousand dollars—for the author and director were never ahead of the picture in their minds or in manuscript. Had they been, they could have taken all these conspirator meeting scenes in one or two days at most, at a total cost of, say, a hundred dollars.

THE HOLD-UP IN "THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY"

Be prepared, know what you are going to do. That is the secret of producing good photoplays. If you know what you are going to do and what you are going to do is bad, you wont do it. The present method of haste and waste is harmful to both the art and the industry.

And that is why good directors will be working with good authors and the day is dawning when we will get good pictures.

To my mind it is just as easy to write and produce a good picture as a bad one, and easier.



VALENTINE GRANT

Who is to be featured by the Lubin Company in a series of made-in-Ireland comedy-dramas, the first of which was "All for Old Ireland," in three reels. These plays were filmed under the direction of Sidney Olcott, who has had considerable experience as a producer of Irish stories. A special company of players was taken abroad to make these pictures.

# How to Become Popular in a Moving Picture Show

By EFFIE D. LALLEMENT

First, after telling the ticket-seller you want two tickets, walk away without paying her. When she reminds you, glare at her and simper, "Oh, I did forget to pay you, didn't I?" Rummage around in your purse for at least a half-hour, and then finally give her the largest piece of money you have. Complain to your companion that "some people sure are slow at making change."

Enter the theater. When the usher asks how many seats you want, look at him in amazement, and reply, in a tone of voice as tho you were heralding your coming, "Why, two, of course." Please dont forget the *of course*—it sort of tends to put the usher in his proper place. Stalk importantly down the aisle and, as the usher points out two seats, adding, "Let these ladies in, please," wait until every one is standing, then say, "Oh, I dont want to sit here—I'd rather sit further down." The usher will find two more seats, and, as you take them, blame the management because you happen to come in at the middle of the reel.

Above all, do not forget to explain the picture to your companion, reading aloud, for her benefit, all the titles, sub-titles, letters, etc., that are shown on the screen. The people around you have thought, until now, that she really was intelligent. Impart to her the knowledge that you have a friend who has a friend who knew Kerrigan Crane when he was nothing but a "ham" playing ten, twenty and thirty-cent theaters in small Kansas towns.

Any choice bit of scandal you have, or haven't, heard regarding some popular player is always appreciated by those sitting near you. You might mention that your friends have often remarked about the strong resemblance you bear to Alice Joyce.

Another thing that adds to one's popularity is to snicker real loud at the most dramatic part of the picture. Also, if they show a Charlie Chaplin comedy, and the audience is in an uproar, wait until every one has quieted (altho this is almost impossible), and discourse brilliantly upon the uplift of the drama (the latest way to pronounce drama is with a long "a"—very effective), speaking so that every one within ten rows of you can hear, and add that you do not see how any one can laugh at such vulgar comedy; that it certainly shows the depth of his mind—"I'd rather see something like the picture I saw last week, 'Saved from a Life of Sin.'"

Almost cause a riot by declaring that Jennie Jones is a much better actress than Mary Pickford and that you really cant see anything to that Pickford doll-face yourself.

You have by this time become the center of attraction, and the middle of the reel now showing is your cue to make an impressive exit. Put on your hat while still seated, also your veil, consuming as much time as possible, in order that the person behind you will strain his neck to see over your hat. Do not give the person seated next to you a chance to rise and let you by, but squeeze thru the space between his knees and the seat in front, which is about six inches. This is especially recommended if you weigh three hundred. As you leave the theater you will probably hear sighs of relief—do not be discouraged, for, of course, *you* understand they are really sighs of envy.

# The Reels That Roll Onward Forever

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

The light of the stars and the moon wax and wane,
The sun from an eclipse may suffer,
New powers will rise as the old powers fall
By mere change of wealth in their coffer;
But Old Monarch "Film" has captured the earth,
Allegiance to him none can sever,
For tho the performers may come and may go
The Film reels onward forever.

The sun never sets on the realm of the Film—
Its subjects, from king down to peasant,
All daily attend at the shrine of the reel
To learn and to see something pleasant;
For if all the knowledge and all of the art
The world has considered so clever
Were lost, yet the world would go on just the same—
The Film records it forever.

So cheerily onward we travel thru life,
Each day brings its joy and its sorrow,
And go where we will, there is always a hill
To climb and to conquer tomorrow;
But there you can find at the close of the day,
To crown all your earnest endeavor,
A joy that is sweet and to knowledge a treat—
The Film that reels on forever.

Go bury your sorrow, your pain and your woe
And just be yourself without seeming,
Go join in the throng, with a laugh and a song,
And rest where the screen lights are gleaming;
For there you will find pleasant surcease from toil,
'Midst scenes both amusing and clever,
A cool, padded seat at the Photoplay show
Where Films reel onward forever.

# MY · LIFE

By CRANE WILBUR

My life hasn't been a path of roses nor always the straight and narrow road. It has been mostly uphill, rocky climbing, with many a slip and stumble, a few falls and several scars to tell the tale.

I have become what I am and have gained what I have by hard work. My preparatory school was the Academy of Experience, and I was finished in the College of Hard Knocks! I come of a theatrical family—was born at a rehearsal on a one-night stand; so, you see, I had to be an actor—I couldn't help it.

Thru all my boyhood I had but one thought—the stage. I also wanted to write plays. My first effort in that line was made at the age of twelve; the play was called "Dia-

mond Dick's Revenge," and we produced it in the hayloft of a barn belonging to the father of the villain of the play. He was a little, fat German boy, the villain, and he now runs the village barber-shop at home. The play was first performed at a matinée performance in the hayloft theater, and it was a failure. Everything went well

until my death scene in the third act. Just then the villain's father drove up with a load of hay, started to pitch it up into the loft and covered up half of our audience.

I left school at thirteen and went to work in a meat market. A fine beginning for a romantic actor! Then I was a winder in a knitting-mill, next bookkeeper in the same mill, and at sixteen the big chance came. It was this way: I was getting six dollars per, made a kick for seven—and got fired. I went to New York, applied for a position with Mrs. Fiske's company—at that time presenting the play, "Mary of Magdala," at the old Manhattan Theater—and that very night I went on and played a leading part—I led a mule across the stage in a market scene. For this I received fifty cents per night. In the last act I had to rush on with the mob and run down a flight of steps supposed to be cut in solid rock. I tripped on the top step and fell all the way to the bottom. When the curtain fell, Mrs. Fiske asked me if I couldn't do that fall every performance; she said it just fitted the scene. Could I do it! Why, I would have fallen off the top of the theater if she gave the word.

From that day on I rose—you see, my rise began with a fall—and kept on going up. As I said, my first love was the stage, but now I am wedded to the pictures until death do us part! When I first worked before the camera I liked it so that I wanted to make good with all my heart. I was wild to please every one—the public, my director and my employers. No effort was too tiring, no risk, no enthusiasm too great.

When my first picture was finished I haunted the picture theaters, trying to see it, and when I finally did see it, oh, what a disappointment! It isn't always pleasant to see yourself as others see you. But it was a great lesson, that first picture. I did many things in that first one that I did not do in the second. It has always been most pleasant work to me, out in the open most of the time, playing manly, vigorous rôles, living a hundred different lives before the camera.

On account of my type I have usually been cast for heroic parts, and let me tell you there is a great deal of satisfaction in doing noble things, making great sacrifices, loving beautiful women and protecting them from designing villains—of course, it's all make-believe, but while I am playing the part I feel every inch of the very excellent person I am supposed to be. Then the camera stops, and I wake up. But I take it all very seriously and try to do my best at all times.

I treasure the good opinion of the hundreds of thousands who watch me nightly on the screen in thousands of theaters thruout the world. It is their opinion that counts; it is they who have made me. Often they misjudge, for they do not know; they do not realize that sometimes a poor story or bad photography will mar a player's work. But as a whole they are charitable, kind and more than appreciative, as the many hundreds of letters I receive every week go to show. One little girl in California writes me that she is blind and has never seen me on the screen, but that her sister has told her all about my pictures until she feels that she can really see me. She *does* see me—thru the eyes of the heart—and I only hope I have pleased the rest as well as I have that little, blind girl.

The doctor cures the sick; the preacher soothes the soul; the actor has his mission, too. It is a good one, I think, and I am well content.

# JIMMIE, THE SPEED DEMON

A new and wonderful motive force has been discovered—or perhaps it should be called a tonic. It works like a charm, and is within the purchasing power of all. Guaranteed to double the energy of the laziest lad!

# Motion in Pictures

by Dorothy Donnell

If we accept as strictly accurate the sculptured representation of the ancient Egyptians, we must conclude that every member of that race, male and female, had exactly the same features, stood one and all with feet and head in profile, and body turned frontways, and were all remarkably square of limb and head. In view of history's records of Egyptian achievement, however (did any one ever invent anything, from airships to hairpins, that some one else did not at once discover that the Egyptians invented it first?), it seems very probable that their art did not flatter its subjects. It was a wooden art, flat, stiff and rigid. It reduced human beings to the lowest terms of naturalness. In other words, it tried to depict mankind without *motion*. True, much of the great art of the world does not represent visible motion; yet, unless it suggests the possibility of it, it is not what we consider art.

In the earliest Egyptian sculpture there is no hint of even the natural movements of the body—no quiver of pulse, no rise and fall of breath, no movement of brain behind the fixed, almond eyes. Surely these wooden limbs could never run or walk; surely that leaden robe never swayed in the breeze; surely those carefully curved lips never formed a word of love or hate.

The boundless abundance of bas-reliefs on the walls of temple and tomb, however, exhibit a more sprightly side of Egyptian art. Altho these figures, too, all conform to one conventional type and are without expression or personality, they are now shown engaged in the acts of everyday life—in agriculture, games and religious sacrifices. In some reliefs the king, twice as large as his own people and ten times as large as his enemies, is shown driving his battle-chariot over his fallen foemen, or sinking whole fleets of armed men. There is animation of a sort in these figures, yet it is always merely bodily activity; there is never any attempt to represent intellectual life. Motion is depicted by stilted postures and fettered gestures. Yet it *is* motion and shows that even in the art of Egypt, earliest of civilizations, the necessity for introducing action was recognized. Over-critical people might be inclined to find fault with the figures in these reliefs as having too many fingers on their hands, and the horses as being generously supplied with more legs than is customary, but, on the whole, there is a feeling of motion to them which makes them far more interesting than the stilted statuary of the time.

And indeed these solemn figures are perhaps hardly less lifelike than the staring, immovable portraits of our grandparents, as, head screwed into a vise, limbs rigidly composed, and faces blank of all expression, they went stoically thru the ordeal of being photographed for the edification of their friends. Lucky for us and them that we do not have to remember them wholly by these painful unlikenesses!

With Assyrian art—to return somewhat abruptly to our researches again—we find what is undoubtedly the missing link between pictures and Motion Pictures. On the walls of the

great Palace of Nimrod are miles of bas-reliefs showing the lives of the rulers in minute detail. The sleeping-rooms of the palace are decorated with wall paintings on similar subjects, and these representations are so minutely detailed and biographical as almost to resemble a strip of cinematograph film. In one gallery a chase is depicted. One sees a king start out hunting, with his charioteer to guide the light chariot. In the next picture two lions appear; in the next the king has raised his great bow to shoot. A complete story is told by the series. One of the lions falls bleeding under the chariot wheels; its mate turns snarling on the hunter and makes ready to leap upon his back, but is slain by a timely arrow from the royal bow. In another hall are warlike measures—the siege of castles; their capture with great battering rams, and the fording of streams by a troop of cavalry guided and supported by floating bladders—the life-preservers of the ancients.

"All these incidents," says Lübke, in his "History of Art," "are depicted with great life and fidelity. The arrangement, too, often exhibits surprising traits of natural life and keen observation."

There is more attention given to the normal postures of limbs in movement and to the play of the muscles than we find in Egyptian art.

With the art of ancient India a new element is introduced—that of religious ideals. And because of the mysterious and unapproachable nature of Brahmanism and Buddhism these Hindoo pictures and bas-reliefs, tho full of life and motion, are essentially unlifelike. The free, fantastic creations of these faiths find visible expression in many-limbed figures, two-headed goddesses and mythical monsters with bull's heads on human bodies. But the likenesses of the animals are more true to nature, the elephants, rams and lions being done in lively colorings of pink and blue and brown.

It is not until we come to Greek art that we arrive at the finer representations of motion; the motion that is propelled by mind; motion that is the outward expression of inward purpose; motion that is emotion as well. And even here this is true only to a limited extent. In Greek art the body is the ideal. The gods which are the chief subjects of the art are made in the image of the men of Attica themselves, the men who developed their bodies from youth by every means of exercise, by races, wrestling and the Olympian games, by throwing the discus and wielding the javelin, until they approached perfection in the human frame. And so it is by the position of the whole body rather than by facial expression that the Greeks showed the mental state.

The human countenance in their art is reduced to a single very beautiful, placid and unchanging type, of which the Venus de Milo and Apollo Belvidere are examples. But in sculpture and painting alike the Greeks represented every phase and posture of bodily activity imaginable. In the drooping, swooning lines of his slackened limbs the Dying Gladiator of the Capitoline Museum shows the last terrible struggle of life with death, but his face is placid and serene. The disk-thrower's muscles bulge and quiver with life, and his face shows the calm of philosophic reflection. The group of the Tyrannicides at Athens is full of relentless purpose and fanatical zeal—in the length of the figures' stride, the poise of the weapons, the squared determination of shoulder and arm. But no tyrant had anything to fear from the faces, which express a sort of cheerful good-will rather than murderous threat.

The numerous friezes of temples and halls representing the battles of Amazons and Centaurs are violent in their bodily expression of passionate hatred, rage, lust and fear. The figures whirl in a long reel of movement; daggers fall; uncouth animal and human bodies snatch and embrace the women's shrinking forms. It is ugly, frightful and human—all but the faces. Here the illusion ends.

The struggling maidens smirk lifelessly into the well-meaning countenances of their captors. The warriors locked in fatal combat stare fixedly and calmly at nothing whatever. Indeed, it is the more mutilated fragments of the friezes, where only the torsos are left, swollen with straining muscles and veins, or the fragments of limbs, terribly lifelike in their convulsed lines, that bring us the full sense of the furious combats between men and supermen.

There are plenty of exceptions to establish these contentions as law. In the physical horror of the Laocöon the expressions of the three victims is fearful in its agony. This whole group seems to writhe before the beholder. One can hear the father's mighty shriek of anguish; the panting breaths; the hiss of the coiling doom. But here is shown purely bodily suffering, after all; not the tragedy of soul conflict, or of inward forces of good and evil. In the despairing resignation of the Niobe, clasping her last child to her breast, something of the soul is reflected. And the face of the Faun of Praxiteles, a more cheerful subject, is the mirror of a prankish, mirthful nature.

But it remained for modern art to combine the bodily and the mental in

a picture so that the figure seemed not only to move, but to think. Movement acquired meaning thru the expression of the face as well as the attitude of the body.

The Middle Ages produced little true art. Saint Luke, who, as Rossetti said, "taught art to fold its hands and pray," builded worse than he knew. Ecclesiastical art was stilted, expressionless and symbolical. Madonnas and saints of the period sit or move rigidly; the Child Jesus has a pitifully aged face, with none of the grace of childhood in it.

Then, once again, men began to think for themselves and came out from the dominion of church and creed. Michael Angelo painted his marvelous Last Judgment, so terribly true to life in its individual figures that few tourists can bear the mental strain of gazing at it for long at a time. Italy, Mother and Mistress of Art, taught her secrets to other nations, and these, too, burst into self-expression with brush and chisel.

We find Rubens' coarse, animated routs of Satyr and Nymph; Rembrandt's Night Watch, with its silent clamor of arms and frightened voices; Velasquez' lifelike portraits, unproportioned and wonderful in their deep colorings. The Prince Balthazar of this artist is an exception in the field of portrait painting, in that it shows the child perched gallantly on the back of a rearing horse, altho the motion effect in the picture is gained from the blowing draperies and mane of the horse and the scudding clouds rather than from the figures themselves, which are stolid and conventionalized. One questions whether the horse is rearing from any inner impulse to rear, or whether it is placed arbitrarily in that position because the artist desired to draw it that way.

Compare with this misshapen animal the fiery, untamed steeds in The Horse Fair, by Rosa Bonheur, now in the Metropolitan Art Museum. It is a breath-taking picture, this of strong men and stronger horses, with every fiber, every superb muscle at play—the human matching its lesser strength against the noble brute. It stretches one's own muscles to look at it, yet we realize with a thrill of pride that strong as the horses are, the men are stronger by right of will and brain. There is motion of mind as well as of body here. Look as you may among the films presented on the screen, no more living Moving Picture was ever shown than this. It is a crystallized instant in action. If one looks a moment longer surely he will see the mad hoofs brought down, the arched and haughty necks lowered in submission.

Such a picture, too, is the spirited Automedon with the Horses of Achilles, executed over a hundred and fifty years ago and now in the Boston Art Museum. Unfortunately, a copyright prevents the reproduction of this painting.

As a contrast of a different kind might be mentioned Watts' Sir Galahad, a study of complete repose. In the meek horse and meeker knight one sees not life, which Watts never attempted to represent, but a thought, an ideal, a thing that has a mental and spiritual appeal rather than a physical one.

While I pause over this picture of "un-motion," I must also mention the painting that has been called the "stillest" portrait in the world, that of the well-known Mona Lisa, lately restored from her wanderings to her old place in the Louvre. Sphinxlike she smiles out from her frame with the stillness of repressed force, restraint, self-control—what you will; but it is complete immobility in every line of the long, calm, motionless hands (the most beautiful hands in the world, it has been said), the hardness of the marble chair, the "cirque of fantastic rocks" behind the steady, impenetrable, secret gaze.

Many later artists have seized motion in the very act and transplanted it to canvas. The English Leighton gives us the beautiful and sprightly Greek Girls Playing Ball. Note the tenseness of the moment—if she does not catch it, the pretty plaything will

be lost among the white-roofed villas far below. The girl who has just thrown the ball stands still in the attitude of the motion, fingers crooked, skirt clutched out of the way, watchful as her companion leaps up, straining with her effort. A free wind blows the draperies and hair. It is a veritable glimpse from some zestful, old-time Motion Picture play.

The Capitol Building in Albany contains another of these Motion Pictures—the Flight of Night, a striking ceiling painting that gains its sense of swirling movement from dense shadows and strange lights, reminding one of the Roman painting of Aurora in her chariot fleeing thru the sky and blazoning it with sunlight.

It is this feeling for reality, for true-to-lifeness that has fathered the Motion Picture play. From childhood mankind clamors to "see something," to look at pictures that "are doing something." Mother Goose books must be illustrated with "little crooked men running a little crooked mile," with witches on broomsticks, with sticks beating piggies over the stile, and with giants waving clubs on high.

It was in answer to this child need for seeing motion that the Motion Picture of today was invented. It, too, has gone thru its stumbling babyhood of crude subjects, poor photography and unconvincing acting, until today, in its full manhood, real drama from life's pages—with the feel, the looks, the emotions of life—is set out before us. And yet, thousands of years ago, in Egyptian harems and Babylonian palaces, in Grecian frieze and crudely painted temple wall, there were real Motion Pictures; for people then were like people now in their desire for motion and action, and today is only the echo of another day lived very long ago.

# WHY DID CHARLIE CHAPLIN DECLINE A $5,000-A-WEEK VAUDEVILLE OFFER?

By ROBERT GRAU

Not only has Charlie Chaplin created an upheaval in Moving Picturedom, which now is having its comedy destiny decided thru his latest stunts, but it is a fact that the Chaplin craze is enriching two of Charlie's old associates in "A Night in a Music Hall," who, like himself, were practical strangers to Movieland two years ago.

"A Night in a Music Hall" has long since exhausted its vogue in vaudeville, but for over ten years it was a standard attraction, which finally was relegated to the small-time circuits. Of the trio of comedians in this English pantomime, Chaplin was perhaps the least known to fame. Billie Reeves and Billie Ritchie were certainly more featured than the youngster who has turned the movies upside down, and it is not strange that the two Billies quickly harkened to the call of the film studio.

Billie Reeves is now with the Lubin Company, and with him is Mae Hotely, Filmdom's funny woman.

Billie Ritchie, who, like Reeves and Charlie Chaplin, is an Englishman, is with the big Universal Film Company at Universal City. All these are earning more money now than they ever saw before. Charlie is getting $1,300 a week, more than double the amount that was meted out to the organization which included the entire trio and many others in the variety theaters.

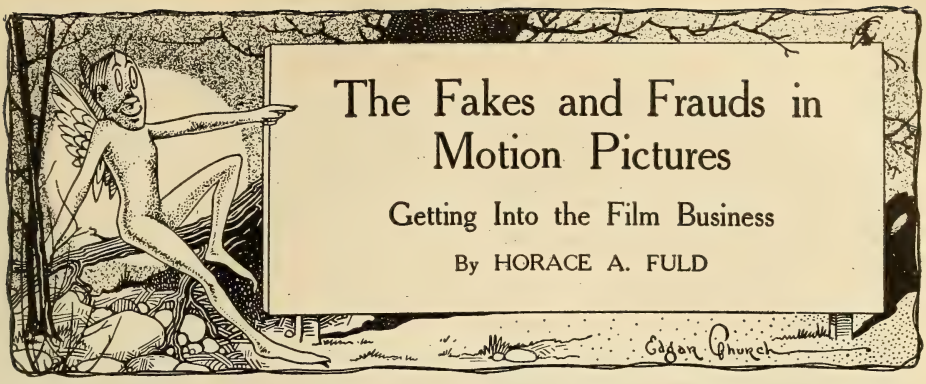
Friend Charlie is one shrewd, normal funster among many foolish ones. He keeps his head and sticks close to the studio in Los Angeles. He has a secretary who answers a mail that is daily increasing to so vast an extent that the Chaplin entourage is now divided into sections. One man now looks after the demand for Chaplin statuettes, which have already made a fortune for the funny man who takes life so seriously. The second secretary attends to the maze of correspondence from vaudeville agents who are seeking to lure Charlie into the two-a-day. But Chaplin does not heed the booking-agents.

No less a potentate than E. F. Albee is camping on Charlie's trail with an offer of $5,000 a week. Strange to say, the figure, tho it is $2,000 better than was ever paid to a single performer, is not big enough.

For this youth, over whom the world laughs simultaneously, is fully cognizant of the nature of his vogue in Filmdom. Charlie knows, too, that his predecessor in the hearts of the people, John Bunny, died poor, while his family will have no interest in the films which Bunny left to posterity.

But Chaplin is considering a monumental plan quickly to convert his amazing popularity into cash—not by way of vaudeville, even at the record honorarium of $5,000 for each seven days; not even by entering the producing field himself, backed by millions provided by almost any one of the groups of established film manufacturers, all of whom have invited the comedian to name his own terms.

The Chaplin scheme is to get all the money in one month by presenting himself in the flesh in sixty of the largest cities in thirty days—a fast-flying tour of the continent, making a half-day stand of New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago. Brooklyn in the afternoon and New York at night is the way the itinerary will start. In each city the largest auditorium available will be secured on a rental basis. Where there are no opera-houses of vast seating capacity, convention halls and armories will be rented and a grand-opera scale of prices will be adopted. An army of expert publicity men will be utilized as *avant-couriers*. Auction sales of choice seats to prevent the wily ticket speculators from reaping a harvest is another plan under consideration. Some showman, this Charlie Chaplin!




# The Fakes and Frauds in Motion Pictures

## Getting Into the Film Business

By HORACE A. FULD

In last month's issue we took up some of the means by which the innocent—and usually inexperienced—outsider buys a Moving Picture theater, and, in the majority of instances, loses a considerable part of what he has paid for it. The person who owns a picture theater is called an exhibitor, and a new exhibitor can be "done" once; but ever thereafter he is "wised up" on being swindled in that way again. But to him who would be connected with the manufacturing of films there opens up a big and alluring prospect and an almost infinite number of ways of having his money taken away from him. Let us examine some of the more usual means.

There are few people today who have not heard of Messrs. Blackton and Smith of the Vitagraph Company of America, or of Sigmund Lubin of the film manufacturing company that bears his name. Mr. Lubin, it is said, is worth in the neighborhood of eleven million dollars. Messrs. Blackton and Smith have afforded the public no such close estimate of their wealth; but the point is, that these gentlemen and a number of others, most of whom were pioneers in the picture-making industry, have accumulated big fortunes, and the American public has known about it for some time past. Now, always, in trying to persuade new capital into business, the method is to point out the success that a few men—the pioneers in this instance—have made, and to hold out the same possibilities to the prospective investor. We will assume that the person who has been impressed by the wealth of the Motion Picture magnates has been spending a part of his time at some picture studio; has seen, to all appearances, the easy way in which pictures are made; and, being a young man of some push, determines to manufacture pictures himself. He is most sincere about it, being willing to put into his project all the money he himself has saved, and asking you, as one of his friends, to invest some of your savings also.

This proposition sounds most attractive. His "company" will hire a studio, which may be done for about two hundred dollars a week upward. Everything is furnished him—lights, properties, scenery, and often even a laboratory. The picture should take a week to make. It will, he explains from the depth of his brief studio enlightenment, be necessary to hire a director, and he assumes that good directors may be had at a salary of fifty dollars a week. His actors he begrudges that much, and he estimates that the whole bill for directoral and artistic talent will not come to more than another two hundred dollars.

His scenario will cost him nothing, as he will gladly donate a scenario that he wrote, which, it is true, has been returned to him by almost every scenario department in the country, but which he knows has the "punch," nevertheless. He has secured accurate figures on what it will cost to develop and print the finished picture, and, because his ideas on the cost of hiring a camera man, scene-shifters, scenic specialists and electricians are rather vague, he allows an extra two hundred dollars. This will bring the cost of

making the picture, he estimates, up to six-hundred dollars.

But, when it comes to selling the finished picture, no such conservative ideas prevail. He knows it is going to be a winner, because his scenario is such a good one that the companies that turned his "brain-child" (scenario) down will sit up at nights scolding themselves that they were so

SCENE FROM AN EDISON NAPOLEONIC PHOTOPLAY

blind as not to have been able to have seen its true worth. He will play no favorites in disposing of it, either. The finished film will be placed in the open market and the highest bidder will get it. Thousands of dollars sparkle in his thoughts like the stars of a Roman candle, and presently go out just as quickly.

One bright Monday morning, when he starts paying out real money for the studio rent for this colossal occasion, he begins producing. Now, it is not the nature of this article to try to tell what unexpected things will happen, what unforeseen costs will enter, and what delays will ensue; for such a listing—taking in the entire operation of making pictures—to be done full justice, should occupy about six big volumes. We will merely take it for granted, as is almost infallibly the case, that the production will take twice as long as you were told to expect; that the finished print will cost three times as much as estimated, or more; and that the film picture, when finished, may not look at all as intended in the winning scenario. Yet, you are still satisfied that it will make the thousands promised.

It has gone the rounds that all the big film companies cannot supply their demands and are only too anxious to buy "footage," or film produced by outsiders.

A day or so later, then, sees the inexperienced producer on his way, let us suppose, to the Edison studio, for you have always heard that Edison

turns out the best photoplays, and you naturally want yours to associate with the very best photo-society. He arrives, the finished reel tucked under his arm in a round tin case. After some delay, he is ushered into the presence of the manager of production. The gentleman states, as gently as possible, that the Edison Company make their own pictures exclusively. This oft-repeated statement does not being with your producer and yourself, who have again tried to break into the middle of a big game you know nothing about.

Sometimes the person who tries to launch your savings into some form of the film industry will know too much, instead of too little, of film finance. This matter of being too wise will manifest itself in various ways, one of which is in trying to sell you

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Number 5001
20 Shares
Edpathe Motion Picture Corporation
Capital Stock, $800,000
SHARES
EACH
This is to Certify that O. U. Mark is the owner of ____ fully paid
Edpathe Motion Picture Corporation
transferable only on the books of the Company by the holder hereof in person or by duly authorized Attorney upon surrender of this Certificate properly endorsed.
Witness the Seal of the Company and the signatures of its duly authorized Officers affixed this 25 day of August 1915
B. Caley Treas.
TITLE OF OFFICER
Head Pres
TITLE OF OFFICER

STOCK CERTIFICATES SIMILAR TO THIS ONE CAN BE OBTAINED FOR ABOUT $10, INCLUDING A COMPLETE CORPORATE EQUIPMENT

discourage on an average of ten people a day, who wander into the Edison studio for the purpose of selling "home-made pictures."

The probabilities are that you never will sell the reel that may have cost you and your associates from one to two thousand dollars; that it will rest quietly on the dusty shelf where you have placed it, after convincing yourself that none of the companies want to buy it; and that you will be convinced that there is something wrong with the film industry. Of course there is something wrong, the trouble stock either in a company that is to make "feature" pictures, or he wishes to establish a chain of theaters thruout the country. This chain of picture houses, he tells you, is to buy its films outright, and then to ship them from one theater to the other, cutting out the enormous expense of renting them from the different film exchanges. For the most part this is but a stock-selling scheme entirely on a par with the old mine-stock swindles which flourished about ten or more years back and gave rise to the saying that the average mine was

merely a hole in the ground with a number of "suckers" around it.

Occasionally the man who would sell you stock not only knows what he is talking about, but he more than half means it, and, presently, having gotten together what he considers enough money to start, the public—and the picture industry in particular—is assaulted, not to say stricken, by the lurid promises of the new "Megantic Film Corporation." If, to take his own advertising word, it does what it promises, then the established companies, such as Vitagraph and Lubin, had better look out for themselves. At last the public is to get good pictures, such as it has been eagerly waiting for. Studios are hired at once, and land is bought where more studios, big enough to bring about the tremendous purpose of this new company, can be erected. One or two big stars of the regular stage, whose names are familiar to the public and are a decided asset to the company, are actually engaged, and the names of a score more, almost equally prominent, are actually mentioned as coming with the new company. Photoplays, novels and stage-plays are spoken for and secured on contract; an expensive set of offices is secured, and production is actually started on the first big feature. When this comes out, the photoplay critics of the various newspapers and trade reviews try hard either not to fall asleep while the picture is being shown, or else not to laugh outright at the presumption of this new-born prodigy in film-producing circles. Afterwards they try, also, not to be too severe with the "Megantic Film Corporation," and dont say all that they might have if one of the established companies dared perpetrate such a film outrage.

This goes on for several months, altho the films are not turned out as regularly as they had been promised, and presently bills collect, the actors and directors go unpaid, and the output ceases, while a deputy sheriff sits in the ornate offices with a notice of attachment pinned upon the wall.

It is not, again, in the nature of this article to go into the highly technical and economic reasons for this sad demise. It may be due to lack of sufficient money, as the most important reason; to the fact that the company has been trying to market its films by cutting the price for which they are usually rented, in this way ruining itself; that nobody will buy their films, or that the men who organized it think it high time to get out. *For these gentlemen who sold you your stock, and whose company is in the hands of receivers, have made money right along.* They never intended making a picture-producing concern of their company; but all the months that the company was pretending to get under way they—the insiders—were manipulating the shares on the stock market. They were selling the stock "long" one day and "short" the next, and, having worked it up and down to their hearts' content and seeing very little further possibility for a clean-up of any kind, they were probably thoroly reconciled to the advent of the sheriff, if, indeed, they did not see to it that he was sent. They give up without a murmur and turn their highly developed attentions in some other direction. Your company, which never had enough money to go ahead with, nor the experience, brains and goodwill, and was a losing proposition from the start, will never net you anything but an unpleasant memory, a severe loss, and some nicely printed, utterly worthless stock certificates.

Thousands of people are being led to invest in these companies, which will either fail outright or go into the hands of receivers, and will never return a fraction of the money that was paid into the treasury.

It were best to investigate the picture company that would make love to your money as you would the qualifications of the young man who comes to marry your daughter, for there are no greater returns to be gotten from the film business than shrewd investment may discover in other lines of industry.

# Across the Continent with James Cruze and Sidney Bracy

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

JAMES CRUZE and Sidney Bracy stopped in our town the other day, on their famous transcontinental vaudeville tour.

Thru their manager I learnt that, if I should come to the theater between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, they would tell me something of their trip.

Did you ever interview a famous person? Well, if you have, you know that stage fright is mild compared to interview fright. I had a clear case of it as I approached the theater, promptly at two. The manager guided me to the rear of the theater, and before my eyes had become accustomed to the darkened room I heard him saying: "Mr. Cruze, this is Martha Groves."

The man who arose from the dark rear seat was so big that for a moment I had to just *look* at him. It took a firm, honest handshake to wake me up.

"Big Jimmie" Cruze has so excellent a handshake that methinks he would have made a good politician, except for the fact that his is an honest one. I have shaken hands with many famous politicians, have listened to "I am *so* glad to meet you" that I catch myself murmuring it before they say it. They never, to use slang, "get it across" with me. But I am forced to admit that James Cruze did.

Honestly, I actually believed that he was glad to see me. And when he said, "It *is* nice to have some one to talk to," I surrendered, and "Big Jimmie" had won another firm friend.

I know that the ring lost a fighter when James Cruze decided to be a movie actor; I know that some political party lost a dandy good handshaker, and I know that the speaking stage lost something more, for to me one of the most charming things about James Cruze is his voice. You, who see him on the silent stage only, are deprived of a lot. He is so enthusiastic about Motion Pictures that I doubt if he will ever return to the speaking stage.

He and Mr. Bracy are having a glorious time on their trip, in spite of the fact that in the thirty days since they left New Rochelle they have had twenty-eight of rain and hail. Nevertheless, they have not missed a single engagement at a theater.

While traveling thru Iowa they were caught in a fearful hailstorm. Mr. Cruze was inclined to believe that the hail he encountered was as large as the proverbial egg (and harder). Since it was impossible to continue until the storm abated, they stopped their car under a roadside tree. Almost immediately the tree was struck by lightning. Uninjured —but in some haste—they sought shelter in a farmhouse. I dont think Mr. Cruze mentioned their stopping for permission to enter. He just said, "We rushed into the house and found the family on their knees praying." I guess the family thought their prayers for protection had been answered when they looked up and saw the two heroes of "The Million Dollar Mystery" standing in the doorway. That night they slept rolled up in their motor rugs on the farmhouse floor.

I intimated that I didn't believe the roads would improve as they traveled west, but they were optimistic. Now here's a secret—James

Cruze plans to "play hookey" all along the line! At least, he asked me if I knew of any good places to fish near the main road. This doesn't mean that they are traveling slowly. On the contrary, it's a rare morning when they dont motor one hundred miles and get to some town in time for a matinée.

After I broached a new subject, I understood why "Jimmie" was optimistic about the road ahead. The subject was Mrs. Cruze (Marguerite Snow) and Baby Julie. And right here I found out another thing: the husband of Mrs. Cruze and the father of Julie has an especially beautiful smile reserved just for this subject. Mrs. Cruze and Julie are now on the Coast, and "Jimmie" will probably make a new transcontinental record because of it.

He mentioned an especial spot in Hollywood that he has selected for a building site; and, altho he admits that Hollywood is his future home, his other plans are secrets.

He told me something interesting about Julie. You no doubt remember that Motion Pictures were taken of the Cruze and Snow wedding. And now, at intervals, a film is taken of Julie. The first was taken when she was a week old, showing her nurse bathing her. A recent one was taken, in which a frisky pup unexpectedly dashed into the picture and dragged protesting Julie, by her single garment, out of the camera range. These films and those to be taken will be joined together and sealed. And when Baby Julie is of age she will see herself in all her growing stages, just as her parents have seen her. Then she will understand why they adore her. I envy Julie the possession of such a treasure. I happened to mention, during the interview, the happiness of a man I knew. James Cruze said, "He should be happy—he has a wife and baby." This is James Cruze's idea of perfect happiness. He is a homey kind of fellow.

LORD MC CASKILL, AL. MELTZER, SIDNEY BRACY, JAMES CRUZE

ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN AN AUTOMOBILE

(*Continued on page* 167)

## HENRY B. WALTHALL, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

DID you ever come in contact with a person whom you loved to hear talk—with a natural, expressive, soft, bass voice, telling of things personal and dear? Well, the writer was a fortunate youth in hearing, for the first time, such a voice trolling from the lips of Henry B. Walthall, of Motion Picture fame. I came upon him comfortably seated in a well-padded chair, in front of the fireplace at his club, The Photoplayers, in Los Angeles.

Instead of the usual formal introduction, the writer intruded upon the celebrated film artist and received the courteous recognition for which Southerners are noted. With the red glow of the fire on his dominant face, our subject bade me be seated.

"You know," began the artist, whose work has endeared him to every Motion Picture enthusiast, "I was just wondering if a pair of antique andirons such as I have in my country home fireplace would help to beautify this one here at the club. There is one thing, in my estimation, that should possess proper furnishings, and that is a fireplace. I will remember as long as God grants me existence the days when my darling sister and I were kiddies living in Alabama—which, by the way, is my birthplace—popping corn dipped in butter. Somehow or other the memories of a fireplace mean more to me than anything conceivable. But dont let me take up your time with my stump speech on fireplaces."

I assured Mr. Walthall that whatever he might say would undoubtedly be interesting to his many admirers.

"I guess you can lay the blame on my friend James Kirkwood, for my introduction to pictures," he reminisced. "He and I had played in the same company with Henry Miller in 'The Great Divide,' and later Henry Miller detailed me to locate Kirkwood for a part in a new play. I visited Jim at his apartment that night, but failed in my attempt to lure him back to the footlights. He had been engaged by D. W. Griffith to direct and appear in Motion Picture plays, and his staunch support of film acting and producing made quite an impression on me. Later that summer I again visited Kirkwood at the old Biograph studio, then located at West Fourteenth Street, New York. An introduction followed to Mr. Griffith, and he inquired of me if I would consider a part in his next photodrama. He offered me the same salary I was

then receiving with Henry Miller, and I decided to enlist in Mr. Griffith's ranks. There—I think you have it all," he concluded, in his rich, pleasing tones.

"I understand that fishing is one of your favorite diversions."

His eyes lit up with enthusiasm; new life seemed to have entered his system.

"Let me tell about my beginner's luck as a fisherman. While I was playing with Henry Miller in San Francisco, the property man of the show convinced me that I would enjoy fishing; so we journeyed at break o' day to the West Coast Beach, and—can you imagine it?—I had the delight of hooking the record salmon of the season! Forty-six pounds in sixty-five minutes!"

Henry Walthall, dear readers, is an artist, and his monumental success in Motion Pictures is due to the fact that he plays his parts with the same zest that he fishes, casting his heart and soul into each bit of action, whether of rod and reel or reel and film.

Griffith once said of him: "Walthall is a rare creation of God, that mankind should appreciate and respect. In all my associations with actors, I can justly say that Henry Walthall, as a photoplayer, is inimitable."

To get back to the interview, our delightful friend continued: "I was born on a cotton plantation in Shelby County, Alabama, and received my education at the hands of a private tutor. When a fiery youth I enlisted as a volunteer in the Spanish-American War, but was seized with malarial fever while my regiment was in camp at Jacksonville, Florida. Soon after my recovery, the regiment was mustered out.

"I now became ambitious for the stage and joined the Murray Hill Theater stock company, where I played small parts. Later I became affiliated with the American Theater stock company and soon afterward joined the Providence, Rhode Island, stock company. During my stage career I appeared in 'Winchester,' 'Under Southern Skies,' 'The Great Divide,' 'Pippa Passes,' 'The Faith Healer,' 'The Only Way' and other well-known productions. For several seasons I was associated with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin. At the conclusion of this engagement I went into Motion Pictures and joined the Biograph Company, which was then under the direction of D. W. Griffith. I remained with Biograph for almost a year, but joined the Reliance when Mr. Griffith took his Biograph Company to California. After a few months with Reliance, I joined Pathé, where I stayed for the balance of the season.

"Taking heart of courage, I decided to go into the producing business on my own hook, and I formed the first feature film company that was then in existence. The organization was known as The Union Feature Film Company. The venture was not successful, however, and I again became associated with Griffith in the Biograph Company.

"When Griffith severed his connection with Biograph to produce his own special features and supervise the pictures made by the Reliance and Majestic companies, I was engaged to play dramatic leads in the big features.

"Since then my career is pretty well known," he said, in all modesty. "It's been everything, from 'Ghosts' to 'Little Colonels,' and I took a joy in living over again the days of my Southland in 'The Birth of a Nation.'

"Not that I'm near so old as the Civil War," he added, smiling slowly; "but in the Sunny South, the smoke has not all rolled away, and we inherit from several generations the feel of our warm soil." "BENNIE."

## JAMES MORRISON, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"WHEN I first decided to adopt the stage as a profession," said Jimmie Morrison, the well-known Vitagraph star, as he regarded me thoughtfully and earnestly, "I did so with a feeling that here was an art into the realms of which 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and this thought spurred me on to hard work and earnest preparation.

"I realized at the very outset that it was utterly ridiculous to hope to become even a passable artist without learning thoroly the underlying principles of the dramatic art—expression, enunciation, pantomime, diction—everything, in fact, that goes into the make-up of the real artist. And yet, even despite the hard work and constant striving for improvement, on both the speaking stage and in Motion Pictures, I felt, and do so still, that, like Sir Isaac Newton, I hold in my hand but a single pebble from the beach, while the whole ocean of knowledge is still before me."

In a nutshell, that is Jimmie Morrison all over. There is an innate modesty about this young photoplayer that characterizes everything he does. He is giving the best he has to the "new profession," and the "new profession" has benefited greatly thereby. Everywhere thruout the world where Motion Pictures are seen, Jimmie Morrison has become a rare favorite. As an instance I would like to relate a little incident that came under my notice a short time ago.

Mr. Morrison happened to be in Rochester, N. Y., at the time. One day he wandered into a German rathskeller and seated himself at one of the tables. The waiter, a German very recently out from the fatherland, stood and contemplated the movie leading juvenile for a few moments, and his face simply beamed.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I must speak mid you, for your face is de first I see in dis coundry what put me in mind of my home und my Vaterland. I see you many times in de moving photographs in my own city of Stuttgart—und—und—I feel glad as I see you now. Ach Gott! but dose was de happy days."

Of course Jimmie Morrison was delighted, and he and that very homesick German had an interesting exchange of ideas, and the German was perhaps the happiest man in Rochester that day.

Jimmie Morrison first saw the light in Mattoon, a town in the very heart of Illinois. He is a true American, with an admixture of Scotch, Dutch, English and French blood in his veins—a combination that should beat the world. Receiving his preliminary education in the town of his birth, he entered Chicago University, where he became a member of Sigma Chi fraternity and also of the Black Friars.

As a traveling shoe salesman Mr. Morrison assisted himself thru college and even continued that vocation for a short time afterwards. In fact, he tells me that this part of his career he looks back upon with the most pleasant memories.

The stage always had a great attraction for Mr. Morrison—not in the sense that he was in any way stage-struck; far from it. But he regarded the dramatic art with the eye and heart of the student. He believed that it was not only a beautiful art, but also one that required the greatest preparation and most earnest study if he ever hoped to achieve success in

it. From his own observation he knew that failures were many, and also that these failures were in the main owing to a lack of earnestness, a lack of the true responsibility which should be felt by every man and woman who dares to enter the sacred portals of Thespia.

For two years Mr. Morrison worked and watched and waited. The greater part of this time was spent on the legitimate stage, with occasional journeys into the realms of vaudeville. For this work he had undergone special training at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, where he was under the direction of Madame Alberti. To this sterling teacher of the art Mr. Morrison says he owes much, especially in the realm of expression thru the art of pantomime. Later he made a short tour with this lady's own company, giving, solely in pantomime with musical accompaniment, "Silas Marner," "Rip Van Winkle" and "Hänsel und Gretel."

About November, 1910, as the summer vaudeville season had proved rather disappointing, Mr. Morrison made his first entrance into Moving Pictures, joining the forces of the Vitagraph Company. The very first rôle that he essayed was that of the peasant brother in "A Tale of Two Cities," and it is an interesting fact that this was the first three-reel photoplay ever produced by the Vitagraph Company, or indeed, probably, by any company in America. Later followed a long series of photoplays, among which were "A Modern Prodigal," "The Seventh Son," "The Passing of Diana," "Mother's Roses" (with Mrs. Mary Maurice), "The First Endorsement" (with Charles Kent and Dorothy Kelly), "The Love of Pierre La Rosse," and others that are well remembered. One of the rôles for which the young artist says he will always hold most pleasant memories was that of Brother Paul in "The Christian." He also had some very nice things to say about "The Love of Pierre La Rosse," which was perpetrated by your humble servant.

Among all the screen stories that he has appeared in Mr. Morrison declares that he has no likes or dislikes. In all he has done his best after careful study of the requirements of the different rôles. It has somewhat astonished the young player to note the number of votes he has received for his work as "old man" in the Great Cast Contest. As he has only appeared in two such rôles in his whole career with the Vitagraph Company, this is rather remarkable. The rôles referred to were in "The Unwritten Play" and "The Soul of Luigi," in both of which Mr. Morrison passed from boyhood to old age.

But it is in juvenile leads that Jimmie Morrison is best known and most beloved. Of all the rôles of this character that I have seen him portray, that of the weak, ne'er-do-well son in "The First Endorsement," with Charles Kent and "Dot" Kelly, impressed me the most. It was a splendid piece of work and contributed in no small degree to the completion of a screen story artistic to a degree.

Mr. Morrison is at present engaged on several photoplays, among them being "Out of the Big Snows," "Mortmain" (with Robert Edeson), "For the Honor of the Crew" (a photoplay of college life), and "The Battle Cry of Peace" ("Defenseless America"), the great feature that, we have been assured, will out-Griffith anything that has yet been done on the screen.

Mr. Morrison is one of those sensible individuals who does not believe in getting into a rut and staying there and thus becoming old before his time. He still keeps up his connection with the speaking stage by appearing in performances given in New York for charity. Only recently he appeared in "Michael Hielriegel," presented for the first time in English in this city, and also in "And Pippa Dances." Altho I had not the pleasure of seeing either of these performances, I have heard that the work of Jimmie Morrison was a pleasant surprise even to his most intimate friends.

When the beautiful Vitagraph Theater on Broadway was opened about a year and a half ago, Jimmie Morrison and Mary Charleson were members of the company which supported the late John Bunny on that momentous occasion. The offering was a pantomime entitled "The Honeymooners," written by J. Stuart Blackton, and it will be remembered what a delightful innovation it proved.

While talking to Mr. Morrison I recalled the remarkable expression always depicted by him in whatever rôle he assumes, and I asked him point-blank if he used much make-up for the screen. It pleased me mightily when Jimmie Morrison informed me that he used very little make-up, as far as color was concerned. Neither grease-paint and pearl powder, nor pencil and brush, curtain the natural and expressive lines of his face.

This may be another reason why Jimmie Morrison's work on the screen has met with so much favor from both directors and the public.

ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

# THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS

BY · JAMES G · GABLE ·

## Mrs. Brannigan Borrows Some Bread

"GUDE-MARNIN', Mrs. Lannigan. How are yez this marnin'? Will ye lind me the loan av a loaf av bread?"

"Shure I will, Mrs. Brannigan; shure I will!" exclaimed Mrs. Lannigan, her strong, shrewd face lighting up with pleasure. "I knew the moment I saw ye lookin' so smilin' an' good-natured that ye was goin' to borry somethin'."

"Where was ye last night, darlint?" inquired Mrs. Brannigan, ignoring the last remark. "I had the price av a sociable can an' came over to find ye in, only to find ye out."

"Did ye now?" asked Mrs. Lannigan, mournfully. "Shure I always have bad luck av a Friday. The best luck we can iver have is not to be born, but that seldom happens to anny wan. An' so ye were over last night—an' 'tis so seldom ye have the price av a can, too."

"Is thot so?" cried Mrs. Brannigan, angrily, her usually cheerful, good-natured face beginning to redden. "I'll have ye understand, Mrs. Lannigan, I bought the lasht can, an' that me family for as many degenerations back as I can raymember——"

"Shure I know that, alanna," said Mrs. Lannigan, placatingly; "be aisy, be aisy. I was only goin' to tell ye that I went over to see the Emotion Pitchers. 'Twas some that was got out by the Universalist paple."

"An' for what are the Universalist paple?" Mrs. Brannigan demanded, her anger merging instantly into curiosity.

"The Universalers," Mrs. Lannigan explained, "is a church that doesn't belave in nothin' an' doesn't know it."

"Shure that's a very quare religion," commented Mrs. Brannigan, "tho for meself I'm very broad-minded. I dont care what church anny wan belongs to, just so they're members av me own."

"That shows ye're a shellfish crayture, Mrs. Brannigan."

"I am not."

"I say ye are."

"Do ye mane to conthradict me whin I'm tellin' th' truth?"

"Ye're mistaken, Mrs. Brannigan. I've niver conthradicted ye whin ye've tould the truth. I've niver had the chanct."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Brannigan, her good-nature instantly returning, "since ye've been so nice in apologizin' I'll say no more about it. But what for Motive Fixtures did ye see, darlint?"

" 'Twas 'The Heart-breaker,' wid Moreyell Ostrich in the leadin' part, an' it sure was fine. 'Twas the very acne av beauty, as Father Mulcahey would say, an' afther that they had an exhibition av pastorized milk that was mighty intheresting, tho not appealin' to me thirst."

"It aint pastorized," Mrs. Brannigan explained in the pitying accents of one who sorrows for the shortcomings of her friends. "That manes for Father Mulcahey to give ye the divil. It's pasthurized, an' 'tis so called because the cows are raised in a pasthure. What ye need, Mrs. Lannigan, is eddyfication."

"Me need eddyfication?" Mrs. Lannigan snorted, her deep-blue eyes flashing fire. "How dare ye say that, Mrs. Brannigan, when ye know me daughter Mary is a school-taycher an' the presaydent av the High School Aluminum. Which is more than your dirty son Dinny will iver be."

"Thrue for yez, Mrs. Lannigan; "thrue for yez," her friend acknowledged, her anger kindling instantly. "Me bye will niver be a school-taycher. I want him to do somethin' honest an' rayspictible, like bein' a bartender or a Movin' Fixture operator. An' furthermore, Mrs. Lannigan, I would have ye understand that me family for as many degenerations back as I can raymimber have always looked down on school-taychers an' other trash."

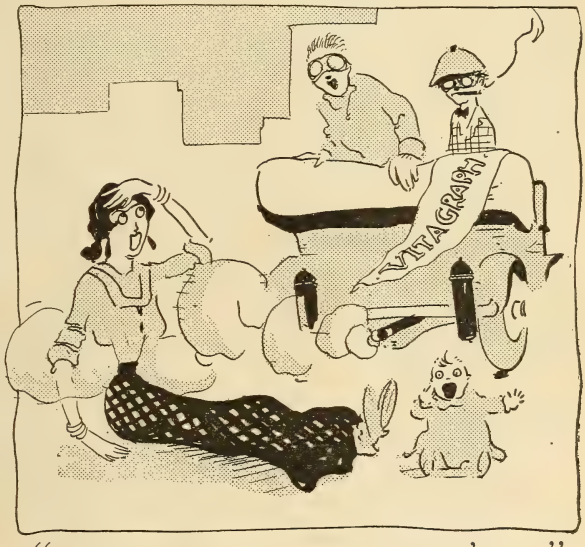
"They have that same," Mrs. Lannigan readily agreed. "They've looked down on thim—from the gallows."

"Mrs. Lannigan," her neighbor exclaimed angrily, her eyes flashing fire, "are ye thryin' to make a fool av me?"

"I couldn't, Mrs. Brannigan, I just simply couldn't. Nayture got ahead av me."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Brannigan, instantly mollified, "very well. Since ye admit it we'll let bygones be bygones. What else did ye see?"

"Well, there was a man there talkin' between reels an' his teeth. He looked an' dressed as tho he made his livin' by the sweat av his wife's brow.




"MOREYELL OSTRICH IN THE LEADIN' PART"

"He claimed that this milk pitcher wasn't got up for profit, but just out av the pure milk av human kindness. But that wont hold watther wid me; it's too chalky. He was a lecturer, I think they call it, on milk an' consummation an' Hy Gene—I dunno this Hy Gene, he niver lived in our parish—an' our duty to posterity. Now I lave it to you, Mrs. Brannigan, what has posterity iver done for us that we should worry about it?"

"Not a thing," agreed Mrs. Brannigan.

"Av coorse not," declared Mrs. Lannigan; "so I'm agin it."

"Well, what else did you see, darlint?"

"The nixt was a picture by the Biography paple called 'The Maid av the Mountains,' an' it shure was grand. I'll niver forget it till the day av me death—if I live that long.

"The leadin' lady was awful swate. She reminded me so much av meself at her age. Av coorse she was not near so purty and hadn't th' clothes to her back, but that's not to be expicted. I niver look for the unpossible, Mrs. Brannigan, unless it is when I ixpict ye to return what ye've borried.

"Mary Blake was a fine gyurl, who had no throuble in turnin' a round steak into a square meal. Jim Booneton was deal in love wid her, which av course was his funeral. He tried to make love whilst she was cuttin' the bread — their own bread, too, mind ye, an' not anny they had borried from their neighbors. Like the swate gyurl she is she cuffs him wan in the ear an' throws the lavin's av the plate in his face. She must have been Irish!

"Mary falls in love wid an arthur who goes South for his health in an otter car. He writes plays for the movies. Av coorse it is all friction, ye understand. In rale life no arthur iver gits to ride in a motive car, unless 'tis a horsepittle ambulance or a hurry-up wagon.

"She marries the arthur," went on Mrs. Lannigan, with a sigh like a horse's cough. "He has to leave; his father is sick an' so very rich they're afraid he wont die, but he does, lavin' the arthur his blessin', the grand old name an' the family mortgage. Then the arthur goes back to see Mary, but she's gone.

"But whist! be aisy," Mrs. Lannigan exclaimed, blocking off a snort of disgust from Mrs. Brannigan. "He comes back home agin to write more Movin' Pitcher plays an' pay off the family mortgage. Wan day he takes a ride in his motive car, an' the otter shover, true to his nathural instincts, runs over a woman an' her baby."

Mrs. Brannigan gasped a violent objection that did not affect the flow.

"He fires the shover," ran on the story-teller, "on the spot—he owed him a month's salary, anyway. When ye get the money ye work for, Mrs. Brannigan, 'tis wages; whin ye dont, 'tis a salary. Then he finds that the woman is his long-lost wife.

"She was taken back to the horsepittle, an' whin all danger was past there was a huggin' an' kissin' an' they wint to his grand old home an' her mother-in-law was tickled to death to see her—which shows that it was all pure friction—where they lived happily ever aftherwards—where, as Father Mulcahey would say:

"MADE LOVE WHILST SHE WAS CUTTIN' BREAD"

> The wicked cease from grumbling,
> An' the borrowers give no rest."

"Sure I misdoubt not 'twas mighty fine," said Mrs. Brannigan, wiping a perfectly dry eye, "but I was just waitin' for ye to get thru to see if ye wud lind me the loan av enough butter to go wid the bread."

*(To be continued)*

# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY GLADYS HALL

THE days are becoming shorter, the nights much longer, and the more fortunate among the legion of Motion Picture lovers are returning from the woods, the streams, the mountains, the lakes and the grand old ocean, once more to admire and study their favorites of the screen. In many a theater the old faces are seen again among the audience, and a cheery smile, a nod of welcome, or mayhap a brief interchange of experiences of the past much regretted but very wet old summer, inaugurates another promising season. Mr. Edward F. Bodin, of Watchung, N. J., sends me a clever appreciation, and I take pleasure in awarding him the prize this month:

TO WILLIAM FARNUM, IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Majestic, like a king yourself, the glory
Of your grace enchanting, charming all,
Disclosing added interest in the story
Of Christians who foresaw the Roman fall.

To look upon your strength, your anger rising
At the cruel torments of Nero's lust;
To see your noble stand, all Rome surprising,
And see you give your life for what was just;

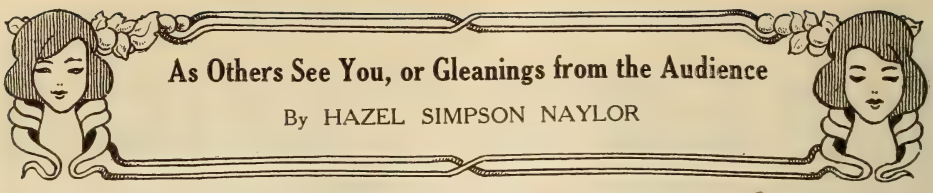
To feel the love that filled the gentle glances
You gave to Mercia, the Christian maid,
Whose innocence still conquers and entrances
The mightiest of men in fame arrayed.

Yes, Farnum, you are great—in truth revealing
Every character you represent;
You tingle all emotions, every feeling,
That in the realm of Motion Plays was meant.

Herbert S. Gorman, P. O. Box 1631, Springfield, Mass., has also achieved the unique in the following:

MARY PICKFORD.

Sword-play, sorrow, gladness, song
In her changing features throng,
And her wistful mouth brings back
Mem'ries of the Trojan sack.
In her eyes there still endure
All the wiles of Helen's lure;
From her face the fitful gleam
Of the old, unending dream:
Beauty deathless, deathless love,
Changeless as the stars above;
All the hunger and desire,
All the music swift as fire.
Sword-play, sorrow, gladness, song
In her changing features throng.



## As Others See You, or Gleanings from the Audience

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

NOBODY has the same opinion regarding any one thing. For instance, one girl, who had seen Betty Nansen twice in "Should a Mother Tell?" said she could enjoy seeing it again; while a certain man remarked that he didn't see what they gave such mournful things for—he had troubles of his own. Every one must agree, however, that Betty Nansen is a marvelous actress.

Truly, Mary Pickford was delightful as dear little "Rags." As the woman on my right declared, "She may not be great, but she always sends you home with a comfortably warm feeling around your heart."

Marshal Neilan, here's to you. You are indeed worthy to be Mary Pickford's leading man.

In Biograph's "His Singular Lesson," Alan Hale, as the young husband, leaves his bride, Claire McDowell, at the end of the honeymoon for an evening at his club. Her pictured grief was too much for one worldly-wise man, for he sympathized: "Too bad, girlie, but you'll have to get used to that."

Henry Walthall, you certainly can send the shivers down one's back. There are blood-curdling, livid actors, but the greatest of these is you.

Grace D'Armond, in "A Texas Steer," took the part of an awkward Texas girl on her first visit to Washington. Her lover, upon seeing her for the first time in her "poor taste" evening clothes, is ashamed of her and excuses himself from escorting her to dinner in the fashionable hotel. He departs; the indignant girl changes her dress, and events continue evenly for another reel. Finally a woman queried anxiously: "Doesn't the poor girl get anything to eat?"

Eastern audiences do not converse audibly as much as Western ones do, but they sure did laugh at Lawrence D'Orsay in "Earl of Pawtucket."

In these days of lovely screen heroines it may interest Doris Pawn, of Universal, to know that one bored youth sat up and took notice when he saw her in "The Honor of Kenneth Magrath," saying: "That's a remarkably pretty girl."

We all like to laugh, but Billie Reeves is nothing so much as vulgar.

Did you notice how very young Lillian Gish and Robert Harron looked in "A Timely Interception"? When dear old W. Chrystie Miller, as the father, was forced to hang a "For Sale" sign on the old farm, thus putting off his daughter's marriage, a man facetiously remarked: "It's a good thing; she'll have time to grow up in the meanwhile."

The Famous Players' presentation of "The Seven Sisters," with Marguerite Clark, is one of the cleanest, most interesting, as well as amusing Motion Pictures on the canvas.

Earle Williams, you have the sweetest smile in the world—at least that is what one charming young girl in the audience enthused.

Metro Pictures Company, pray, pray, when you are showing our beloved Bushman, let there be action and not mere poses. Watching "The Second in Command," we grew so dizzy from the constant shifting to close-ups that we lost all track of plot, and as for characters, well, so many bobbed in and out that we contented ourselves watching Marguerite Snow's and Francis Bushman's attractive posing.

Richard Travers' acting is always artistic. From the top of his perfectly groomed head to the tip of his immaculate boots he is a pleasure to tired eyes.

It was during Universal's "What Might Have Been," when the girl is saved by a dream from marrying the supposedly rich villain, that a stylishly dressed woman with tired eyes said to her companion: "It's too bad we cant all be warned in time."

# More Than Enough Joy!

## Limericks That Linger Like Laughter in the Eyes

EVERY one loves a limerick! They're hard to write, easy to read, and cling to the memory like a catchy tune. If they bring a smile to you, it's of more value than attending the funeral of a great poet. This page is not dignified—it's poking harmless fun. This month the prizes of $5, $3, $1 and $1 are awarded to the first four "Funsters," whose limericks follow:

### LITTLE, BUT OH MY!

There's a maid in the West they call Anna,
To my heart she's as welcome as manna;
She's Little, they say,
So for little I pray,
But surely not little of Anna.

HELEN HOSMER-MACDONALD.
New York City.

### MARK CANT HELP IT.

There's a funny old actor named Swain,
Whose actions just give me a pain;
That love-lock on his forehead
I think is just horrid—
But I simply must see him again.

CECILLE MCCORMICK.
734 N. Madison Ave., Dallas, Tex.

### LILLIAN GISH.

She's fashioned of moonlight and roses,
And bewildering, fairy-like poses;
She's pixy and elf,
In a class by herself,
And each picture new beauty discloses.

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

### OH, YOU HYPOCRITES!

Said the wardrobe mistress one mornin',
"I'll not have much trouble in formin'
The costume for 'Truth';
For the costume, forsooth,
Is no more than the lady was born in."

ONSLOW STEVENSON.
4 Boulder Crescent, Colorado Sp'gs, Col.

### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Wear Pickford curls, known thru the lands,
And a beard like the dear Answer Man's;
Combine something rash,
Like a Chaplin mustache—
"Three in one"—what a hit with the fans!

THÉRÈSE H. MCDONNELL.
128 St. Charles Place, Atlantic City, N. J.

### IS HE MARRIED?

The Essanay star, Francis X.,
Continues the maidens to vex;
So long as 'tis said
This Apollo's unwed,
His image will haunt the fair sex.

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

### ANNABELLE THINKS HE'S CUTE!

In the photoplays at the La Cygne
An actor appears on the scrygne
Who's "great" only in size—
He's got half-closed, dreamy eyes—
That I'd sure like to swat on the bygne!

J. HERBERT MAUGHMAN.
1305 Locust Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

### AN OBSTACLE TO BACHELORS.

I asked her, with hopes all ajingle,
The question which made my heart tingle;
She sleepily sighed,
As she rudely replied:
"Do you know if Earl Williams is single?"

KATHRYN SPRAGUE BARTHEN.
68 Park St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

### TO JOHN BUNNY.

Oh, ghost of dear, comic old Bunny,
Come back to the film from the sod;
Your acts were too real and too funny
To have passed so soon under the rod.

BESS M. LYON.
822 Morgan Building, Portland, Ore.

### MABEL NORMAND.

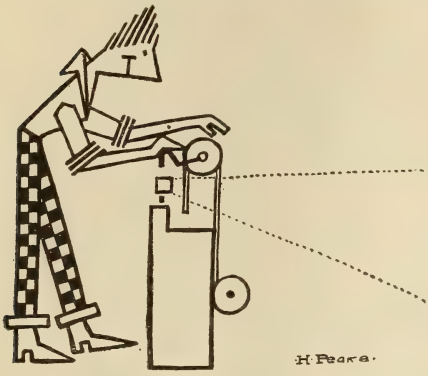
Dear Mabel, I pen you this line;
Your stunts in the Keystone are fine.
Folks may vote for their fat boys,
Funny Charlies and thin boys—
But *you*, jolly Mabel, for *mine*.

R. W. TUCKWELL.
Lloydminster, Sask., Can.

# A Motion Play Primer That Is on the Square

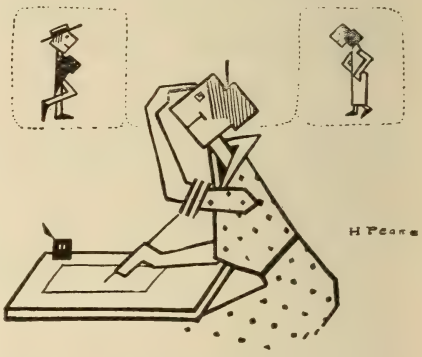
By HARVEY PEAKE

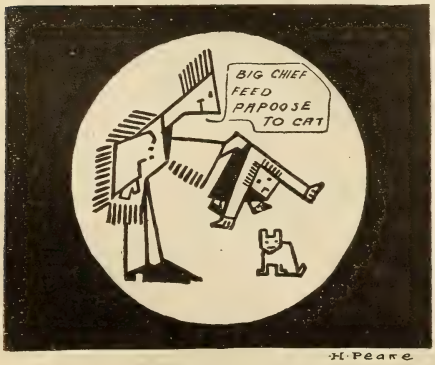
**Q** is the Question that every one asks:
"How do the Players achieve their great tasks?"
"Are they in danger of bruises and sprains,
Broken limbs, broken necks and scattered brains?"
And the true answer is: "No player's fit
Who lacks in courage, in daring, or grit!"




**R** is the Reel, ever turning around,
Causing the pictures to move with a bound;
Some operators declare it a bore,
Seeing the pictures so many times o'er;
Others enjoy it and truthfully own
New beauties they see every time a film's shown!

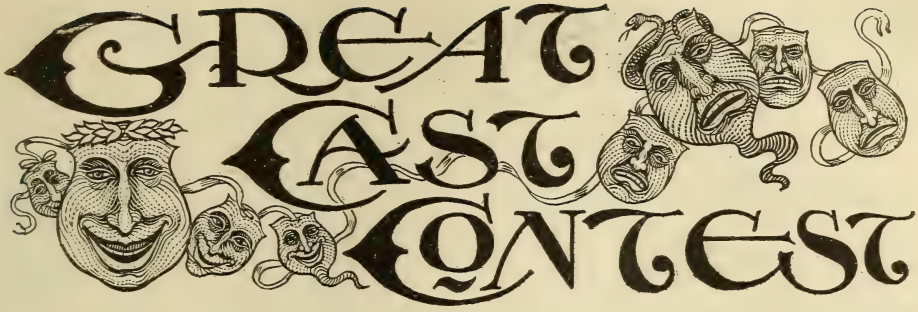
**S** is the Story that's told on the Screen,
Ninety per cent. of them moral and clean;
There's many a writer who's scratching away,
Striving to fashion a great Picture Play;
Even the writers of greatest renown
Cant keep scenario ambitions down!




**T** is for Tricks that are oft introduced:
Small things increased in size, large things reduced,
Cartoons that move after having been drawn,
Sunset and Moonlight, black Midnight and Dawn;
The thoughts of the characters, even their dreams
Are possible now on the Photoplay screens!

*(Continued from September issue, and to be continued next month.)*




THE Great Cast Contest will close at noon on September 6th. The last ballot has been published, and all that remains is the final balloting and counting. Over $2,100 in prizes will be awarded to the successful artists. Several interesting races have developed, notably the one between Messrs. Bushman and Williams for leading man, and we, as well as our readers, are impatient to know what changes, if any, the final ballots will bring forth. It seemed to be anybody's race, and we are all curious to know if any "dark horses" are to forge to the front at the last minute, or if each contestant has been doing his or her best from the beginning. Anyway, we must all wait, and the November issue will tell the whole joyful (or sorrowful) tale, and end this most memorable contest.

## STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO AUGUST 13.

### THE GREAT CAST

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Leading Man | | 7. Comedian (Male) | |
| Earle Williams | 1,034,795 | Charles Chaplin | 1,403,900 |
| 2. Leading Woman | | 8. Comedian (Female) | |
| Mary Pickford | 1,121,100 | Mabel Normand | 1,263,960 |
| 3. Old Gentleman | | 9. Handsome Young Man | |
| W. Chrystie Miller | 1,288,940 | Warren Kerrigan | 1,013,270 |
| 4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice | 1,734,700 | 10. Handsome Young Woman | |
| 5. Character Man, Harry Morey. | 757,780 | Anita Stewart | 1,005,100 |
| 6. Character Woman | | 11. Villain, Bryant Washburn | 1,035,455 |
| Julia S. Gordon | 1,016,680 | 12. Child, Bobby Connelly | 1,267,110 |

### SECOND CAST

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Leading Man | | 7. Comedian (Male) | |
| Francis Bushman | 1,006,100 | Ford Sterling | 893,155 |
| 2. Leading Woman | | 8. Comedian (Female) | |
| Beverly Bayne | 815,530 | Flora Finch | 1,055,500 |
| 3. Old Gentleman | | 9. Handsome Young Man | |
| Charles Kent | 1,162,365 | Antonio Moreno | 858,025 |
| 4. Old Lady, Helen Dunbar | 923,110 | 10. Handsome Young Woman | |
| 5. Character Man | | Alice Joyce | 920,430 |
| Romaine Fielding | 710,495 | 11. Villain | |
| 6. Character Woman | | Jack Richardson | 1,032,170 |
| Norma Talmadge | 977,495 | 12. Child, Helen Costello | 1,133,240 |

(Note—No player who is in the first cast can also be in the second cast.)

The following are the leading competitors for the First and Second Casts:

### LEADING MAN

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Warren Kerrigan | 949,745 |
| 2. Crane Wilbur | 762,430 |
| 3. Arthur Johnson | 736,830 |
| 4. Carlyle Blackwell | 717,710 |
| 5. Paul Scardon | 666,780 |
| 6. Harold Lockwood | 649,410 |
| 7. James Cruze | 646,770 |
| 8. Tom Moore | 580,700 |
| 9. King Baggot | 577,640 |
| 10. Maurice Costello | 575,820 |
| 11. Antonio Moreno | 565,640 |
| 12. William Garwood | 564,610 |
| 13. Romaine Fielding | 562,850 |
| 14. Edward Cecil | 529,490 |

### LEADING WOMAN

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Anita Stewart | 1,019,310 |
| 2. Alice Joyce | 824,880 |
| 3. Edith Storey | 805,960 |
| 4. Florence LaBadie | 776,020 |
| 5. Clara Young | 761,870 |
| 6. Mary Fuller | 694,470 |
| 7. Ruth Stonehouse | 685,990 |
| 8. Pearl White | 649,590 |
| 9. Cleo Madison | 623,080 |
| 10. Norma Talmadge | 618,140 |
| 11. Marie Newton | 576,720 |
| 12. Marguerite Snow | 565,710 |
| 13. Vivian Rich | 560,960 |
| 14. Grace Cunard | 560,840 |

### OLD GENTLEMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Thomas Commerford | 916,650 |
| 2. | Van Dyke Brooke | 806,210 |
| 3. | Logan Paul | 698,100 |
| 4. | Robert Brower | 693,495 |
| 5. | William West | 661,830 |
| 6. | Francis Bushman | 626,720 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 612,550 |
| 8. | Murdock MacQuarrie | 589,420 |
| 9. | Bigelow Cooper | 574,730 |
| 10. | Charles Ogle | 540,010 |
| 11. | James Morrison | 513,730 |
| 12. | George Periolat | 506,820 |

### OLD LADY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Helen Relyea | 706,130 |
| 2. | Julia Stuart | 674,755 |
| 3. | Louise Lester | 640,700 |
| 4. | Norma Talmadge | 587,530 |
| 5. | Mrs. George Walters | 586,860 |
| 6. | May Hall | 564,390 |
| 7. | Flora Finch | 564,170 |
| 8. | Kate Price | 560,390 |
| 9. | Pauline Bush | 531,290 |
| 10. | Edith Storey | 506,420 |
| 11. | Kate Toncray | 456,870 |
| 12. | Mrs. Kimball | 429,740 |

### CHARACTER MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Warren Kerrigan | 797,470 |
| 2. | Francis Bushman | 739,045 |
| 3. | Marc MacDermott | 710,155 |
| 4. | Nicholas Dunaew | 707,470 |
| 5. | James Cruze | 702,990 |
| 6. | Arthur Johnson | 690,980 |
| 7. | King Baggot | 654,830 |
| 8. | G. M. Anderson | 646,710 |
| 9. | Earle Williams | 636,920 |
| 10. | William Wadsworth | 635,785 |
| 11. | Billy Quirk | 615,940 |
| 12. | Crane Wilbur | 611,970 |

### CHARACTER WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Edith Storey | 770,335 |
| 2. | Edwina Robbins | 720,710 |
| 3. | Ruth Stonehouse | 688,430 |
| 4. | Cleo Madison | 680,595 |
| 5. | Mary Pickford | 669,640 |
| 6. | Clara Young | 664,075 |
| 7. | Mary Fuller | 663,015 |
| 8. | Louise Lester | 631,810 |
| 9. | Alice Washburn | 618,060 |
| 10. | Flora Finch | 614,250 |
| 11. | Marguerite Snow | 612,380 |
| 12. | Kate Price | 608,750 |

### COMEDIAN (MALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Wallie Van | 767,780 |
| 2. | Sidney Drew | 736,810 |
| 3. | Wallace Beery | 660,200 |
| 4. | Billie Quirk | 635,960 |
| 5. | Roscoe Arbuckle | 629,440 |
| 6. | Hughie Mack | 613,120 |
| 7. | William Shea | 566,610 |
| 8. | Victor Potel | 566,015 |
| 9. | Herbert Brennan | 552,670 |
| 10. | William Wadsworth | 548,420 |
| 11. | Donald McBride | 532,350 |
| 12. | Arthur Housman | 531,370 |

### COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Lillian Walker | 901,530 |
| 2. | Ruth Roland | 850,150 |
| 3. | Margaret Joslin | 834,590 |
| 4. | Kate Price | 786,260 |
| 5. | Norma Talmadge | 786,220 |
| 6. | Florence Lawrence | 687,750 |
| 7. | Victoria Forde | 644,530 |
| 8. | Karin Norman | 624,290 |
| 9. | Constance Talmadge | 623,110 |
| 10. | Mary Pickford | 622,590 |
| 11. | Vivian Prescott | 550,300 |
| 12. | Alice Washburn | 511,190 |

### HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Francis Bushman | 852,635 |
| 2. | Crane Wilbur | 796,320 |
| 3. | Donald Hall | 776,085 |
| 4. | Carlyle Blackwell | 758,740 |
| 5. | Earle Williams | 752,530 |
| 6. | Harold Lockwood | 728,300 |
| 7. | James Morrison | 642,040 |
| 8. | Bryant Washburn | 574,500 |
| 9. | Tom Moore | 573,790 |
| 10. | James Cruze | 567,110 |
| 11. | George Larkin | 565,790 |
| 12. | Webster Campbell | 551,670 |

### BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Mary Pickford | 954,940 |
| 2. | Norma Talmadge | 870,175 |
| 3. | Mary Anderson | 859,960 |
| 4. | Pearl White | 779,880 |
| 5. | Clara K. Young | 776,850 |
| 6. | Beverly Bayne | 754,115 |
| 7. | Lillian Walker | 706,970 |
| 8. | Florence LaBadie | 649,400 |
| 9. | Marguerite Snow | 616,200 |
| 10. | Blanche Sweet | 584,990 |
| 11. | Margarita Fischer | 584,680 |
| 12. | Ruth Stonehouse | 580,810 |

### VILLAIN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Harry Morey | 1,013,060 |
| 2. | Paul Panzer | 841,680 |
| 3. | Harry Northrup | 750,000 |
| 4. | Rogers Lytton | 703,880 |
| 5. | Romaine Fielding | 669,320 |
| 6. | Ned Finley | 629,400 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 623,140 |
| 8. | Frank Farrington | 574,710 |
| 9. | George Cooper | 572,900 |
| 10. | King Baggot | 572,340 |
| 11. | Francis Ford | 572,050 |
| 12. | Lester Cuneo | 566,950 |

### CHILD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Yale Boss | 799,370 |
| 2. | Audrey Berry | 786,295 |
| 3. | Helen Badgely | 724,700 |
| 4. | Andy Clark | 698,675 |
| 5. | Billy Jacobs | 672,795 |
| 6. | Clara Horton | 634,670 |
| 7. | Dolores Costello | 624,590 |
| 8. | Matty Roubert | 618,410 |
| 9. | Marie Eline | 575,870 |
| 10. | Lillian Wade | 566,900 |
| 11. | Eleanor Kahn | 565,050 |
| 12. | Mary Pickford | 521,320 |

# GREENROOM JOTTINGS

HANDSOME Crane Wilbur, formerly with Pathé and Lubin, has joined the New York Motion Picture Company. Mr. Wilbur says it is now in order that he should be inundated with gratuitous advice as to the enormity of his crime in making a change.

Here is a cluster of Vitagraph departures all in one fell swoop: Nicholas Dunaew, Harry Northrup, Gladden James and Darwin Karr—the latter to the Essanay fold.

George Fawcett, Mary Boland and Bruce McRae have joined the New York Motion Picture Company.

Ethel Clayton, Donald Clayton, her brother, and Earle Metcalfe have recently been down the Grand Canyon of the Colorado with Romaine Fielding's adventurous Lubin players.

Helen Leslie, of Warren Kerrigan's Company, was recently thrown from her horse, and, unfortunately, had three of her ribs broken.

The Indoor Yacht Club, of San Francisco, has presented Charlie Chaplin with a diamond ring in appreciation of his appearance at an entertainment given them.

"The Brand of Man" is notable from the fact that Henry King wrote the scenario, produced the photoplay and also starred in the same.

The Western Vitagraph Company are picturizing the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady's remarkable story of piratical adventure, "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer." As the principal scenes are enacted in midocean, the cast was selected from expert swimmers.

Winnifred Greenwood, of the American Company, has the reputation of knowing more about the present world war than any other Motion Picture artiste in America. When the young lady begins running off a few Polish names, however, Edward Coxen says he really isn't sure whether she is "kidding" or swearing or telling the truth.

Henry Walthall likes Chicago, and declares that the climate agrees with him. He is one of the few artists who cannot live in California with any degree of comfort. He has added weight since going to the Middle West.

Bessie Barriscale will never forget her recent visit to the Panama Fair if only for the great reception she received. There was a "Bessie Barriscale Day" at the Exhibition, and at its close she was tired out, but perfectly happy.

Mabel Normand, the favorite Keystone star, has written a song which will be published in the near future. Miss Normand is an accomplished musician and frequently entertains her friends with song and piano.

Raymond Hitchcock, the noted comic opera star, makes his screen début in a four-act Lubin fantastic photoplay, "The Ringtailed Rhinoceros."

George Holt, of the Western Vitagraph Company, is one of the most graceful entertainers on the Pacific Coast. In his pretentious dwelling near Santa Monica he has every known convenience that will add to the comfort and enjoyment of his many friends who are frequent visitors.

Ruth Stonehouse, of Essanay, is the proud possessor of a brand-new automobile —a ninety horse-power. It is said to be the fastest car in Chicago.

The Selig Company have picturized "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," with Harry Mestayer as the "Boy." The story was written by Gilson Willets, author of many Selig successes. "The Cause of the Constitution" is another strong Selig attraction upon the program of the General Film Company.

Dainty Lillian Walker, of Vitagraph, will head the cast which has been chosen to picturize "Green Stockings," the delicious comedy in which Margaret Anglin starred for three seasons. She will be supported by Stanley Dark, of the original company, Charles Brown, John T. Kelly, Charles Wellesley and Denton Vane.

In "Faithful to the Finish," a rollicking one-reel Komic production, Fay Tincher appears for the first time in many weeks, in her favorite characterization—that of a breezy stenographer.

During the taking of a picture at the American studios recently, Harold Lockwood was accidentally stabbed by a fellow actor, the wound running two inches and going quite deep. Harold blames himself and the zeal of them both.

Anna Little says she has a surprise in store for her many friends. In the meantime Miss Little has left Universal and is taking a rest. Miriam Nesbitt is to direct for Edison. Harry Spingler is with Balboa, Glen White with Kleine, while Charles Seay has joined Equitable.

Essanay have purchased a turkey with a walk like Charlie Chaplin. He will appear as one of Charlie's side-partners in the pictures. And now Billie Ritchie rises to remark: "Didn't I tell you he wasn't the original?"

We have with us this evening: Leona Hutton (p. 26); William S. Hart (p. 28); Ormi Hawley (p. 33); Earle Metcalfe (p. 36); Rosetta Brice (p. 40); G. M. Blue and A. D. Sears (p. 42); A. D. Sears and Irene Hunt (p. 45); Alice Hollister (p. 54); Harry Millarde (p. 55); Mabel Trunnelle (p. 57); Marc MacDermott and Bigelow Cooper (p. 61); Herbert Rawlinson (p. 67); Anna Little and Billy Quinn (p. 72); José Ruben and Claire McDowell (p. 75); G. Raymond Nye (p. 77); Evart Overton, Norma Talmadge, Charles Richmond, and Louise Beaudet (p. 88).

Sidney Bracy, the famous butler in "The Million-Dollar Mystery," has been obliged to abandon his auto trip, accompanied by James Cruze, "The Million-Dollar Mystery" newspaper reporter, owing to the illness of the wife of the former.

Andrew Arbuckle, brother of Maclyn, and about the same weight, has joined Balboa. Alma Ruben, formerly with Vitagraph, is now also with Balboa.

The Vitagraph Company are arranging to publish in the daily newspapers a series of lessons on how to write photoplays. The lessons are from the pen of Miss Margaret Bertsch, chief scenario editor of the Vitagraph Company.

Winnifred Greenwood, the little player of the American Company, has appeared in over eight hundred productions, a record unique in screen work. Before joining the American studios, Miss Greenwood, during her career on the stage, played close to three hundred different rôles.

Lottie Pickford and Irving Cummings, heroine and hero of "The Diamond from the Sky," recently received invitations from the secretary of the Woman's Club, of Santa Barbara, Cal., to deliver addresses at a meeting. "How It Feels to be Lionized by Thousands of Unknown Friends" was the subject.

The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted to them during the past month is awarded to Anne Scannell O'Neill, 604A Veronica Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill., for her four-part drama, "A Little Sister to Peter Pan."

Helen Holmes, of railway hazards fame, is working out a device which, when perfected, will eliminate the failure of the danger signal at railway crossings to give warning of approaching trains.

Wilton Lackaye and a special Universal company went to Quebec the other day to obtain local color for "His Double." When it came to securing "extras," however, it was found that there were scarcely any men left in the ancient capital, as most of them had gone to war. So the battle scenes in question will be taken in and around New York.

Blanche Sweet plays the lead in "The Case of Becky," one of the David Belasco dramatic hits of several years ago. Other plays for the month are Charlotte Walker in "The Revelation" and Lou Tellegen in "The Explorer." Then will follow Donald Brian's photodramatic début in "The Voice in the Fog," and Laura Hope Crews in "Blackbirds," all at the Lasky studios.

In the new Arnold Daly series, Mr. Daly appears as Ashton Kirk, investigator; the character is taken from the stories of that name by John McIntyre.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "A Knight of the Trails." The other prizes will be announced in the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, which will be out September 15th.

"The most effective beauty tonic in the world," declares pretty Edna Mayo, leading Essanay actress, "is laughter. Try 'a-smile-an-hour' treatment for those 'scowl' lines on your face and in a week you'll find yourself far better-looking. Also forget the war. It creates troubled thoughts, which beget ugliness."

Little Aubrey Berry, the Vitagraph child actress, distinguished herself not so very long ago at a performance for sweet charity. On this occasion little Aubrey gave several original dances and imitations of such prominent Vitagraph stars as Lillian Walker, Mother Mary Maurice and Wally Van.

Marc MacDermott, the forceful Edison star, looking for a quiet evening recently, went with a friend to the Columbia Theater, New York. In the photoplay there comes a line: "Is General So-and-So here?" Without any warning the impromptu answer was flashed: "No; but General Marc MacDermott is at the front tonight in the tenth row." Immediately every neck was craned, and the house broke into uproarious laughter, to Marc's discomfiture.

Here is Webster Campbell's record for three auto rides from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles: First time—car stolen; second time—car run into and stalled half way; third time—broke down and took train. Mr. Campbell is thinking of purchasing a mascot—anything save a swastika pin—or a goat.

"The Battle Cry of Peace," Vitagraph's latest big feature, which was written by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, and produced under his personal supervision, has been shown to special audiences composed of dramatic and military critics, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mildred Harris, of Reliance-Majestic, who has proved herself to be a charming screen actress, is only fourteen years of age. Much of her graceful bearing is undoubtedly due to her fondness for outdoor exercise.

At a theater in Philadelphia the manager had two posters hanging outside his door. One pictured "Rags," featuring Mary Pickford, and the other "Sold," with Pauline Frederick. Later the said manager noticed many persons laughing in a most hilarious manner as they drew up and surveyed the two posters. He went out to the front to see what the joke was, and read "Rags Sold Here This Week."

Anita Stewart, the charming star of "The Goddess," is the proud possessor of an electric coupe. It has met with only one mishap to date, and, fortunately, a corner of the Vitagraph studio suffered more than the coupe.

Ann Murdock has been acting in "A Royal Family," which will come forward under Metro auspices. Miss Murdock was one of the all-star cast that presented "A Celebrated Case" at the Empire Theater in New York last spring.

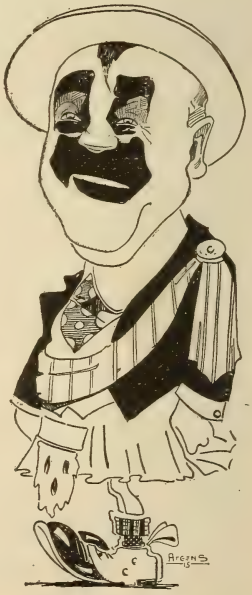
Lamar Johnstone is now with the National Company. Dorothy Davenport is now with Lasky. Douglas Gerrard has rejoined Universal. Rex Downs is with Kalem; Frank Newburg with Universal, and Mabel Van Buren with Balboa. Allen Forrest is to play opposite Norma Talmadge. Ruth Roland will play leads with William Elliott for the Balboa Company. Gladys Hulette has followed Frank Farrington's example and returned to the stage. Mary Anderson, of the Eastern Vitagraph Company, has gone West to play leads for the same company. Rozika Dolly, the famous dancer, has been secured by D. W. Griffith. Jane Grey is now with the N. Y. M. P. Co., as is also William Desmond. Roscoe Arbuckle is not the brother of Andrew and Maclyn. Elsie Greeson has joined Universal; Joseph De Grasse has left Lasky. "Shorty" Hamilton is with Keystone, while Al. Garcia, Constance Johnson and Eugene Palette have joined the forces of the National Film Company.

Willard Mack suffered a severe injury to his back recently while carrying Enid Markey down a slippery mountainside in the picture "Aloha Oe."

BILLIE RITCHIE

STERLING

ORMI HAWLEY




MACK SWAIN

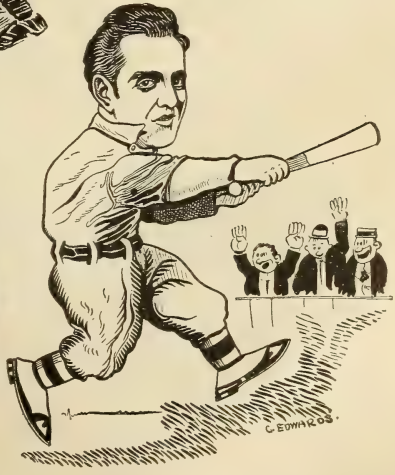
FINLEY

MARGUERITE SNOW

METCALF

GAILLORD

WILLIAMS

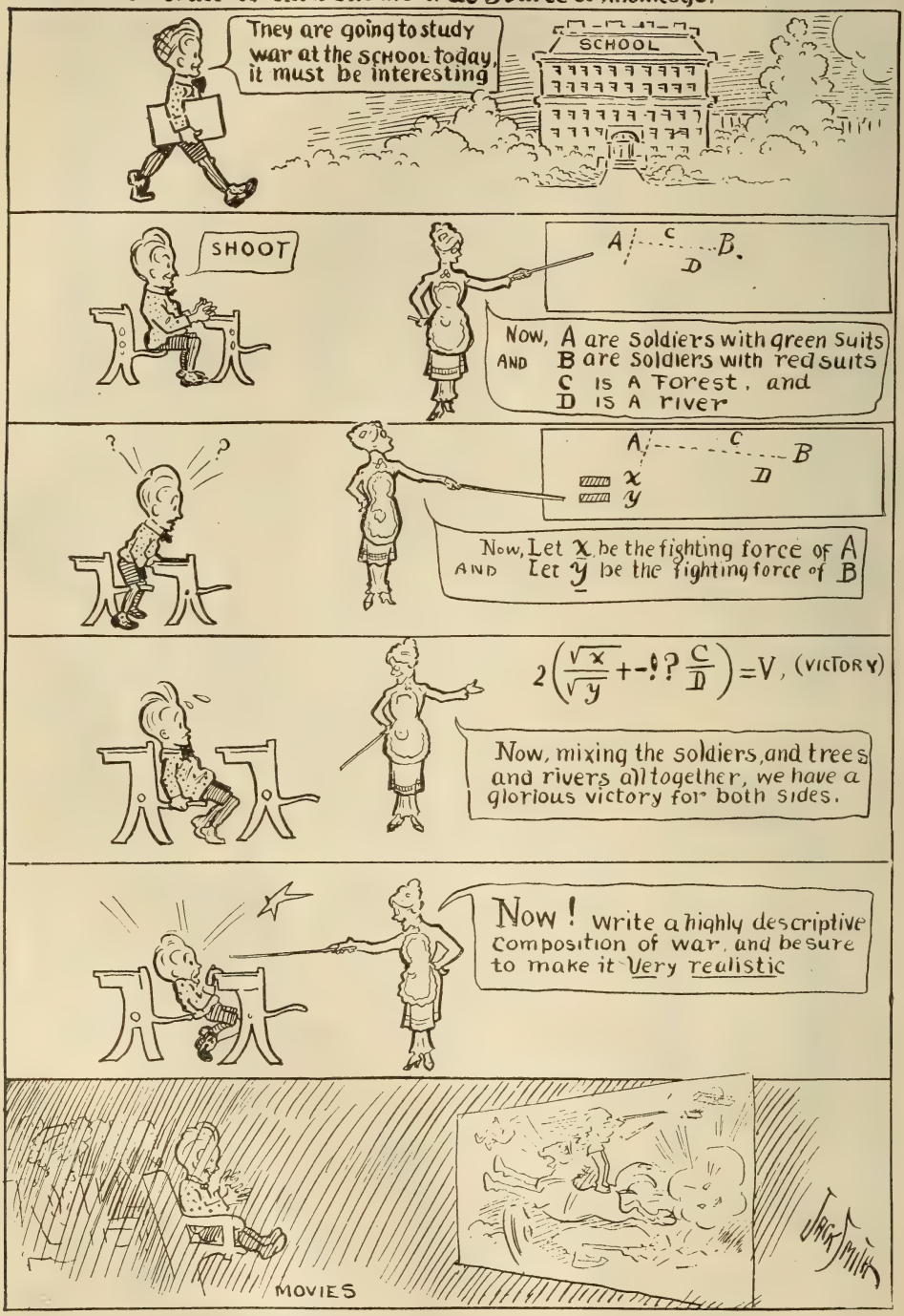



RICHARD TRAVERS

# Institutions

"KNOW THE TRUTH AND IT SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

THE Motion Picture Boy Makes A Study in order to find out the true Source of knowledge.


They are going to study war at the SCHOOL today, it must be interesting
SCHOOL
SHOOT
A C B D
Now, A are Soldiers with green Suits
AND B are Soldiers with red suits
C IS A Forest, and
D IS A river
A C B D
x
y
Now, Let x be the fighting force of A
AND Let y be the fighting force of B
$2\left(\frac{\sqrt{x}}{\sqrt{y}} +-!? \frac{C}{D}\right) = V$, (VICTORY)
Now, mixing the soldiers, and trees and rivers all together, we have a glorious victory for both sides.
Now! write a highly descriptive composition of war, and be sure to make it Very realistic
MOVIES
JACK SMITH

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

BERNICE M. LEHMAN.—Right you be. Marguerite Loveridge in "Runaway June." I am sorry that I cannot number you among my admirers. It does me good to hear a good strong kick once in a while. I was just about to think I was perfect until I heard from you.

J. B.—So you do not like our simplified spelling? If I had my way we would simplify even more words than we do. Customs, laws, religions, arts, sciences, ideas, words, all things of life and value, change. Is English spelling alone of all human inventions, after so many changes, to be kept ever exempt from change? Is there anything that needs change more than our spelling? Reason and economy dictate that what we write or print should represent only and exactly what we hear and speak, so let us drop out all superfluous letters and spell our words as we pronounce them.

MARION S. W.—You are in error. Our country prospered amazingly during the Civil War. In 1860 the population was 31,443,321, and in 1870 it was 38,558,371; the national wealth expanded from $16,-159,616,000 to $30,068,518,000, and our industries throve as never before, the number of manufacturing plants increasing from 140,433 to 252,148. That was King Baggot in that Imp.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO.—Thank you for that dandy pamphlet. Yes, every farm is a factory, and farm-factories are the difference between panic and prosperity, food and famine. Back to the farms! Wish I could live on one.

GERALDINE W.—Yes, a great many old photoplays are now being reissued. This magazine advocated and prophesied this very thing over three years ago. In the words of the poet, "We are the people and must be recognized." Monroe Salisbury had the lead in "The Goose-Girl."

H. M. WEBER.—I really owe you an apology and here it is with my hat off and my head bowed low in humiliation. I have just found your letter in a pile of answered letters where it was placed by mistake. I crave forgiveness. Earle Williams has publicly denied that he is married. I do not know who Mona is. Tefft Johnson is still playing and directing for Vitagraph.

C. W. F., NYACK.—I have recorded your vote against Keystone comedies and vulgarity; only a few more votes and they will be elected. I am sure I do not know how those patent-leather shoes got onto William Wadsworth when he went up that ladder as a bricklayer, unless it be that he himself put them on, by mistake. So you think that Chaplin comedies are not as wholesome and clean as they might be? Perhaps he will see this and mend his ways. I, too, think he should.

MARY B., ST. LOUIS.—Pauline Bush was the girl in "The Hopes of Blind Alley." Right you be. We are all half animal and half angel. The thing is not to avoid either, but to improve both.

JACK VOITEK, TEXAS CITY.—Your joke about Owen Moore (Owin' more) is good, but I have heard it before with slight variations. Thanks, nevertheless. You say that the Bible is a father's book because the word father appears in it 1,650 times, whereas the word mother appears only 311 times.

HAPPY JACK.—Helen Gardner is not located as yet. Glad you liked "How Cissy Made Good." Did you recognize me in it?

CAROLYN, N. Y.—Evelyn Greely in "The Helping Hand" (Essanay). Harris Gordon was Larry in "M. Nickola Dupree." Sidney Deane was the Prince in "The Goose-Girl" (Famous Players).

E. B., NASHVILLE.—I do not particularly object to the perfumed spray that some theaters use, except that I object to hiding unpleasant odors with pleasant ones. If a theater is properly ventilated it does not need perfumed sprays, altho even then they are pleasant to most people. A properly ventilated theater should have at least 500 cubic feet of fresh air admitted every hour for every occupant. It should also have at least one outlet and one inlet at opposite ends of the theater, and electric fans to keep the air in motion over the heads of the occupants. Perfume does not create fresh air; it only disguises bad air. And you are still for Kerrigan?

RUTH C., OHIO.—Your letter was all very nice; but you must ask some questions, or there is nothing for me to say.

E. E. J.—Shall tell the Editor you want a chat with Irma Pixley.

MADELINE D.—Let's get action here. Belle Adair was Dallas in "The Man of the Hour" (World). Write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz.

I. W., ILL.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood at the Santa Barbara studio in California.

VIRGINIA S.—You know more about the private affairs of the players than I do. So you did not shiver when you saw "In the Days of Famine," and the sub-title read that it was 30 degrees below zero. That seemed to be due to carelessness in directing. A good director can make you shiver with the cold, even if the film is done in the studio in midsummer. They use chopped paper, salt and chalk for snow and ice.

MAURICE H.—William Garwood is with Universal. Address Marion Fairbanks at Thanhouser Co., New Rochelle, N. Y. I would advise you not to go to California for a position, unless you are sure of getting it, for it's a long, long way to Tipperary. Patronize home industries first.

DELORE C.—Your letter was very interesting. Ormi Hawley or Ethel Clayton.

MARGUERITE C.—You say you are mad at the Universal Co. Have you written them about it yet? Better tell them you want Warren Kerrigan to play better parts.

WILLIAM S.—Glad you read the magazine. You might try writing a photoplay on "Daniel in the Lion's Den," with the Secretary of the Navy in the stellar rôle. But perhaps Mr. Daniels would rather play the lion's part.

MELVA.—Fraunie Fraunholtz opposite Olga Petrova in "The Tigress." As I have said before, I dont know how large Russia's standing army is—so many of them lay down. So you want me to devote a page to the butlers, servants and messengers. Who are they?—their names never appear on the casts.

OLGA, 17.—You here again? You say that "Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his dotage he is a fool. If he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a check he is a thief; then the law raises the deuce with him. If he is a poor man he is a poor manager; if he is rich he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you cant place him, as he is an 'undesirable citizen.' If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy and a 'tightwad.' When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him—before he goes out everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young 'there was a great future before him'; if he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way, 'only living to save funeral expenses.'" Seems to me I have read this before. Did you write it?

FRANCES H.—Let me know how you like the SUPPLEMENT. I am sorry you were all mixed up last month. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are still playing opposite.

FRANCES C.—Always write to the players in care of the company. I believe that there are twenty or twenty-five millions of loyal citizens in the U. S. who are in sympathy with Germany. But what of it, if they are loyal citizens?

ELIZABETH H.—Ned Finley, Edith Storey and Ada Gifford were in Hendersonville, N. C., last year.

GABY.—You ask the date when the Nebraskan blew up. Which Nebraskan do you mean? You think that Mr. Bryan hopes to get the German vote? What! On a grape-juice platform.

GLAD BAD, SARA W. H., ETHELYN MAE, CONSTANCE M. V.—Your letters were all interesting, but you failed to ask questions, so I am struck dumb.

KENNETH A. G.—Your letter was quite a puzzle. I would advise you to get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House.

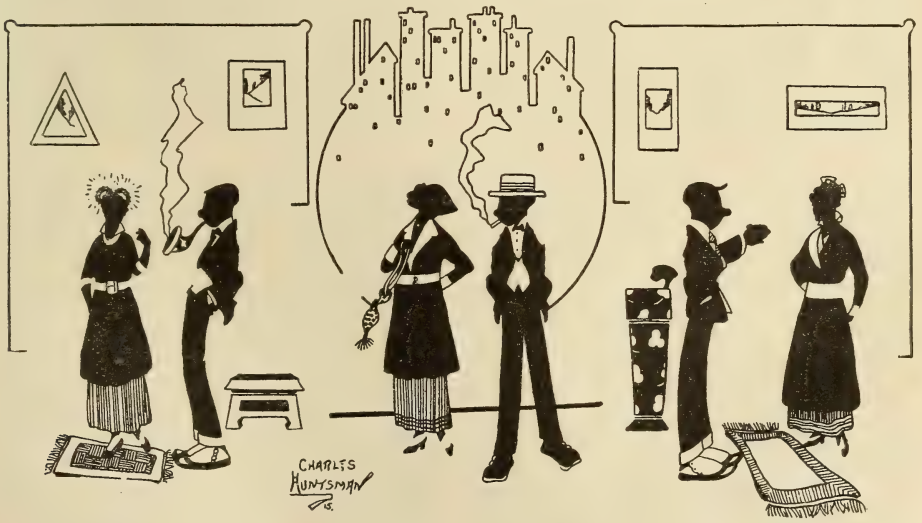
OLIVE, JR.—Always glad to hear from you. Yours are always worth while.

GRACE Z.—I have no opinion to offer as to whether the Balkan states will enter the war. Everybody seems to believe that they will; but I am wondering who put the "balk" in Balkan.

N. C. R., CHATTANOOGA.—Write Kalem for a picture of Marguerite Courtot. Gerda Holmes with United. Charlie Chaplin is about twenty-five years old. I think you will fare better if you strive to idealize the real rather than to realize the ideal. Trying the former produces the latter.

EDITH A. J.—Ask any cable office, or write direct to companies. Not of general interest.

KID KERRIGAN.—Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Black Box." George Larkin is with Selig.




SHE — Before we were married you took me to the movies every night.

HE—Yes, and that's just the reason why I cant do it now.

MAY—Why do all the movies use the slide, "Ladies will please remove their hats"?

JIM—In order to give the rats an opportunity to see the show.

HUBBY — Before I was married I always had money for the movies.

WIFEY—And now—

HUBBY—And now you always have it.

J. H. A., NEWARK.—You no doubt refer to Pauline Bush, of Universal, who played opposite Warren Kerrigan, in American plays, four years ago.

E. Z. MARK.—Keystone dont give casts for all of their plays. I question your wisdom, for a wise man never puts on exhibition all the power he possesses; he always holds something in reserve.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Ray McKee in "Taming Percival" (Lubin). So you want to see more of Donald Hall. You are right; but if you persist in saying what you like you must expect to hear what you dont like. Mary Fuller is playing regularly.

A. T. W.—Viva Edwards was the daughter in "Willful Ambrose." Sydney Chaplin in "Gussie's Downward Path."

ANNETTE G. B.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "Aunt Mary" (Selig). Richard Stanton and Margaret Thompson in "Sons of Toil" (Domino). Helen Badgeley and Leland Benham in "Big Brother Bill" (Thanhouser). Paul Kelly was the boy and Lucille Hammill the girl in "The Closing of the Circuit" (Vita.).

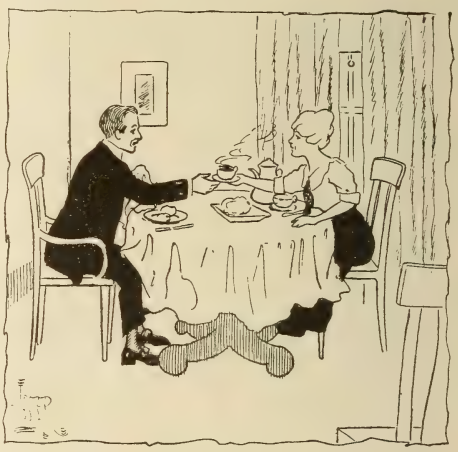
CORINTHIC V.—M. Faust was James in "The Poor Relation." Millicent Evans and Mildred Manning were the daughters. Ivan Christy and Augusta Anderson in "All for Business" (Biograph). Isabel Rae and Alfred Paget in "The Fleur-de-lys Ring." Mr. Paget is not now with them.

MORTON M. G., TEKOA, WASH.; LENA H.; EDITH O.; HENRY F. K., and MAUDE W.—Your letters were very interesting.

THE OLD WAY

"Oh dear! I spent three dollars at the club last night, and all I've got to show for it today is a head."

AND



THE NEW

"Say, honey, that was a dandy show we saw last night, eh?"

"Yes, indeed, Bob! And all for ten cents, too."

KERRIGANETTE.—Eileen Sedgwick was Rose in "The Eagle's Nest." Jane Gail was opposite King Baggot in "The Streets of Make-Believe" (Imp). Walter Edwards and Clara Williams in "The Human Octopus" (K. F.).

DALONITE.—Ethel Clifton was the wife in "The Secret Room" (Kalem). Payton Gibbs was the Indian. William Burke was Pug Wilson in "Life's Game" (Vita.).

ROMONA.—Albert Roccardi was the uncle and Ralph Ince the nephew in "Too Much Uncle" (Vitagraph). John E. Mackin was the husband in "The Show-Girl's Glove (Kalem). Josie Sadler in "The Coney Island Nightmare" (Vita.).

HERMAN.—There is an old proverb that runs "He is the best judge who knows the least," that seems to fit your case. You admit that you know nothing about directing, yet you are able to point out a fault which was overlooked by an expert. Glad you liked that Selig.

EKIE S. L.—There is a good deal of truth in your letter; but how are you going to stop it? How are you going to stop the stars from getting publicity in fair weather?

CHIC-CHIC, HARRISBURG, PA.—Your questions are all out of order. Heap much thanks for the bandanna handkerchief. Is that the kind you use in your State? If so we'll have to call it a Penn-wiper. You say that the angel in "Dr. Rameau" was not convincing and she should have been a blonde. Are all angels blondes? Anyway, all blondes are not angels. "Dr. Rameau" was a great play, but it should have ended where Dr. R. makes up with his child. Dorothy Bernard was the star.

ALBERT E. R.—Laura Sawyer is not playing at present. Donald Hall still with Vitagraph. No such person on the cast.

MELVA.—What! Again? Yes, Olga Petrova is a fine player. Have handed yours to the Editor.

HICKORY BOB.—Dolly Larkin was the girl in "Siren of the Desert" (Lubin). I cant say that I approve of giving the name of each character on the screen as he enters, particularly if it stretches out thru 'most all of the first part. It spoils the illusion, and we have to take our mind from the plot to memorize the name of some actor. It breaks up the thread of the story.

JIM JAM.—Mary Fuller was Mary in "The Judgment of Men" (Victor). Ethel Grandin had the lead in "Jane Eyre" (Imp). Charles Chaplin, English, and Mary Pickford, Canadian.

SPOILING THE ATMOSPHERE

DIRECTOR (at rehearsal)—Hold on! Put more go in that kiss, Miss Starr—act as if you liked it!

MISS STARR—B-but I cant! He's been eating onions!

MAURICE H.—William Scott and Irene Wallace in "In the Amazon Jungle" (Selig). Marin Sais and Thomas Lingham in "The Closed Door" (Kalem). Virginia Kirtley and Robyn Adair in "Two Brothers and a Girl" (Selig). Elsie McLeod and Thomas McEvoy in "Her Husband's Honor" (Kalem). Gladys Hulette in "The Wrong Woman" (Edison). Joseph McDermott, Walter Coyle and Ivan Christy in "The First Piano in Camp" (Biograph). That's the way to round them up.

LILLIAN GRIFFITH.—I appreciate your excellent verses very much, and have passed them to the Editor. Thank you a whole lot. The total cost of running the City of New York for one year is $192,877,694.08, of which 31 per cent. goes to pay interest on bonds, etc., and 22 per cent. for education.

MELVA.—How you are going to drink out of a street fountain without taking the powder off of your nose is beyond me. Dont you know that you should keep your nose out of your drinking water? Glen White was John Garrison in "Wildfire."

E. C. S., LOUISVILLE.—An interview with Marguerite Snow in October, 1914. James Cruze is still with Thanhouser and has just returned from California. The national wealth of the United States is estimated at $187,739,000,000. That of Germany before the war was estimated at $77,864,000,000, and of the British Empire, $108,280,000,000.

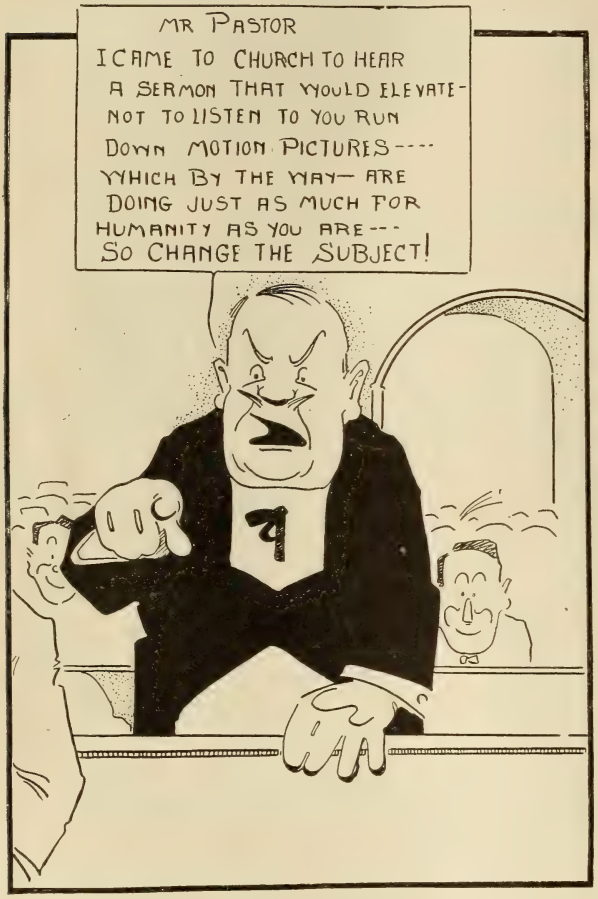
TRIXIE OF THE WEST.—John Hines was Red in "Alias Jimmie Valentine" (World). Harold Lockwood in "Hearts Adrift." That was Jack Standing.

ESTELLE D.—Bessie Barriscale in "Cup of Life" (N. Y. M. P.). Frank Borzage opposite her. Nell Craig in "Return of Richard Neil" (Essanay).

DAUGHT AND DOCTOR.—Edna Maison and Ray Gallagher in "Roses and Thorns" (Universal). Pat O'Malley was Bob in "According to Their Lights" (Edison).

M. N. O., BERKELEY.—John Hines was Red. I never liked that play you speak of because it is based on the old mother-in-law joke. I cannot forget that every mother-in-law is somebody's mother.

BEATRICE F.—Didaco Chellini was the princess in "Cabiria." Just send in your fifteen cents and we will send you any back number that we are not out of. Yes, it looks like Bryan again—this time on a Peace and Prohibition platform. He is supposed to have been dead and buried several times, but, like a cat, he has nine lives. He asked the American public to


MR PASTOR
I CAME TO CHURCH TO HEAR
A SERMON THAT WOULD ELEVATE-
NOT TO LISTEN TO YOU RUN
DOWN MOTION PICTURES----
WHICH BY THE WAY— ARE
DOING JUST AS MUCH FOR
HUMANITY AS YOU ARE---
SO CHANGE THE SUBJECT!

sit in judgment on his decision to resign, and they have sat—on him. Have a glass of grape-juice with me? No, no, for it seems to be intoxicating.

COUNT PENNIES.—Stanley Walpole and Norbert Myles in "Lure of the West" (Eclair). Katherine LaSalle in "Innocent Sinner" (Kalem). Kenneth Davenport was Jim in "Maid o' the Mountains" (Biograph). *Quantum libet* means "As much as you please." Robert Leonard and Ella Hall in "The Master Key."

GORDON B.—Francelia Billington was the eldest daughter in "The Runaway Freight." Since you say that that theater is always crowded, I will not go, however good the program might be. I once got a stitch in my side by being hemmed in by a crowd at a theater.

HELEN H.—William Dangman is Freddy the Ferret in "The Goddess," and one dandy ferret he is. Arthur Hoops was Douglas in "The Straight Road" (Famous Players). You must learn to make use of your knowledge. Education is the means, not the end.

JANE AND BUG.—Donald Hall was Lincoln Hammon in "Elsa's Brother" (Vitagraph). Yes, Owen Moore with Keystone.

JOHN A.—Too bad you didn't send along those cherries, for my mouth waters for them. Yours was very interesting.

MARIE, 15.—Harold Lockwood with American, and Bryant Washburn with Essanay. I advise you to think oftener of your friends and less often of your enemies. You should be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts.

MERCEDES, 20.—Tom Mix was Chip in "Whip of the Flying W" (Selig). Leah Baird is still with Vitagraph.

J. A. L.—You refer to Lloyd Hamilton in the "Ham" Kalems. Copyright on a book lasts twenty-eight years, but may be renewed.

FRANK D. E.—Walter Connelly was Prince Ching in "The Marked Woman" (World). Cyril Gottlieb was the boy. Send to the Film Portrait Co., 127 First Place, Brooklyn, for their list of names of players.

MARY F.—Dont know where Yale Boss will go. Glad you like Billie Ritchie. Somebody has called him the Emperor of Fun, Sultan of Mirth, President of Joy, King of Fools and Creator of Laughter, and some hurl similar epithets at Charles Chaplin, Sidney Drew, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, *et al.*

BILLIE B.—Thanks for the snaps.

JEANNE.—And you also raving about Donald Hall. If you cant do well at your present work, do as well as you can, and try to find something that you can do better. There's plenty of room at the top, and the bottom is crowded.

VIOLA S.—Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "Reformation" (American). The actor you speak of fell because he made too much money and thought he had to spend it. Anybody can stand poverty, but very few can stand prosperity.

MAY B.—Thanks for yours. W. Merkyl was the earl in "Gretna Green."

MYRA H., OAKLAND.—Kathryn Adams opposite Edwin Breese in "The Shooting of Dan McGrue" (Paramount). Harold Lockwood opposite Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower" (Paramount). Henrietta Crosman in that last.

WHIG, PRINCETON.—Viola Dana and Robert Conness in "House of the Lost Count" (Edison). Thanks for the grapes, which I enjoyed muchly. By the way, grapes are a much abused fruit. They are called grapes when fresh, raisins when dried, plums when in a pudding, wine when crushed, grapefruit when they bear no resemblance to grapes, and grapenuts when they are neither grapes nor nuts.

BETTY BELL.—I always answer your questions. Albert Roscoe opposite Beverly Bayne in "The Opal Ring."

AMICUS.—Eileen Sedgwick was the girl in "The Eagle's Nest" (Lubin). Dot Bernard in "The Second Commandment" (Kalem). Fred Truesdell was the captain and Vernon Stelle was Paul in "Hearts in Exile" (World).

BETTY, 15.—Eileen Sedgwick was the girl. Florence LaBadie was Florence in "The Adventure of Florence."

MARIE.—Yours are always interesting. Indeed! Wonderful! Beyond my powers of belief!

EFFIE A. B.—Harry Myers opposite Rosemary Theby with Victor. Dorothy Kelly was Tommy in "A Madcap Adventure."

MISS E. M. J.—Oh, yes; I get out of my cage once in a while. If you all insist on writing such very long letters we shall have to get another Answer Man—yes, two or three of them.

ELOISE B.—Joseph Kaufman was John in "The Furnace Man" (Lubin). Charles West and Claire McDowell had the leads in "Just a Kid" (Biograph). You ask how many companies there are. My answer is, about 9,867,986, more or less; probably more. Like certain other things, there is a new one born every minute. You may send a stamped envelope for our list, but there are only seventy-three on it—companies, not fools!

MARIE T.—Thanks for the candy. Please note that when I am asked to compare the work of players or of companies I always observe a judicious silence.

PYTHIAS 1ST.—Bert Delaney was the boy in "The Undertow" (Thanhouser). You ask me if I know that Donald McBride is the second best comedian and that Billie Ritchie is the worst? No, I never knew that.

NOVEMBER GIRL.—Robert Warwick had the lead in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." William Stowell and Edith Johnson in "The Hand of Mahawee" (Selig). Wallace Beery was the hobo in "Done in Wax" (Essanay). Franklyn Hall and Edith Johnson in "His Jungle Sweetheart" (Selig). Stuart Morris was Bob in "Wildfire." The Essanay Company has many new players.

ROMPAYNE.—Neva Gerber and Webster Campbell in "Naughty Henrietta." William Hart was Dave in "Roughneck." George Walsh was the son in "The Son of the Dog."

"I see that the schools are going to use Moving Pictures to teach geography."

"Well, I guess that's the only way to keep up with European geography."

M. H. E.—Darwin Karr was the lead in "Guttersnipe" (Vitagraph). Owen Moore was Mabel's sweetheart in "Mabel Lost and Won" (Keystone). You want a picture of Creighton Hale? Creighton, my lad, kindly step forward and have your picture took.

DOROTHY L.—Margaret Prussing was Grace in "According to Their Lights" (Edison). Mary Pickford in "Little Pal." I don't think her popularity is waning very much, altho some people think that it is.

TUBBIE.—You ask me if I know what note of music is most important to the photoplayer. I should say that *b natural* was. Do I go to the head of the class? Monroe Salisbury opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose-Girl."

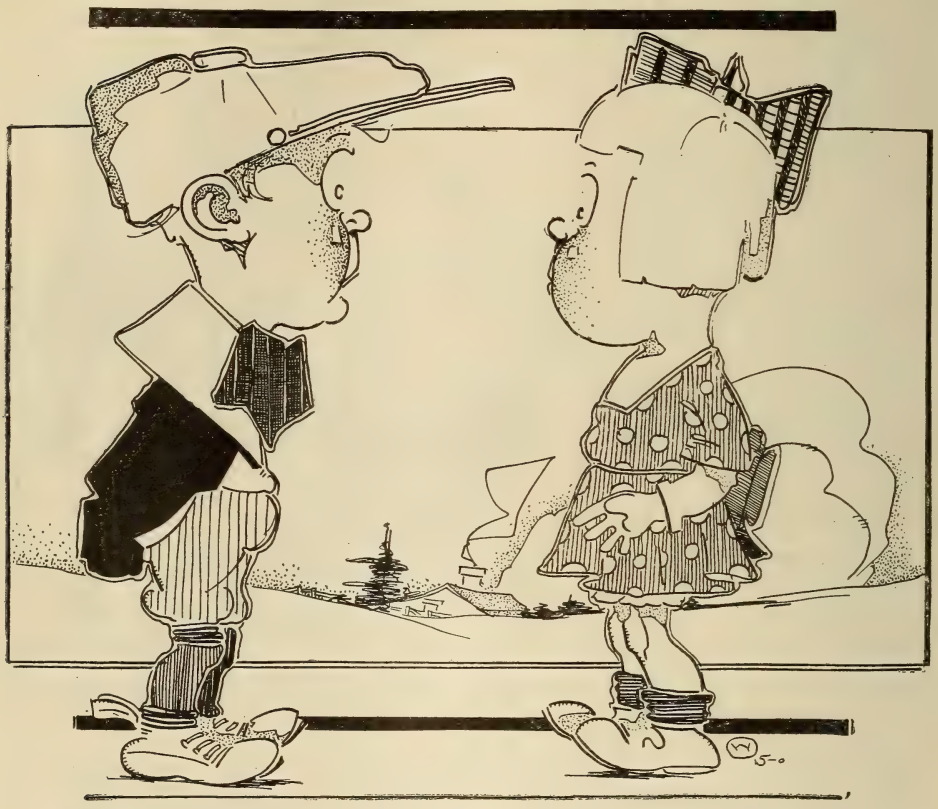
FANCHON Y.—Delphine Fielding was the heiress in "Cards Never Lie" (Victor). Mattie Edwards in "It Happened on Washday" (Lubin).

L. K. R.—Margaret Thompson opposite Shorty Hamilton in "Shorty Turns Judge" (Kay-Bee). Gertrude Norman was the aunt in "May Blossom."

LITTLE MARY.—You here again? The blind girl is not on the cast in "Her Triumph." Leila Bliss was Letitia in "The Pretty Mrs. Smith."

CHRISTINE.—James Cruze has brown eyes. Yes, he is in California. I dont know whether he is an "artist at love-making" or not, for I am no judge of such things. Sorry, but you were a little too late for September.

LEONARD MC.—You ask for several books, but you forgot something. "Here Lies" sells for 25 cents. Get the Kalem Kalendar from Kalem, and write to our circulation department about portraits with subscription.



SHE—When I get big I'm going to belong to a Motion Picture Company.
HE—Gee! When I get big I want a Motion Picture Company to belong to me.

MOVIE FAN.—Cecile Arnold was the girl in "Caught in a Park" (Keystone). I dont know who is the most versatile actress, but I know that Edith Storey can do about anything from toe-dancing to tragedy and comedy, and that everything she does she does well.

ALFRED D.—Norma Phillips was the girl in that series. Al E. Christie is at Western Universal. From a stamp, up, but no fees are necessary. You refer to the 25th verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra, which contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter "j."

BULLET.—Ena Purviance the maid in "Work." Yes; Owen Moore.

MOVIE FAN.—Glad you liked the colored portraits that came with your subscription. Write Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., about the Correspondence Club. Cecile Arnold was the girl in "Caught in a Park" (Keystone). Victor G. Lundeen, Fergus Falls, Minn., are the publishers of William Lord Wright's book, "The Motion Picture Story," which sells for $2.00.

A. R. Y., U. S. S. UTAH.—You refer to Raymond Hackett as Jack in "The Siren of Corsica" (Lubin). Audrey Berry, Billy Jacobs, Bobby Connelly, Helen Badgeley, Andrew Clark, Baby Lillian Wade and Marie Eline are all child players.

ROMAINNETTE.—Arthur Matthews was Ned, and Edgar Jones was Jim in "Courage and the Man" (Lubin). No cast for that Kleine. Alfred Vosburgh, Jane Novak, Mrs. Jay Hunt and Jack Mower in "Hunting a Husband" (Vitagraph). I hear that Mr. Vosburgh and Miss Novak played a similar romance in real life recently. Mabel Kelly, and Ada Utley was Lily in "Sunny Jim at the Mardi Gras." No, my dear, I cant even tell the difference between a toadstool and mushroom.

HILDA H.—Beatrice Michelena had the lead in "Phyllis of the Sierras." Herbert Rawlinson was Sanford Quest in "Black Box" series.

MEG R., OHIO.—The best book I can refer you to is "How Moving Pictures are Made and Worked" (Talbot), which we sell for $1.65 postpaid. About 100 scenes in a three-reel drama, but sometimes 150, and sometimes 75. Perhaps the copyright ran out. That wasn't our fault.

MELVA.—You have written one of the most profound letters that I have ever received. The lessons that you draw from the seeing of "Quo Vadis?" are worthy of an older head than yours. I am going to ask the Editor to publish your letter.

FRIEDA K.—I really cannot give you any information on how to become a player. There are 1,000 applicants for every job.

W. T. H.—So the printer got you mixed up with W. H. T., and you declare that you are one and the same. Can it be that you are leading a double life? Your numerous Brooklyn friends will be pleased to know that you have moved to a civilized community and are now a resident of 105 Dean St., Brooklyn. Am anxiously awaiting *Henderson's Monthly.*

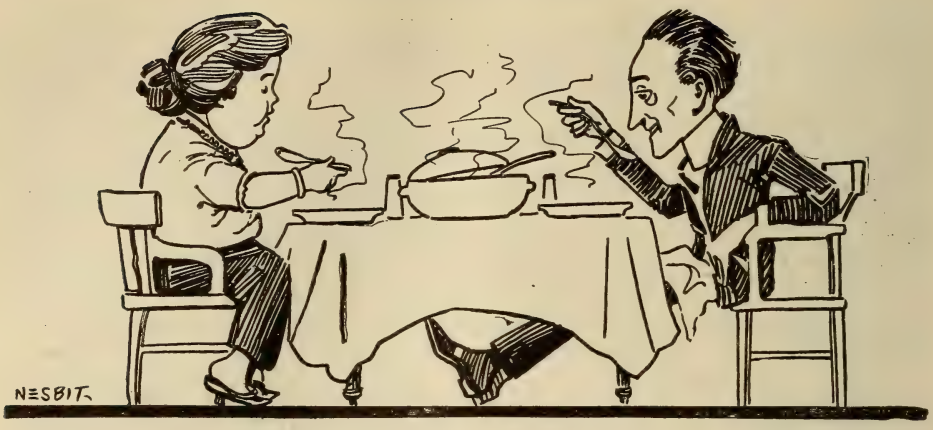
PAULA.—Arthur Allardt is with Kalem. Your letter is very interesting. Oh, fiddlesticks! You are all wrong. You must not take me too seriously. Alas and alack that my marvelous jokes should thus go to waste!

DUE WARNING!

RANDOLPH.—Sorry, but we have no trace of Catherine Henderson. She is apparently not playing at present. I know of no better school for the young dramatist than a study of Motion Pictures, which have done more for contemporary drama than any other agency.

KATHERINE S.—Francis Ford was the chief of police in "Nabbed." So you think you know me. Some one was trying to have some fun with you, I guess. I am unknowable and interminable.

SUNSHINE F.—Lasky have a studio in New York. House and Page are brothers. The verses will be sent to Miss Hall.




REEL RHYMES OF MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack Spratt, he was not fat,
His dear wife was not lean;
Each afternoon, these two would spoon—
Around the soup-tureen.

Then after lunch, say two o'clock,
They'd take a walk about a block
To see a Motion Picture play—
Which left them happy, blithe and gay.

CHAS. CARLYLE SIMPSON.—I thank you for your excellent verses of commendation. I doff my hat to you, sir.

HELEN H.—So you want a chat with Edna Purviance. Estimates differ as to the number of persons who attend Motion Pictures daily in this country, but according to the government reports for last year the figure was 10,000,000.

GENEVIEVE C.—Jack Holt and Dorothy Brown in "The Flash" (Rex). Mr. Fenton was Mario in "The Star of the Sea" (Rex). Joe King in "Diana of Eagle Mountain." Gertrude Robinson in "Strongheart." Tom Forman and Gertrude Bambrick in "Virtue Its Own Reward" (Rex).

VYRGYNYA.—Yours are always interesting, and I wish you would quiz me oftener.

DEMING, N. MEX.—I really cannot tell you why Kathlyn Williams is not more popular. Perhaps you dont hear of her popularity.

REV. R. G. SHANNONHOUSE, EDGEFIELD, S. C.—I got the very suggestive clipping that you enclosed, and I here quote from it: "The question is not 'Can animals reason?' 'Can they talk?' 'Have they a soul?' But 'Have they feeling?' and 'Can they suffer?'" You say that you want the manufacturers to produce more films for the benefit of the Humane Society, and I agree with you that they should.

VERITA.—Jack Richardson is the ideal villain, but I haven't his stage career. Selig have a company in Edendale, Cal. That Essanay was the wrong title.

D. M. B., SODUS.—Thanks for the stamp. Ruth Roland and Robert Gray in "Old Isaacson's Diamonds" (Kalem). Yours was very interesting.

IRENE F. W., BUFFALO.—You say Earle Williams knows the art of making love. Do you mean that his particular style appeals to you? Some think that he is too tame, but if you girls differ, how can an old chap like I decide such a foolish question? Yes, come again.

NELLIE L.—Thanks for the postals. The portrait is very pretty. Antonio Moreno is still with Vitagraph. Marguerite Gibson opposite Alfred Vosburgh in "Only a Sister" (Vitagraph).

RICHARD I.—House Peters opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Captive" (Lasky). It was taken in California. Betty Bellaire and Wilfred Lucas in "A Spanish Jade." Harry Morey's picture in October, 1914, and chat in June, 1915.

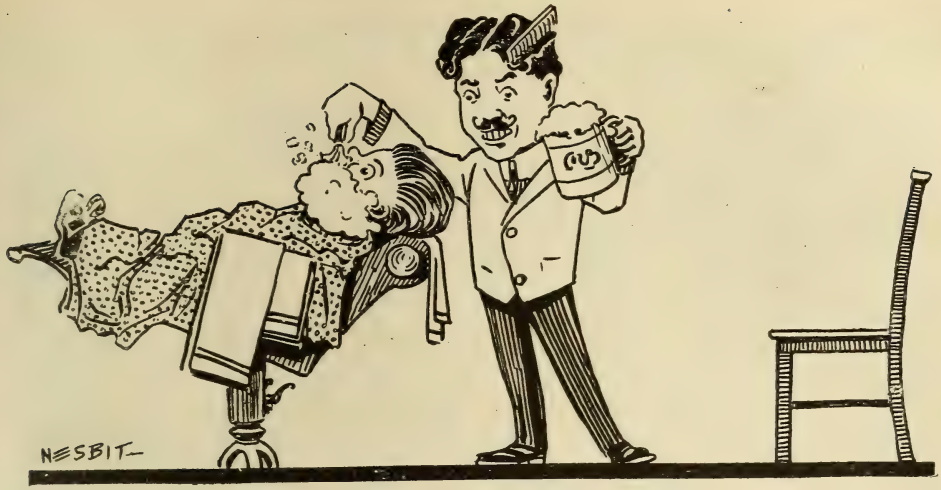
LEE W. E.—Blanche Sweet is a blonde. She was in that Biograph. You will have to judge for yourself which is the best company. Many people think that Biograph once was, in the good old days when you and I were young, Maggie.

OLGA, 17.—Cheer up, O gloomy one; it's a long road that has no turning, every cloud has a silver lining, the tide must turn some time, and all that sort of thing. Hope may bud when it is cloudy, but it blooms only in the sunshine. Dont you know that every soul on earth has its troubles, and that there are thousands who have greater troubles than yours? Once more, then—all together now—cheer up! Much thanks for the enclosure.

JOSEPHINE V. S.—William Howard was James in "His Father's Rifle." Guy Oliver was Kirke in the above. No cast for "Beulah."

BERENICE S.—You think the Magazine and I are the best yet, excepting Mary Pickford. Thanks. Perhaps your theater discontinued that serial.

I. A. M. FORMORRIS.—Some players answer letters, others give them to their secretaries.




REEL RHYMES OF MOTHER GOOSE.

Barber, barber, shave me quick!
Fix me up so I look slick;
Tonight's the night that I've longed for.
My heart with joy fills more and more;
A Motion Picture play I'll see,
In which the hero looks like me.

IDELLA D. H.—George Fischer was Jack in "The Darkening Trail" (Broncho). Charles Clary had the title rôle in 'Strathmore" (Mutual). Madeline Travers was Sonia in "Three Weeks." William Riley Hatch was Presbrey in "The Plunderer." Harry Springler was the partner. Just too late for September; sorry.

GLENORA F.—Write all the players at the companies'. Marguerite Clarke is about 28 years old, more or less—possibly a few more, but they say even less.

RED, TORONTO.—Louis Bennison was Mr. Smith No. 1, and Forrest Stanley was Mr. Smith No. 2 in "The Pretty Mrs. Smith" (Morosco). Leila Bliss was Leila. Louis Mortelle was the spy in "Spy's Sister" (Lubin). W. Merkyl was the Earl in "Gretna Green." Lucille Hammill was the girl in "The Closing of the Circuit."

M. E. T.—Victor Pedro de Cordoba was Phillip in "Little White Violet" (Universal). If I did not pay my readers the attention they deserved last month, it was because I just lighted out of town for a short vacation and left my work behind. I came back refreshed and promise to stick to my last and to my readers as long as they stick to me.

ISABELLA, 17.—All the "Who Pays" series are taken in California. You must give the title of the play. Beverly Bayne opposite Francis Bushman in "Dear Old Girl." David Powell opposite Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of To-morrow."

MAE G.—Francis Bushman's address, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Thanks.

WILLIAM C.—Just put the name you want your answer to appear under at the top of your letter; also whether it is for the Supplement or Magazine. Velma Whitman was the leading woman in "Life's Lottery" (Kalem). Sorry you were not answered before.

VYRGYNYA.—Warren Kerrigan was Tony in "The Guardian of the Flocks" (Victor). Surprised you didn't recognize him. On an average, about thirty-five positives are made from Motion Picture negatives.

E. B. E., 872.—Francis Bushman has never been with Solax. Russell Bassett was Hamdi in "The Morals of Mareno. Yours was very interesting.

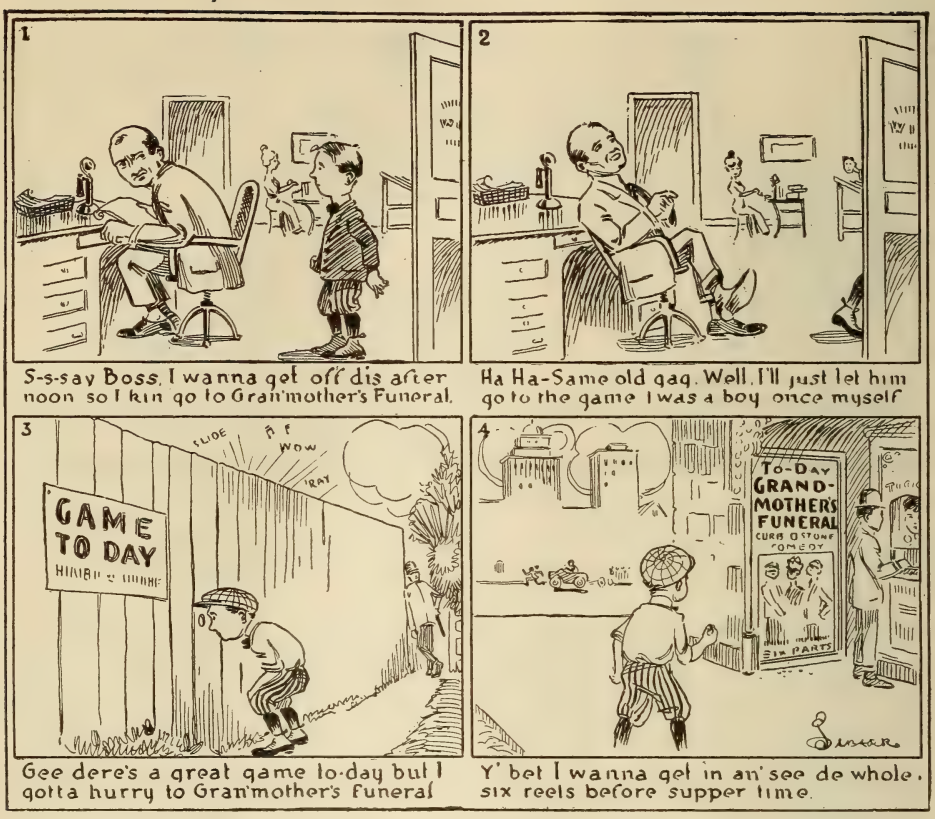
CLAUDIA C.—You ask, "Don't you think Pavlowa's ankles are awfully large?" I never noticed them. All dancers have stocky legs. You are wrong. There is no dispute about the *Gulflight*. Germany explained that the sinking of her was a mistake; but it was to prevent little "mistakes" like this that the international law requires that vessels shall be boarded and examined before being sunk.

UNEEDA BISCUIT.—Thanks for the instrument. There is nothing the matter with Mary Pickford's health that I know of. She looks as good to me as ever.

RUTH I. B.—Constance Johnson was Grandon's wife, and George Anderson was Grandon in "Little Pal" (Famous Players). Willis Sweatnam was Sassafras in "County Chairman."

M. O. Z., DETROIT.—You want to see Lloyd Hamilton without his mustache. It will make a fine hair mattress when he cuts it off. The cost of producing a five-reel feature varies considerably, but according to the report made by the government last year the average cost is between $10,000 and $15,000.

B. V. D.—Tie a silk thread around the wart, and it will drop off, or burn it with nitric acid. Eugene Cowles wrote "Robin Hood." Have handed yours to the Editor.


1
S-s-say Boss, I wanna get off dis after noon so I kin go to Grandmother's Funeral.
2
Ha Ha-Same old gag. Well, I'll just let him go to the game I was a boy once myself
3
GAME TO DAY
Gee dere's a great game to-day but I gotta hurry to Grandmother's Funeral
4
TO-DAY GRAND-MOTHER'S FUNERAL
SIX PARTS
Y' bet I wanna get in an' see de whole six reels before supper time.

THE ADVENTURES OF TRUTHFUL WILLIE

MOVIE MAD.—You must sign your name, please. That was a double rôle that Barbara Tennant played in "The Butterfly." Goldie Colwell opposite Tom Mix in "Slim Higgins" (Selig). That must be a remarkable animal that you have. Reminds me of the cat owned by Joe Murray, of Westville, Conn., which had two noses, two mouths and three eyes. Both mouths had to be fed.

HEYWOOD-DU BOIS, CHICAGO.—Just read the little note under the second cast, and you will then understand. Thanks for the fee. It is a little larger than I have been getting. I will buy myself a motor-yacht if this keeps up.

BUDDY, MELROSE.—Gordon de Maine was John in "The Reward." No; I did not play in "Uncle Bill."

QUIZZ, PROVIDENCE.—You know I must insist upon every one signing his or her name and address to every letter. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a list of manufacturers. Stamp alone is insufficient. Antonio Moreno was chatted December, 1914.

BILLY E.—Kathlyn Williams and Gertrude Ryan were Vera and Alice in "The Rosary" (Selig).

MRS. N. A., QUINCY.—Write to American Co. for pictures from "Diamond from the Sky," but I doubt if they will supply you at any price.

GLADYS C. S.—If I have offended thee, good friend, pity and forgive the offender, but despise the offense.

BENNIE L.—Muriel Ostriche not located as yet since she left Vitagraph. Yours was very interesting, but awfully long. Your terminal facilities are more or less inefficient. I agree with you entirely. Judging from the photoplays we see, the Chinaman is a mere ignorant laundryman or scoundrel. We must not forget that the Chinaman gave us tea, compasses, printing presses, fans, umbrellas, kites, teapots, and, alas! gunpowder. There are just as good Chinamen as there are Englishmen.

ALICE B. N.—That was a wig Edith Storey wore in "The Island of Regeneration," for she is a brunette. Cora Drew is with Majestic. Ah, fly away, sweet flatterer! And yet, I blush with modest satisfaction. Never too old to blush.

ABE, 99.—Very pretty design you sent in. Nigel Debrullier was the minister in "Ghosts" (Mutual). John Emerson was Tom in "The Failure" (Mutual). Wallace Beery was Popova in "The Slim Princess."

BARA ADMIRER.—Yes, the Supplement is sold on the newsstands, but not on all of them. Theda Bara is quite "tall and willowy."

VERA O'N.—Thanks for the two pictures. You certainly are an athlete, and no doubt would make a good actress, but the next thing is to find the company. They are very scarce—for that purpose.

NELLIE.—Certainly I approve of the President's notes to Germany, only, instead of sending a *billet doux*, I think he should have sent a "Billy dont." You know Germany is contending for the freedom of the seize. The Editor will have a chat with Webster Campbell soon.

R. E. W., WAVERLY.—I haven't seen Essanay's play "Thirty," so cannot tell you where they got the title from. George Morgan is directing for Biograph. Thomas McEvoy was the husband in "Her Husband's Honor" (Kalem). Thanks an awful lot for the gum. I thought of you in every chew. Hudson Maxim chews real spruce gum.

GERTRUDE H.—Ernest Joy was Count Bois in "The Clue" (Lasky). Irene Fenwick was Frances Ward, Cyril Keightley was Richard Ward, Malcolm Duncan was Monty Ward, John Nicholson was Phil Cartwright in "The Spendthrift" (Kleine).

GERTIE.—Have handed yours to the Editor. You think the Russians will capture Przemysl again? Easier done than said.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Just write and send a stamped, addressed envelope to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., and he will tell you all about the Correspondence Club. Thanks for all you say.

ANNETTE G. B.—Florence Lee, Clarence Barr, Gus Pixley and Madge Kirby in "Saved from the Vampire" (Biograph). Miss Pina Menichelli and Giovanna Terribili in "The Rival Actresses" (Kleine). Wally Van and Nitra Frazer in "Welcome to Bohemia" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell and Lillian Christy in "When Youth Meets Youth." That is quite old. L. Shumway and Velma Whitman in "The Dream Dance" (Lubin). Edwin Wallock and Bessie Eyton in "The War o' Dreams" (Selig). Helen Rosson, Alan Forest and Ivan Hathaway in "The Forbidden Trail."

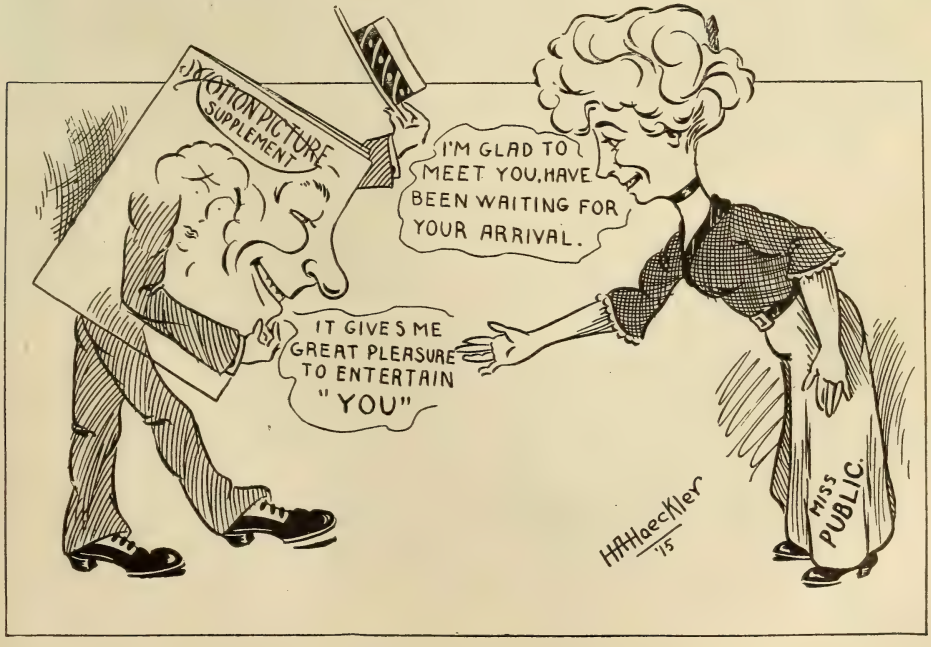
M. D. O'G.—George Sand wrote "Fanchon the Cricket," Grace Livingston Furniss wrote "Gretna Green," and Mary Germaine wrote "Wildflower."

GEORGE M., GLOVERSVILLE.—You should have sent a stamped, addressed envelope; otherwise we answer in the Magazine. There were Moving Pictures of Harry Thaw made and exhibited.

MAID MARIANNE.—Loraine Huling is with Pathé. We will perhaps have a chat with her soon.

L. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Robert Edeson had the lead in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Yes; William Farnum in "The Nigger." That Fox film was taken in California. Always write direct to the manufacturer for photographs.

PEGGY.—Anna Little with Universal. Billie Burke with the New York Motion Picture Co.; also Crane Wilbur. I hear that Beverly Bayne has left Essanay.


MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT
I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU. HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOUR ARRIVAL.
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ENTERTAIN "YOU"
MISS PUBLIC
H. H. Haeckler '15

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON

DORICA.—Again! Harry Benham had the lead in "The Merchant of Venice" (Thanhouser). Marie Weirman in "The Old Oaken Bucket" (Lubin). Peter Lang was Bug Russell in the same. Dont send Australian stamps. Send the International coupons, valued at five cents. All foreign subscribers will please see that sufficient postage is on the envelope.

AUST D.—Harry Myers was John, Brinsley Shaw was the villain, and Rosemary Theby was the wife in "The Attorney's Decision" (Lubin). Victor is Universal. Margaret Joslin was Sophia in "Slippery Slim and the Fortune-Teller" (Essanay). Mabel Trunnelle was Meg in "Meg o' the Mountain" (Edison). Roy Clark was Dominique in "The Going of the White Swan" (Selig). Tom Mix in that Selig.

EDNA C. M.—King Baggot was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1883. Alice Dovey and Donald Crisp in "The Commanding Officer." King Baggot and Arline Pretty in "The Five Pound Note" (Imp). David Powell was Dandy in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

V. HOPE.—Do you know we had to pay six cents due on your letter? We cant stand that, you know; times are too bad. George Méliès is at 326 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

MISSOURI.—Thomas Chatterton in that Domino. Margarita Fischer in "The Fight Against Evil." Guy Coombs was Congressman Gordon in "The Land Swindlers." Billie Rhodes was the wife in "The Baby's Fault" (Nestor).

M. L., NASHVILLE.—Most good writers do not bring on their star unannounced, nor early in the play, and when they do bring him on, they have prepared the way so that his entry is conspicuous. Observe how Shakespeare prepares the way for Hamlet, particularly in the fourth scene preceding his interview with the queen, an important episode. Sorry, but Metro did not answer.

BUDE A PEST.—I am indeed sorry, but I haven't the name of Marion nor of Joe in "Coveted Heritage" (Balboa). Allen Forrest with Rex last. Thanks for that fee.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Bon swoir! Yes; Mary Anderson has gone to California to play for Western Vitagraph. You will see her more often now.

FLORENTINE H.—E. K. Lincoln seems to be quite a favorite of yours. So you have received a handsome picture from him. Yes; Estelle Mardo is with Vitagraph. I hear she is going to leave, however. For the last time, I repeat Antonio Moreno played the country boy in "Our Mutual Girl" series. Always glad to hear from you.

MRS. DELLA C.—I dont hear so much about Keystone comedies now. Nor so much about Chaplin. I did not care for him in "The Woman," either. Write again.

M. U. H.—Thanks for the dandy verse you sent me. Sorry I haven't the room to print it.

VIOLET.—All of your questions were against the rules. You might be able to visit that studio if you went in a party and arranged it in advance.

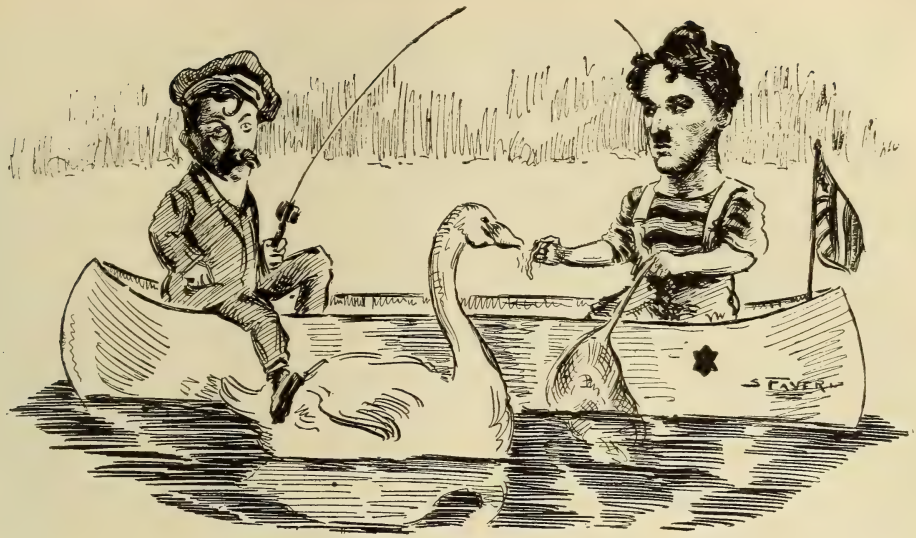
MARTHA A.—I think that your main fault is devoting too much time to trifles. That's the reason that some people who are busy all the time never accomplish much. The person who is in a hurry is usually the one who has not properly ordered and organized his affairs.

GLAD G. GARDINER, CHATHAM, ONT., CANADA.—Chats with J. W. Johnstone, Chester Barnett, Herbert Rawlinson, H. B. Warner, Edith Taliaferro and Dustin and William Farnum will doubtless appear in due course; but, as you are not probably aware, there are upwards of one hundred members in the stock companies of one producing firm alone, and the ground to be covered is a huge one, taking time and keen discrimination.

## This Little Puss Stays Home

By MARGARET G. HAYS

Puss ate the canary,
So she has to go
In poor Dicky's empty cage
For an hour or so.
'Dont pay to be naughty,
Pussy, 'cause you know,
If you'd b en good,
We might "have taked"
You to the Movie Show.



PUZZLE PICTURE

We offer $5 in prizes for the best title and description of this picture, in fifty words or less, received on or before November 5, 1915.

DEVOTEE.—No record of Thomas Holding. Yours was very interesting.

MEHITABLE, SARATOGA.—Yes; I am glad you like Anita Stewart. I do not think we shall have war with Germany. I "Remember the Maine," and we shall always "Remember the Lusitania." However, America never hunts a fight nor runs from one.

MAE GAFFNEY.—Thanks for your nice letter. I am glad you feel that way. I have read that department.

STANLEY M. F.—Mabel Normand still with Keystone. That Universal was taken in California. Lenore Ulrich is with Bosworth. Rapley Holmes with United. Victoria Forde is with Selig. Thanks very much for the fee. It was welcome.

BOZO, EL PASO.—Agnes Vernon was the invalid daughter in "The Flight of a Night-Bird" (Gold Seal). Russell Bassett had the lead in "Little Pal." I dont know where Ford Sterling buys his glasses. Supposing you are wrong and I should say thanks.

FANNY FAN.—Thanks, but I just bought two kittens, so could not make room for yours. Your information very interesting.

OLGA, 17.—Have two of your long letters here before me. They are getting bigger and better than books. To improve the reasoning faculties, read Bacon, Schopenhauer, Kant or Locke; to improve the imagination, read Shakespeare or the "Arabian Nights"; to improve your style, read Addison, Goldsmith and Washington Irving; to improve your wit, read Holmes, Hood, Swift and Rabelais; to improve your sensibility, read Goethe; to improve your economics, read Herbert Spencer, Montesquieu and James Bryce; to improve your patriotism, read Demosthenes; to improve your horse-sense, read Franklin and the Answer Department of this Magazine. Hem!

MADGE, 15.—I should be very glad to get a picture from you. All you can do is to apply personally.

SIR RICHARD.—I really dont know who played the part of Fool Head some years ago. Haven't you the name of the company? Perhaps some of our readers know.

PALOMA, CALDWELL.—Winnifred Kingston opposite Harold Lockwood in "The Love Route." I am glad you like us. So you think that the Kaiser is contemptible for trying to keep Germans out of our American munition factories. I think we ought to copperate with him!

RUPERT, LOS ANGELES.—Norma Nichols was the girl in "The Coyote" (Selig). No; Sidney Olcott, who directed all the Gene Gauntier pictures for Kalem, is the same one who took Irish pictures for Lubin, and he is now with Famous Players, directing Mary Pickford. Yes, he is an expert director.

MICHAEL M.—David Powell had the lead opposite Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of Tomorrow."

ALMA A.—You are collecting autographs, you say. Be sure you enclose enough postage. My autograph is very large and carries a lot of ink.

LUCILLE B.—You refer to Edward Earle in the Edison. You are right. Travel tends to broaden one, but padding answers the same purpose and is cheaper.

DOROTHY K.—Thanks for sending me the postals. I also want to thank all who were kind enough to send me summer postals. I shall paper my room with them.

BRAINS.—I hope you have some. That is his real name. Write Universal, 1600 Broadway, New York.

PINKY, 17.—Anna Laughlin was the young lady in "Rector's at Seven" (Vitagraph). She is no longer with Vitagraph. Alice Joyce no longer with Kalem.

E. P., JR.—I am sorry that I cannot answer your inquiry about Billie Reeves. Lubin advertises him extensively as "The Scream of the Screen," but I must confess that I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing him very often, because it so happens that the theaters I usually attend do not show the Lubin comedies.

ELIZABETH B.—Marguerite Snow and William Garwood in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). Yes; Frank Farrington with Edison. James Cruze was Joseph in "The Star of Bethlehem."

EILEEN B.—Thanks for the pressed flowers. Your admiration for Edith Storey seems to be founded on her resemblance to yourself.

C. G. S., H. S. C.—Horace B. Carpenter was the sheik in "The Arab." Thanks for sending me that program.

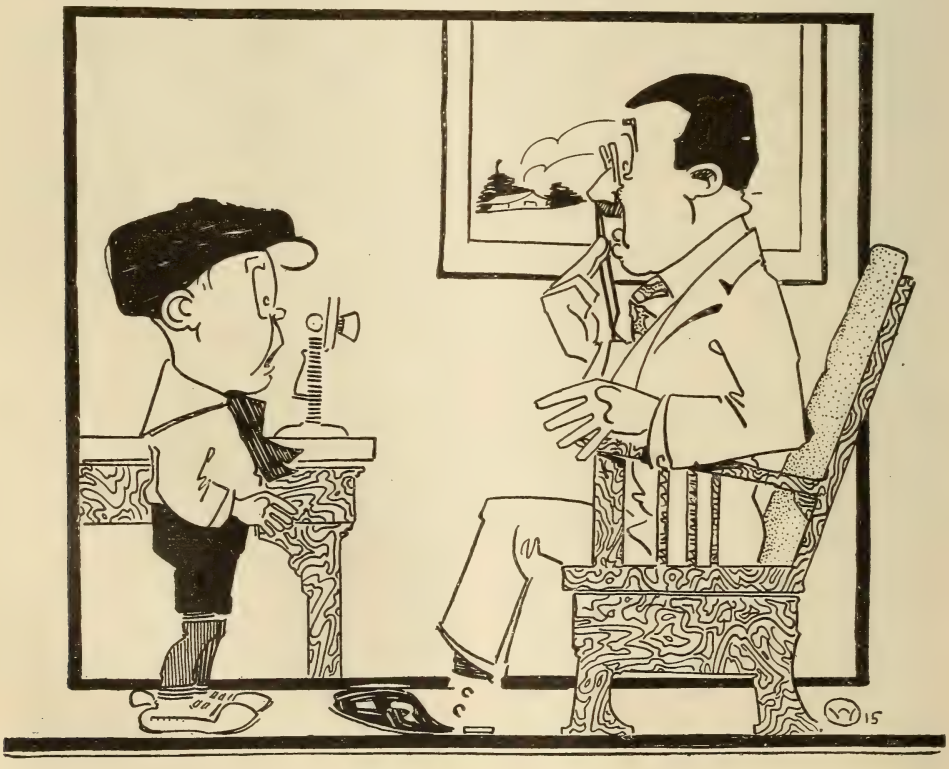
D. W. J.—Yes; Creighton Hale was Walter Jameson in "The Exploits of Elaine." Rose King played the part of the singer in "The Cabaret Singer."

ELVA H.—Last month we made a totally erroneous statement concerning the Eclair Co. Eclair and Features Ideal are two separate, individual organizations. Eclair does not release under United Program. I shall yet go insane in my efforts to keep track of all these new companies and exchanges. One day it is, and the next day it isn't.

OLGA, 17.—Yes, come along to see me. Harold Lockwood is not 35, but only 29. I dont know how that got in.

BARBARA S.—Owen Moore's picture in the October 1912 issue, and he was chatted only a few months ago.

D. D. GOLDENBERG, MONTREAL, CANADA.—When Mr. Dench made the statement in our June number that none of the Canadian theaters are allowed to open on Sunday, he was to a large extent correct. In the Province of Quebec alone are Moving Picture houses allowed to open on Sunday, and then only under certain restrictions. In Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia Motion Picture theaters are not permitted to open on Sunday. Owing to the large French-Canadian population in Quebec, the laws regarding public amusements are not quite so puritanical.



WILLIE—I just saw Charlie Chaplin.
UNCLE—Charlie Chaplin? Who is he?
WILLIE—What? Dont you know who Charlie Chaplin is? Gosh, what ignorance!

MARION H.—That was simply one of my little jokes. It was as simple as A, B, C, unless you are D, E, F. I will supply you with a chart for my next joke; or, better still, I may have to invent a new kind of punctuation mark so that my readers will know when it is time to laugh. Harriet Janson was Gladys, and Neva Gerber was the other sister in "An Eye for an Eye."

FLORENCE G.—Thanks, but that was my mistake. Howard Estabrook opposite Barbara Tennant in "M'Liss."

M. E. S.—You want to know if Earle Williams' fiancée is a professional. Really dont know the lady, and doubt if she is in existence. E. K. Lincoln is still at it.

LOLA M.—Beverly Bayne in "One Wonderful Night." Lottie Briscoe is in New York—Princeton Hotel, I believe. Eternal vigilance is the price of keeping track of some of the players, and even then I get left occasionally. Edward Coxen in "Wanted—A Wife."

LORETTA L.—You will see more of Mary Anderson now. That was Florence Natol, and not Helen Relyea, in "The Green Cat" (Vitagraph).

DOROTHY C.—Leah Baird was Olga in "Neptune's Daughter." Harry Springler was the millionaire's son in "The Thief." Edward Elkas was the criminal in "The Girl Who Might Have Been." Isn't he simply awful—good? There is a limit to everything—even to my patience.

SAL SHOESTRINGS.—Clara Young in "Goodness Gracious." How am I to know what number shoe Dorothy Gish wears? Because you are interested in shoestrings is no sign that I am interested in slippers.

E. B., HOTEL BREVOORT.—That was Mrs. Anderson, or Helen Relyea, the mother of Mary Anderson, as the mother of Freddy in "The Goddess." Yes, she is very clever.

MRS. ROY B.—Thanks for your nice letter. You know I have quite a flock of children to take care of every month, and sometimes I skip one.

JANE M. DALLAS, Jo, Jo.—"The First Law" was filmed by Biograph. You dont care for the stage players as well as the regular players. I agree with you.

MRS. E. K.—Milton Sills opposite Clara Young in "Deep Purple."

BEATRICE T.—You say you are pretty and well formed, but it requires more than that. It requires brains, experience, talent, character and personality, plus beauty and form. If you have all of these, you are ready to make application.

GLAD BAD.—Ethel Teare in "The Merry Moving Men." L. Shumway and Lucille Younge in "Tap! Tap! Tap!" (Lubin). Gaston Bell still with Lubin.

DOT M. S.—Helen Fulton was Mercy in "Mercy on a Crutch." Charlotte Stevens was Gwendolyn in "The Millionaire Baby" (Selig).

MARY GARDNER.—Evart Overton opposite Lillian Walker in "Playing the Game" (Vitagraph). Ah, you rave! Dont boil over; just boil within.

PINKY, 17.—Thanks very much. Dorothy Leeds was Vivian in "The Awakening" (Vitagraph).

BELLA S.—You ask, "Kindly inform me a way of being a poser, if only for the summer." It is just as hard to be an actress in the summer as it is in the winter. Afraid I cant help you. You remind me of the man who said he had a few moments to spare and guessed he would sit down and write a book.

ZIP, 927.—Chester Barnett was Giles in "The Wishing Ring." William Rosella was Stuyvesant in "Aristocracy." I fear you are prone to the giving of undue flattery. I dont like soft soap, because it is generally made of lie.

WUCHAMAKOLIT.—Jane Miller was Annie, and Harry Springler was Horace in "From the Valley of the Missing."

PAUL T.—Marguerite Clark in "The Goose-Girl." Miss Johnson was the Princess. Edna Purviance in the Essanay.

FLORENCE C.—Gadzooks! Zounds! and all that sort of thing. Next time you use such paper I will be forced to say unpleasant things and hurt your feelings. I dont require Tiffany stationery, but—Robert Harron was the lover.

T. M.—Charlotte Ives was Lucy. Jack Standing in that Famous Players.

RUTH ELIZABETH.—Broadway Star Features are a brand of film that are not released on the regular program.

FLORENTINE.—I enjoyed your letter, and hope to hear from you again. Yes; I answer them anywhere from seven up to seventy-seven.

FRANCIS S.—William Russell was Blair, and Eugenie Ford was Hagar in "The Diamond from the Sky."

HILDA L.—Francis Ford was in "The Three Bad Men." Certainly I am not ashamed because I live in Brooklyn. I would rather live in Brooklyn than in vain.

MAY S.—Harold Lockwood and Elsie Jane Wilson had the leads in "Lure of the Mask."

J. P. L.—Anna May Walthall in "The Lost Receipt" (Reliance). Miss Wallace in "Wild West Love" (Keystone).

MOVIE CRAZY.—Nitra Frazer in "Love, Snow and Ice," and Frances Nelson in "The Substitute Widow."

EDNA R.—Ernest Truex and Ernest Lawford in that play. Monroe Salisbury in "The Goose-Girl." Charles Clary and Lillian Logan in "The Scale of Justice." Philip Hahn was Prince Karl in "The Garden of Lies." Yes, we put Brooklyn on the map. We also put the O. K. in it.

BILLY.—Carol Holloway was the wife in "The Son of His Father" (Lubin). Ina Claire and Tom Forman in "The Wild-Goose Chase" (Lasky). Your letter did not *tire* me, but it slightly *punctured* my patience. Time is short, but space is shorter.

GRACE VAN LOON.—I am proud of your verses, so here they are:

We have a little man on our magazine,
He is always amiable—never mean;
I love him to distraction, tho I've never seen
My own little Answer Man.

I love him tho his back isn't straight,
I love him tho he may be seventy-eight,
I really and truly think he's great—
My own little Answer Man.

To pick on him seems to be the universal plan,
But to be hateful to him I never can;
I'd slap him on the back, if I were a man—
My own little Answer Man.

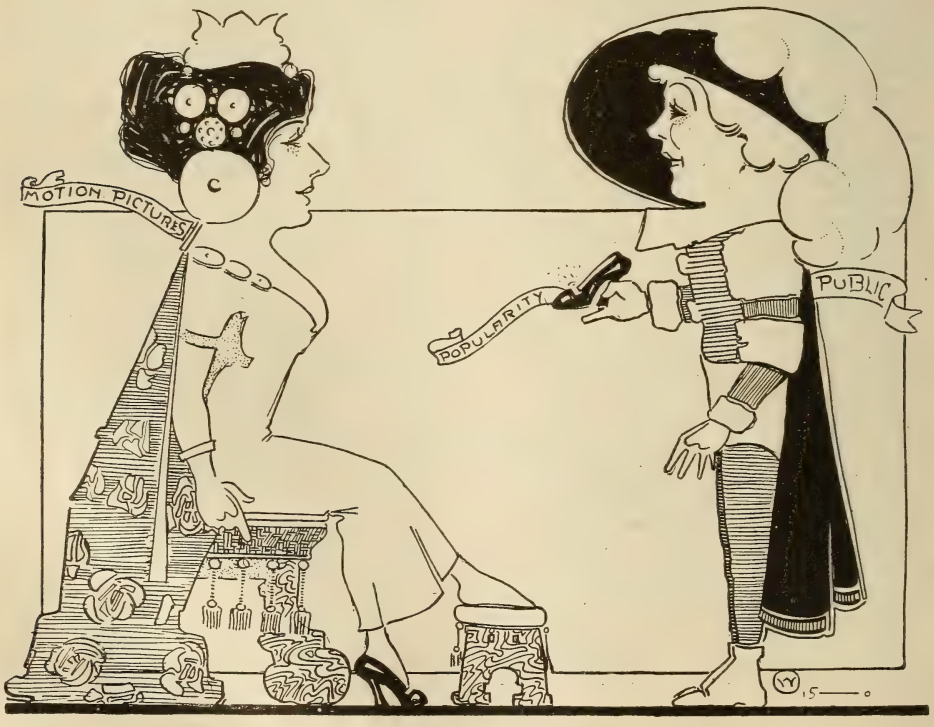
Mrs. McKenzie may say he is shy on tact;
My opinion of her is, her brain is cracked;
But this I know to be an honest fact,
He's my own little Answer Man.

If she should happen to see this verse,
The Old Boy himself couldn't use me worse;
But I'd be willing to go to Hades with an everlasting curse
For my own little Answer Man.

ARTHUR V. T.—Mary Pickford and Walter Miller in "So Near and Yet So Far" (Biograph). Wallace Reid and Pauline Bush, Marshal Neilan and Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Wall of Money."

FRANK B. THOMAS, VICTORIA, B. C., CANADA.—So you think the Government Censor in British Columbia should be "locked up as a 'nut'" because he has banned Charlie Chaplin in "A Night Out," and also every Chaplin photoplay since "The Tramp," and that "Runaway June" has been so mutilated by "the powers that be" that Motion Picture patrons have lost all interest in the serial. Well, Motion Picture censors, as a rule, work in a weird and mysterious way. It is almost impossible to follow the workings of their marvelously constructed minds. As Charlie is the hero of the hour in screendom, you have my sincerest sympathy. As for your abhorrence of Billie Ritchie, have you forgotten that Billie, who also comes from the London music halls, charges that Charlie has stolen his "thunder" and, consequently, that Billie is not an imitator of Chaplin methods? To tell you the honest truth, however, I cannot see the slightest resemblance in the work of the two comedians.

T. C., L. M. and Others.—We note your request that Creighton Hale's picture be given on our cover at an early date. There are only 241 other requests for other players on our cover. Why not put the whole 242 on at one time, eh?

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TALMADGE ADMIRER, OREGON.—Thanks for your kind words about the Magazine. Appreciation like yours is a spur to even bigger things.

HORTENSE G.—Lubin produced "The Lion and the Mouse." Dont know why it is, but Universal, Box Office, World, Balboa, Metro and Rolfe dont give much information about their players. Perhaps somebody is tired. They are all newcomers in the business, and have not yet learnt one of the surest and quickest roads to popularity.

KATHLEEN M.—Sorry, but no cast for "The Heart of a Painted Woman."

AMBITION.

"Are you the Movin' Picture man, mister?"
"Yes, son; what is it?"
"Why, now—I wanter see if you dont need some one ter play the heroes in the reels!"

ELSIE KIESSACH, WEST VIRGINIA.—I cannot quite agree with you in reference to your appeal to "let John Bunny rest." Do you not think that one of the chief missions and chief accomplishments of the Motion Picture is to preserve for future generations the work of artists who have passed away? It is not sufficient that you and thousands of your friends may have seen John Bunny on the screen and felt a certain qualm at having him still live before you. There are, and will be, millions of others, who have never seen the late Mr. Bunny, and who, otherwise, would miss the very great pleasure of seeing and enjoying his work long after he had laid down the cap and bells forever. Do not deny to others the pleasure that we ourselves have reveled in.

CHELSEA.—Norma Nichols was the girl in "Willie Goes to Sea." Glen White was Ned in "The Snow-Girl." Thanks for that last hope. The same to you and lots of them. I guess the Great War will last another year.

KERRIGANETTE.—Miss Arnold was the daughter and Miss Field the girl friend, and Paul Byron was Billy Winter in "The Swinging Doors." Ford Sterling, Charles Parrott and Minta Durfee in "He Wouldn't Stay Down" (Keystone). Murdock MacQuarrie was John in "Wheels Within Wheels."

HAROLD S., SYDNEY.—Thomas Lingham was the crook in "The Thumbprints on the Safe" (Kalem). Six cents due on your letter, please. This must not be!

PINKY, 17.—Perhaps Olive Drake with Selig. Yes about that other couple. I met some of those people when there.

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER."—There are many who think as you do that Earle Williams and Anita Stewart play exceedingly well together, and that it would be rather a shame if they were separated. But you never can tell. See what happened in the case of Jimmie Morrison and Dorothy Kelly. And it was all quite by accident, and not design, as many persons imagined. Yes; Marguerite Clark has made a distinct success in the movies, and even now is called "Little Mary II." I also quite agree with you that Charlie Chaplin would win over thousands of very nice people who at present do not like him for his occasional lapses into the realms of the coarse, vulgar and even unclean. Then his worldwide triumph would be complete indeed, for he would have no more worlds to conquer.

ROSA KROBOTH.—Francis X. Bushman left the Essanay Company for the Metro. The reasons why great stars flit about the sky of filmdom and never become fixed planets can only be learnt by asking them. Of course they make mistakes sometimes. If "The Wrestler of Paris" has made a mistake we shall soon know it, for the great movie public has an unmistakable way of making its wishes and grievances known at very short notice. I have passed your verses on to the proper department, but have strong misgivings as to their fate.

SAMUEL O.—Warren Kerrigan is with Universal. That's too personal, whether there are any Catholic players in Gold Seal, and too improper to ask. Let's keep religion out of this department. House Peters had the lead in "Salomy Jane."

ANTHONY.—Welcome back! So you are now interested in Arthur Shirley and Marin Sais. Did you ever notice that Henry Walthall never sticks his jaws forward when doing a gentlemanly character who is angered? Putting your temples forward denotes mental strength, and putting the jaws forward denotes physical or brute strength.

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**BOWRING & CO., 17 Battery Place, New York:**—Please send me illustrated booklet 101, descriptive of all expense tours to Foreign America.

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AGNES M. JACOBS.—Miss Norma Talmadge is no longer with the Vitagraph Company, having gone over to the National, whose studios are at Hollywood, Cal. An interview with Harold Lockwood appeared in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE last October. Thanks for your enthusiastic appreciation of the Magazine.

CHRISTINE ASHE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—As many hundreds of letters are received by us every month, you will readily understand that it would be impossible to give many of them in full. As you say you are longing to see some good pictures of Mary Pickford, then doubtless you have since seen the very fine one in our September number.

A. KERRIGAN, REDWOOD.—Yes; G. M. Anderson played in "The Great Train Robbery" (Edison), which was one of the very earliest dramas ever done. No; Vera Sisson with Biograph now. Max Asher was the male comedian in "That's Fair Enough" (Joker). Ray Hanford was Hiram in "Strenuous Life." Ernest Shields was the villain in "The Mysterious Leopard Lady." Thanks for pictures.

JACK R., BROOKLYN.—Edison released "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter" with Laura Sawyer in the lead. No; Vitagraph would probably not photograph 100 feet of film for you.

C. R. G., WICHITA.—They are not related. Glad you like the little record books. I, too, always keep a record of the plays I see.

MAY B.—Haven't heard about Dolores Cassinelli for some time. I believe that the oldest theater in America is in Mexico City, the Teatro Principal, which was first opened in 1721.

ADALINE, TEXARKANA.—Glad to get your first letter, but you must ask questions about the players, otherwise your letter wont be answered.

ABE, 99.—E. K. Lincoln was Haddon in "Shadows of the Past" (Vitagraph). Robyn Adair was George in "The Lonesome Heart" (American). "Shadows of the Past" in June, 1914.

MARGUERITE D.—I dont know that player's salary, and wouldn't tell if I did, unless it was public property. Dont believe all you read about salaries. The printer (and sometimes the publicity man) often adds a figure by mistake, and 100 is made to read 1000. Charlie Chaplin very seldom comes to New York.

"Say, missus, it'll be about ten minutes before this picture is over, so change your mind about putting your hat on."

# THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

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Photoplay Clearing House:
Your letter of the 22d inst., inclosing the plays mentioned, has just been received, and as soon as I have one moment to myself I shall go over them and write you fully. I shall get to them within the next few days, however, and make a full report on all that I now have on hand.
Thanking you for your many courtesies, I am, with best wishes,
ROMAINE FIELDING,
Phœnix, Ariz. Lubin Company.

Gentlemen:
Your check covering sale of "Fred Holmes' Ward" to the Biograph Co., for $35.00, to hand. Wish to thank you for your promptness and the satisfactory manner in which same was handled.
Will send you another theme in the next few days. Thanking you again, and trusting that this will be the beginning of future pleasant relations, I am,
(MRS.) LOUISE TOUZET.
537 Third St., Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
Please find enclosed check ($40.00) for photoplay entitled "The Man in Him," by Ray Thurber, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
Kindly have the enclosed copyright release blanks signed and returned to us.
ESSANAY FILM MFG. COMPANY,
Per Victor Eubank, Photoplay Editor.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
Your esteemed favor, together with scripts, received. As I am leaving this week for California, I have given the scripts immediate attention, and am holding Nos. 9251 and 7443, which I will recommend for purchase. Thanking you for the privilege of considering these scripts, I am,
C. A. FRAMBERS,
Scenario Editor, Selig Polyscope Company.

Editor Photoplay Clearing House:
I received your kind letter and check of $31.10 for "The Lost Wallet," which you sold to the Biograph Co. I was very surprised indeed, as I didn't think I would get that much, but that was possible only by your help and criticism.
MISS KATHARINE SHANKOWITZ.
Shore Road and Wolcott Ave., Astoria, Long Island City.

My Dear Mr. La Roche:
We are enclosing herewith our release forms for $100.00 for "The Choosing" ($60.00) and "For He Loved Much" ($40.00), the last by Raymond Madden, Lansing, Mich.
We were greatly pleased with the assortment that you sent us this time and find these two exceptionally good and suited to our purposes. We have under consideration two others which promise to be almost as good. We'll let you know about them as soon as possible. Would be very glad to get another selection up to the standard of these.
DORIS M. SCHROEDER,
Editor for Western Vitagraph Company.

Dear Sirs:
We are retaining a comedy, No. 5859, "Who Will Marry Fritz?" by Wynne Johnson, Box 99, Washington, D. C., and please find enclosed a check for $25.00 to your order. Will you please acknowledge receipt of the same, and send us for consideration some other photoplays, postage to our charge?
ERNEST ELMQUIST,
President, Swedish Biograph Co.
19 Kungsgatan, Stockholm, Sweden.

Gentlemen:
We are enclosing herewith our regular form of contract for $75.00 for scenario entitled "What Happened on the Barbuda," by Willis C. Pratt, 479 W. 152d St., N. Y. If you will kindly have the contract properly executed and return to us promptly, we will send you a check immediately.
THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.,
Studio Division.

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All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

## PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PEERLESS ALICE.—There are many permanent stars in the photoplay firmament and also a lot of shooting stars. Alice Joyce chat in August, 1912, and October, 1914. Charles Chaplin is English, quite English, you know.

T. L. Y., HONOLULU.—It is pretty hard to get in the pictures. Would advise you to try your hand at something else.

No. 999,999.—Thank you, kind sir. It is better to be wise than witty, but it is awfully convenient to be both. The V. L. S. E. is engaged in releasing and advertising plays for only the four companies represented. Edward O'Conner in "Exploits of Elaine."

CLAUDIA, DALLAS. — Alfred Vosburgh was lead in "The Legend of the Lone Tree" (Vitagraph). Glad you like the Magazine, and I know you will like the Supplement and will continue to like it.

FLORENCE W.—Justina Huff was Bella, Lilie Leslie was Jane, Joseph Smiley was Mr. Gray, and William Cohill was Pedro in "The Grip of the Past" (Lubin). Alice Joyce in "The Weakling." Mabel Van Buren with Ideal last.

WESE, MALDEN.—No; I was not in "The Story of the Glove." You have got me down wrong. You are referring to "The Colonel."

M. C.—Certainly I can keep a secret. I am no woman. William Farnum is still with Fox. Warner's Features are not producing nor releasing. You say that "Authors" is all right; our game of "Cast" is very similar.

LOUIS M. S.—Write to Keystone. They can help you out.

GERTIE.—No; I dont believe in fortune-tellers. If I wanted anybody's fortune told, I would go to Bradstreet and Dun. Your machine needs cleaning. I mean the typewriter. Yes; "House has been removed and a Blackwell is in his place."

CLEO AND JOE.—Velma Whitman was Olga, W. E. Parsons was Warren, Webster Campbell was Bliss and L. C. Shumway was Felix in "The Downward Path." Tom Corrigan was the lead in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Thomas McEvoy and Elsie MacLeod in "Her Husband's Honor."

RADCLIFFE N.—I dont think I have written anything yet that will live. I have answered questions for several years, and I am thankful that *I* still live, even if my answers dont. And you say I am ungrateful. Radcliffe! Radcliffe!!

MADCAP MARGUERITE.—Yes; Owen Moore in "Betty in Search of a Thrill" (Paramount), and Vera Lewis was Mrs. Hastings, and Justina Hanson was June. Hazel Henderson was Miriam in "The Ordeal."

W. T. H.—After reading your dandy *Henderson's Monthly*, I have decided to make a will and leave you the editorship of this department. The Editor may have something to say about it, but I think he will be glad of the change. Agree with you that Florence Lawrence never retained her popularity after she left Arthur Johnson, and the same of Alice Joyce. I dont agree with you about the "Ham" comedies. I like them as well as any of the slapsticks. So you want us to print letters from Olga and Vyrgynya. That's up to them and the Editor. Pray hard. I enjoyed your able dissertation of "Whence came we, for what are we here, whither do we go?"

OSCAR.—Lila Chester is with Thanhouser. Goldie Colwell was leading woman in "Sagebrush Tom" (Selig). Yes, they do all sorts of things like that—wear yellow shirts for evening dress, tan shoes, etc. Yellow photographs black.

F. B. J. K.—Warner Richmond was Frank Fane in "The Third Commandment" (Kalem). Robert Ellis was Marguerite Courtot's fiancé. Yours was great.

LELA F. T.—The news was very interesting, but a little too late for us.

MARGUERITE CLARK ADMIRER.—You must sign your name, please. That was not Mary Pickford in "What the Mirror Told."

LOLA E.—The invention of modern Motion Pictures is generally credited to Mr. Edison. He recently said that he owes everything to his wife. That was very generous of him, but I presume that he did not include the talking machine. Because there is a Donald Hall, and an Ella Hall, and a Mary Anderson and a G. M. Anderson, and several Williamses, you think they must be related, but not so.

MICHAEL D.—George Larkin was Alan in "Trey o' Hearts." Vivian Rich in "The Right to Happiness" (Mutual).

MAY BRYANT.—Sometimes a picture is completed in a week or less and sometimes it takes months. It depends upon the scenery, etc.

SALLY F. W.—Mary Anderson's Brief Biography in the September Supplement.

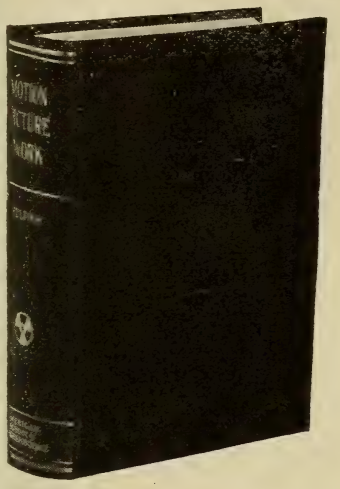
EVA T.—It was first reported that Mignon Anderson was married to Irving Cummings, but this was promptly denied, and now she is really and truly married to Morris Foster.

ETHEL CRULEY.—You have joined the merry throng who are asking for a chat with Robert Conness. Well, we have set the machinery in motion, but do you know that there are about sixty-nine others who are also booked for chats? We do the best we can. They will all be chatted—if they live long enough. We cant seem to get any good pictures of Mr. Conness. Wonder when these players will wake up and get out some really *good* photos and let us have a set.

MELVA.—No; I knew you hadn't forgotten me. Not sure about that fine. Yes; Leah Baird has a wonderful figure, and it is all hers. Figures sometimes lie? Fine feathers make fine birds—also fine beds. I believe one of our members gave the list to that other magazine—that is how they got it. Sorry you were annoyed.

# "Motion Picture Work"

By DAVID S. HULFISH



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HAROLD C. B.—I find that your magazines were sent. You must not send your complaint to me. I have troubles enough of my own. Mr. Harrington is the man you are after.

PEBBIE B.—Henry Ainley was Hinds in "Brother Officers" (Famous Players). David Powell opposite Mary Pickford. Yes; I read Dr. Sunbeam's book, and it is one of the best.

JAY ARE, NEWARK.—Arline Pretty opposite Robert Warwick in "Man Who Found Himself" (World). Paul McAlister was Frederick in the same. So you liked Frank Farrington and Gertrude McCoy in "Thru Turbulent Waters."

V. M. C.—You ask me whose fault it was because you could not understand "The Sporting Duchess." I did not see that play, so I cant say. It may have been the fault of the scenario, or that of the director, or possibly the original play did not lend itself readily to photoplay.

J. G. B., TORONTO.—Your letter was very interesting. It was a little long, tho.

G. WHIZ.—I dont think that the Germans will ever succeed in wiping the Russians off the map—there is too much map! The Russians are now in for a series of games on the home grounds, so watch out!

KERRIGAN-SISSON ADMIRER.—You, of course, know that Vera Sisson is no longer with Universal.

EMMETT K.—No, it is not necessary to send a fee. Yes, that was the same Viola Dana that appeared in "A Poor Little Rich Girl."

WILLIAM K., PHILADELPHIA.—You say you have been pfotografed for the movies. You are mighty lucky. Thanks for the clippings.

BILLY J.—Anna Nilsson is with Fox now. Alice Joyce is not playing now.

MELVA.—Lillian Wiggins was playing in Europe. So you dont think the revivals are fair to the players. You say the styles wont do them justice. I dont agree.

J. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Pearl White has red hair, and we will soon have a chat. I am sure I cannot tell when the end will come to the "Elaine" series, if ever. Perhaps I will not live to see that joyful day.

L. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—A chat with Pearl White will appear soon. I dont know anything about Arnold Daly's wife, or if he has one or more or none.

VICTORIA F.—Roy Harford was McCoy in "A Wild Irish Rose." The total cost of making Motion Pictures in this country last year was about $40,000,000.

CAROL.—What information do you want about Herbert Rawlinson? You will find a chat with him soon.

HAPPY JACK.—Some players change their names and use stage names. Maude Fealy is on the stage at present. Thomas Ince's studio is in Hollywood, Cal. You think Helen Gardner very sensational. She is not playing at present.

ISIDOR Z.—I have handed your verses to the Editor. He will no doubt use them.

DOROTHY M. H.—Grace Darmond was Valerie in "The Millionaire Baby" (Selig). Ethel Loyd was Mabel in "The Locked Door" (Vitagraph). Yours was long and interesting.

ABE, 99.—I saw the Pan-American Exposition in 1901, and I really dont care to see this one. And I couldn't if I would.

GLADYS M. K.—Anna Little is still with Universal. Goldie Colwell in "The Stage-Coach Driver and the Girl" (Selig).

TOOTSIE.—Write to Vitagraph for picture of Anita Stewart. I dont know whether to call you Miss Selfishness or Miss Stupidity. Stupidity has no friends and wants none, while Selfishness has no friends and wants some.

A. J. F., CLIFTON.—Viola Dana and Robert Conness had the leads in "The House of the Lost Court." You're welcome.

JAY AP. — So you get *Henderson's Monthly* by the week. I'm jealous! I get very little time to write personal letters.

CAROLYN R.—Send along the picture. I believe that the largest salmon caught last year was a royal Chinook that weighed 87 pounds.

BABY BUNTING.—'Most all of your questions are answered above. Vola Smith is with Biograph.

HOPE B.—So you want a picture of Gladden James.

FLORENCE W.—Your paper was too thin. Please use thicker paper. When I take hold of anything I want to know it is there. Alan Hale and Edward Cecil in "Masks and Faces" (Biograph). Miss Page in "His Prehistoric Past" (Kalem).

SAME OLD SAME.—Vitagraph have not produced "Les Miserables," but Pathé did.

AMICUS.—Miriam Cooper is with Reliance. I really dont know why they are not voting for Henry Walthall.

DOT, 16.—What makes you think so? Charlotte Fitzpatrick was the girl in "Flirt."

LITTLE CARLYLE.—Norbert Myles was leading man in "Saved by Telephone." Sidney Bracey in "The Million-Dollar Mystery" as the butler. Your letter was very interesting.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—I cant advise you, because you do not seem to fit the place where you work. When you are working for a concern dont always be watching the clock. If you dont get into the habit of doing a little *more* than is expected of you, you will some day find that you have got into the habit of doing a great deal *less*. Try to make yourself indispensable to your employer, and some day you will move up.

JOHNSON F.—You will never get a position if you dont keep dressed up. Making a good appearance is half the battle. The old idea of "Everybody knows me here," or "Nobody knows me here," is no excuse for not keeping up appearances.

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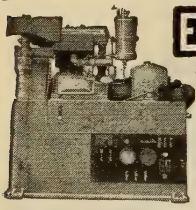

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A. F. P., SPRINGFIELD.—You must give the name of the play always. The company isn't always necessary, but it is helpful. Robert Edeson in "The Absentee."

ORIENTO.—Edna Purviance in that Essanay. Gertrude McCoy was chatted in September, 1913.

PETER D. PITTENGER, EASTON, PA.—When I announced that Miss Norma Talmadge had been "released" by the Vitagraph Co. to the National, and also that she had been "offered a fabulous salary and accepted it," both statements were correct. When a player leaves one company for another, there are certain things as contracts which must be considered.

L. G.; KATHLYN E. W.; S. C.; E. R.; E. B.; THEODORE C. N.; GERTRUDE G.; MRS. R. F.; AURELIO F.; EDYTHE A.; CLAIRE G.; EDNA L.; ELSIE W.; LILLIAN W.; MARY L. S.; LENA B.; FRANKLIN GIRL; J. T. A.; HELEN F., BUFFALO; LAURA, KANSAS; KATHERINE M.; LEONARD M. H.; CLARIE M. and ESTELLE M.—Your letters were very interesting, but you must ask questions in order to get answer.

MARJORIE A. M., CLAREMONT, W. AUSTRALIA.—Say, I had to pay six cents postage on your letter. I can never get rich if this keeps up. Shall have to refuse all letters that are not fully paid. Cant tell you why Naomi Childers and Marguerite Clayton have not more votes in the G. C. Contest. Your votes have been recorded.

E. P. L. B.—I am going to ask you the same questions that you ask me, for I know that you know the answers. As to whether an oyster is a bivalve or a mollusk, that question is out of order, because oysters are out of season. Dont you know how to spell August? There is no "r" in it. Next month I shall get one and examine it. As to Anna Little, her time will come.

UTAH NA CHOCOLATES, 17.—I wish you would adopt simplified spelling on your title. I dont know whether you refer to Rupert Julian or to Jack Pickford in "Pretty Sister of José"; the latter played Marguerite Clark's brother. The man with the glasses on in "The Goddess" is Paul Scardon. Thank you, but I am sorry if you hurt the feelings of that other A. M.

ANNA T. P., CUMBERLAND.—Will tell the Editor that you want a picture of that cunning little fellow, Creighton Hale, in our Gallery. When he gets thru taking care of Elaine, perhaps he will have time to sit for a photo and send us one.

H. W. THOMAS, PETUMA.—You say your hat is in the ring for that Purity League who says that many Motion Picture actresses are immoral, and my hat is off to you for coming to their defense. There are probably just as many immoral people in the Purity League as there are in Motion Pictures, only the latter are not announcing their virtue from the church steeples.

ELINOR I. G.—Your letter of 24 pages is too long. And you ask too many questions. Have a heart. Be nice.

VYRGYNYA.—Who said that Warren Kerrigan was on the road? Oh, you mean the road to recovery. Why, he recovered long ago. Wake up; breakfast's ready! You say that love is a fragrance floating on the wings of death. Change "death" to "life." I dont know whether Kalem's son of "Ham" is of the Armour or Swift brand.

CLAUDIA.—Write Edith Storey about toe-dancing slippers, but first see her in "Price of Folly." She will be glad to know that you are such a fine toe-dancer.

OLGA V. BINGEL.—Yes, my dear, to the following question: "Pray tell me, Answer Man, if you are ever sad and blue; or if in queries you do see an everlasting glee? And do you ever fret and scold, or are you like the knights of old, who to the ladies fair and gay, a courteous homage always pay?"

MEG R.—It is not necessary for you to know how the tricks are done. Just tell your story in your script, and let the director do the trickery. Any of the books will tell you, however. From thirty to fifty scenes to the reel. You liked Phillips' story, "The Oyster Dredger," better than the film? That is nothing unusual. The story was written from a meagre synopsis which Universal sent us after they had completed the film. The story is usually better. So "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was foully murdered by the World Co. That is not unusual, either. They bought the rights to do that play and paid big money for it. Had Mrs. Rice seen it filmed first she might not have consented to its release.

CHAS B. NUTE.—Write Pathé or Selig about your cartoons. The chances are strong against their acceptance.

FRANCIS BENTLY.—So this is the best Magazine for the price in America! Have you just discovered that? Where have you been? You want Gallery pictures of William Garwood, James Cruze, William Russell, Charles Chaplin, Edward Coxen, Sidney Ayres, Herbert Rawlinson, Marion and Madeline Fairbanks, Winnifred Greenwood, Barbara Tennant and Billie West. If you will get these good people to send us some *good* photos, your request will be granted, for the Editor told me so.

CLARA TEGGIN, GALT, ONT.—Good for you! I agree.

RUTLEDGE RUTHERFORD.—Thank you for your able article on the Friends of Peace Movement. I have handed it to the editor.

RETA ROMAINE.—I have handed your excellent letter to the Editor, with a request that he honor it with publication.

PEGGY, BISHOPVILLE.—Norma Phillips was June in "Runaway June" (Reliance). Arthur Donaldson was Mr. Blye in the above. Arthur Cozine was Paul in "In the Land of Arcadia."

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

It is, of course, impossible to publish all letters we receive, and we usually try to select the shorter ones; but here is one from Retta Romaine, of 627 North Street, New Orleans, La., which is so interesting and so typical of the Motion Picture enthusiast that we gladly give it space in spite of its length:

Just one moment, please! All this fuss will never do! There's been a storm brewing for some time, and now I've made up my mind to beat some people's carpets till the dust flies and covers the earth. And I warn you, Mr. Editor, the less you say, the bigger will be the boost for your highness. See! And nothing you say will change what I am going to say nohow, so let's agree to disagree in the very beginning. S'allright?

First move. 'Ray! And likewise 'ray ergin for our most wonderful Answer Man! Ain't he the original, foxy guy, tho! In less than a minute he has all the brotherly love of our universe holding its sides and doubling over with laughter. And it's all legitimate, too! And there never is, nor could be, a pennyweight of ill humor connected with his make-up. No, sir! Far's conduct goes, he'll allus be the shining masculine 'xample of our generation. He sez he's seventy-three, but I'll not believe 'im. No man ever reached seventy-three with the full possession of his faculties—the sporting instinct! He's surely got the cup-winning disposition, all right, all right. Yes, he has, too! For, when we ask him all sorts of silly questions—you know, the forbidden kind—and when we dont adhere to the rules of his kingdom, why, he only addresses fatherly cuss-words at us just as if we'd been naughty children and tied a tin can to the dog's tail, swallered a button, or held the kitten up by the left ear! He's king of 'em all, he is! That's final!

Now ye've heard my opinion of our blessed Answer Man—I was gonna say "old," but I wont—so get ready for what's coming. I just know your epidermis is gonna shrivel, for wunct I get my ideas focused, I just—well, I just soar up and —bust! (Justa lika dat!)

Second move. It seems to me that the world would run 'long a lot more smoothly, there'd be no friction and no ill-will, if people would only realize other folk's favorites are every bit as good as theirs—mebbe better! For ye know that ability is seldom recognized unless there's a handsome face, superb build, and glib tongue to back it up. Our own Rippydear sez so, and he's authority for everything. Take, for example, the superb and dra-

matic Henry B. Walthall. He is the most wonderfully adept actor on any screen. He possesses an untiring energy and ability, perfect control of facial expression, nerve and daring, and the ability to get things over without useless gestures. And if ever his hands and arms are used, they are so tense and filled with expression that they get the idea across; they fill your whole being with the feeling of his every emotion so well that a glance at his face is unnecessary to discern his meaning. Just drop in to your nearest movie and witness his performance of "Ghosts," and see wherefore I speak. Ugh! I was never filled with horror, dread, nor hate of anything so much as I was when I beheld Mr. Walthall as the dissipated father. His hands were hateful, writhing, claw-like things! When I say that I went home and turned Mr. Walthall's picture to the wall, you may be able to realize the horror with which he filled my very soul. I witnessed "Ghosts" nearly two months ago, and only last evening did I relent and release the gentleman from punishment. Poor dear! And yet, tho Mr. Walthall is to me the king of all actors, he is not one-third so popular as he should be. I wish his friends would awake!

Third move. Gracious heavens! After a bit, I'll wager, ye'll be a-thinking I'm trying to play a game of checkers. Mebbe! But s'matter that you seldom ever publish photos of the one and only Romaine Fielding? He's another that does not get one-half the good things he deserves. He's the most picturesque and really-reel Western hero it has been my good fortune to see. And a villain? Well, well! Now, that's the very rôle I loves 'im most in! Yes, I do, too! (Good Lor'! dontcha dare let "Billy Romaine" know, tho! Why, if that dear girl knew I loved her Romaine in anything, then— Oh, well, I fear for my red head!) And when I said Mr. Fielding was a picturesque Westerner, dont for a moment think I meant to insinuate he couldn't wear a dress-suit. Odeer, no! For he wears one to perfection! He's equally at home, be he on the floor (of course, he couldn't be on the ceiling!) of a ballroom or out under the tropical sun of a desert.

Fourth (I'll not move again). I'm just tickled pink that you and the public are waking up to the ability and possibilities of the magnetic Edward Earle. He's superb, I think. And such a real, dear boy! Nothing I could say could ever do Edward dear any justice, so I'll just think all the nice things I possibly can about him, and I'll tell 'em all to him himself! Oh, yes, and I'll just yell out from the housetops that he's the bestest ever!

And then—Bob Conness! Oh—oh, Mr. Editor, isn't he a dear, tho! Gee! he has ability and then some. But ah! he has a

(*Continued on page* 165)

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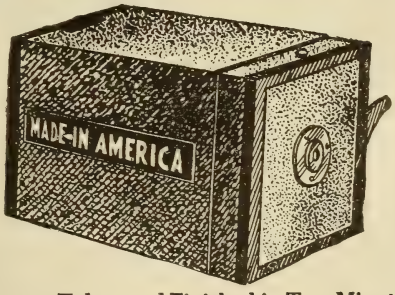


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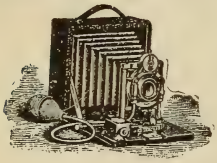

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## "HIS PAL"

(*Continued from page 48*)

his wickedness by one or the other angry men, had left his horse and had run down the trail. In his excitement and nervousness a misstep had pitched him over the bank.

"It was his infernal suggestion," said Robertson, "that made me suspect my wife."

"He's not dead," said Wingfield, looking down at the inert mass.

"No. We'll have to bring him back to the cabin."

"I'm helpless."

"I can manage it," returned Robertson.

Presently the three men, the Chinaman lying prone on the horse Wingfield had surrendered, arrived at the door. A few brief words put Evelyn in possession of the facts of the catastrophe. They laid him on a cot in Wingfield's tent. Robertson examined him and discovered that his leg had been broken and that he had been badly shaken and bruised. They soon revived him sufficiently to speak. When he saw the two men and the woman bending over him, his yellow face took on an even yellower and more ashen shade.

"Let me speak to him," said Wingfield. "Now," he cried, suddenly thrusting his fist into the face of the shrinking Mongolian, "did you lock that door?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Me go tell hlusbund you makee lovee allee samee wife."

"You know that's an infernal lie, isn't it? You're going to die and you're going to tell the truth. Did you ever see me make love to Mrs. Robertson?"

"No."

"And you lied?"

"Yes."

"Because you hated Mrs. Robertson, who got you turned out of work?"

"Yes."

"You knew I hurt my arm this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And that I only came there to get it dressed?"

"Yes."

"That's enough. Nothing's the matter with you but a broken leg. You'll get well, more's the pity."

"Bob," said Robertson, slowly, "is this true?"

"Of course it's true."

"Evelyn?"

"I was frightened. You had suspected and accused me. When I found the door locked I lost my head. I thought you would kill him, so Mr. Wingfield arranged all the rest. It shames me to think I did not tell you instantly."

That she was telling the truth now, and that Wingfield was telling the truth, and that the frightened Chinaman had told the truth, was quite evident.

"Why did you do that, Bob?" asked Robertson, heavily.

"Because I'm your pal," said Wingfield, softly, "and your devoted wife is as pure as an angel from heaven."

"Yes, I know that. And what am I?"

"I'll take a partner's privilege, old man, and tell you that you're a d—n fool," said Wingfield, smiling.

Robertson nodded, but Evelyn sprang to his side. She put her arms around him as he stood there, shamefaced and humiliated.

"How dare you call my husband a fool!" she protested vehemently.

(*Continued from page* 163)

smile and a pair of dimples to set the heart of the Sphinx traveling at the rate of a mile a minute! And mayn't we have a chat and a photo of him soon, please? You'll be the bestest Editor in the world if you will grant this request. Uh huh!

And glory be! Richard W. Tucker, my own dear Dick of old, is back in th' harness wunct ergin—and with Edison, too! Ah me! Hast seen 'im? If not, I'm sorry fer ye 'way down to me toes, 'cause he's just wonderful, he is! He's truly the dearest of 'em all! Nohow, if you had any common sense, ye'd know I would not pick out any but the bestest there is! He has 'em all beat to a frazzle, and they all look like they came from nowhere 'side him!

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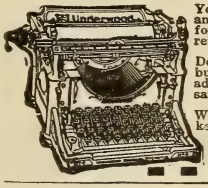


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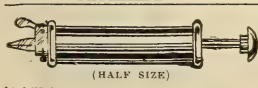

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everybody knew Richard Tucker. He drifted into camp one day, tall, graceful, sunny-eyed, almost twenty or upwards, and oh! so handsome to the view; disposition as uncertain—as—as dynamite, for I've seen 'im in everything, from a wonderful hero grand and a comedy jay all the way to a turrible villain. His ground plans and upper specifications looked as tho he was laid out to be only a man, but the really, truly idea wasn't carried out and out, for he's an angel, he is! I aint allus consumed by curiosity regarding every stranger what comes my way. But ah! when he begins to bother me heart—that is, when he—oh, you know, when he—when you begin to feel about like he is the only man what is, why, then ye begin to wonder and ye'd like to help him along. That's what I wanna do for Dick—help him along! And now, wont you chat him and give us a Gallery photo of him soon? I was promised one long time ago, but he up and left us. I hopes he stays this time.

Doesna love the ladies? O' course I do! But I've said so much I'm sure you'll never forgive me now, nohow. Louise Huff, Mary Fuller, Blanche Sweet, Lillian Gish and Marguerite Clark are dearest and best of all. And some day I'm gonna visit you again and tell you all about the ladies I love. You'll just hafter listen!

And now, as the time groweth late, the sun sinketh in the far west, the birds beginneth to sing at the twilight hour, the cows beginneth to homeward go, I myself will hie me awayward and get me hence before you forget yourself and show me the door!

Long live Rippydear and the Editor of the BEST MOVIE MAGAZINE THAT IS!

"Melva" writes this little classic to the Answer Man:

DEAR DADDY—The other day I went to see "Quo Vadis?" and saw Nero and Petronius and Vinitius and a lot of other men and women who did nothing but eat and drink—and plot murder and worse.

I saw the marble halls, the sleek men, the beautiful women, lolling at their feasts, while rose-petals rained on them. And I watched them gorge themselves, and saw their baths where they renewed their wasted vigor after the banquets. And I saw them joy-riding—how the people stood aside as the chariots rolled thru the streets to keep from being trampled by their horses.

And always, in every picture that flashed as the movie machine purred on overhead, I saw a background of men and women who were slaves. And I knew that all the splendor and beauty, the gardens and fountains, the marble columns,

(*Continued on page* 167)

### Across the Continent with James Cruze and Sidney Bracy

(*Continued from page* 112)

At this point in the conversation Mr. Bracy entered. Mr. Cruze called, "Oh, Sid!" and when Mr. Bracy approached, introduced us. First impressions are usually good ones, and altho it has been several days since I met Mr. Bracy, I am still impressed with his sincerity. Little time was left before their act, but Mr. Bracy stopped long enough to admit that they were enjoying their trip. He said their car had changed greatly in appearance since they left New Rochelle, due to the fact that in all the towns where they have stopped, people have written, painted or carved their names on it, until at present it is literally covered. In response to my question as to what had been the greatest inspiration and help in his work, Mr. Bracy said that he had enjoyed and derived the most help from letters received from old people. Of course, he likes to receive them from young people also when they are serious in tone.

The Motion Picture of their start from New Rochelle was now thrown upon the screen. Mr. Bracy immediately began criticising his own work. An occasional "Now, why on earth did I do that?" came from his corner. I found him to be a stern critic indeed where Bracy is concerned.

As it was nearly time for their appearance, I arose to say good-by, and left them with the thought that while some of the stars stay in my memory as actors first and men incidentally, I should always think of these two as *men* first and actors incidentally.

So—

Here's to ye, Jimmie and Sid!
Good luck to ye, Jimmie and Sid!
Sure, I'm hopin' the road
Up life's hill will be smooth
For the both of ye, Jimmie and Sid!

(*Continued from page* 166)

the silken couches on which Nero and the others lolled, were the work of slaves. And that the food on the tables, and the

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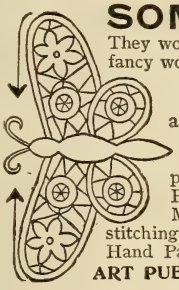

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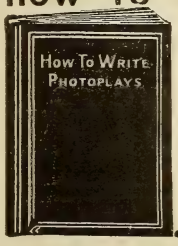


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gold and silver dishes it was served in, by slaves, and the wine the fine men and women drank, and everything of value in their lives, were produced by slaves.

And the background deepened. Back of the slaves that crept and kow-towed thru the pictures I saw millions of other slaves, bending to the sweeps in the galleys, straining in the quarries, tending the vineyards, at forge and anvil, at winepress and loom—up and down the world as far as the Roman eagles spread their wings.

Always slaves, slaves, toiling forever, that Nero and his crowd might swill wine and eat too much and do nothing!

And I saw Rome burn—knew that slaves would build it up again, as they did in the first place.

I saw red—after the red of the burning city had faded from the film.

And, daddy, I'm tired hearing of the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," because both were derived from the sweat and blood of people who starved that parasites might fatten.

And I might go right on and talk and get mad, but I think there is more glory and grandeur about a sod shack, that a free man who can look every other man in the eye without cringing, builds on his own ground, than in all the palaces and Parthenons and Coliseums that were ever built, as all were built—by slaves!

The following letter from Mr. Clarke Irvine speaks for itself:

I suppose by this time that some one has asked you about my story in the September issue in connection with the reference to little Billy Jacobs and his relation to Ford Sterling. Mrs. Jacobs called me on the 'phone as soon as she received her copy by mail, asking me what I meant by saying that Ford was none other than Billy's father. I told her that I had not seen the story, but that I was positive no statement like that had been made. I have referred to my copy of the story and can readily see how the mistake happened. Whoever edited my copy mistook the quoting of the criticism on the picture "Papa's Boy," where it told of the child imitating his father, Ford Sterling, *in the picture.* The statement was made that Ford was positively Billy's own father. Mr. Jacobs racked me over the broiler, and I promised that I would write you immediately so that you could run a correction, showing how the mistake happened. I fear to meet Ford Sterling!

I am sure that it will be to your own advantage, as well as to the satisfaction and justice of the child's parents, to run a prominently placed correction. If I had signed another name I myself would

(*Continued on page* 170)

## HIS TRANSFORMATION

(*Continued from page 72*)

"Bob, old man," says I, "that may not have been according to ettiket, but if it wasn't it *ought* to be."

"Ted, old man," says Bob, pumping my hand, "there's a time when it's healthier *not* to be a gentleman. But look here, old fellow, it strikes me it would be just as well to take a little trip while this blows over. How about it—London and Paris and Monte Carlo, you and I? There's nothing like traveling to put the final polish on a fellow, and besides—h'm—well, Anna will appreciate her husband after six months or so."

"All right," says I, not feeling any too hard-mouthed over the prospect; "whatever you say goes."

So we're to start tomorrow on the *Washington*.

*January 1st.*

I've been too busy to write, and, anyhow, who wants to read tourist dope? It's all the same—mountains and garlic and history mixed together and sprinkled with "picturesque" and "quaint" and "charming."

But since I got home several things have happened.

First, we didn't let on a word to Anna and mother-in-law we were coming, and the first they knew there were two more guests at their reception than they'd expected. I wont say whether I was a success on my first appearance or not, for it might sound like blowing, but I noticed a number of the ladies seemed satisfied.

Anna couldn't believe her eyes when I showed her my dance-card all full, with no room for her initials, and when I overheard a diamonded dowager complimenting mother-in-law on her charming son I tell you I felt *good*.

But they had the joke on me, after all, tho I didn't know it till afterwards. It's a long day when you can get ahead of women folks, bless their hearts! And, of course, Anna is the cleverest, prettiest and altogether dearest woman in the world.

Still, it seems to me *twins* was overdoing the joke just a little—I leave it to you!

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(*Continued from page* 168)

not have felt it so. Of course, I do not like to see a mistake in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at any rate, whether I myself am author of the story or some one else is.

Here is a copy from my duplicate of the story which I sent you, showing the paragraph which caused the mistake:

"Just to quote this once, will show you what the Los Angeles papers think of the little comedy man. When 'Papa's Boy' had its first run here a local sheet ran the following: 'He is one of the most wonderful child actors, and from the moment he flings his irresistible smile across the screen until he winks his left eye *in mimic imitation of his father, Ford Sterling,* he is just the best little scream ever. Ford Sterling is as funny as a Sunday supplement, but this little youngster that *takes the part of papa's boy* is as funny as a child of four in mischief every minute can be.'"

Mr. C. L. Kelley, a student at Cornell University, writes wisely and entertainingly as follows:

Critics have begged and begged, threatened—yes, and even implored—producers to stop working in a slipshod fashion, and they have succeeded, too, in pushing the producing side of the Motion Picture industry somewhat into the realms of the artistic—and still there are a few miscreants. There are still a few who persist in throwing off productions at record speed, with selfish, money-making thoughtlessness. It seems that when production has reached the present stage of development, a firm or an individual, as you will, would realize the detriment to the industry as a whole in trying to thrust inferior quality upon the public. No matter of what line of goods you may be speaking, nor of what business, you will find that it is the man with the genuine article who is progressing, and progressing with big strides.

There are a few companies which have reached, one might dare say, an artistic completeness. They have only the best artists acting for them; their properties are so well appointed that the scenes in their photoplays seem to be extracted from real life; their stories come from the pens of only the best writers. Their pictures are in demand. People *know* those pictures and cry to their exhibitors, "More—more!" Such men have realized the inexhaustible possibilities offered to the screen, and they're fastly developing them. When they picture a drawing-room, it is one you might be tempted to leave your seat and walk into, it appears so real. When they snap an exterior, it is a scene so unusual that you marvel. Their production as a whole is so nearly

faultless that only the keenest critic can dissect it and tear it apart—and even then the critic is so enthused with admiration for its better points that he generally overlooks a slight fault. The force of their dramas or tragedies or comedies strikes you at once. It hits you as you are watching, not long after with a sudden revelation of some point that was almost hidden behind blundering production. The story is unwound so plainly that you appreciate it at the moment. David Belasco has spent a good lifetime in building the idea of completeness into production on the stage. But even the art of this genius is often surpassed by the sort of producer I have in mind. Such men have learnt the necessity of infinite care to details thruout.

But, sad to say, there are others who still toss their work off carelessly. They

(*Continued on page* 176)

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

IT would be very interesting to know what photoplays are the greatest yet produced, and we ask our readers to decide by writing on a postcard or paper the titles of not more than five photoplays that he or she has seen, which are worthy of being called *classics.* At the top write "Motion Picture Classics"; at the bottom your name and address, and mail to this magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other mail. "The Christian" leads, and has as many votes as its two nearest competitors put together. There are just 233 "classics," according to the opinion of our readers to date, but we give only the twenty leaders in the order named:

"The Christian" (Vitagraph).
"Tess of the Storm Country" (Fam. Pl.).
"My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).
"A Million Bid" (Vitagraph).
"Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).
"Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).
"Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).
"Cabiria" (Italia).
"The Eternal City" (Famous Players).
"Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).
"The Spoilers" (Selig).
"The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith).
"The Juggernaut" (Vitagraph).
"The Stoning" (Edison).
"The Island of Regeneration" (Vita.).
"Last Days of Pompeii" (Kleine).
"The Captive" (Famous Players).
"Wildflower" (Famous Players).
"Neptune's Daughter" (Universal).
"The Escape" (Mutual).


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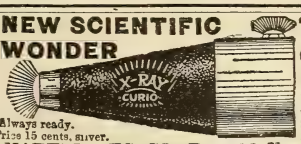


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(*Continued from page* 41)

Then Emerson realized the full depth of the change that had taken place in Alice, and how greatly she loved him. Weighing her need of him against money and luxury, that she had once held supreme, she stood ready to sacrifice it all if only she might have him again.

"No," he heard Mary say, with wearied finality. "And now—go! I will not listen to any more."

Emerson slipped away, and a few minutes later heard Alice leave, weeping and defeated.

But in those few minutes he had viewed life from a new angle. All three of them he saw, especially Mary and himself, had been wrong. Each had followed only his own selfish desire, and, deep down, a voice whispered to him that happiness built on such a foundation could not stand.

Clearest of all was a realization of the part Mary had played. Her words rang in his ears: "I was clever enough to get him." He recalled the note that had lured him in this mad career, and he knew her for what she was—the vampire who works thru the mind and feelings rather than crudely thru the senses. Hers was selfishness supreme, he saw—an egotism which ruthlessly crushed others beneath it. She had crushed Alice, and he knew now that in the end she would crush him.

He went to the library, where Mary still stood. She looked at his face, dark and lined with the struggle.

"You overheard?"

"Yes."

She came towards him and put her arms about his neck.

"She wont come again, darling. Nothing can come between us now."

But, with a sudden feeling of repulsion, he pushed her away. Then he said, slowly:

"Mary, we're wrong, and Alice is right. Ours is a phantom happiness, founded on passion and discontent, and not on love and sacrifice. It couldn't last, and it isn't lasting. I've come to my senses, and I see it."

She looked at him, her face gone suddenly pale, her eyes wide with terror.

"You mean—you dont love me—you're going away—back to her?" Her voice was so low he scarcely heard it.

"Yes. She has learnt her lesson, and I have learnt mine. We were both wrong. My place is with her, and I am going."

Frantically, unbelieving still, she tried to detain him. She wept; she fell on her knees and clung to him; but every moment his resolution grew stronger and his strength to resist greater. She let him go at last.

In his own home, guided by some instinct, he went straight to his study. He found Alice there, her face buried in her arms on his desk and weeping bitterly.

At his step she looked up, and then, startled, rose. Humbly and gladly, he went towards her, and there, where their misunderstandings had been born, their final reconciliation was made complete. Their lives, that had been divided like the waters of a stream, rushed together again, to flow on with redoubled depth and strength.

To Mary Allison it seemed as if the sun of her life had gone out. In the dark days that followed, she traveled far and alone along that black path which leads to madness or suicide. Nowhere could she lay hold of anything by which to gain a fresh impulse towards living.

But ever in her mind rang Don Emerson's words: "A happiness not built on love and sacrifice cannot last." And gradually the deeper knowledge came that only by giving happiness to others could she gain it for herself.

And then rose up the remembrance of the helpless invalid children at the hospital. It seemed as if the pleading arms of the little ones were stretched out to her, and suddenly a new peace and joy made radiant her whole being. She, too, had learnt the lesson of the phantom happiness.

STANHOPE'S SOUL HAS BEEN WILLED TO EUSTACE

(*Continued from page* 56)

crazy, or both, tell us the tale. But dont disinter poor old Stanny's bones in drunken jest."

Abry, a man gray in the work, frowned upon Saconte; then subsided breathlessly into a chair. "Order me a rye high," he said, "and make no comments while I talk. I am to be pardoned my enthusiasm, methinks.

"It was this way: I went up along the Maine coast to capture some of the coast fishers at work, and in an out-of-the-world little cove on the coast I ran across an art shop. It held one or two good things—the output of some poor chap without influence, I supposed—but it was a portrait of a lad that caused me to stop short and catch my breath. Unmistakably, for I pride myself on my infallibility, it was a Stanhope—and, moreover, a Stanhope with all the old cunning, the old mastery of color, the flexible emotion. I *knew* I was right. In reply to my query the art-dealer told me that a young lad had brought the painting in—the original of the painting itself, he believed. The lad had said that the artist wished the thing left unsigned, had left his address and departed.

"Immediately I sought the lad—and there, back in the woods, I found the lad—and Meredith Stanhope!

"You remember Stanny as he was when he dropped out of things, boys—all haggard, and inert, and listless? Well, *this* was the *old* Stanhope I saw. The man's youth had returned to him all unaware. There was a spring to his step; an energy in his every action that was good to see. And he attributed it all to the boy, Dan.

"It seems that he had met this boy on a sketching trip some time before, while he was still—while the—ah—the woman held the reins. He had liked him then and had believed in his ability, which I myself assure you, boys, is remarkable. I saw some of his studies up there, and I intend——"

"Yes, yes, you old rooster, but what about Stanny?" chorused the attentive listeners. "Come to the young 'un afterwards."

Abry attempted dignity and failed in his own eagerness. "Well," he resumed, "after the final parting with the Dante, which the press gave us so minutely, the dear old fool went home to die. We all thought he *had* died. Instead, just as he was about to do the tomfool act of the century, young Dan, the boy, appears upon the scene and saves the day. These things do happen, you know, outside of books.

"I dont know *how* he got there, or why he came, or any of the details. They're no great matter. The important thing *is* that Stanhope took a new lease on life. He was ending it because he had messed things so—because he had nothing left to give. This farmer lad brought to him the fact that he had a great gift he could give him—the benefit of his personal instruction; his knowledge; his keen appreciation; his own great artistry. Then and there he determined to live for the boy—to make him what he himself had failed to be; to pour his own genius into the pliable fingers of the gifted youth. That is precisely what he has been doing all this while. And from teaching the lad—from living for some one rather than for himself alone—he has been reborn.

ABRY DISCOVERS STANHOPE

"I have persuaded him to come back—made him see that we have need of him. And he has promised me to come."

Long into the night the artists sat and talked of Meredith Stanhope—his past, his present, his new and glorious future. And each and every one of them pledged his return before they parted company for the night.

It was not, however, the world's need of him that was bringing Stanhope home, but the chance hint of Abry that Creola Dante had Eustace in her clutches.

Still firm in his belief in soul transmigration, Stanhope felt that Eustace had his soul and strength, while he himself had come into possession of a new one. It was for Eustace's sake

IN HIS MAINE RETREAT

that he returned to Gotham — to save him, if possible, from the havoc his own soul was working in the body of his dear friend.

Meredith went straight to his old studio upon his arrival, thinking to phone Eustace from there and surprise him. He *did* surprise him.

Long before he mounted the stairs that led to the long neglected place where dreams had gone astray, he knew what was going on. He heard the auctioneer's hammer and the shrill insistence of his voice. They were selling a dead man's relics—for money. He opened the door quietly and stood framed there, much like one of his own subjects. A silence fell on the room; then an eerie cry went up. Something strange was happening to Eustace Kennedy. His body seemed to wither, to collapse, to drop inertly to the ground; his lips fumbled over words, and those nearest him heard him wail, "He has come to claim his soul!"

When Meredith Stanhope reached him he found that he was dead. Reporters declared that he remarked solemnly, "I have done an awful thing. I have taken God's job away from Him, and this is my payment!"

Stanhope saw The Firefly but once again. He went to see her for a double purpose: one was to reassure himself that her hateful sway was ended; the other to denounce her for what she had done to Eustace Kennedy. And when he had finished, the woman saw that there was no hope—her hold on him had been broken. The fly had become a hornet. The next day, beaten, cast-off, humiliated with guilt exposed, she disappeared from the gay world—alone. She had played the game out to the end, and it spelled defeat.

Under Stanhope's constant, forming hand, the boy Dan surely progressed until even his master was satisfied.

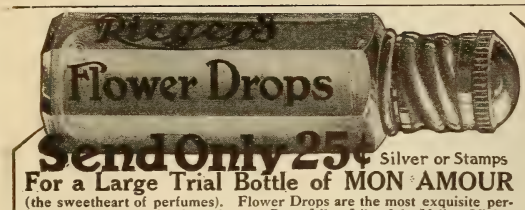
"Go," he said; "you no longer need me. I have given you my best."

And, boylike, Dan went out into the unconquered world.

Stanhope was left alone. And one day a great need rose in his heart—a need of Claire's tenderness, her freshness.

"Dear," he told her reverently, "it's not much of a man I'm offering you—but, oh! I *need* you, dear——"

He never finished, for the girl's face broke into a glow that transfigured her. That marvelous, sacred, mothering look spangled her eyes with Christly sweetness—and neither of them needed words.

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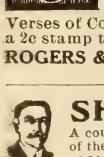

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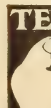

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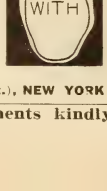


**M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist**
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(*Continued from page* 171)

are responsible for a tumult of dissatisfaction among Motion Picture enthusiasts. There are those still building crude scenery, even today, that reminds one of the scenery they used to have in Fireman's Hall, or the village opera house, who forget little properties and put others in where they give a ridiculous effect. They photograph scenes with an endeavor to depict tragedy or drama or comedy, but with a result that is clownish and which verges on burlesque. That is the way it appears to an audience, at any rate, and the American audience is the greatest of critics. I remember viewing such a film only the other day. To be sure, the producers had employed only renowned artists, and they had made a photoplay from the story of a great dramatist. But I am assured the one who had photo-dramatized the story was no master, because it was almost unrecognizable. The audience happened to be made up of mostly college men, for it was in a college town. These men had seen the actors and actresses themselves upon the stage, and they were attracted by the advertisement of them in a photoplay. But when, on two or three occasions thru the picture, certain things happened in the business of a scene, and certain absurd mistakes and crudities only too obvious were made, they burst out laughing as one man. Indeed, college men are severe critics, more so, perhaps, than the average audience; but I am sure such things would have been plainly evident to almost any one, especially to the audiences that are flocking to the photoplay theaters of today.

Let us hope and pray, those of us who are looking towards the perfection of the Motion Picture, for the day when every producer will think of more than just turning out a big picture for the money that's in it. In these days of large multiple-reel photoplays taken from stage hits and from masterpieces of literature, all the more care is necessary in producing. Star performers are a big attraction, but they must be backed up with a quality equal to their own, for they alone will not induce the public—you and I—to look at pictures they dont want to see. Let us have the kind of photoplays that carry us off into the land of make-believe without grating on our finer sense of beauty and love for the artistic.

Miss Mae McNeil, of 342 Liberty Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the first to come to the rescue of Alice Joyce:

Your August number contained a severe criticism of Alice Joyce. I trust you will print a defense, altho it is not necessary to eulogize Miss Joyce. Your readers have ably done so times innumerable.

(*Continued on page* 178)

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(*Continued from page* 176)

"Stiff as a toy doll," the critic writes, blaspheming dignity and repose. Would Miss M. change the violet to a crimson rose? Would she make of Isadore Duncan an Eva Tanguay? Would she have Alice Joyce execute a backward kick like Mabel Normand, or turn a somersault like Mary Pickford? Profanity! Any one perceptibly different becomes famous. Variety is the spice of life. So why not rejoice at a sedate little maid among her more frolicsome sisters?

"Rather pretty," writes Miss M. Alice Joyce is beautiful with the only sort of beauty worth while—the outer characterization of inner loveliness. It is not so much the symmetry of her features that appeals as the expression of eyes and lips.

As to her acting ability, after five years Miss Joyce leaves the Kalem Company, and the exhibitors raise such a demand for her pictures that old negatives, taken years ago, are reissued. Would these pictures live were Miss Joyce a lesser actress?

Something new under the sun, Solomon —an idolized actress on the top rung of fame, shy and retiring.

As a well-wisher of your Magazine, I hope comparisons will be eliminated. By their introduction we find flaws where perfection reigned.

Isabel D. Burke, who requests that we withhold her address, sends us a "bitter-sweet" letter, in which she comes out, in exceedingly frank terms, in praise or denunciation of certain photoplayers. She either hugs them to her heart or gently pushes them off the earth, as occasion demands, and it is all done so naïvely and good-naturedly that one hesitates to exclaim, "Avast there, little maid, dont you know thet people hez feelin's!"

If Marguerite Clark, Billie Ritchie and Arthur Housman were a little more original I might learn to like them. Mary Fuller, Marguerite Courtot and J. Warren Kerrigan are too conceited. Lillian Gish is a little too stiff—she seems afraid of the camera; but Dorothy is a dear. Ella Hall is a fine player, but she should smile more—she looks much prettier that way.

Mae Marsh is great—but a little too languid. Lorraine Huling is too affected. Blanche Sweet is all that her name implies—and then some. Her acting improves all the time. Ruth Roland plays naturally, but she talks too much. Kathlyn Williams is too fond of seeing her name in print. Ormi Hawley and Rose Tapley are fine. Edith Storey's acting is a joy, and Lillian Walker and Mary Maurice are the sweetest ever.

Pauline Frederick is all that could be asked for in a photoplayer. She is beautiful and a wonderful actress. Her facial expressions are almost perfect. I hope she has come to stay. My favorites among the men are: Antonio Moreno, E. K. Lincoln and Francis X. E. K. Lincoln is a great actor, but we seldom hear of him. Francis X. Bushman has not as yet been given anything big to do; he certainly can do the part when given the chance. Antonio Moreno is about the best to be found.

There is one pretty little, versatile player who receives very little notice. I mean Violet Mersereau. She is good in any part and is every bit as good a player as Mary Fuller, who is always being praised. She is surely a much greater artist than Marguerite Clayton, but was not even mentioned in the "Artist Contest." Any one who has seen her in "In Self-defense," "Spitfire," "The Mystery of the Yellow Curl Papers" and "Peg of the Wilds" will agree with me calling her a most versatile and charming actress.

Cleo Madison, Anna Little, Rosemary Theby and Dorothy Phillips are a few of the many fine players that Universal can be proud of; Frances Nelson, also. The Nestor comedies, with Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran, Victoria Forde and Billie Rhodes, are always good. I fell in love with Billie the first time I saw her. "Her Friend, the Milkman" is an example of her fine work.

I have come to the conclusion that Jane and Katherine Lee are the most wonderful child-players on the screen. They are so unconscious of themselves and they play so charmingly. They are scarcely more than babies.

Helen Costello is a bewitching little dear; also Dolores, but I do not see the latter very often. Baby Lillian Wade and Adelaide Laurence are great favorites of mine.

Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse are deserving of more praise; also Evelyn Selbie of Western Essanay. Irene Boyle is a very good player, and Herbert Rawlinson is great. Owen Moore seems to be improving, also Gladden James of Vitagraph. I am glad Zena Keefe has returned to pictures. She's always good.

Last, but not least, Mary Pickford—the greatest and most charming player on the screen; that is all I need to say, for everybody knows what a darling little Mary is; and Lottie Pickford is too sweet for words—God bless 'em!

Edith B. Acher, 133 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York City, doesn't like to see the pictures of her favorites

(*Continued on page* 180)

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
## CONTINUED

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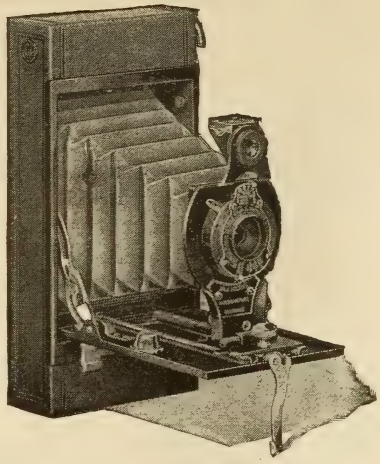

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(*Continued from page* 178)

done in tints of green, blue and purple. And she does like Marguerite Clark and doesn't care who knows it:

I never could tire of praising Marguerite Clark. I think she is the most irresistible, charming and versatile actress of the day. I like Harold Lockwood opposite her better than any one else, and am sorry he has left Famous Players. If only they'd give him more publicity, his name outside of a theater would be a good drawing card. He certainly is a handsome, clever and versatile player.

I'm glad to hear people say Marguerite Clark is better than Mary Pickford, because she is. Her work in "Wildflower" and "The Crucible" are good examples of her versatility, while Mary is a darling and cute, but must always have a "pouty" part. And then she's been overdone. Last fall there wasn't a theater that didn't show her in the old Biograph and Imp plays every day of the week, and, naturally, people got tired of her.

I think Keystone comedies are absolutely the most nonsensical things ever. In losing Charlie Chaplin, they lost the player who made their films worth while. He certainly has sprung from obscurity to the greatest popularity in a very short time, and I think he deserves it, too.

But let Harold Lockwood, Marguerite Clark, Antonio Moreno, and many others, have their publicity, and they'd be where he is, too.

Mr. Alfred Bergman, 57 Piedmont Street, Worcester, Mass., has some very sensible things to say about Motion Picture directors which will bear repeating. We regret not being able to give Mr. Bergman's letter in full, but have culled some of the most interesting things in it:

Too much praise cannot be given a director for making a picture a success. Men like Ralph and Thomas Ince, David Griffith, Frederick Thompson, Barry O'Neil, Charles Gaskill and Colin Campbell are really great directors.

The Lasky Company owes much of its artistic success to Wilfred Buckland, their art director, for when Lasky produces a Servian play, such as "The Captive"; a Montenegrin play, such as "The Unafraid," and a play of Belgium during the fall of Liège, such as "Stolen Goods," a man like Buckland is needed to know what atmosphere, costumes, etc., should be used to make the picture correct.

Nine-tenths of the pictures shown today are stories of the West or New York City, and I, for one, would like to see more pictures with stories of Alaska,

Panama, Brazil, the Amazon, Japan, Africa, India, or the Philippine Islands.

When one sees a war-picture today it is usually of the Civil War; but I have never seen a picture of the Russo-Japanese War, or Napoleon's or Charles XII's conquests, which, I think, would be good stuff for the movies.

I also would like to see pictures where men like De Lesseps, the civil engineer; Verdi and Wagner, the composers; and Stanley and Livingston, the African explorers, would play a prominent part.

I notice more stories, novels and stage-plays are being used for the movies every day, and I would like to see James Francis Dwyer write for either the Lasky, Selig or Vitagraph Company some stories of the Far East, "where the sun sinks on the China Sea across the bay, on the road to Mandalay."

I consider Dwyer the most imaginative writer in the world today. His stories would make a hit in the movies. One of Dwyer's short stories, namely, "The White Tentacles," would be very interesting in the pictures; also Frederick Arnold Kummer's story, "Life."

I would like to see Vitagraph produce Rupert Hughes' novels: "What Will People Say?" and "Empty Pockets." I can see what a success "Empty Pockets" would be, with Anita Stewart as Muriel Schuler, the auburn-haired heroine. These are only a few of the magazine stories which would be good material for the movies.

Miss Myrtle Dixon, Newark, N. J., seems to have the true interests of both stars and fans at heart, and for this reason her remarks have a peculiar interest and value:

I have watched with interest the Motion Picture industry, if I may call it such, grow to its now large and envious proportions, and with its high price of admission, which is no doubt warranted by its spectacular and historically correct features. I hope to see, shortly, "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Eternal City." I am sure the latter must be as good—if not better—than the book.

Another large feature which I enjoyed—and I must say the best of any I have ever seen—is "The Christian." I saw this four times. Edith Storey and Earle Williams were admirable in their parts. I am afraid my vocabulary contains words which are too few and meager to express my opinion of their characterizations. Suffice it to say, they were unsurpassable. I have heard a few people say they did not like this picture; but what are a few compared to the thousands? Every one cannot be satisfied. If they could be we would be in a rut. How uninteresting!

The train-wreck in "The Juggernaut"


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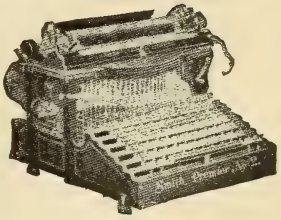

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is so realistic that for the moment I am sure I had paralysis of the heart. The Vitagraph Company do not allow even the smallest detail to slip by, and they certainly deserve what I have heard so often: "I like Vitagraph pictures best." One thing, tho, I think could be remedied, and that is the women wearing décolleté gowns cut so ridiculously low. I am a woman, but I am quite sure if I had a million dollars or a few cents less I would not appear in my father's presence, when at home, in a gown cut about ten inches below the throat. In "The Juggernaut" Miss Stewart wears what I would call an immodestly and uncalled-for low-cut evening gown. I consider Miss Stewart a very capable actress, but one who smiles a little too much. Miss Hawley of the Lubin, in most of her pictures, always manages to get an extreme décolleté in. Of course an actress can do what the ordinary run of people could not, as they are a little beyond the pale of general criticism; but when it comes to gowns which are held together on the shoulder by only a strap, and so much flesh exposed, especially when worn by a well-known and favorite star, the more common element think, "Oh, that must be the way they dress in real society! Look at So-and-so; she has such beautiful gowns, and how she dresses!" After awhile they begin to become known by their low-cut dresses, and oftentimes very vulgar remarks are passed. I know I am hitting a sore spot, but one which I think, you will agree with me, might be remedied. It is a different story when an adventuress figures in the play, or a person of the underworld; then we expect it; but when we see what is represented as being the cream of society, and which is supposed to represent refinement at its very best, it does not speak well to see this exhibition of flesh, especially when at home reading a newspaper or magazine.

I suppose you will think I am ten years behind the time; one who is crying out against the movies; that it makes thieves and degenerates out of the observers, etc. Far be it from me. I would rather go to the Motion Pictures any day than go to see a legitimate drama. In fact, I like them so well that I go on an average of three times a week.

I hope in voicing my opinion, as I know I am speaking for many others, that I have not stepped on too many toes.

## A WONDERFUL STAR

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

I enclose you herewith a copy of a photograph of Charlotte La Turque, the latest actress of the legitimate stage to fall for the temptations of film fame.

Charlotte leapt into the public eye first in New York, where she was doing a turn in one of the uptown poultry markets, and by the time I had found her she had

become known to thousands of our most prominent Italians.

Charlotte says that since her earliest childhood her ambition has been to go on the stage, and that she feels that her abilities as a Protean artist are exceptional. Her ambition is to become the Elsie Janis of the screen. Her first and best imitation is that of Charlie Chaplin; in fact, Miss La Turque says herself that she is undoubtedly the only originator of the "Charlie Chaplin Turkey Trot."

She had an offer to go on the vaudeville circuit, but Essanay quickly recognized her extraordinary talents and engaged

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Like so many other ladies of the stage, Miss La Turque shuns publicity and insists that her work speaks for herself. Her life is wrapped up in her art.

Charlotte is about three months old and a decided brunette. Thus far she has not succumbed to the usual actress mania—pets; also, as she says, she is very fond of worms, but somehow she cant keep them with her. When she was asked why she had chosen the screen instead of the stage, she said she felt that she could get better expression for her abilities and a wider audience for the lessons which she hoped to teach.

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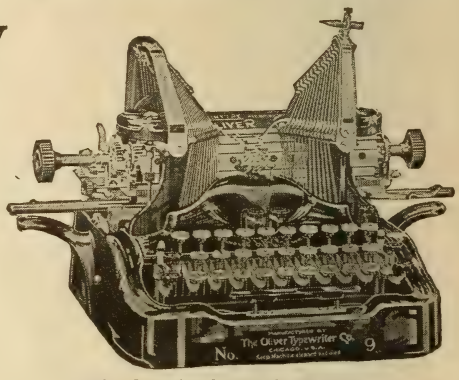


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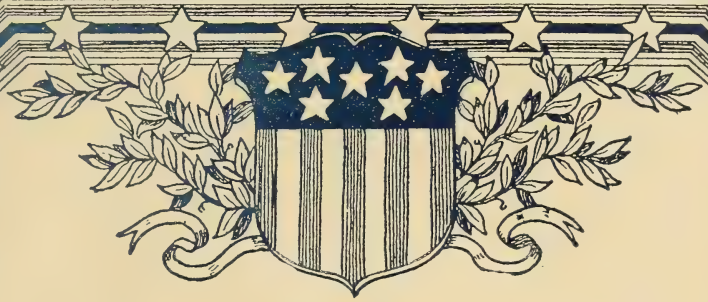

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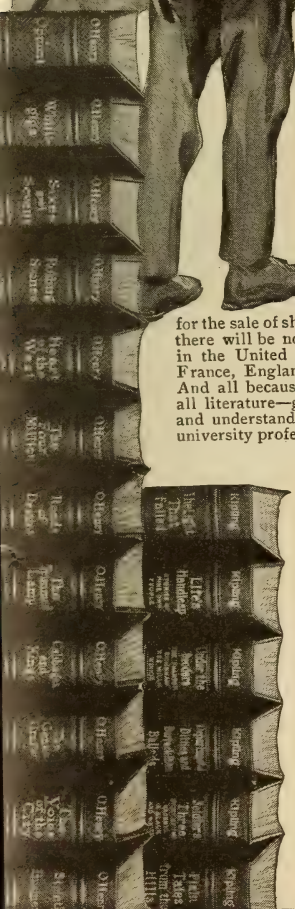

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# Motion Picture Magazine Motion Picture Supplement

# *EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS*

As the Answer Man says, the first number of "the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT struck twelve all over the country." Letters of congratulation poured in from far and near, all acclaiming that our new monthly had hit the bull's-eye right in the center. For instance, here is one from the leading Motion Picture publicity man on the Pacific coast:

Dear Mr. Brewster: My very warmest congratulations on the initial issue of the SUPPLEMENT. Such a magazine adds to the dignity of the Motion Picture profession. RICHARD WILLIS.

The second issue of the SUPPLEMENT (October number) came out on September 15, and so great were the demands for it that it has been found necessary to increase the order for the November issue from 105,000 to 205,000 copies—a thing unprecedented in the publishing business. We think that the October number will surprise you—we KNOW that the November number will! The cover will be a wonderful reproduction of a painting of Mary Fuller, in beautiful colors, and the illustrations within will be equally fine.

Besides the splendid stories and many departments, there will be the following:

**The Millennium for Stage Folks.** By Robert Grau
**Possibilities and Probabilities.** By David W. Griffith
**The Picture Part of the Picture Play.** By Dorothy Donnell
**Talks with Popular Players.** By Edna Wright and others
**Once Upon a Time** (continued). By Johnson Briscoe
**Wild Animals I Have Met.** By Allan Douglas Brodie

## MAGAZINE *versus* SUPPLEMENT! WHO WINS?

The December issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be out on November 1, and we think that we can safely say that it will again be "The Best Yet." While it cannot carry those large, beautiful pictures that have helped to make its young sister, the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, so popular, it will more than make up in quantity what it lacks in dimensions. To be very frank, a great deal of jealousy exists between these two sisters, and the older of the two intends to renew and double its energies so that its younger sister shall not outstrip her in the race for public approval. To use the language of the street, the SUPPLEMENT "will have to go some" to equal the December MAGAZINE. First, the latter will have seven or eight stories instead of five; second, it will have a gallery of sixteen pages instead of eight; third, it will have more and larger departments; fourth, it will have the second instalment of J. Stuart Blackton's own novel, "The Battle Cry of Peace"—and let us remark right here that when you read the second instalment you will never be satisfied until you have finished reading the whole. It is very gripping, very dramatic and very instructive. Among the other articles scheduled for the Magazine are these:

**DIARY OF MOTION PICTURE PROGRESS. By Robert Grau**

This is a remarkable article. Perhaps for the first time in history, all of the dates and facts pertaining to the discovery, growth and evolutionary development of Motion Pictures are gathered and classified so that the reader can tell at a glance just where credit belongs, and why, and when, and how the different discoveries were put together to form the present marvelous industry. This article will be widely copied, and it will no doubt find its place in the permanent literature of invention and discovery. You cant afford to miss this article. It is intensely interesting, and, besides, everybody ought to know the facts.

**A Visit to the Lubin Studio.** By Marie Roy
**The Origin of "Broncho Billy."** By Ivan Gaddis
**My First Visit to the Movies.** By Homer Dunne
**The Lannigans and Brannigans.** By James G. Gable
**Stage Stars Who Have Paid Fleeting Visits to the Movies.** By Ernest A. Dench
**The Pastimes of a Motion Picture Actress.** By Arthur Pollock

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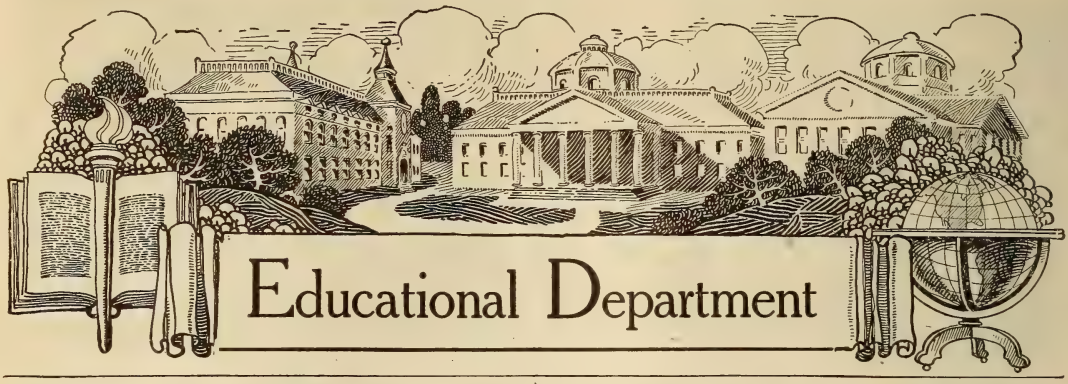

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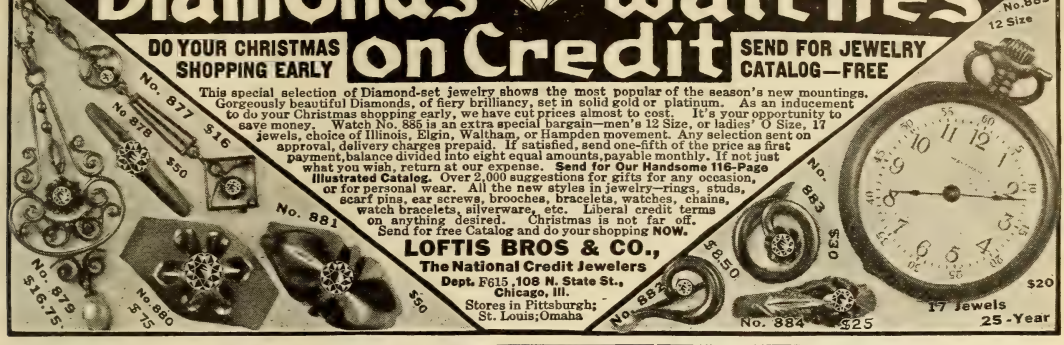


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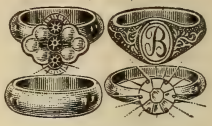

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# MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

(TRADEMARK REGISTERED)

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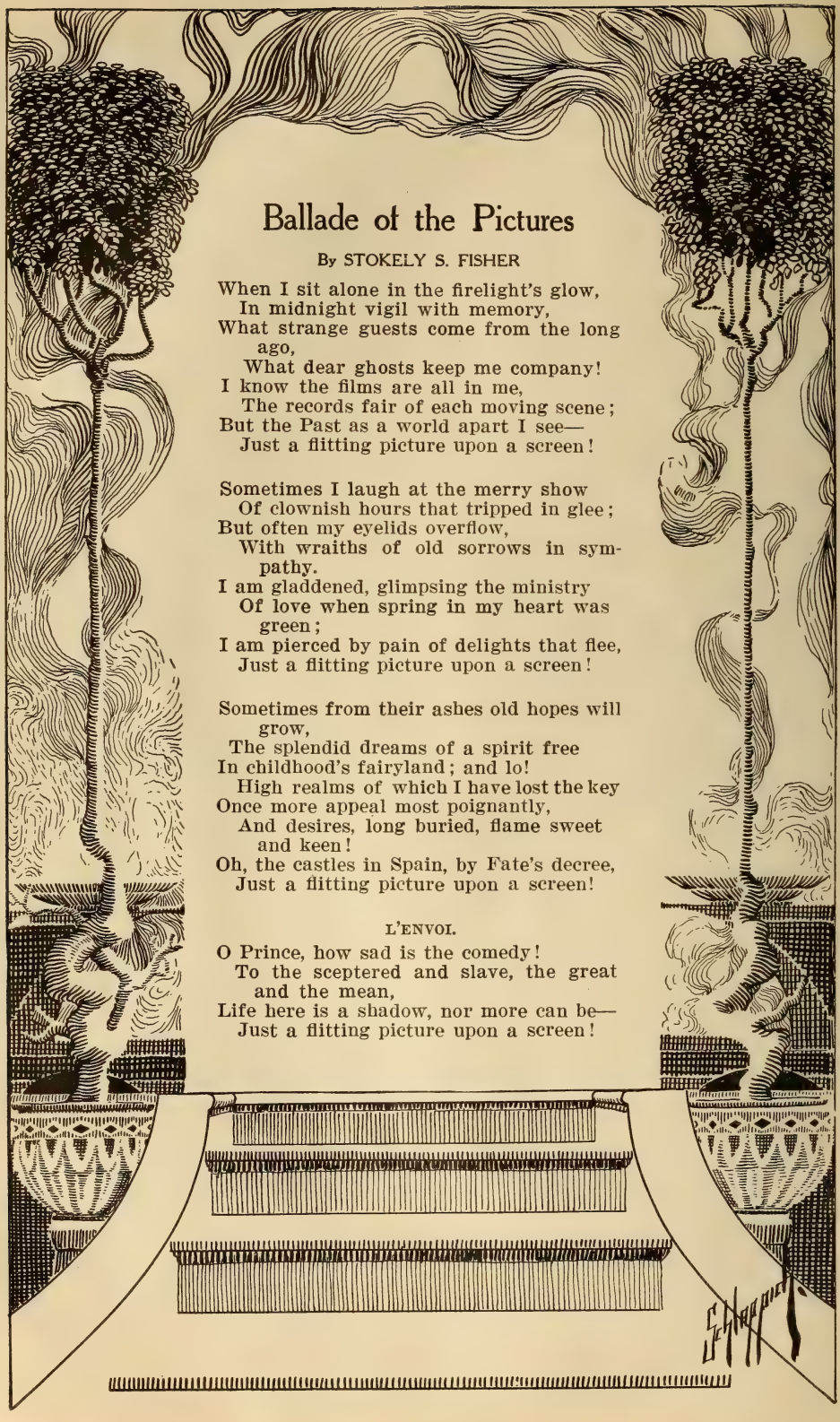


# Ballade of the Pictures

By STOKELY S. FISHER

When I sit alone in the firelight's glow,
  In midnight vigil with memory,
What strange guests come from the long ago,
  What dear ghosts keep me company!
I know the films are all in me,
  The records fair of each moving scene;
But the Past as a world apart I see—
  Just a flitting picture upon a screen!

Sometimes I laugh at the merry show
  Of clownish hours that tripped in glee;
But often my eyelids overflow,
  With wraiths of old sorrows in sympathy.
I am gladdened, glimpsing the ministry
  Of love when spring in my heart was green;
I am pierced by pain of delights that flee,
  Just a flitting picture upon a screen!

Sometimes from their ashes old hopes will grow,
  The splendid dreams of a spirit free
In childhood's fairyland; and lo!
  High realms of which I have lost the key
Once more appeal most poignantly,
  And desires, long buried, flame sweet and keen!
Oh, the castles in Spain, by Fate's decree,
  Just a flitting picture upon a screen!

L'ENVOI.

O Prince, how sad is the comedy!
  To the sceptered and slave, the great and the mean,
Life here is a shadow, nor more can be—
  Just a flitting picture upon a screen!

# GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MARIE NEWTON
(Biograph)

JEAN DUMAR (Edison)

DONALD BRIAN (Lasky)

LILLIAN GISH (Mutual)

MARY ANDERSON (Vitagraph)

HAROLD LOCKWOOD
(American)

RAYMOND McKEE
(Edison)

MARY CHARLESON (Lubin)

J. WARREN KERRIGAN
(Universal)

GEORGE HOLT
(Vitagraph)

BESSIE EYTON
(Selig)

BILLIE BURKE
(N. Y. M. P. Co.)

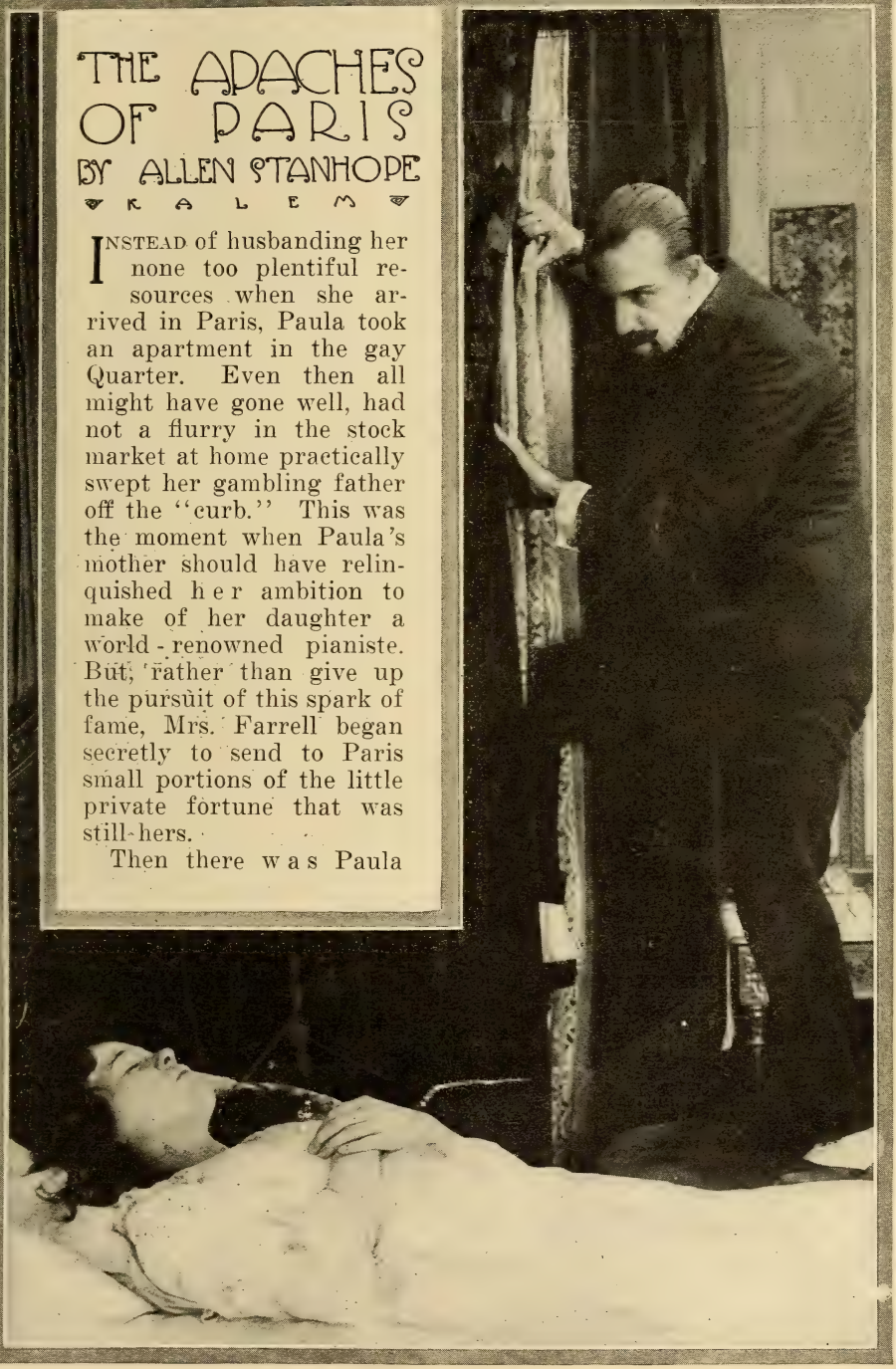
# THE APACHES OF PARIS

BY ALLEN STANHOPE

KALEM

INSTEAD of husbanding her none too plentiful resources when she arrived in Paris, Paula took an apartment in the gay Quarter. Even then all might have gone well, had not a flurry in the stock market at home practically swept her gambling father off the "curb." This was the moment when Paula's mother should have relinquished her ambition to make of her daughter a world-renowned pianiste. But, rather than give up the pursuit of this spark of fame, Mrs. Farrell began secretly to send to Paris small portions of the little private fortune that was still-hers.

Then there was Paula



herself to be considered. She had been nurtured with the idea that she was a great genius, smouldering. She needed but the skilful hand of some of the great masters and the bellows of inspiration, amid proper surroundings, and lo! a great flame would mount to the heavens that would transfix the audiences of the world. Highly paid teachers in America had encouraged this idea at the rate of from five to twenty dollars an hour. And so Paula came to Paris with a confidence and ambition that nothing could stem.

If Mrs. Farrell had summoned Paula home at once and disclosed the whole truth of a desperate situation, the girl would have probably shown that forceful determination that beat itself thru the very doors of her honor at a later moment. But the beautiful American girl, turned loose, as it were, upon Paris, was fascinated by the gay life, and the gay life was fascinated by her. She became the center of a mad circle that hovered about the Boulevard Saint Michel. She might have held her own against subtle attacks, had she been able to continue to pay her way with impunity.

With the change of fortune in the Farrell ménage, Paula's allowance had been greatly reduced. With that vainglory that had seeped thru her mother's veins into her own, she was too proud to give up her fine quarters and seek less pretentious lodgings. This was the beginning of all the mischief, mad adventures rather, that might otherwise have remained a matter of stubborn coquetry.

Another widening breach, thru which the cloven hoof was forcing its way, was the culpable fact that the pursuit of music as a high art had quite disappeared. It is quite true that Paula fumbled with the keys several hours during the day, but her heart and soul were still lingering over green liqueurs and the haunting melodies of a gay-lit café not far distant. To the now earnest inquiries from her mother and sister at home about the progress of her career, she wrote lackadaisical replies that stained the banknotes she received with unheeded tears.

Things might have burned themselves out naturally had not Romance been capped by the appearance of Mr. Ashley Lloyd upon the scene. Lloyd was a wealthy dilettante with no visible means of support or occupation. Moreover, he was dashingly handsome, and had a way about him that struck fire from Paula just when her little house of cards was ready for the flame. It needed but a gust of the wind of misfortune, and a harvest of ashes would reward a mother for her miserable delusion.

But Paula Farrell was not like her little sister, Dorothy, with her father's Puritan conscience, that had given up his remaining fortune to his creditors on a mere matter of principle. Rather was she endowed with her mother's self-deceit, that could hide her own private fortune from her heart-broken husband and dole it out to feed her daughter on a new deceit that was sowing a whirlwind.

Paula knew then that Lloyd was mainly engaged in the pursuit of folly, yet she lured him on as tho she herself were the incarnation of folly. With a woman's intuition, she knew her man for what he was. This was long before that memorable ball in the Quarter, where men and women had gone mad with a revelry unknown except in Paris. Two things had brought her to her reeling senses that night. One was the sudden, yet not quite unexpected, revealment of Lloyd in his true rôle of the rascal. His mad kisses had awakened her better spirit, where his subtleties had lulled them to sleep.

The second occurrence of note was the sudden appearance upon the scene —just when she needed the right sort of man—of Tom Austin. She was at her weakest at that moment and he at his strongest. This seemed a matter of fate, almost, for each accepted the other's opportunity with an abandon that threw aside all barriers. Each knew secretly that the unique situation was nothing less than a love-pact. And, as is so often the case in the

birth of great emotions, love came in the guise of silence. Tom took Paula home, and Paula spent the rest of the night making feverish resolutions to make the best of her neglected opportunities. Tomorrow would indeed be the dawning of a new day for undoubted talents.

But the morrow ushered in fate again that willed otherwise. For when Paula awoke a little while before high noon, she found a letter from her mother. The black border around it heralded its evil portents in advance. But her father's death did not shock Paula near so deeply as the disclosure of the imminent poverty of her mother. This, instead of the urgently needed remittance!

Thru the long afternoon hours Paula lay on her luxurious divan, stunned by the terrible news that spelled a sudden and disastrous end to all the hope that her mother had sown and cultivated. It was impossible to feel otherwise than bitter against her family. This was again her mother's heritage.

The maid was lighting the afternoon tapers when Lloyd came in. She was still lying there, numb with the shock, and felt no resentment.

PAULA DECIDES TO GO TO PARIS

While he was apologizing elaborately, excusing his last night's indecorum because of strong drink, she knew that he was appraising her and the dilemma she was in. Carried along by she knew not what sullied hope, she confided to him her circumstances. Lloyd looked her squarely in the eyes for a long time, saying nothing, but curling his little mustache in a way that expressed greater power—of a certain puny sort—than many words might have done. Then he rose and smiled, saying, "I'll call in the morning," in a way that added, "you had better think it over."

PRAYING FOR PAULA

And Paula did think it over for nearly five hours, when she was interrupted by the girl across the hall, who drifted in to smoke a cigaret and gossip. She quite turned the tide of Paula's thoughts in another direction, when she mentioned a few facts about Tom Austin, whom Paula had deliberately forced out of her mind in the tragic climax. She told Paula that he was a great artist, wasting away because of his addiction to drink. He needed an anchor. She had seen him and Paula together the night before—Paula could be that anchor!

So when Lloyd called in the morn-

ing, confidently smoking a cigaret, Paula now smiled and said that she had decided nothing, but intended to remain where she was and work hard.

What Paula really intended to do was to throw herself on the mercies of her landlady and wait for Tom to return, as he said he would. But Lloyd was active where she was passive. He had taken care of both the landlady and Tom. One was well bribed, and the other was drugged with drink. These things were not difficult to attain in certain quarters of Paris.

Paula was met by the landlady with a notice of immediate eviction. And, of course, Tom never came. She clung on by sheer force for three days, when, as if by accident, Lloyd appeared at the very moment when she was being thrust into the street.

"Ah, I am in time, then?" he murmured, seemingly relieved. "I will ask you again—plead with you. You did not understand. My sister and her little boy have arrived—a governess must be secured for the child, and——"

"Yes, yes; I will go. I will go." And Paula went off with him to his apartment.

Once inside, he confessed that he had no sister—the rest is a business proposition. If she likes, she may still leave—the streets of Paris are yawning for her. If she would rather, she may stay—ah, then all will be different! All things will be hers—wealth enough for her and some over for the destitute family and the consummation of her musical career!

In the morning she gave him no account of the agony of the sleepless night. She did not even tell him that she would stay or mention the struggle that had shaken her soul to its core.

Paula had all things she could desire—except happiness. She had never sought that. Once only had she thought of it, and that was on a certain evening when Tom had taken her home—and had never returned. The fact that he was a drunkard was sufficient to deprive her of any future thru his affluence. She did not know that the love of her had gnawed the heart out of him, and that he had called, to find her gone and the landlady unwilling to give any clue to her whereabouts, except that it might be she had returned to America.

Paula never knew that it was the love of her that had given him strength successfully to conquer his old enemy. Her love was in his soul, and he now did all things to become worthy of her. The day would come when he would do the great thing dreamed of, and then he would take it and lay it at her feet and ask her to take him for what he had become worth. He worked early and late, day in and day out, during the whole year that followed, making a new resolution to search the earth for her, if necessary, and take her again as his own.

In the meantime, Paula was making a noose of deceit that was drawing tighter about the throats of her mother and little sister. She told them that the money she sent was the proceeds of artistic success; that their best dreams of her had come true! And so the careworn mother died in happy ignorance, and the little sister, Dorothy, pleaded to be allowed to come to Paris at once, where she might share in her sister's triumph.

Paula wrote back in alarm that she must come to Paris under no circumstances—not yet. But Dorothy, with the money she had managed to save, was already on her way.

Paula's former landlady had blackmailed Lloyd to the limit of his endurance, and, in revenge, the old hag had gone to Tom's studio, where he was working on his masterpiece that was to win back his right to the pure girl whom he loved so madly. He would not believe the old woman, of course, yet it was but human that he should hurry toward Lloyd's apartment. There was no one there.

Paula, feeling the impending crisis, had dipped deeply into the dance-halls again. Night after night had she gone to witness the new Apache dance that was then enthralling Paris. The symbolism in it bore a strange fascination for her. The two dancers

were ostensibly lovers. They are Victor and Mignon. First a cup of wine is brought, and they drain the contents between them. She has drained it with abandon. She was gay with an unnatural gayness, for the dance was gay. Gradually the dance assumed a sinister tone. Mignon drew her knife and circled slowly around the laughing Victor. Now it became the real dance of the Apaches. He had betrayed her. He must pay the penalty. Victor had thought her joking, but Mignon strikes, and he falls to the floor.

Paula always rushed from the place before the applause came. It was on arriving home from this dance one night that she found her sister Dorothy waiting for her. All the grim hypocrisy and tragedy of her hollow life swept upon her in one mighty effort to protect her sister from the taint of it all. She might have succeeded had not Lloyd just then entered. He began appraising the young girl, and would have kept still for policy's sake, had not fate ushered Tom into the apartment just then.

Involuntarily Paula moved toward him, torn asunder completely by the cords of miserable deceit that had begun to tighten around her and her sister. Tom seized her hand, and, looking at Lloyd, implored her to deny relationship with the reprobate.

Lloyd was the first to speak, and in a few terse sentences told all and turned and left the room. Tom stood for a moment, while the castles he had built for a year past tumbled one by one about him. Like his old drunken self, he, too, staggered from the room.

The sisters, left alone, clasped each other and wept. All that night they scarcely spoke in words, tho their two hearts unburdened themselves in constant utterance.

Outside, a stupendous thing had happened. War had been declared and an unmatured calamity had descended upon the nation that would gradually still the gayety of Paris. But the cafés were still remote from the deep national catastrophe. To the same old retreat Paula took her weary steps when her sister had fallen into a deep sleep. She drank deep of absinthe, and then, after seeing the Apache dance for the last time, she fled back to the luxurious apartment, a murderous knife held tightly beneath her coat.

Paula had taken an unknown risk in leaving her sister alone. She returned just too late. Lloyd had watched her movements and had stolen in the moment she left. Little Dorothy could never tell her what happened, for she lay like one asleep, only with a round bullet hole in her temple. Lloyd had thought to break her as easily as he had broken Paula, not knowing that one was made of sterner stuff.

When Paula came in he was standing dazedly frowning at the deed he had incited. He turned, and Paula seemed the sweetheart of old, there was that promise in her eyes. For a moment he forgot the sinister thing on the bed there, and was amused at her dancing about him until, when she seemed about to throw herself into his arms, a knife flashed and sank into his breast.

Nothing seemed real to Paula after that. She heard commands, running feet, and a man flashed into the room. It was Tom!

"I have come for you—I had to." He was looking at the man at her feet when a squad of soldiers rushed into the room. Tom seized the dagger from Paula's hand and turned toward them, holding out his hands. "I killed him," he said, simply.

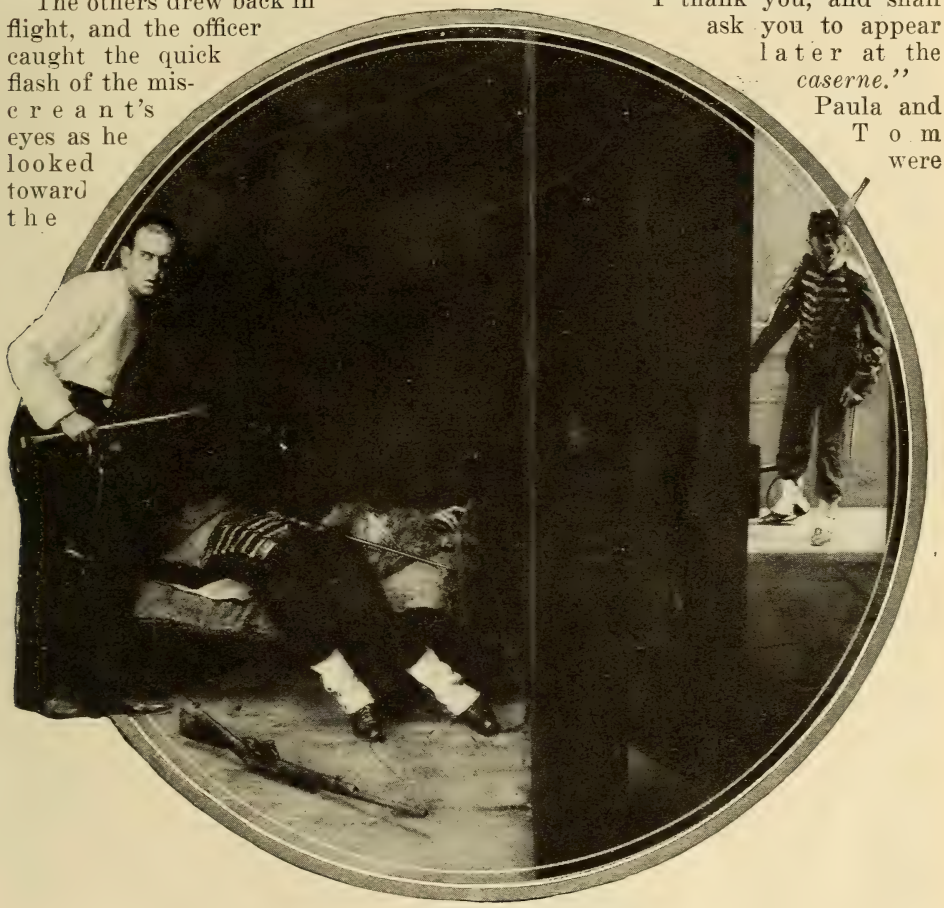
"He is not dead," remarked the officer. He directed his men to raise the fallen man. "We have come for one Ashley Lloyd——"

At the sound of his name the wounded man opened his eyes, and the sight of the gendarmes endowed him with supernatural strength. Dropping the hand that had clutched at his heart, he seized his cane and drew a thin, trembling sword from its depths.

"*En avant!*" he cried, "you thought, did you, to trap me like a rat in his sewer?"

A gendarme stepped forward with sword on guard, but the snaky weapon in Lloyd's hand curled around the blade and wounded him in the neck. The man fell with a groan.

The others drew back in flight, and the officer caught the quick flash of the miscreant's eyes as he looked toward the open door. "Back of me, men," cried the officer, and seizing a heavy table and holding it before him, he leapt at the swordsman. With a deafening crash they both were borne to the floor, and the gendarmes seized their prey.



THE MAN FELL WITH A GROAN

There was a cry from the men who had raised Lloyd, as a wallet was taken from his inner pocket. The dagger had pierced the wallet, which was filled with papers. The officer sprang forward with a cry. He examined the papers a moment.

"Here are the plans of every fortress in Paris! This man is a notorious spy. He will be shot at daybreak. I thank you, and shall ask you to appear later at the *caserne.*"

Paula and Tom were left alone with the last of the tragedy. Paula had been purged clean of soul. She stood looking at the man who had come back for her.

"Even now?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes; now and always—my love is deeper than surface scars."

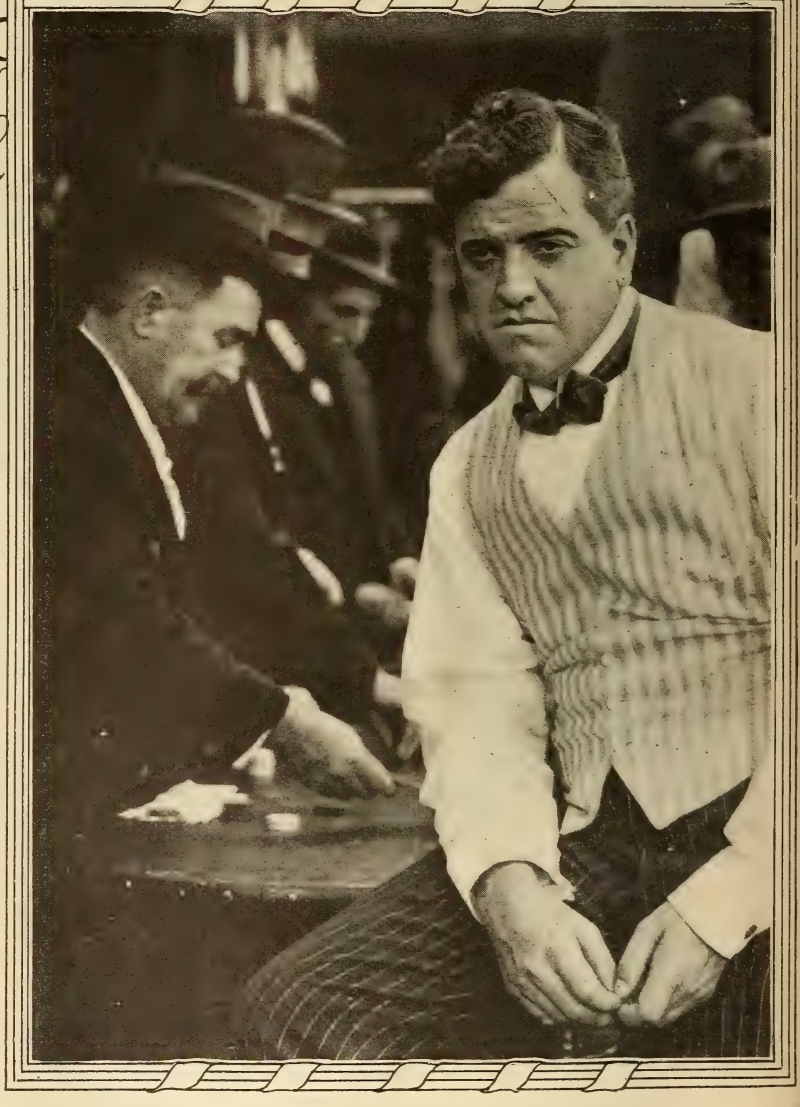
Then he led her to the side of the deathbed, where she turned and wept on his breast.

# JIM WEST

by

## ALEXANDER LOWELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of
WILBERT MELVILLE



WEST came into his wife's room later than was his wont. It must have been somewhere around three o'clock. As was her custom, she was lying awake, waiting for him, and her anxious, brown eyes sought his face. It was grayish tonight—the face of a man who was about to lose his grip.

"Jim," she cried fearfully—"what is it? Your face—it tells me——"

"Nothing — nothing, my dear. Some boys got into a scrap over rouge-et-noir—that's all—couldn't afford it—lost heavily—oh, just the usual thing——"

"You're lying to me, Jim. What has happened?"

West sank down in a chair and dropped his head in his palms. "All right, Kate," he said wearily, "if you want the truth you'll have to have it, I suppose. I try to spare you the dirtiest things when it is possible. Morey has just put a bullet thru his brain."

"Jim!" The cry was a horror-stricken one—the horror of a woman to whom death is ever the tragical antithesis of the life she bears.

"Oh! for God's sake shut up, Kate—do you want the cops in here? We've had to cart him into the back

# GAMBLER

## LUBIN

alley. Cant have anything like that come out about us. The police are ripe for a raid now. The new mayor is doing the virtuous act, and gambling is the first vice he'll take the broom to. If this place goes, what will become of us, my dear?" He laughed unpleasantly. "The gutter, I guess."

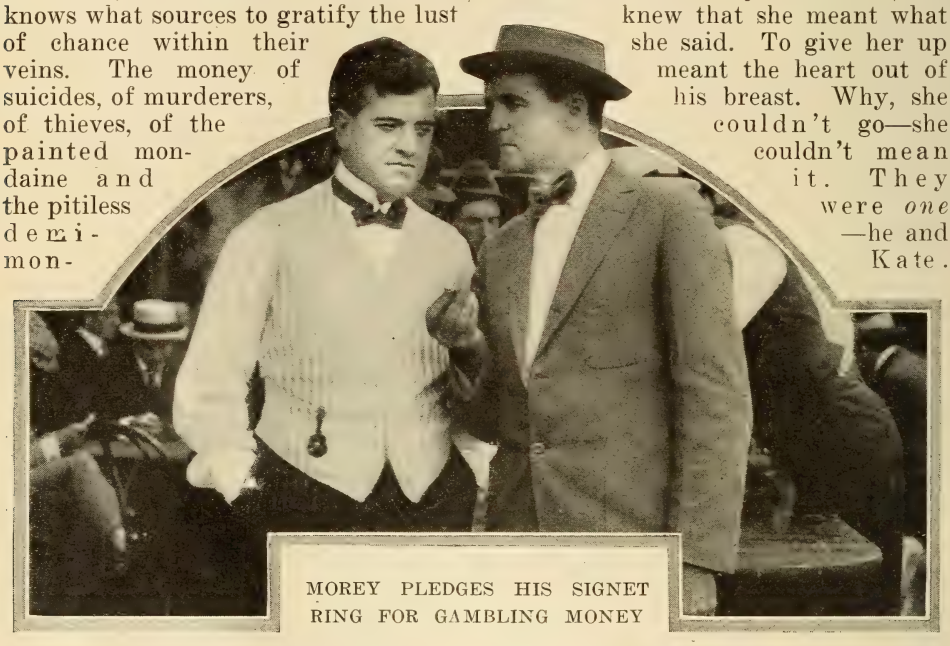
"Jim"—the name was little more than a whisper—"tell me all about Morey. He came here every night, didn't he? He—he has a wife, Jim, and a little son just—our Helen's age. And now he is dead. That kind of a death—a *gambler's* death!"

"No, not necessarily a gambler's death." West looked at his wife with something like pleading in his eyes now. Good in every man, 'tis said, and the good in Gambler West was the love of his wife. It fought in his blood day and night with the gambling fever. It held ahead of him a beacon-light that he groped after with his hands while his feet stuck fast in the mire and his tongue cried thickly, "Rouge-et-noir," or "The red wins," and his tormented soul exulted and rebelled at the croupier raking in the spoils. He wanted her respect even more than he wanted the blind love he knew he had. But his veins were inoculated with the dread obsession, and it would not let him go. Unto the third and fourth generation the passion had descended. He had received his heritage from further back than his father's father, and it was deep within him as the marrow in his bones.

"Not a gambler's death, Kate," he said again; "even a gambler may be a gallant sort of chap—may have a kind of courage not altogether to be despised. Morey was *yellow*—the streak was as broad as the continent and as deep as the seas. God! he was a *dirty* yellow. I warned him to keep away from the rooms. I didn't want his sort hanging around. I didn't even want his filthy coin. But he only sneered at me and said, 'Tryin' a new gag, West; posin' as a virtuous gambler?' Tonight he went down to his last cent—and in all probability that wasn't *his*. When everything was gone, he handed me his signet ring. It was all he had. Then he went into the Red Room and croaked himself. We sneaked him out—François and I. I slipped the ring back in his pocket—and I think we're clear of it. But it was a nasty hole to be in. He was a rotten lot."

"I see." Kate spoke very slowly. Almost as if she were unaware of West's presence, her eyes stared thru and past him. She was seeing—her daughter's future. Her own did not seem to matter. For whether she would or no, that was bound indissolubly with Jim's. But Helen's—ah, that was different! Helen must never

grow up to know the meaning of those gilded, heavily carpeted rooms—the flushed-faced men with the tightened lips; the painted women with abortively old eyes; the whir of roulette; the shrill voice of the croupier, and the presiding figure of Jim West, owner and proprietor. She must never know what manner of money it was that supplied her with the luxuries she had. What kind of money—there was food for thought. The money of libertines, who drained it from heaven knows what sources to gratify the lust of chance within their veins. The money of suicides, of murderers, of thieves, of the painted mondaine and the pitiless demi-mondaine; the money of desperate wretches who followed its glittering promise with a cringing doggedness, then sneaked out life's back door when the red, perchance, had lost. Blood-money—that was what it was. Blood-money that dried on one's soul and left a clotting, ugly scab.



MOREY PLEDGES HIS SIGNET RING FOR GAMBLING MONEY

Kate West wondered why she had not thought this all out before—clearly, definitely. Well, she had done so now—now, thank God! before Helen could understand.

"Jim," she said, in the same quiet way, "I've come to a decision tonight. I—it had to come sooner or later. But I hope I'm not going to have to carry it out."

West had been unfastening his collar, thinking, in the long silence while Kate was fighting out her problem, that the matter was to be dropped. He turned to her now, the fear in his eyes again.

"Decision? What do you mean? Cant it wait till tomorrow, Katie; it's going on 4 A. M. now?"

"No, it cant, Jim. It's waited for too many tomorrows now. It's this—you've got to choose between me and —gambling, dear."

There was a heavy silence. West knew that she meant what she said. To give her up meant the heart out of his breast. Why, she couldn't go—she couldn't mean it. They were *one*—he and Kate. She was his mate, his baby's mother, his girl. But on the other hand—to give up gambling meant the blood out of his veins—the blood that was born fevered and had been so ever since. If he gave that up only the withered shell of a man must remain—a man who would struggle day and night with the craving that would sap his life away. Never to sense the pressure of the atmosphere again; never to know the breathless pause before the decisive moment; never to see the purplish faces of men playing thru thick curtains of smoke! It was impossible. He caught his breath, his eyes glazed, his fingers twitched for the feeling of cards and chips, for the whir of the wheel, for

the elusive, taunting, vampire face of Lose or Win.

"All right, Kate," he said finally, his voice thick with the things he felt; "perhaps you'd better—*go.*"

The little town of Avonhills was bathed in a twilight peace. The livable, comfortable streets seemed fairly to snuggle into the day's mellow aftermath. The long, slanting rays of the late summer sun hit the meadows and drew out the ripe fragrance of grain. It glanced across the tiny lake between the hills that gave the town its name and seemed like long, golden fingers brushing off a gleaming mirror. The townspeople strolled up and down or sat in groups on their porches, and almost every one discussed the new minister.

"Have you heard his true name?" asked Mrs. Cochran of her neighbor, Mrs. West, as they sat sewing together for the newly revived Dorcas Society.

"No," answered Mrs. West, "I have heard very little about him. Helen seems to have acquired a great deal of sentimental gossip. But then Avonhills couldn't even have a new minister without making it a subject for a headliner."

Mrs. Cochran looked vexed. She had been about to detail all the points of interest *she* had acquired. She reflected that Mrs. West would have been a more popular woman in Avonhills if it had not been for her rather curt tongue, her obstinate reticence concerning herself and her absolute refusal to mingle in anything social. After all, Avonhills had been pretty nice about taking up with a woman who disclaimed a past, who seemed forlornly disinterested as to the future and whose present consisted solely in the figure of her young daughter Helen.

"Well, anyway," she said, determined not to be done out of the joy of a few choice morsels, whether Mrs. West was interested or not, "anyway, they say he looks like he's had an *awful* past—and not, if you will believe me, a *ministerial or spiritual one, either.* In fact, Mrs. Fothergill says he smacked to *her* of the flesh-pots, and she ought to know—she spends enough time tasting of 'em, I'm sure."

"I should say, then, that he deserves much credit." Mrs. West said this more to herself than to her loquacious visitor, and across her eyes there came a band of pain.

"I'm not denying *that,*" declared Mrs. Cochran, "and I'm sure I hope he gets it—in Heaven. But we dont want any clergy in Avonhills with the smell of the flesh-pots on 'em. I for one dont think it's moral. I must say I like a man churchly in church. If he cant be there, goodness knows he cant be anywhere. But to go on: Nellie Lester says he has the most *awful* eyes. She says they look like burnt holes in a sheet till you get real close, then they're kind of unearthly. She says he looks like he's fought something to the last ditch and is holding on to victory for dear life. She says she knows he has a past of some kind, and she suspects a—*woman.*"

"Women are not necessarily—flesh-pots." Mrs. West smiled amusedly for an instant.

"No one said they were—necessarily. But when a man goes about with burnt holes for eyes—and that man a minister—*I* say to look out."

"Have you seen him yourself?" Despite her chronic apathy, Mrs. West felt a vague interest in this man who was fighting his battle alone and bore all the earmarks of a soul who has suffered and felt within his purgatoried heart an odd, exalted gain.

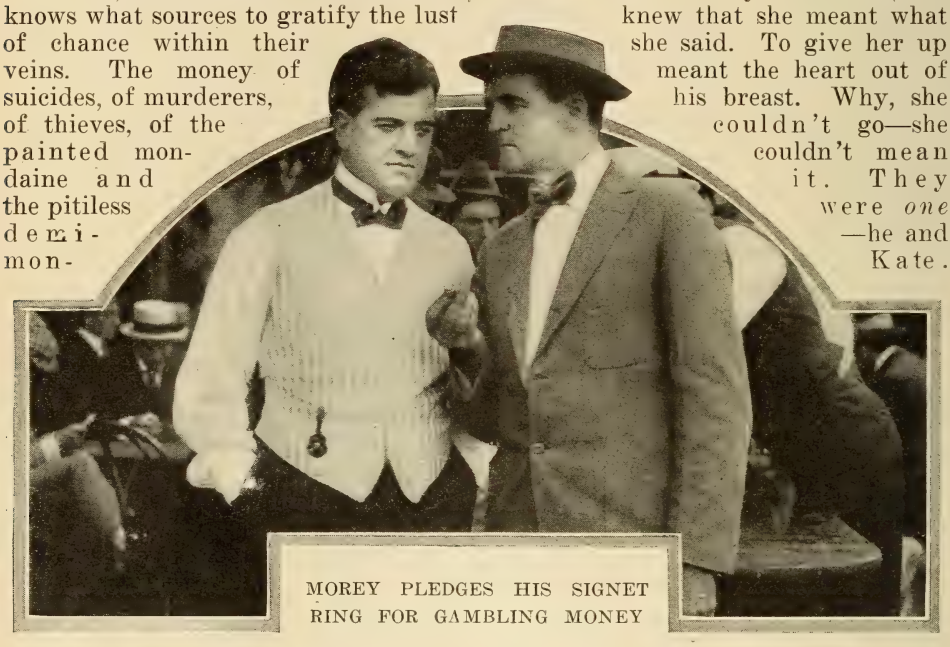
"No; he only came on Thursday, and I couldn't get to service in the evening. But Martin went, and he said an awful thing about him. He said he reminded him of—*a convict!*"

Mrs. West flushed to the roots of her hair, then went a ghastly white. She felt her tongue grow too large for her mouth and her lips seemed to dry up and shrink.

"What made him—think that?" she asked at last.

"Why, how funny you look!" Mrs. Cochran looked at her sharply. "Do

grow up to know the meaning of those gilded, heavily carpeted rooms—the flushed-faced men with the tightened lips; the painted women with abortively old eyes; the whir of roulette; the shrill voice of the croupier, and the presiding figure of Jim West, owner and proprietor. She must never know what manner of money it was that supplied her with the luxuries she had. What kind of money—there was food for thought. The money of libertines, who drained it from heaven knows what sources to gratify the lust of chance within their veins. The money of suicides, of murderers, of thieves, of the painted mondaine and the pitiless demi-mondaine; the money of desperate wretches who followed its glittering promise with a cringing doggedness, then sneaked out life's back door when the red, perchance, had lost. Blood-money—that was what it was. Blood-money that dried on one's soul and left a clotting, ugly scab.



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West had been unfastening his collar, thinking, in the long silence while Kate was fighting out her problem, that the matter was to be dropped. He turned to her now, the fear in his eyes again.

"Decision? What do you mean? Cant it wait till tomorrow, Katie; it's going on 4 A. M. now?"

"No, it cant, Jim. It's waited for too many tomorrows now. It's this—you've got to choose between me and —gambling, dear."

There was a heavy silence. West knew that she meant what she said. To give her up meant the heart out of his breast. Why, she couldn't go—she couldn't mean it. They were *one*—he and Kate. She was his mate, his baby's mother, his girl. But on the other hand—to give up gambling meant the blood out of his veins—the blood that was born fevered and had been so ever since. If he gave that up only the withered shell of a man must remain—a man who would struggle day and night with the craving that would sap his life away. Never to sense the pressure of the atmosphere again; never to know the breathless pause before the decisive moment; never to see the purplish faces of men playing thru thick curtains of smoke! It was impossible. He caught his breath, his eyes glazed, his fingers twitched for the feeling of cards and chips, for the whir of the wheel, for

the elusive, taunting, vampire face of Lose or Win.

"All right, Kate," he said finally, his voice thick with the things he felt; "perhaps you'd better—*go.*"

The little town of Avonhills was bathed in a twilight peace. The livable, comfortable streets seemed fairly to snuggle into the day's mellow aftermath. The long, slanting rays of the late summer sun hit the meadows and drew out the ripe fragrance of grain. It glanced across the tiny lake between the hills that gave the town its name and seemed like long, golden fingers brushing off a gleaming mirror. The townspeople strolled up and down or sat in groups on their porches, and almost every one discussed the new minister.

"Have you heard his true name?" asked Mrs. Cochran of her neighbor, Mrs. West, as they sat sewing together for the newly revived Dorcas Society.

"No," answered Mrs. West, "I have heard very little about him. Helen seems to have acquired a great deal of sentimental gossip. But then Avonhills couldn't even have a new minister without making it a subject for a headliner."

Mrs. Cochran looked vexed. She had been about to detail all the points of interest *she* had acquired. She reflected that Mrs. West would have been a more popular woman in Avonhills if it had not been for her rather curt tongue, her obstinate reticence concerning herself and her absolute refusal to mingle in anything social. After all, Avonhills had been pretty nice about taking up with a woman who disclaimed a past, who seemed forlornly disinterested as to the future and whose present consisted solely in the figure of her young daughter Helen.

"Well, anyway," she said, determined not to be done out of the joy of a few choice morsels, whether Mrs. West was interested or not, "anyway, they say he looks like he's had an *awful* past—and not, if you will believe me, a *ministerial or spiritual one, either.* In fact, Mrs. Fothergill says he smacked to *her* of the flesh-pots, and she ought to know—she spends enough time tasting of 'em, I'm sure."

"I should say, then, that he deserves much credit." Mrs. West said this more to herself than to her loquacious visitor, and across her eyes there came a band of pain.

"I'm not denying *that,*" declared Mrs. Cochran, "and I'm sure I hope he gets it—in Heaven. But we dont want any clergy in Avonhills with the smell of the flesh-pots on 'em. I for one dont think it's moral. I must say I like a man churchly in church. If he cant be there, goodness knows he cant be anywhere. But to go on: Nellie Lester says he has the most *awful* eyes. She says they look like burnt holes in a sheet till you get real close, then they're kind of unearthly. She says he looks like he's fought something to the last ditch and is holding on to victory for dear life. She says she knows he has a past of some kind, and she suspects a—*woman.*"

"Women are not necessarily—flesh-pots." Mrs. West smiled amusedly for an instant.

"No one said they were—necessarily. But when a man goes about with burnt holes for eyes—and that man a minister—*I* say to look out."

"Have you seen him yourself?" Despite her chronic apathy, Mrs. West felt a vague interest in this man who was fighting his battle alone and bore all the earmarks of a soul who has suffered and felt within his purgatoried heart an odd, exalted gain.

"No; he only came on Thursday, and I couldn't get to service in the evening. But Martin went, and he said an awful thing about him. He said he reminded him of—*a convict!*"

Mrs. West flushed to the roots of her hair, then went a ghastly white. She felt her tongue grow too large for her mouth and her lips seemed to dry up and shrink.

"What made him—think that?" she asked at last.

"Why, how funny you look!" Mrs. Cochran looked at her sharply. "Do

you feel sick? Hadn't I better run and get you a dose of something?''

''No—no, I'm quite all right. I haven't felt well all day. A—a headache is all. Go on. What made Mr. Cochran think of—of the new minister resembling a—convict?''

''Oh, he didn't know exactly. But he said he had that gaunt look, that pallor that convicts get. I *do* wish you'd let me get you something, Mrs. West.''

''No—no, really. If you'll excuse me I'll run on in and start supper—Helen's bringing young Frank Morey home tonight.''

''Oh, I see. He's real crazy over her, isn't he? Guess you'll be losing her before long. Well, I'll run on, then. Hope to see you in church on Sunday.''

Upstairs in her bedroom, Mrs. West flung herself across the bed. Her mind, suddenly and painfully aflame, went back the path of aching years. Somehow she knew the gaunt-faced ascetic—the man with the ravaged soul—the erstwhile quaffer of fleshly pots—was Jim West, gambler. The woman on the bed sobbed, and her arms went out in a pitiful, yearning gesture. ''Jimmie,'' she whispered under her breath—''oh! Jimmie—my boy, my *man* among men!''

''Mother!'' It was Helen calling in the downstairs hall. There was a note of excitement in her voice, and her feet flew to cover the stairs—''mother—the funniest thing! The new minister's name is the same as ours—and, oh! Mrs. Cochran did look so funny when I told her!''

On the same afternoon that Avonhills bestirred itself so strenuously over the advent of its new minister, that gentleman was on his way to the bank to deposit some of the church funds. And tho he was in very truth Jim West, gambler, it would have taken the eyes of love to recognize him. He had traveled a long and stony path—a path that held no promise at its end save only the reward of merit. And in the end he had triumphed—the kind of a triumph that seemed to wring the vitals out of a man's body and leave only the spirit—pain-driven, sacrificial, hungry and clean.

The long, stony path had begun, West reflected as he walked bankward, with the departure of Kate and Baby Helen from his home and from his life. That had been fifteen years ago. After that things hadn't seemed to matter. From being cautious, fairly strict and very observant of appearances, he had become reckless and lax. There had been the expected raid by the police—and a jail sentence of ten years for him. He remembered the sense he had had of the end of all things that day they locked him in his cell. He had ceased to become a man when he became a convict. He remembered being glad that Kate had decided as she had. Helen and she would never be associated with stripes now. Baby Helen! He had felt a sudden, mad hunger for her rosy face and tender, dimpled limbs. He prayed his first prayer when he prayed they might escape all knowledge of him—that he might be to them as one dead. There had followed hideous days and worse nights—hideous with the abysmal loneliness of utter and absolute despair. Life stretched ahead an arid waste. There was nothing to live for—nothing to do but wait for death behind these iron bars. And then had come the prison chaplain with his message of divine faith and even diviner hope.

When he put the Bible in West's hands he gave him back his sick soul and his world-weary heart. The Man of Sorrows smiled at him from the pages under His crown of thorns. And the smile was forgiveness and balm and a courage born of humility and hungry need. And with the new life came the hope that some day he might prove himself man enough to seek Kate out wherever she might be and lay his cleansed record at her feet.

When he left the prison at the end of his term he went at once to the study of the ministry, received his ordination, traveled for awhile and finally accepted the pastorate of Avon-

hills. Thus he started life over again as the humble shepherd of a tiny flock in an out-of-the-way suburban town. "Unless ye be born again," he would smile to himself. And looking at his tense, burning-eyed face in the mirror, with its record of suffering, its hunger —mental, spiritual and physical—he knew that he had indeed been born again.

At the bank he was pleasantly greeted, then went to the window to make his deposits. The hand that reached for the money was the hand of fate for Jim West, for it wore a signet ring that he had last seen when he shoved it into the pocket of a dead man. He looked keenly at the young man, who was, in turn, staring somewhat amazedly at him. He had heard that the new minister was a queer one, and the report seemed to be authentic.

"What is your name—may I ask?"

WEST RECOGNIZES THE SIGNET RING

West raised his eyes from their fascinated gaze, in pleasant inquiry.

"Certainly, sir; it's Frank Morey."

"*Morey?*" West repeated with emphasis—"did you say—Morey?"

"I did, sir—certainly." Young Morey flushed hotly. He was palpably ill at ease. West saw this, and he knew that he had not been mistaken. This lad was Morey's son —Morey of the yellow streak —Morey, who had sneaked out life's back door, like the skulking hound he was. He looked at the lad again, closely. He seemed well favored, of open countenance and clear-eyed.

"I'll hope to see you in church and at the various committees and clubs I'm going to try to organize," West said pleasantly. "I want the support of the young set in the town. Will you help me out?"

"I'll be glad to. I'll be in church

Sunday. I always go—with my girl."

"Ah!" West laughed. "By that sign shall ye be known. All right, my lad; till Sunday, then."

Outside the church he was joined by Mr. Parsons, chief elder of the church—a parsimonious, dictatorial old codger who rubbed the Indian head off a penny before dropping it in the plate.

"Goin' along home, rector?" he asked nasally.

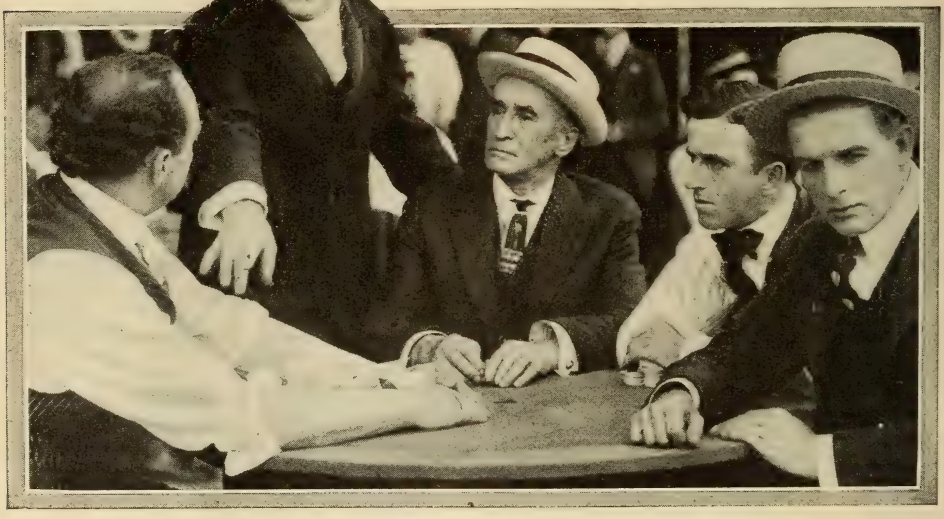
"I am. Wont you join me?"

"Yes. I was want ing to talk with you when I heard you askin' Morey to help you with church af fairs."

The grim humor of shouting "The signet ring" seized West, but he repressed it. And a vast pity for the future of the hapless youth mounted within him.

"Where does he gamble? Is it a steady thing? Perhaps I can help. Surely that is what we are here for—to help the unfortunate."

"Yes, it's a steady thing, all right enough," Parsons made answer. "He goes down to the joint over the poolroom every night. I seen him any number of times, and there's been others besides me. Only thing that keeps him from livin' there is Mrs. West's girl. He's courtin'. What's the matter, for the land's sake, rector?



WEST CHALLENGES THE GAMBLERS FOR A GAME TO THE FINISH

"Yes?"

"Well, I dunno, rector, I dunno. I wouldn't go too hard after young Morey. I happen to know a sight about him, and he's none too steady. I'm one of the bank directors, you know, and all I say is—he'll bear watching."

"How?" West felt something chill in his veins. He could have spoken the words that followed.

"He's got the gambling fever—got it bad. I've reason to believe he's gettin' low in funds. Then what? is all I ask. After his go—then whose—then what?"

You jumped like you had Saint Vitus' dance!"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Parsons; it was nothing at all."

"Well, anyway, he's courtin' Miss West's girl and that keeps him pretty busy. We're all right fond of Helen West, and we dont like to see her get mixed up with this Morey if he's goin' to turn wild like this. I thought I'd let you in on it all, rector; then you can keep the eye of the church upon him."

"Thank you, Mr. Parsons. You may be sure I'll do my best. Here's where we part. Good-day."

That same night Jim West, gambler and minister, was to be seen around old, familiar haunts. He was shadowing the entrance to the den above the poolroom. About ten o'clock young Morey appeared, and by the look of his face—that tight-lipped, cringing look of desperation West knew so well—he saw that something was up—that the stakes were large. He stepped quietly from the shadow of the doorway and laid his hand on the young man's arm. "Come with me a minute, Morey," he said; "I've something I want to say to you."

The boy started violently, both at the sudden appearance and at the name. "What do you want?" he stammered; "I—I cant stop now."

PASTOR WEST IS CONFRONTED WITH GRAVE CHARGES

"I think you can." West indicated a bench in a small park across the way. "I want just a minute, Morey," he said.

Over in the park the minister told the lad the truth of his past life—not even omitting the yellow streak that had sent his father into eternity. When he had finished, he said very softly: "Morey, there is one thing more. I know that you are courting my daughter—for that she *is* my daughter I am certain. I lost my love, my career and my name thru the accursed fever that is sapping your blood now. I am a lonely, heartbroken man. If it were not for the consolation I have found in the ministry, and the good I hope to accomplish, I would be an embittered one. I have lost the finest, purest gifts that God gives to a mortal—the love of a woman and of their child. When you come to the last analysis, my boy; when you find that all other things stale or disappoint, you will realize that these things are the pearls beyond price. If I can save you from my own destruction, I will feel that my atonement has begun. If my little girl loves you and I can save her the sorrow I caused her mother, I will feel that God is being very kind. Come home with me tonight. Let me help you fight it out."

The boy rose to his feet. His face was strangely white and his eyes shone. "You've done a wonderful, big thing, Mr. West," he said, "in giving me your confidence like this. I appreciate the fact that it *is* a big confidence. And I want to promise you one thing—I wont marry your girl till I win out. But tonight—tonight I *must* play. I—it isn't just the fever—it isn't *my* money—I've—*got* to—it's—the bank's——"

"Then I'll go with you." West crossed the street at the lad's side. "If this means your reputation, you'd better have an experienced person along to see that fair play is kept. If I lose mine—well, you're going to promise me that you'll quit. And you're going to keep it. You're going to give my little girl her happiness—and in a measure it will be thru me."

Once at the gaming tables West caught the lay of the land at once. Zukor, the proprietor, had Morey spotted for the easy mark he was, and he sat him in with the slickest frequenters of the place. As West looked on, a mounting fever rose in his blood. His eyes glazed with the old, diamond-bright eagerness—his long fingers twitched. But he was not playing for blood-money tonight. As he shoved Morey from his seat, and challenged the players, he knew that he was playing for redemption—for the soul of the youth whose father had gone out the back door; more than all for the happiness of Helen—and Kate.

He played, and, as dawn was breaking, he had won back all of Morey's money—the money that was not his to lose. He had won back his reputation, and he had, by his own fever, quenched the fire in the lad's blood.

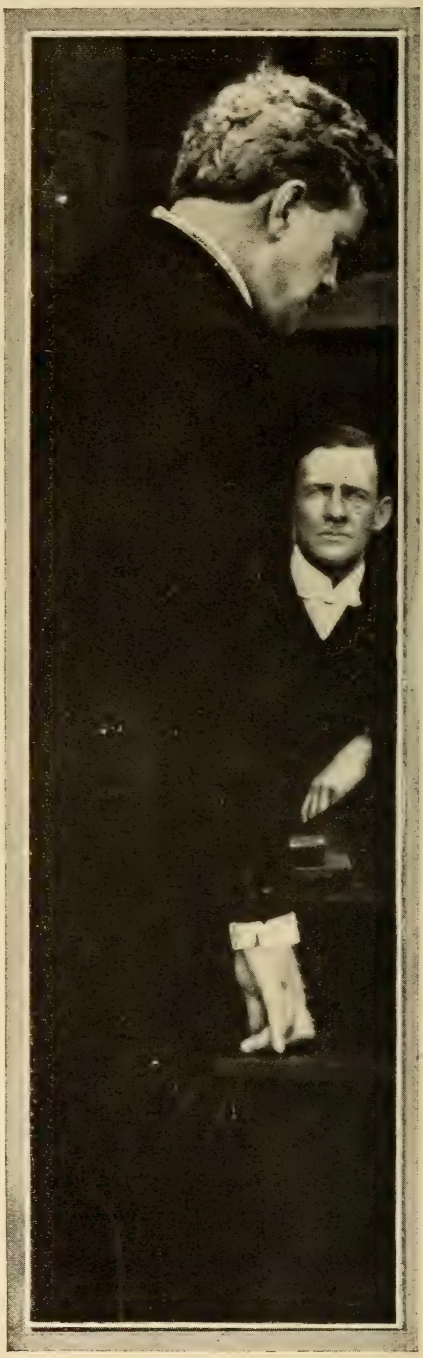
On the following Sunday morning Avonhills turned out *en masse*. All denominations flocked to hear the man who had created the furor. Among the first to come were Frank Morey and Helen West. When the girl saw him, something seemed to break inside her. A great, engulfing flood of pity overwhelmed her. Regardless of who might see, she flew to him and wrapped her arms about him. "Daddy, darling," she murmured, "Frank has told me—on our way here. I cant wait to tell mother; oh, say you are coming home!"

West did not speak for a minute. His woman-hungry heart seemed to be lying there, naked and painfully throbbing, in her cool, soft arms. They had been baby-arms the last time he had felt them, and he had had to clasp them around his neck. His white, ascetic face twisted with the emotion that threatened to submerge him. This was what he had given up for the jade of chance—*this!*

"I'll come home with you after service, baby-girl," he whispered, "if you and mother—want me."

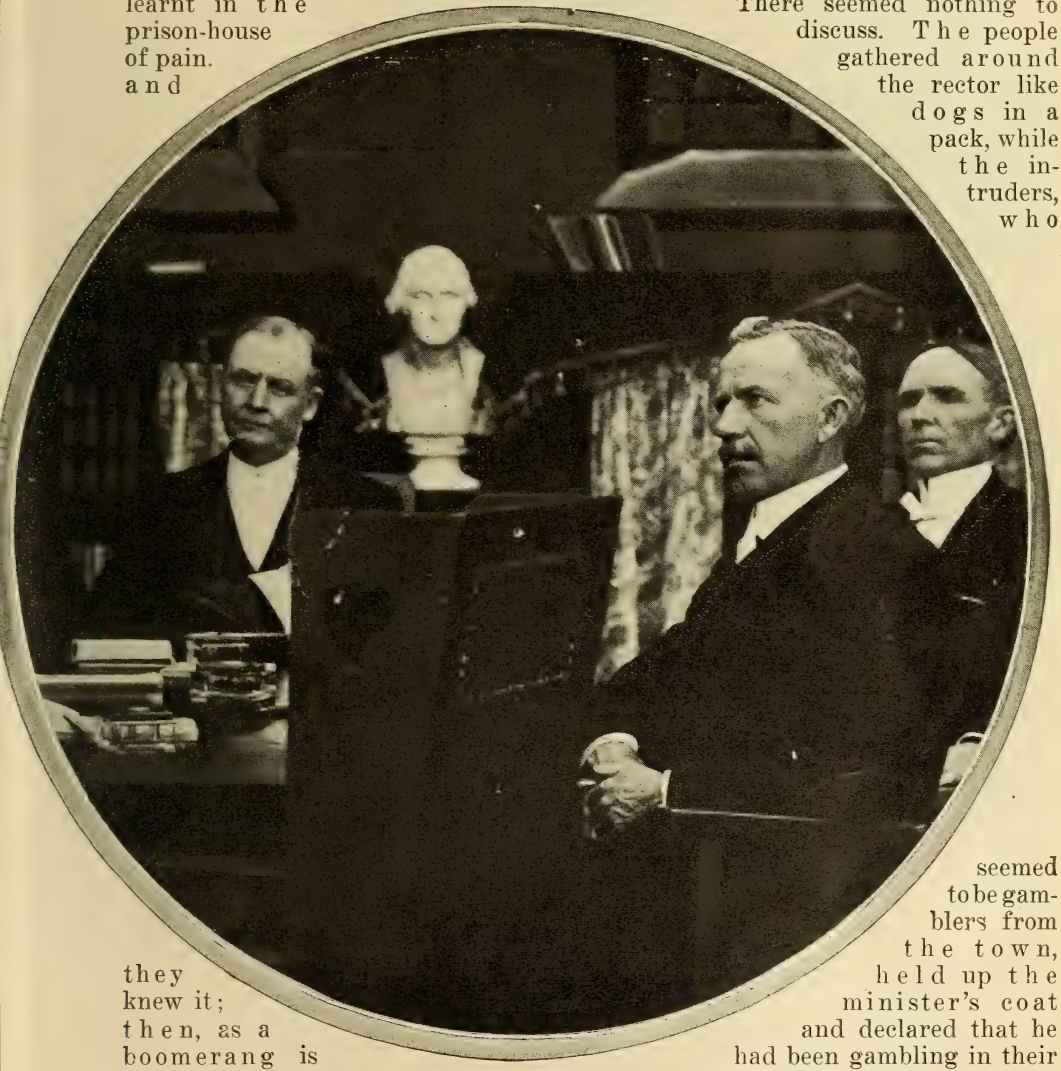
"Daddy!" Then the girl relinquished her strangle-grip, for Frank hissed at them from his point of vantage that the congregation was arriving.

Few in Avonhills ever forgot that



PASTOR WEST IS TRIED AND FOUND GUILTY

Sunday: the rapt congregation; the eloquence of the flashing-eyed rector, that somehow thrilled them as nothing else had ever done, for it was wisdom learnt in the prison-house of pain. and they knew it; then, as a boomerang is hurled, the loud voice from the back of the church, shouting derisively, "Haul him out of the pulpit—the gambler!"



West stopped his sermon immediately and stood waiting. The elders rose as in a body and faced the intruders, who stood at the door flourishing a ministerial coat and daring investigation of their story.

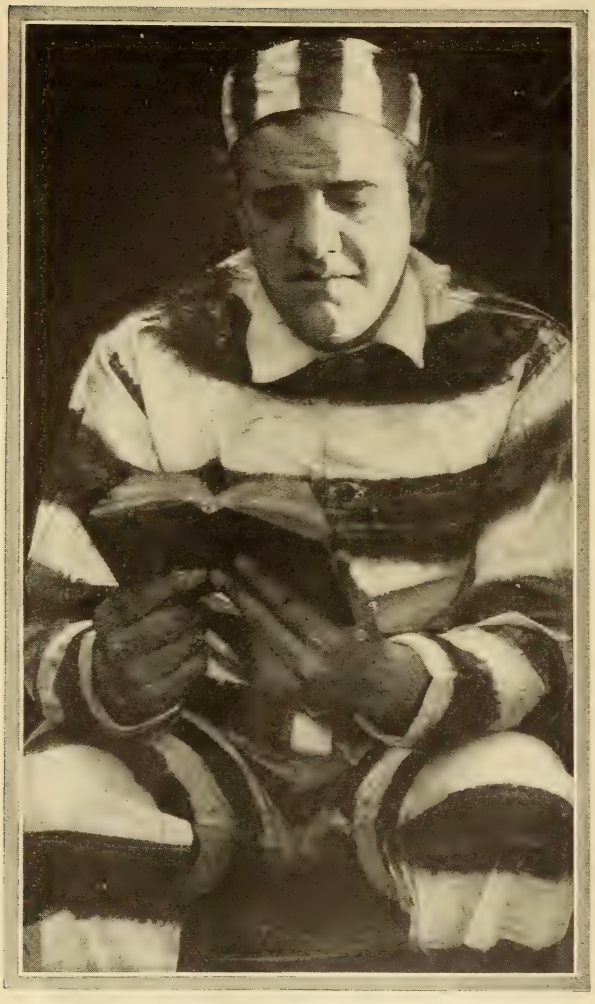
Parsons faced the pulpit, where the minister stood, white of face, but as silent as a statue. "Is this true, West?" he asked.

"Let us discuss this outside the church, Mr. Parsons," returned West.

There seemed nothing to discuss. The people gathered around the rector like dogs in a pack, while the intruders, who seemed to be gamblers from the town, held up the minister's coat and declared that he had been gambling in their place all of Friday night. An ominous silence fell on the crowd; then a voice said, very distinctly: "Mr. West *was* gambling Friday night—legitimately. He saved a soul. I know, because it was mine."

It was Morey speaking, and, as he did so, he pushed his way to where West stood. Helen, with one look of blind adoration at her father, had fled homeward.

"Is that a customary way of saving



WEST HAD MADE GOOD USE OF HIS TIME IN PRISON

souls?'' Elder Parsons put the question to West. The rector looked unutterably weary. He did not care for these people or what they thought. He did not care if they should stone him out of town. He knew that the saving of one human soul is acceptable to the God he worshiped. But he had lost that for which he had made his life anew. He had lost Kate. Nearly twenty years had passed in the atonement—in the endeavor to prove himself worthy, and, after all, he had failed. He must go forth again, but he would have a soul to his credit and the cling of his little girl's arms for the easing of his heart.

West stepped down from the pulpit. It was his renunciation, his surrender of office. And with his step the lambs about the former shepherd suddenly became wolves. The voices of angry, outraged women hissed in his ears. Violent men—his parishioners and neighbors — shook their trembling fists in his white face.

But he did not see, did not hear. In the back of the house of God, in a gloomy pew, stood the two for whom alone of those on earth he cared. His wife had bowed her head and was praying, and at her side, with staring, terror-flecked eyes and hands gripped on the pew-back, his little girl suffered the tortures of the damned.

Jim West, gambler, ex-convict, hideous masquerader in the robes of God's anointed, started to make his way from the church.

''Stones! tar and feathers! ride him out of town!''

The ring of angry voices closed around him again.

Then he passed the portals of shame, and a stone, flung by a miscreant hand, caught him full on the lips.

The blood began to flow, and the crowd yelled with delight. He bowed his head and passed on. Somewhere back there in the dim edifice were the two stricken, loved ones who were passing out of his life.

Another missile screamed thru the air and tore an ugly gash in his cheek.

The voice of the mob came faintly. He was very tired. Some one was saying they had known it all along. He wondered *what* they had known. Some one was hissing they suspected him of being a convict. He amazed himself by suddenly announcing loudly that he *had* been. Then all

(*Continued on page* 174)

# The BATTLE CRY of PEACE

By J. STUART BLACKTON

VITAGRAPH

## FOREWORD

*To the Mothers of America*—This story is dedicated with respect, reverence and admiration, and with the earnest prayer that their eyes may be opened to the peril which menaces, and will continue to menace, them, their children and their loved ones, until the present state of "Unpreparedness" has been remedied.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and in those mother-hands lies the power to demand and to receive adequate national protection against war, just as they demand and receive proper police protection against crime.

To the fearless patriotism of Hudson Maxim and the plain, practical, straightforward truths in his book, "Defenseless America," I owe the inspiration and impetus which caused me to write the silent drama of "The Battle Cry of Peace."

To over a score of other real Americans—some of the most prominent men in Army and Navy and Administrative circles in the United States, I owe a debt of gratitude for the invaluable as istance of their advice and counsel in the preparation of that photodrama and its subsequent visualization in Motion Picture form.

Nearly every important Motion Picture yet produced has been made from a story or a book. In this case

EDITORIAL NOTE:—Having secured from the author the serial rights to this novel, which was written from the photodrama by the same author, it will be published as a continued story in this magazine and in the Motion Picture Supplement.

the book was written after the completion of the silent drama.

The object of both book and picture is to arouse in the heart of every American citizen a sense of his strict accountability to his government in time of need, and to bring to the notice of the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time the fact that there *is* a way to *insure* that peace for which we all so earnestly pray.

"Let us have peace!"

Ulysses S. Grant, one of the mightiest warriors in the world's history, coined that phrase. With his genius for command, for attack and defense, he, whose business was *war,* wanted peace.

No body of men are half so anxious for peace as are the Army and the Navy. Every sane, conscientious human being is against war and for peace.

But as a nation we must not only be champions of peace and of the laws of humanity, but we must have the power to enforce those laws!—the power to insure that peace!

Let us disarm—let us become helpless, unprotected, emasculated—and there will be peace, but not peace and plenty, not peace with honor. Crushed, bleeding and trampled upon, America may find herself on her knees, begging for "Peace at any price."

J. Stuart Blackton.

Harbourwood, Oyster Bay, L. I.

## Chapter I.

"This is a call to arms"—the speaker paused for an instant, then continued—"against war."

John Harrison made his way to the seat corresponding to his ticket number. Carnegie Hall was packed from floor to dome with a typical New York crowd, ready to cheer or jeer as occasion arose. They were doing neither; they were strangely, tensely quiet—an ominous, oppressive quiet, such as hangs in the air before a particularly heavy thunderstorm.

This was Harrison's first impression as he entered. As he took his seat his second quick impression was also related to thunderstorms. It was the electric energy of the man on the platform, and as he listened, like the rest of the audience he fell under the spell of the man's eloquence. The poise of the speaker's leonine head; the snap of his bright, piercing eyes; the ruddy countenance and forceful gestures, were a strange contradiction to the silver of his hair and beard.

Again he spoke in sonorous tones—"A call to arms against war."

This phrase was peculiarly akin to two words that had been running thru Harrison's brain all day. He had read them in the newspapers that morning, when they had stood out queerly in the amusement column. He had meant, he remembered, to decide the momentous question as to which of the new plays opening that night would be the proper choice, said choice being immensely important because of a certain brown-eyed, dimpled person who—— And then the two words had arrested his roving attention—"Defenseless America!"

He read them, examined them, transposed them, which left the meaning just the same—"America Defenseless!" No getting away from it no matter what the viewpoint.

On his way downtown John wondered who was it who had dared print such a preposterous statement, such a calumny against this great, broad, big, rich, strong country. And yet, had he not read, did he not remember, in a vague way, some fellow making ridiculous claims that our Army and Navy were very inadequate?

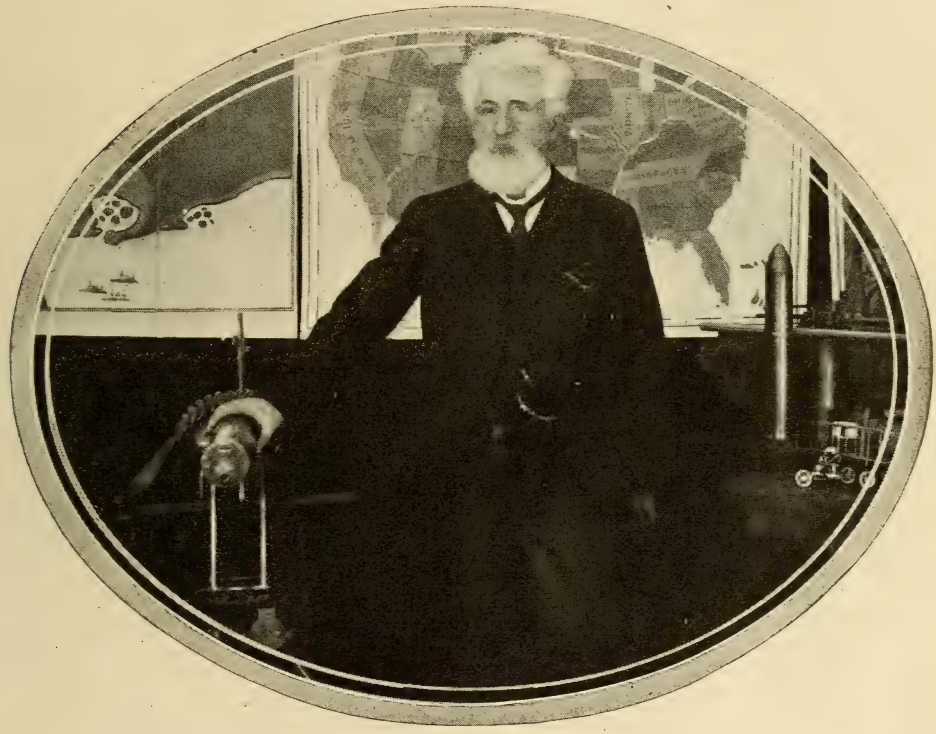
Our Navy! That splendid show that only a week before had delighted the heart of pleasure-loving New York: the long lines of battleships in the Hudson River; the brave jackies in their spick-and-span uniforms; the illumination and fireworks at night, with the "Star Spangled Banner" floating across the water from the marine band on the *Wyoming,* and then the comforting sound of the big guns saluting, reminders that they could not only bark for the good old U. S. A., but, if need be, could bite also.

What if some calamity howler had made a speech in Congress asking for more ammunition, more officers, more soldiers and more sailors? Had not Congress properly rebuked and silenced him by tabling his motion, thus ignoring his appeal and refusing his absurd demand for money for such unnecessary things?

Were there not thousands of towns that needed new post-offices?

Carnegie Hall today, 3 P. M., Hudson Maxim will deliver an address on the defenseless condition of the country.

In the comfortable, mahogany-furnished office of the bank his father had directed for so many years until the war with Spain had taken him to Cuba, and then to a place still further removed—a place from which no one has ever yet returned—all thru the busy morning that foolish little



HUDSON MAXIM, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR, LECTURES ON "DEFENSELESS AMERICA"

The subway guard had shouted "Wall Street," and John had found himself on the platform without having decided whether he would take the brown-eyed one to the new musical comedy or to that clever problem play; in fact, he had a problem of his own to solve.

Why should any sane person print, where all who run may read, such heresy as "Defenseless America"? At the top of the subway steps he paused and read the remainder of the announcement:

phrase — "Defenseless America" — hummed in John Harrison's ears, danced before his eyes and persistently would not down, until, in self-defense, he had followed the promptings of a sudden resolve, and had, a few minutes past three, found himself listening, spellbound, as two thousand others listened, to a presentation of facts which lifted the veil and exposed the true position, the real measure of unpreparedness of this great, broad, rich, thoughtless wonderland called the United States.

He remembered his father going off to war at the head of his company when "Remember the Maine" was on every lip, and how he, a boy of fifteen, had tingled with pride and patriotism.

How his little brother, Charlie, five years younger, but, if anything, more enthusiastic than he, had held tight to his mother's hand on one side, while he, the eldest, the "man of the family" now, his father had called him, tried to look as big and as important as he felt, and, with one arm around the sweet little mother and the other holding tight to sister Alice's small, soft hand, had bravely swallowed the big lump in his throat and cheered and cheered until that father, whom he loved so dearly, whom they all worshiped with the devotion of a loving, happy family, passed out of their sight—melted into the mist that he could not keep out of his eyes—melted into the brown lines of khaki-clad heroes marching out of so many other sons' and daughters' lives. For that last glimpse of Captain John Harrison senior's broad shoulders was, in very truth, a farewell look.

Afterwards he remembered their agony when the news came; his mother's bravery and fortitude, and the courage with which she took up the burden laid upon her shoulders.

All this was long ago. The war began, and the war ended, and, of course, America triumphed. Other sons and daughters lost their fathers; other wives their husbands; but John—now, alas, no longer John junior—never had the slightest doubt about the ability of his glorious country to triumph in any clash of arms with any nation on the face of the earth.

## Chapter II.

From the platform, like a stream of shrapnel, came a succession of inconceivable statements, shattering with their explosive force all John's preconceived ideas about America's strength and impregnability.

"The preparedness of fifteen years ago is not the preparedness of today."

No, nor does the preparedness of two years ago measure up to the present, for you, John, are only one of the eighty or ninety millions of Americans all equally ignorant.

"Aeroplanes," the speaker went on, "are the eyes of the Army and Navy—without them an Army and Navy are blind. When the great European conflict began, France had fourteen hundred aeroplanes; Germany, one thousand; Russia, eight hundred; Austria and England, four hundred each. America has, at the present time, twenty-three, and not half-a-dozen of this pitiful number can really fly."

Was this the same country, fearless, invincible, that he had gloried in and trusted in when his father went forth to fight? The man with the silver hair and sparkling eyes must be wrong. It was ridiculous!

"Our first line of defense, our Navy, could not stand against the onslaught of any of the great Powers; it would inevitably be crushed.

"We possess no fast battle-cruisers, no swift scout-boats, very few destroyers, still fewer modern and effective submarines, practically no flying squadron, and the few really good dreadnoughts and battleships in our Navy would, with their brave commanders and crews, be sent to sure destruction if they attempted, without scouts, to maneuver against a perfectly organized hostile fleet."

And this about *Our Navy?*—that brave array we watched and cheered recently in the Hudson River—grim war-dogs, invincible and invulnerable? But the inexorable voice rings on:

"If our Navy is inadequate, how immeasurably more so is our Army! Major-General Leonard Wood, perhaps the best military authority in the United States, says: 'If our Navy were brought to first rank, we could get along very well with a standing Army of two hundred and fifty thousand men.' Our standing Army consists of about five thousand officers and eighty-eight thousand men. Out of this number only approximately twenty-five thousand are actually

available. In other words, the mobile army of the biggest, richest country in the world, with a population of one hundred million, is about twice the size of the New York police force!"

Aha! there we have the reviler of our national defenses, the shatterer of our comfortable ideals! What about our millions of brave citizens, Mr. Speaker, ready to spring to the country's defense at the wave of a hand? Yes, listen to what he says about that:

"You cannot make a soldier by putting a gun into his hands. It takes two years to make a soldier out of a citizen, and if we had the citizen army of a million and they knew how to use guns, which is a perfectly foolish supposition, there are not enough good rifles in the United States to equip much more than a quarter of that mob—and there is not ammunition enough to last a million men for one day's fighting. How long could an untrained multitude of a million, without proper arms, without artillery, without discipline and experience and cohesion, stand before one hundred thousand trained veterans armed with every equipment and machinery of modern warfare, with rapid-fire and machine guns throwing shrapnel shells at the rate of thirty-five a minute and great field-guns and howitzers hurling huge shells a distance of twenty miles, each one capable of blasting into eternity one thousand men?"

Oh! this pitiless destroyer of our hopes! Well, at all events American inventive genius, American enterprise and ability would soon remedy that. How long would it take for our rifle factories, ammunition works and big-gun manufacturers to turn out enough war material to wipe any daring intruder right off the face of the U. S. A.?

"Yes, indeed," mocks the speaker, "how long, oh, Lord! how long? Let us rather ask how long would it take a hostile force to cripple or utterly to destroy our Navy, lie safely outside of our coast-defense guns and, with their more powerful naval artillery, reduce our fortifications to débris, steam impudently up New York bay and take possession of the richest city in the richest country in the world—without let or hindrance?"

Shades of our forefathers who lived and bled and died for our country, can this be true?

"And having extorted from New York a thousand million dollars or more if the fancy strikes them, under the alternative threat of murdering its peaceful inhabitants and destroying its wonderful buildings, how long would it take that force to secure for its own uses those arms and ammunition and big-gun works and to force the mechanics and artisans now employed to continue their work, not exactly as employees—but as prisoners and slaves of the conquerors?"

After another hour full of similar startling revelations, John Harrison, American, climbed up on the platform and shook hands with the ruddy-faced, silver-haired speaker. Mingled emotions filled the young man's breast, chiefest among them humiliation and shame. In a good American breast like his wrath and indignation were sure to arise—a just anger at those who were responsible for this shameful condition of his beloved country.

And as he walked home he remembered having heard somewhere the quaint saying of a great American—"The surest way to get into a fight is to use strong language and stand with your hands in your pockets"—and this truism brought to mind, in a wave of illuminating fire, the wonderful, practical wisdom of that other saying by another great American, so often caricatured and misunderstood—"Speak softly, but carry a Big Stick."

## Chapter III.

They were hungry, as all healthy young people always are about half-past six or seven o'clock in the evening; but John had not come home, and his mother was diplomatically delaying the call for dinner until her first-born arrived. He was rarely

late, and she looked forward with the joy that only a mother and a widow can feel to the happy little gathering of her children every evening. A vacant chair reminded her too cruelly of a place in her heart that had been vacant for so many years, ever since the sad morning she read her husband's name on the honor list of those of whom could be paraphrased, "Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his country."

Alice, "Sweet Alice" as they all called her, was teaching Toto to stand up and balance her thimble on his little black nose—otherwise, except for this nose, Toto was very white and fluffy and woolly. The feat having finally been accomplished in a somewhat wobbly but, nevertheless, satisfactory manner, Charlie looked up from his paper and remarked that it was "Good enough for a circus."

Alice, noticing that her mother still kept one eye on her work and one on the door, lighted the table lamp.

"MOTHER, I HEARD A MOST WONDERFUL LECTURE THIS AFTERNOON. IT WAS BOTH

Mother's eyes were not so good as they were twenty years ago. Charlie, to forget his hunger, plunged back into reading in the evening paper how many hundreds of thousands were starving and dying in Europe as a result of the overweening desire of one man to be Boss of the Universe.

However, this state of affairs—not the starving in Europe, but the gnawing hunger in the Harrison family—

could not go on forever. Mother reluctantly folded up her needlework and put it away in the work-basket, and, assisted by Alice, covered Dick the canary's cage up for the night; then, yielding to public clamor, was led, or rather dragged, into the cheery precincts of the dining-room.

TRUTHFUL AND TERRIBLE''

Dear little Alice, happy, boyish Charlie, if only your greatest griefs could be no more terrible than a dinner delayed, your pains no keener than a little pang of healthy hunger!

Well — at last! The hall-door opened and mother has gone from the table before the echo of its closing has died away. What a picture they made as they stood in the curtained doorway for an instant, the light from the living-room making a halo around mother'shair, outlining John's erect, stalwart figure, his noble head and handsome face! A typical American pair, this mother and son—she who gave the husband of her heart, and he the splendid son of that husband.

''John, dear, why so serious tonight?'' Wasn't that funny? Imagine John, with his big appetite, not noticing that the soup had been passed! Other thoughts were filling John's mind—what was it the speaker at Carnegie Hall said about our homes?

''And this is not the end of the dreadful picture. Let us look into your homes.'' Yes, that was it—that was the part that made his heart throb and then almost stop beating for a moment——

''The awful news comes! Our men are beaten with enormous slaughter! Father, brother, sweetheart—all your home-defenders are dead!

''The invaders are in the street outside. There comes a summons at the door—a certain number of the enemy have been billeted to your house.''

His mother, Alice and Charlie, and one other, a girl with soft brown eyes —all his dearest on earth!

''Tho the invaders get drunk to bestiality and ill-treat you beyond the power of words to tell, there is no remedy. Your dear ones—your stalwart sons—who were your natural defenders, have been sacrificed on the altar of Pacifism and Disarmament.''

''Your dinner is growing cold, John, and mother is worried and thinks——''

''Mother, please pardon me—I heard a most wonderful lecture this afternoon. It was both truthful and terrible!'' Ah, if it is nothing more serious than a lecture, the mother-heart will cease to worry; but in the son's mind the seriousness was just beginning to be felt, and so, between courses, with salt-cellars, napkin-rings and knives and forks, John illustrated how the enemy could capture this most wonderful of cities, practically without a struggle. He told how inconceivable it seemed that he, an educated, intelligent and well-informed citizen, should have been living in smug and blissful ignorance of the criminal unpreparedness of his country, and, as he talked, the sudden realization crushed in upon him that not the Presidents and Administrative officers, nor the Secretaries of State, nor those of War and of the Navy, for the past twenty years, but he himself, John Harrison, and the other people of the United States and their representatives in Congress, were

alone to blame for the inadequacy of our national defenses. What a difference it makes when the thought of grim, horrible war is brought into the sacred circle of one's own home—brought into direct contact with one's own dear mother and sister, and some other fellow's sister!

That reminded John that he had not bought those theater tickets, after all, and it was now too late, for he and Charlie had argued pro and con about that citizen army until, at his mother's gentle remonstrance, "Oh, my boys, dont talk about such terrible things; war will never come to this country," John, with a warning look at Charlie, had abandoned the argument in which the younger brother was getting all the worst of it, and rose from the table

MR. EMANON HELD VIRGINIA'S HAND AND KIST IT DEVOUTLY

with the parting shot, "What would your army of a million fight with, Bud—broomsticks? Remember, we have neither guns nor ammunition for even a quarter of a million."

## Chapter IV.

The home of T. Septimus Vandergriff was as beautiful and ornate and costly as one would expect a railroad magnate's home to be, and T. Septimus himself was just as ornate, altho not so beautiful. He was a fat, unctuous, grape-juice type of man, jolly, pleasant, good-natured, but narrow in mind as he was broad in girth—a man who, with advancing years and accumulating adipose tissue, came to detest all thoughts of war as cordially as he loathed physical exercise. On this particular night he was reading, with snorts of indignation, an editorial voicing, in plain terms, its opinion of the people who, after view-

ing the terrible object lesson in Europe, were still shrieking in a spineless and altogether disgusting manner for Disarmament and "Peace at any price."

A salvo of artillery, caused by the pounding of two white fists on the bass keys of the grand piano at his elbow, caused the pacific gentleman to start prodigiously, at which a certain young lady with witching brown eyes and dimpled elbows threw her arms around her father's neck and gave him a good old-fashioned hug.

Virginia, a real "American beauty," as father and mother both proudly called her, laughed loud and long as she successfully distracted Mr. Vandergriff's attention from the offending newspaper.

The entrance of her mother and young Vandergriff, a strapping Yale graduate, stroke of the college eight, and, of course, the apple of his mother's eye, made further reading impossible. When, a few moments later, John Harrison was announced, young Vandergriff closed his eyes, turned his mother's face forcibly away from the entrance and shouted: "You may fire when ready, Gridley." And at that John drew Virginia to him and kist her, for they were to be married when the June roses bloomed again. The lovers entered the drawing-room, and Mr. Vandergriff, primed as he was with the speech he had prepared to deliver at a peace meeting that evening, could not resist the chance for an argument and was in the midst of a lengthy dissertation on the evils of war when his friend, Mr. Emanon, was ushered in.

He was of distinctly foreign type, polished of manner, suave and oily of tongue, and a two-poled magnet drew him to the Vandergriff household—its master's enthusiastic support of Peaceful Policies, and the charm and beauty of Virginia, to say nothing of the many good American dollars that would constitute her dot when some lucky individual led her to the altar.

Mr. Emanon greeted his host and family very effusively and gave John a rather cold nod—he instinctively disliked and feared this big, frank, outspoken American, and made his salutation to Virginia all the more ardent accordingly.

With the reinforcement of Emanon, Mr. Vandergriff swelled up, cleared his throat and declaimed, "As I was saying, this country should use its wealth to build educational institutions, not for the manufacture of murderous, death-dealing weapons."

Mr. Emanon registered his entire approval of this humane statement, and Mrs. Vandergriff, with the air of a Christian martyr, whispered in Virginia's ear, "Father is off again."

It was evident that Mr. Vandergriff was priming himself for his great oration at the peace meeting, but, before he went, he needs must give and receive a good-night kiss from another, not a full-blown American beauty, but, in her way, just as beautiful—little Dorothy, the fragile flower of the family.

He was a cold-blooded plutocrat, self-loving and opinionated, but was truly devoted to his two daughters. So after Dorothy had been sent for and brought in by a foreign-looking governess, John Harrison interrupted the good-night ceremonies by saying:

"Mr. Vandergriff, I want to ask you a plain question. If a stranger brutally attacked your little Dorothy, and you were within sight and hearing of it, what would you do?"

"What a question!" cried Mr. Vandergriff. "What would any man, any father do? Strangle the ruffian, of course—tear him limb from limb."

"Softly, Mr. Vandergriff; think before you speak." John's face had grown stern and hard. The words of the lecturer were pounding in his brain. "What would you think of me if I stood by and saw your sweet Virginia abused, without lifting a hand to protect her?"

The face of T. Septimus Vandergriff was anything but pacific, as the hideous thought of any harm to his girls, his darlings, swept across his mind.

"Do you realize, Mr. Vandergriff, in the present unprepared state of

this country, that if a ruthless enemy saw fit to invade our shores you and I would be in the very position I have described—would be obliged to see our loved ones, perhaps, suffer unspeakable horrors and be powerless to prevent it?"

The look of savagery on the father's face was so far from peaceful that John felt that he had struck the right and only chord that would respond in his mind.

Mr. Emanon laughed softly, and whispered a soft word or two about fighting windmills. With a shrug and a pooh-pooh and a wave of his pudgy hand, Vandergriff wisely refused to enter into an argument that was so unanswerable and struck so closely to home.

Murmuring something about "Cant catch me with specious arguments about absolutely impossible suppositions," he waddled out.

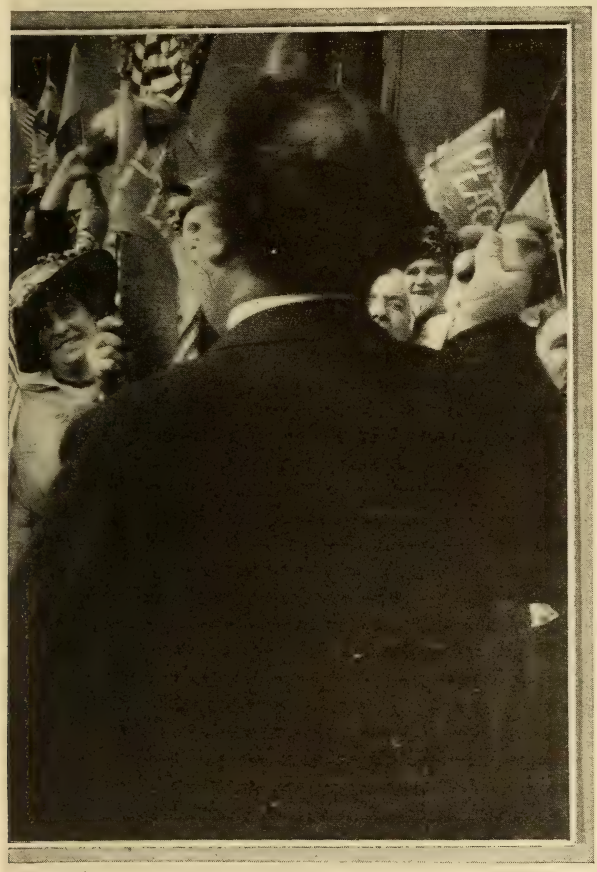
Mr. Emanon, who had come to escort his dear friend to the peace meeting, made his adieux in his accustomed polished manner, bending low over Virginia's hand and holding it too long and too tight and kissing it devoutly—as a certain class of foreigners make a practice of doing.

Was it imagination, or did a meaning look flash from Emanon to the impassive governess as he brushed by her and followed Vandergriff, who was waiting impatiently, hat in hand, at the front door, so anxious to propound his bombastic utterances to an audience ready to kowtow to the great

"WE ARE ALL STRIVING FOR WORLD PEACE, AND AMERICA SHOULD BE THE

railroad king—the rich, the clever, the peace-loving Mr. Vandergriff?

And Virginia, white to the lips with anger, stood rubbing, with her lacy little handkerchief, the back of her hand, where the boldly servile, offensively gallant Mr. Emanon—all but her father's confessor—had pressed his impudent and distasteful lips.



FIRST TO LAY DOWN HER ARMS''

## Chapter V.

The white-and-gold ballroom of the hotel was filled to the very walls. It was the peace meeting—a medley of fanatical women and silly-looking men, with a few curiosity seekers and earnest folk attracted by that magic word ''Peace.'' All listened attentively while a woman, who certainly could not be called a typical American, read, in a strident voice, resolutions denouncing ''the attempts made to force the country into further preparedness for war.''

How pregnant with weakness the whole disgusting sentence! ''Attempts made!'' What a sad commentary on the condition of our national stamina when, after over a year of the most horrifying happenings in the history of the world, nothing more concrete has been accomplished than ''attempts.'' And those endeavors are so evidently unwelcome that the result, if any and if attained at all, will have been ''*forced* upon the country.''

Imagine forcing a man to lock the door of his house so that robbers couldn't break in and kill him, his wife and children, and take all his valuables!

Nevertheless, this foreign-born sentiment was received with applause at the peace meeting, altho one man objected and grunted his objection audibly, only to have it drowned in a little tempest of indignant ''hushes.''

At this disquieting juncture Mr. Vandergriff and his shadow Emanon entered. They were escorted to the platform by a beady-eyed individual, who proceeded to advise his audience that: ''Disarmament, dear friends, is the only sure road to an all-pervading peace. We must show our good intentions by disbanding our Army and disarming our Navy.''

The little man who grunted previously now threatened to upset the atmosphere of ''all-pervading peace'' by getting up and shouting, ''Yes, disarm and invite the invasion of our country—the violation of our homes!''

Mr. Emanon, with a deprecating shake of his handsome head, and a smooth smile on his hawk-like features —strange anomaly that a face cast in such warlike mould should belong to a disciple of humility—arose and, looking sorrowfully at the little disturber, said, in excellent English, but with a slight foreign accent:

''Friends, we are all striving for world peace, and America should be the first to set the good example and lay down her arms.''

There was much more in this strain and great applause from the majority. The little man snapped out something which caused the women in his immediate vicinity to say "He ought to be ashamed of himself."

Now came the sensation of the evening—the address by the Honorable T. Septimus Vandergriff, president of the North American Railroad, president of the Peace-At-Any-Price Society, president of so many organizations for the promulgation of loving-kindness and compassion that he actually exuded an atmosphere of meekness which made one long to slap him on one fat cheek in the hope of getting a whack at the other.

T. Septimus cleared his throat, the audience settled back expectantly—except the little man, who made another audible remark—and then, with bombastic gesture, the speaker of the evening launched forth in a flight of oratorical pyrotechnics.

Such gems as "We should appeal to the higher attributes of humanity to unmask this menace to our civilization," and "Our sons can serve their country better with the pen than with the sword," fell from the great man's lips like liquid pearls.

He was quite in earnest; the perspiration stood on his brow and rolled down his heavy neck; the tears stood in his eyes ready to fall at the precise psychological moment, and he was enjoying himself to the uttermost.

"Let us," he cried, "hereby solemnly band ourselves together to demand that war should be abolished!"

The little man jumped up and yelled, "I notice you say *should* be abolished, not *shall* be abolished."

Having a very loud and very strong voice, the little man got some supporters on his side. They jumped up and agreed with him. The women almost came to blows. Shameful actions at a peace meeting!

Mr. Vandergriff looked very sad and felt inwardly very warlike, but he did not show it. 'Twould be like taking a swig from a pocket-flask at a prohibition meeting.

But these interruptions were annoying, just as one was working up to the dramatic climax of a masterly peroration, so he sighed heavily and continued, "Brothers and sisters—for we *are* all brothers and sisters, are we not?"—this with a saccharine smile at the little man—"war is hell!—one of our greatest generals said so."

The militant disturber objected strenuously to being called a brother or sister. He was up again and mentioned something about "hell." Those around him tried to pull him down. His two women friends resented this and backed him up. He pushed thru to the platform, mounted it and shook his finger belligerently in the faces of the audience.

"You women pacifists make me sick," he shouted, "and the men make me sicker! You are bemoaning the fate of the women and children of Europe and actually inviting the same fate to fall on yourself and your children!"

There came a roar of anger from below him, and the audience rushed at him and at each other. Hats were pulled off and hair pulled down and some pulled out.

Poor Mr. Vandergriff, choking with indignant protest, got hit in the eye with a book, and a heavy leather cushion put the beady-eyed one on his back quite *hors de combat*.

Alas, poor dove of peace! Alas, poor General Humility! The Hon. Septimus did not turn the other eye for another book, but escaped from the melée as rapidly and gracefully as possible and rushed to the telephone booth, in the entrance hall, from whence he called police headquarters.

The desk-sergeant, with an Irishman's appreciation of a good joke, listened gravely at the other end, and, with his tongue in his cheek and a chuckle in his voice, hung up the receiver.

"Officer Rafferty," said he, "send the patrol wagon around to Harmony Hall—there's a riot in the peace meetin'."

The Vandergriff drawing-room presented a pleasantly peaceful appear-

ance, with Virginia sitting at the piano softly playing snatches of Chopin and merry, twinkling little bits of Nevin and Chaminade, the light from the silk-shaded lamp turning her white neck and arms to rose-tinted ivory. A wonderful picture they made, she and John—a picture that Howard Chandler Christy would have voted a perfect composition, and, had he been there, would no doubt have lost no time in immortalizing by means of his facile brush. Certainly no finer types of young American womanhood and manhood could he have found.

Peace radiated from Mrs. Vandergriff in the shape of a gentle, well-bred snore, as she dozed quietly in her chair. Young Vandergriff, with his back obviously turned to the young couple at the piano, was immersed in a magazine. He was very considerate, always coughing loudly before entering a room wherein John and Virginia might be found.

But what is this jarring note that jangles so inharmoniously with the appropriate atmosphere of peace in the great peace advocate's home? What is this sorry sight that causes Virginia's fingers to cease their twinkling, John's eyes to widen, and young Van to shake his mother out of her comfortable little snooze?

In the doorway slowly appeared a ludicrous figure—hair tousled, eye blackened, collar awry and countenance covered with abject woe and court-plaster in about equal proportions.

ALAS FOR THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE OF PEACE!

Alas for the pompous domestic ascendancy of T. Septimus Vandergriff! Alas for the white-winged dove of peace of which he so proudly preached! The balloon of pomposity is deflated, and the dove's plumage is soiled and ruffled, for hark to the shriek of ribald laughter from young Van as he roars, between gasps of unholy merriment: "Look at father—he's back from a peace conference!"

## Chapter VI.

A buzz of voices, low-pitched, guttural. A cluster of heads thrown into Rembrandt relief under the strong light of a hanging lamp. A table surrounded by men—secretive, crafty-looking, overflowing with a tense eagerness which seemed to fill the dark-paneled room with a feeling of vibrant, suppressed enthusiasm.

The buzz ceased suddenly. An electric bulb over the door flashed on and off four times. A young man crossed the room noiselessly, and, opening a small grating in the door, peered cautiously thru. How careful they all were—how secretive; it must be some secret society—perhaps anarchists.

The door opened, and a familiar face peered in—our old friend, Mr. Emanon, direct from the peace meeting. Accompanying him was another whom we have seen before—the beady-eyed gentleman who talked about "disbanding our Army and disarming our Navy." And here they were, after that rather strenuous wind-up at Harmony Hall, ready to take part in another meeting—a strangely different one. Little do we know how really busy they were—how tireless and with what hidden but tremendous energy these gentlemen were capable of working for that splendid "cause."

"Our agents in Washington," announced Mr. Emanon, "have been doing fine lobbying! Fine work! All Army and Navy appropriations cut down to almost nothing!"

The others listened with avid interest and a deep respect. How surprising to learn that these advocates of peace were going so far as to use influence at Washington to prevent a further spending of our good money for such foolish things as guns, shells and battleships!

Mr. Emanon raised his glass in a toast: "To the American Navy!" A strange toast that for an advocate of disarmament; but wait—he has not finished: "To the American Navy that might have been—but isn't!"

They were jolly fellows, for they laughed long at this and nodded to each other in silent glee. There must be a joke in it somewhere.

Again the glass was raised—this time there was no laugh, but a look of fire in each eye as the next toast was hissed out thru set teeth:

"When the time comes!" And "When the time comes!" was growled back in unison.

The incandescent bulb over the door was flashing again. Once more the grating was drawn, words were whispered, and lo and behold! some one else we know—the impassive governess of the Vandergriff household entered.

Evidently, women as well as men belonged to this secret society. Little did we know how many of our employees, our business associates, even our personal friends, belonged to this very peculiar, very exclusive, very secret society.

The governess quietly took a seat and as quietly whispered something to Emanon, who smiled his inscrutable smile in reply.

What was that snapping and crackling sound? The young man who opened the door now opened another—not exactly a door, just one of the long panels in the wall which slid up out of sight, revealing the cause of the peculiar sound.

A wireless outfit! As it flashed and snapped, the young man slipped the phones over his ears and wrote down its message.

The men at the table leaned forward intently. The message was brought to Mr. Emanon. The bit of paper contained but a meaningless jumble of letters until he produced a little book, and, as he wrote another letter under each of the jumbled ones, we suddenly *knew!*

It is a cipher, and we strain our ears and eyes, just as the men around the table were straining their ears and eyes until it was completed.

Just five little words, simple and commonplace, yet fraught with such sinister portent, such damnable intent as perhaps no others sent by the

(*Continued on page* 178)

# HER HAPPINESS

Edison

by

Gladys Hall

This story was written from the Photoplay of HARRY BEAUMONT

It was apple-blossom time in Mildale, and the sweet, winey air floated in at the open church windows in fragrant eddies. As if in thanks for the spring again, its poetized promise, its primal yearning, the choir raised their fresh voices in an added passion of rejoicing. Close bent over one hymnal were the heads of Viola Winters and Harry Palmer. Their notes, floating strongly upward, seemed to catch and cling and reach the gates of heaven, vivid and united. On their rapt faces was the look that told that as they sang, in their souls there chanted a choir invisible.

The minister rose to give the benediction—placid, grown white of hair in the gentle service of Mildale. Most of his congregation had been baptized into the spiritual life by his blue-veined hands—their father's fathers he had laid to rest. He loved each and every one of them, and his kindly eyes rested with a special pleasure on the new love that was flowering under the churchly roof.

After church Harry Palmer drew Viola aside. "Will you walk awhile before going home?" he asked—"please?"

The girl blushed, all unwittingly.

"Yes," she acquiesced—"wait a minute."

They took the walk they had taken many times before—ever since they had joined the choir and he had taken her home that first night. Since then she had never wanted to be taken home by anybody else, and he had never allowed her to be.

Once in the woods, just turning the feathery green that presages full foliage, a silence fell upon them. I was about to say a strange silence, but it is not that. Ever since Eve shared Adam's Eden that tremulous silence has been the prolog of the merging of two lives.

Harry's eyes were on the girl's slender, delicate face, and they grew misty with the adoration he felt for her—the strong young longing that prayed to keep her from pain and harm.

"Sweetheart," he pleaded breathlessly—"oh! my sweetheart——"

"Yes," whispered the girl, close in the circle of his arms, her arms drawing him close, "I—I love you—I—do——"

Dinner was ready when Viola, flushed of face, palpitating and eager, ran up the home steps. Mrs. Winters, a slight little woman with the wistful hints of a faded beauty still about her, was serving the habitual beef and potato. "You're late, Vi," she remarked, with the usual, abstracted reproof. "Dear me! I do believe this beef's underdone again."

MORE INTENT ON EACH OTHER THAN ON THE HYMN

"It always is," remarked Papa Winters, resignedly.

"Well, what does it matter, *anyway?*" asked Viola, joyously.

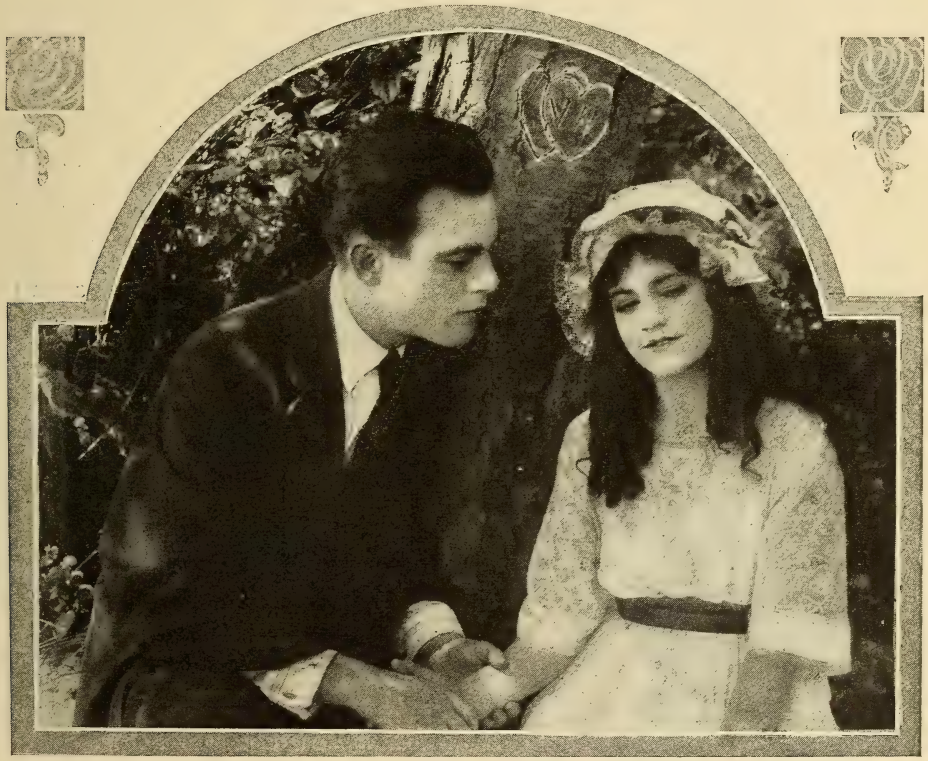
Her mother looked at her, a furrow on her brow. "Dear me, Vi," she exclaimed, "when will you come down to earth? If Sunday dinner doesn't matter to *you*, with beef forty cents a pound, it does to your papa and me—what's that again?"

Viola had jumped up from her seat and, encircling her mother's prim neck with her young arms, was whispering into her ear. Instantly Mrs. Winters lost her furrow, dropped the serving implements and caught Viola to her breast. "My little girl!" she whispered tenderly—"my little baby—tell mother *all.*"

"All *what?*" broke in Papa Winters, testily; "what is this, anyway? I knew something was up the minute that girl came in. And I must say, Viola, that I dont like your actions in church. Singing in the choir's no excuse to be sitting half in young Palmer's lap, that *I* was ever aware of——"

"Papa," broke in Mrs. Winters, hastily, "just a minute. Vi's engaged to Harry—he's just asked her. The sitting-room'll do lovely for the wedding—I always *did* favor a house-wedding and——"

"Thundering Jehoshaphat, woman, wait a minute!" Papa Winters threw up his hands in such protest that the Polish serving-girl retired into the pantry in confusion. "In the first place, suppose I'm asked—just formally asked, y'know—about my own daughter's marrying. As I wasn't approached by Palmer I'll infer that I *was*—and the answer is *no!*"



"I—I LOVE YOU—I—DO——"

"Papa!" burst from Mrs. Winters, sorrowfully.

Viola was silent a moment; her gray eyes grew humid. "Daddy!" she said reproachfully. The last was the hardest for Mr. Winters to withstand. Having married a woman whose be-all and end-all of existence was pickling, spring cleaning and the servant problem, he had turned to the lovable person of his only child for the sentiment he needed. Her face was before him at his desk. It was for her pleasure and gratification that his

increasing bank account pleased him most. He had planned for her a glorious future, a meteoric career, in which neither pickling, cleaning nor, incidentally, hearts figured in the slightest. Why should the daughter of Mildale's bank president and largest real-estate owner stoop to an alliance with the town's public chauffeur? If there were logic in *that*, Papa Winters could not see it. And he said so.

Viola and Mrs. Winters listened to his harangue with interchanges of despairing looks. When he had finished, with a flourish of his napkin, Mrs. Winters ventured timidly: "But he's young, papa, and he can advance. *You've* advanced, you know——"

Papa Winters imitated a pouter pigeon with considerable success. "It is because I have, Amelia," he said grandly, "that I am able to read a man. Anyway, I was never a *chauffeur*, was I?"

"No—but a farm-hand——" ventured Mama Winters, tentatively.

"And they didn't have autos then," affirmed Viola, "so how could you have been?"

"Well, that's neither here nor there," raged Mr. Winters at the tactless women. "She cant marry Palmer, and that's all there is about it. What's more, Viola, I forbid you to speak to the young man, and I forbid him my house. That's *final.*"

The girl rose, with strange, hard glints in her eyes. All at once her father had become to her, not her father, but a modern Nero, a tyrant who dared to stand between her and her heart's desire; who had, with ruthless hand, snatched away the Pot of Gold from the rainbow's end. Somehow she knew that he had taken from this innocent love the sweetness that was her rightful heritage. He had tried to make of it an unlovely thing, and across its radiant promise he had laid the dark hand of the world. She turned on him, and her voice broke with its weight of tears.

"I dont think I'll ever quite forgive you," she said. "I love him—he's honest—and young—and—and good. And I wont care *what* you say—you shant s-spoil my l-life—so there!"

Some two weeks later, one of the bank clerks came into Mr. Winters' private office with the announcement that a "Mrs. Curtis" wanted to see him. He thought the president started slightly, but the answer was merely, "Show her in, Miles."

Mrs. Curtis proved to be a gentle-faced woman of Winters' age or thereabouts, with softly gray hair, like gold turned suddenly silver, and eyes that gave one the impression of many tears beneath a Spartan smile.

"Well, Charles," she said, with an odd inflection in her voice, "how many years is it?"

"A great many, Rosemary; a great many." The bank president cleared his throat and glanced apprehensively at the door. Mrs. Curtis caught the glance and smiled. "Dont worry," she said laughingly; "I asked that we be not disturbed."

Winters looked at her closely. "How long have you been in town, Rosemary?" he asked; "and why haven't you been to see us?"

"I've been here for a week or more," she answered, then averted her eyes, "and I haven't been to the house for a twofold reason, Charles. The first one is the wholly incongruous one of sentiment. Incongruous because a woman of fifty should have done with sentiment. But some women never do, Charles," she digressed suddenly; "that is at once their tragedy and their pitiful humor. I'm afraid I'm one of them."

Winters was still regarding her, and he found himself thinking that sentiment *would* be farcical in Amelia—poor, domesticated Amelia! But in Rosemary Curtis—why, there hung about her now the faint tenderness of lavender; the ephemeral beauty of twilight; the strange incense of youth kept vital by very sympathy with youth.

"Somehow, Rosemary," he said gravely, "it isn't—incongruous."

"Thank you, Charles," she smiled, with the quick humor that was one of her chief charms; "that is something, after all these years. But sentiment isn't the only thing that has deterred me from calling, Charles. I have had the pleasure, the very great pleasure, of meeting your daughter."

"So!" A momentary gleam of pride and pleasure lit Winters' eye, then his face clouded with suspicion. How was it possible for Mrs. Curtis to have met Viola without his knowledge? So few new people came to Mildale that the girl would certainly have spoken of meeting a woman like Rosemary Curtis unless—unless she had a motive. Instinct rather than reason sent young Palmer's image across his brain. For what would Rosemary Curtis have to do with Viola and Palmer?

"Yes, Charles, and it is about her that I have come. I hope, for the sake of auld lang syne, you wont think me officious or interfering. Before I begin I want to do something that is doubtless in very bad taste, considering Mrs. Winters, but for the ultimate good I am sure it is allowable. I want you to recall our own dead youth. I want you to remember some of its pain—some of its needless suffering—

"AND YOU, VIOLA?" ASKED MRS. CURTIS

suffering that sent us both to the altar, Charles, not maid and youth, joyous and unafraid, but a man and a woman prematurely sad. It wasn't fair, was it? They should have given us our youth. They took from us that golden moment that comes once only. They wrenched it from us, sordidly, bit by bit. I have reason to know that you love Viola very, very dearly. Will you make her suffer as we suffered long ago?"

As Mrs. Curtis spoke, Winters went

back to that youth he had buried deep under his petty, small-town ambitions, his smug pleasures, his family. They had loved each other with the first-flush of their youth. Her father had been much what he himself was now —a small-town magnate with ambitions bigger than the town he lived in. When Winters had asked for Rosemary, he had been emphatically repulsed. Rosemary's father had packed her off to New York and eventually forced her into a loveless marriage with George Curtis, a valuable business associate. Living in the generation she did and being naturally of a pliant, docile nature, Rosemary had obeyed and had lived a life outwardly comfortable and serene, inwardly barren and thwarted. Winters, hurt at her seeming faithlessness and attracted to Amelia Towns, had married her and given his life over to the furtherance of his ambition and then to his pretty daughter.

"Will you?" Mrs. Curtis repeated gently.

Winters looked at her curiously. "You didn't marry your first choice," he reminded her somewhat indelicately. "You obeyed *your* father; so it can be done, Rosemary."

Mrs. Curtis frowned slightly and her eyes darkened. "Oh, yes," she admitted a little coldly, "it can be done, Charles; I'm not denying that. Even to Viola, who comes of a more independent age and has a more independent spirit than I had, it *could* be done. The question is, do you *want* to do it? Do you feel strong enough to bear the responsibility of a life's happiness—or misery? I obeyed my father, but I think, where he is now, he would rather that I hadn't. I feel sure that if he could he would want to come back and give me the youth he stole from me. Oh! Charles, you *cant* do it. Dont believe that you can. That is the blind fatuity of parents. They bring a human soul into being, with all its individual desires, needs, demands; then they set about cutting the vital, imperious thing into a set pattern. They try to force a separate, potent factor into the mould of their own minds. They have never succeeded. They either force the young things into elopements or something worse, Charles, or they break their splendid, Spartan hearts. They do it for the best—the best they know. But *none* of us can know the need of another soul, Charles. None of us should dare to try. Dont you *see?*"

Winters was moved; but he had not heard thoughts like these in many a long year, and the ambition of a lifetime, the firm-rooted prejudice of his very being, could not be set aside in a trice.

"That's all very true, Rosemary," he said, "but it doesn't apply here. It really doesn't. Viola is young. She doesn't know her own mind. I dont intend to pick and choose her husband exactly, but I haven't labored all my life to give my daughter comforts just to have her turn around and marry a pauper. How do you know all about it, anyway? Where have you seen her?"

"She told me I might tell you all in the hope of bringing you to reason, Charles," Mrs. Curtis said. "I've seen her at Bessie Hitchcock's, where she's been meeting young Palmer. I'm staying with Bessie's mother—we were school chums, you remember —and Bessie took pity on Viola. So instead of those two children walking the streets together, to the scandalization of the town, they've been seeing each other at Bessie's. I got to know all about it there—and to love both of them. Youth rarely mistakes its mate, Charles. Nature is very strong and very true. They have heard its call, and they want the right to—answer."

"No"—Winters brought the word out sharply, angered at learning of the clandestine meetings—"absolutely no, Rosemary. I'm sorry to have to refuse *you,* but I cant jeopardize my little girl's future by this folly."

"Financially," Mrs. Curtis said ironically, "but you can break her heart, cant you, by your stubbornness?"

Winters remained silent, and Mrs. Curtis rose, with a sigh.

"Very well, Charles," she said;

"I've done my best, and I fear you are doing your worst. However—I'm leaving tomorrow, so this is good-by."

"Good-by, Rosemary. I'm sorry. I'm very glad to have seen you—gladder than an old duffer like myself can well show. Wont you make us a visit some time?"

"I hardly think so, Charles, thank you. We'll see. Good-by."

Viola and Harry were waiting for Mrs. Curtis' return, and they knew by her face what the outcome had been.

"So he stuck," affirmed Viola, wearily.

"Yes, dear," admitted Mrs. Curtis, dropping into a chair; "he stuck, and he's going to keep on sticking."

Silence on the part of the two young people; then Viola whispered: "You tell her, Harry.

Harry cleared his throat. "You've been such a bully friend to us, Mrs. Curtis," he began, "that Vi and I feel we dont want to take the step without your knowing. We dont *want* to do the thing this way, either of us, but what are we to do? Anyway, we are going to skip tomorrow—we're going to get married quietly."

Viola looked at Mrs. Curtis anxiously. For a minute that lady said nothing, then she looked straight at Harry. "Are you *sure,*" she asked him—"sure enough to sacrifice—to be patient in sickness and misfortune—to be faithful and loyal and strong—are you?"

"I love her," he said simply, and the look in his eyes spoke for him.

VIOLA BIDS GOOD-BY TO HER HOME TOWN

"And you, Viola?" The eyes turned on the girl's face were very tender, and they grew more so at the look that met them.

"I'm giving up my mother and father, my home and friends and everything I've known as life," she said earnestly, "and I'm *glad* to do it—that's all I know."

Mrs. Curtis kist the wistful little face and prayed that after the passing of years the same unwearied lips might say that: "I am glad to do it."

Three years passed. Years in which the young elopers made their home

with Mrs. Curtis in New York and went thru all the throes known as getting started. Harry struggled along on a slender salary, got a raise, saved a little, worked nights, and finally made good—if not in the six figures, still substantially.

Viola kept house, worried over her grimly unyielding father and heart-broken mother, played a bit, shampooed her own hair, made her own clothes and sailed into success with Harry, very proud, a bit wistful, after the manner of women, and thoroly convinced of her own prophetic powers.

Mrs. Curtis smiled on them both with pride and approbation. They had made a good fight, she told them, a loyal fight and brave, and they deserved all that had come to them. And best of all to the heart-hungry woman was the lovelight that shone in the eyes of each when they rested on the other. She had not been mistaken. Youth had called to youth, and the answer had been true.

They laughed together — laughter fraught with tears—at the memory of themselves leaving Bessie Hitchcock's front gate, their baggage in their hands, stark fear, grim determination and eager love in their young eyes. And thru it all—the dark days and the fair—Mrs. Curtis had stood by them. It was her cheery words that spurred the boy on to almost desperate effort. It was her calm that saved the girl from moments of despair when she thought of the home she had darkened and deserted.

"They have lived their lives as they saw fit," Mrs. Curtis told her gently; "so long as you commit no crime against society or yourself, you have a right to live your life. They will see it some day.

It was some months after Harry's rise to a position that put them beyond financial need, that the tragedy took place that was to take the rose out of their lives for many a long day, and that, to the last day they should live, would cast its shadow before them.

They had moved into and furnished a more pretentious apartment, and, to celebrate, Harry had given Viola her first piece of jewelry. Whether or not the superintendent or janitor of the apartment heard of this, or whether it was merely an ordinary burglarization they never knew, but about midnight one night Viola and Harry were roused by a scuffle in Mrs. Curtis' room and the sound of muffled shrieks. It was all over in a second: Harry springing for the man—the rebuff—the drawing of a revolver by the burglar—the wild shot—and the sound of Mrs. Curtis' body falling soggily to the floor.

When her will was read, it was found that she had left her entire estate, which was not inconsiderable, to Viola and Harry. She had put them forever beyond the need of fear in so far as means were concerned.

It was well that what happened did happen at this time, even tho it was another misfortune, for Viola pined and mourned for the loss of the woman who had been friend, counselor and mother to her, and Harry feared for her health.

A telegram came from Mrs. Winters about a month after the tragedy, begging Viola to come home. "Papa in trouble," it ended.

They took the first train, the fear for the only surmised trouble drowned in the excitement of seeing them again —the old folks, the snow-white church, the old house, the dear old town.

They found the trouble to be pretty bad. Mr. Winters was at the bank when they arrived, and Mrs. Winters told them the sorry tale—a new Mrs. Winters, with hair grown wholly white and lips that sagged with worry and longing. Papa had been speculating with the bank's funds, it seemed. How he came to do such an awful thing mama didn't know, couldn't realize—and papa such an honest, God-fearing man—at his age, too. These things notwithstanding, papa had speculated—and the market had broken. Unless papa could raise a certain amount of money—enough to cover his shortage—they would be ruined, their good name gone and

papa landed behind the bars, the pity and the shame of the town.

It all came out sobbingly, pitifully. It was the tale of a ship that had foundered; an ideal that had shattered; a mind that was bereft and bewildered. Viola and Harry were on their knees before she had half-done.

"It's all right, mama," Viola was crying; "Harry and I will fix it—we'll wire our bank at once—wont we, dear?"

"Of course—of course we will. Brace up, Mrs. Winters. Doing this is going to make Viola happier than she's been in ages. I'll get hold of Mr. Winters, and when we come home every thing will be daisy. You wait here and dont you worry a bit."

"I never opposed Harry," commented Mrs. Winters, drying her tears and watching the well-set-up young man go briskly down the street; "but papa always was terrible set in his ways. I cant get over papa, Vi; what do you suppose ever made him do so?"

"I dont know," said Viola; "he must be getting old, I guess. Mama, Harry is thinking of opening an office here, and I want to give him something for it. He wants it to be in the bank building—and maybe he can be of some help to papa. If you dont mind I think I'll run down and meet them. Everything's all right now, I know. Harry always does everything in a rush."

"WE OWE HER EVERYTHING—THE MAN I AM, THE WOMAN YOU ARE"

Viola found Harry standing in front of the bank when she arrived. With him was Mr. Winters. When she saw him the girl caught her breath. He had aged twenty years. His face had become strained, bitter, furtive. But when he saw her some of

the old geniality, the old fun twinkled in his eye. He kist her very tenderly as she ran to him. " 'Tisn't much for the old man to say he's sorry, Vi," he whispered uncertainly, "after I tried to mess your life and have succeeded in messing mama's—and all but messed my own. But I *am* sorry, honey, and I admit I was wrong, and when you get old, baby mine, you'll learn how hard that is to say."

"She's been so worried I wont keep her in suspense any longer."

Up in Mr. Winters' office there were two desks—one his own, and the other the one Harry intended using. Over this one was an empty space, and Viola drew from its wrapper something she had been concealing. "It's a picture of *her,* darling," she said almost reverently. "I want her to hang over your

HER FATHER WRESTLING WITH HIS INEVITABLE, SUNDAY-GO-TO-MEETING TIE

Viola hugged him tightly and mourned for him that he had seen fit to estrange her all these years; then Harry, who had had a surfeit of grief, suggested that Viola go up with them to her father's office, where he had decided to have a desk. Mr. Winters announced his intention of going straight home. "I'll go tell mama you've fixed things—you two and Rosemary Curtis," he said softly.

desk here where we knew each other —where we met her and she gave us the courage to take our perfect happiness." She placed the picture carefully, and they stood together looking down at it.

"We owe everything to her." Harry whispered—"the man I am, the woman you are, and the way we have been able to help your dad today."

(*Continued on page* 168)

# A Shriek in the Night

by

## Cyrus Townsend Brady

This story was written from the Photoplay of JACQUES JACCARD

THE man's heart stood still! The spontaneous response of nobility and courage to a call for help from a woman in peril is always prompt, eager and unstinted. This knight-errant of the mountains should have greeted it with an unfaltering heart. Normally, Lathrop would have struck spurs into the flanks of his tired horse and galloped instantly up the pass whence the wild cry had come. Instead of that, as the note of terrified appeal smote the fearful hollow of his ear, the man involuntarily checked the horse violently and stood appalled, listening.

He knew the voice!

The next second he recovered himself and rode recklessly up the narrow trail thru the mountain range. The call for help came to him again, fainter than at first and slightly muffled, but still distinct enough and fraught with such terror as paled his cheek, tho it nerved his arm.

"Help! Help!"

The cry reverberated from wall to wall thru the cleft in the rocks until the air was filled with the scream. He lost it presently. He listened intently as he drove the horse forward, but the silence of the primeval solitude was unbroken save by the clatter of the hoofs of his horse on the rocky trail thru the somber pines.

Twice that day he had been fright-

THERE WERE MORE THAN LOVE AND A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS AT STAKE WHEN THAT PROPOSAL WAS INTERRUPTED

ened as he had never imagined he could be made afraid by anything on the earth. Sitting on the rustic bench with May Allison, the hand of the woman trembling in his own, the words with which he would ask her to be his wife, tho he loved her not, about to be uttered, he heard the galloping of horses! And, on the instant, recognizing the approaching animals as those on which he had noted Patsy McGrath and Jim Kirkley had ridden away a few hours before, he had dropped the girl's hand. He had caught Kirkley's horse, the larger and fresher of the two, and, springing on his back, had galloped furiously down the road, calling out that something had happened to the pair, or the girl — for he cared nothing for Kirkley, save to hate him with all of love's jealous intensity— and that he would search the mountains for the woman he loved. May Allison was told to alarm the big summer camp so that search parties should follow after him at once.

For a moment the young woman, who had flattered herself she had been on the verge of a proposal, was minded to let him ride on alone. But better feelings prevailed. There was Patsy's riderless horse to be ac-

counted for. The mare must have come far. She was sweat-covered and exhausted and stood quietly while May Allison seized the bridle and led her rapidly to the house, where she gave the alarm at once.

There were more than love and a woman's happiness at stake when that proposal was interrupted. Old Mr. Lathrop, Billy's father, was caught on the wrong side of the market. Allison, May's father, had sprung the trap. In the effort to escape, Lathrop's brokers, acting under his instructions, had flung into the deal not only their principal's private fortune, but also that of his wife. And to no avail. "Personal means" had to be employed to save the Lathrops from utter ruin, so they wired. It was well known that Allison loved his daughter above everything. Without her knowledge he had previously proposed an alliance between the two families, thus endeavoring to settle a long-time feud and end costly and bitter business rivalries.

Young Lathrop, in love with Patsy McGrath, had declined the alliance which his father had been willing enough to enter into. And this was Allison's revenge. The brokers knew what they were talking about when they sent that wire. The elder Lathrop read it aright. It was not too late. Billy must propose to May Allison at once. She knew nothing of her previous rejection by that young man, and it was shrewdly suspected by

Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop that she might be easily won, and then the pressure upon them would be instantly relieved. It was not from May Allison, indeed, that any difficulty was to be expected. She was half in love with that attractive young man already. At a touch, she would yield her heart. But young Lathrop was obdurate at first. He was wildly in love with the other girl, altho there had been no engagement between them, and he promptly and decisively refused the part assigned him. Not until he was informed of the desperate condition of the family fortunes and assured that his mother would be reduced to beggary did they win a reluctant consent from him.

PATSY OVERHEARS AND WONDERS WHAT MADNESS HAS POSSESSED HER WHILOM LOVER

He had spent the most miserable day of his life thereafter on the grounds of the big mountain hotel, or camp, where they were all spending the summer. He and Patsy had been enjoying the happiest period in their young lives. They had been together constantly—swimming, canoeing, tennis, golf, riding, dancing, filled up the

hours all too short for such joyous play. And then he had to drop her all at once and suddenly exhibit the same devoted obsession to May Allison. As he rode, he could see again Patsy standing near the bungalow, glowering at the miserable man and the happy woman, wondering what sudden madness had possessed her whilom lover. And when she had turned away and in her just resentment accepted the open attentions of Jim Kirkley, a rakish young man about town with a reputation as bad as his face was handsome, he could scarcely contain himself.

Patsy had actually waved her hand with an excellent assumption of careless indifference to him and his actions, as she rode away late in the afternoon with the detestable Kirkley. Only the strongest restraint kept him from following her. But he was not a man to do things indifferently or by halves, and Patsy's careless acceptance of the change made it the more easy for Lathrop to devote himself to May Allison, who had been about to enter upon the seventh heaven of happiness when the riderless horses stopped in front of them.

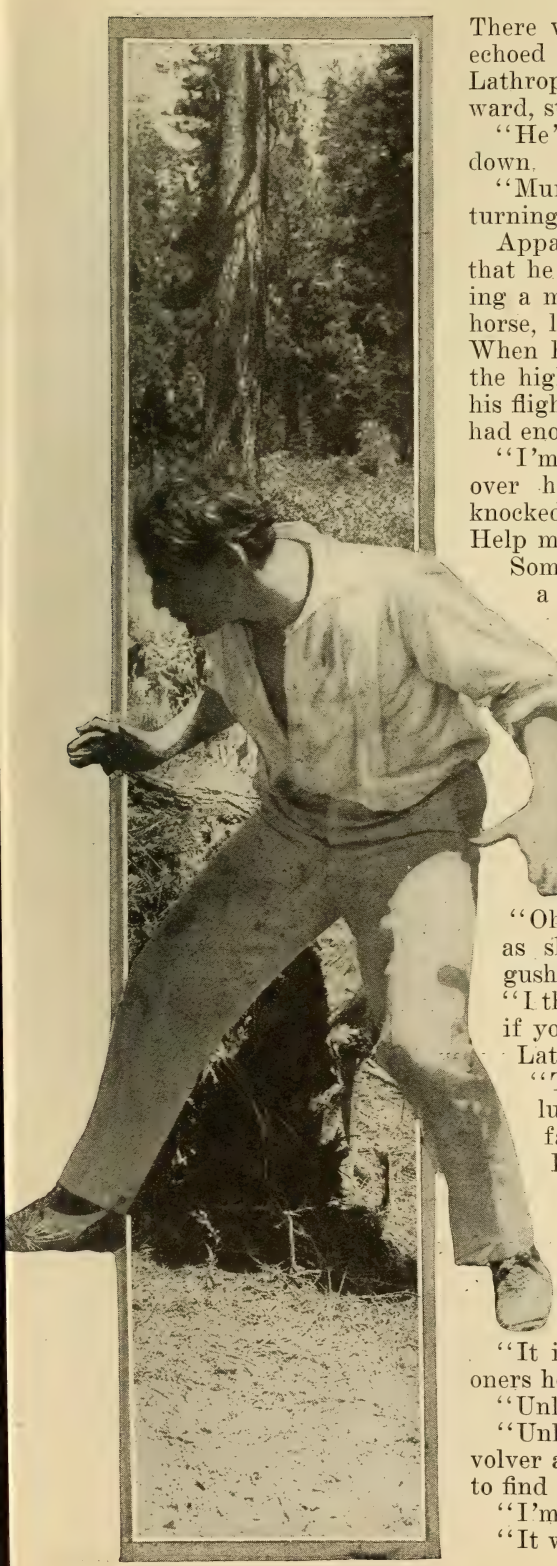
The sun had set and the twilight was deepening when Billy Lathrop heard Patsy McGrath's shriek in the night. Praying to God for her as he had never prayed for himself, he forced the horse up the ever narrowing, almost disused and abandoned trail, until rounding a sharp turn he saw the girl he loved and sought. Back of a little clearing, just under the edge of the pines, stood a small, deserted cabin. Thru a doorless opening a man strove to draw a stoutly resisting woman. She struggled silently, saving her breath, fighting for honor, and perhaps life, with the energy of despair. Kirkley had apparently gone mad. He was determined to carry her within the cabin—for what purpose Lathrop could imagine.

In the fierce attack and defense, neither heard nor saw the approaching horseman. To leap from the saddle, to run across the clearing, to seize Kirkley by the throat, to drag him back and compel him to free the girl, took Lathrop but a few seconds. Instantly recovering from his surprise, Kirkley grappled with his new assailant. Because Lathrop glanced at the girl for a second, Kirkley broke that throat-hold, but he had no time to escape, for again the battle was joined. The men also fought silently, the girl leaning against the cabin wall, watch-

ing them in mingled horror and relief. But now Kirkley realized here was no weaker woman. Terror lent him strength for a little, but he was no match for Lathrop, who, having witnessed the foul and dastardly assault, was now minded to kill the other man.

What happened, as they swayed like wild beasts back and forth, panting, struggling, no one could ever tell. It was almost too dark for the girl to see clearly, but, on a sudden, Kirkley broke away—he fell to the ground in utter defeat. For a second Lathrop stood over him, and then, as if he disdained a beaten foe, he turned to the girl. Kirkley rose to his knee. Something flashed in his hand. With another scream, the girl leaped forward. She struck at Kirkley's outstretched hand—too late!

KIRKLEY ROSE TO HIS KNEE—SOMETHING FLASHED IN HIS HAND



There was a line of fire, a sharp report, which echoed and re-echoed among the hills, and Billy Lathrop, after an ineffective attempt to step forward, staggered, threw up his hands and fell.

"He's shot me!" he cried, as he went crashing down.

"Murderer, murderer!" screamed the woman, turning on Kirkley with savage fury.

Appalled by what he had done, and believing that he had killed Lathrop, Kirkley, after staring a moment, dropped his revolver, ran to the horse, leaped to the saddle, and galloped away. When he reached the camp, even the speed of the high-powered car, with which he continued his flight, seemed tame to him. For once he had had enough.

"I'm not all in," said Lathrop, as the girl bent over him, heedless of the runaway. "You knocked his hand down. He hit me in the leg. Help me into the cabin, please."

Some remains of furniture, a battered table, a rickety seat, they found still intact in the shack. Best of all, there were a big fireplace and plenty of dry wood. With matches from Lathrop's box, Patsy, working quickly, soon kindled a big fire. In its light she turned to examine her lover. She found him pale and faint from loss of blood. There was no time to stand on ceremony. With his pocket-knife she slit the leg of his trousers and disclosed the wound.

"Oh, what am I to do?" she asked, in dismay, as she examined the ugly hole—the blood gushing from it.

"I think you'll have to put a tourniquet on it, if you dont want me to bleed to death," said Lathrop.

"Tell me how," answered the girl, resolutely fighting down a natural tendency to faint at the sight of blood.

Lathrop was a good teacher; Patsy an apt pupil. In a short time the improvised tourniquet, made from strips torn from her skirt, was applied, the bleeding was stopped, and the man was himself again.

"What is to be done now?" asked the girl."

"It is dark outside; I'm afraid we are prisoners here for the night, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you will take that blackguard's revolver and go down the pass to the road and try to find some place to stay until morning."

"I'm afraid to go."

"It would be a nerve-racking trip."

"And I would not leave you alone, tho I am sure if May Allison were here you'd be happier."

"Patsy," began the young man, "I dont care a snap of my finger for her."

"I thought you were about to propose to her this afternoon."

"And so I was."

"What!"

"But not because I loved her."

Rapidly he explained the whole situation, the girl listening with a growing relief in her heart and a smiling face, which she carefully averted from his.

"And now?" she asked, as he stopped.

"And now I cant carry out the plan. I love you. I never could have carried it out. I was a fool to try. If you'll take me, penniless tho I shall be, you'll make me the happiest man on earth, and the richest, having only you."

"And your father and mother—their fortune?"

"We'll manage somehow. And you are worth all the money in the world."

The girl still stood by the window, looking out into the night, her face turned from him. A little silence fell between them. She heard a noise and turned her head. Lathrop was trying to get up.

"Stop!" she cried—"you must not."

"The mountain and Mahomet," he answered. "Either you come to me, or I go to you, even if it starts the bleeding again," he added artfully.

And then, seeing desperate resolution in his eyes, after one swift glance, slowly she came nearer, nearer, until he caught her in his arms.

"THE MOUNTAIN AND MAHOMET—

The next morning the driver of a passing mountain-wagon was stopped in the road opposite the trail by a somewhat disheveled, weary, young woman, who told him, in great excitement, an astonishing story.

"Isn't there a village with a preacher somewhere near here?" asked Lathrop of the mountaineer, after he had been safely placed in the wagon.

"Sure; I'll take you right there," laughed the man, looking at blushing Patsy, who made no disclaimer.

And he gladly gave the bride away at the marriage that followed in the open air before the cabin of the shepherd of the hills.

The search-parties had failed to find the missing people, in spite of their night-long efforts. They were preparing to organize more thoroly and start out again, when the pair drove up to the hotel. Before anything was told, Lathrop was taken to his room and a doctor was summoned. Naturally, his father and mother hovered over him anxiously, but Patsy would not be dispossessed from her place nearest him, tho May Allison had stared at her, jealously, from the porch, as they had carried Lathrop within.

Last of all came to the room Mrs. Jones, Patsy's chaperon and companion. She was scandalized at the sight of that young lady calmly seated on

Lathrop's bed, holding his hand while telling the

"My place is here," explained Patsy, gravely. "Billy and I were married this morning at the village."

"Good God!" exclaimed the elder Lathrop, in great dismay at this failure of all his plans. "We are ruined. You've married a pauper, young woman."

"I'd marry him just the same," returned the new-made wife, promptly; "but I happen to know that my father is back of the big deal in which you were beaten. Mr. Allison is only a figure-head. As for the money, there's plenty, and it's all in the family."

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Lathrop, delighted and relieved and taking Patsy in her arms. "You have indeed saved my son in more ways than you knew!"

"And so you see you married the right girl after all, Billy," said Patsy, smiling down at her lover.

"Yes, and that would be true even if you were a beggar, too," returned the happy and infatuated young man.

EITHER YOU COME TO ME, OR I GO TO YOU"

thrilling story of their amazing adventures.

"The doctor is coming," the guardian began, severely, when she could get a word in, "and you must come right away, Patsy; you should never have come here at all. It is most improper."

"I dont want a doctor," interrupted Lathrop. "I want an organist."

"An organist!" exclaimed the astonished duenna, while the others stared, in great surprise, thinking him suddenly delirious. "What for?" she asked, frowning upon him.

"To play a wedding-march," was the amazing reply.

# The Little Life Guard

by Dorothy Donnell

"I'VE had the measles," affirmed Adrian, with praiseworthy modesty, "an' the chicken-pox, an' once I 'most got run over by a naughty 'mobile!"

Anita raised limpid blue eyes full of admiration and kicked an ecstatic toe in the warm sand.

"Oh, *have* you?" she breathed. In her tones was revealed the tribute of the feminine for superior masculine accomplishments. Adrian swelled perceptibly. An hour ago, when he met Anita he had worn the usual garments of an eight-year-old; now it was doubtful whether those of twice his age would have fitted him.

"An' I've been t' Noo York an' the White Mountings," he continued, searching his memory for dazzling deeds, "an' the circus an' the zoo an' —an' the *dentist's!*"

Anita giggled, shook her curls sidewise over her face and peeped out at him from the golden thicket. She had, in her small pink-and-white and beribboned soul, the makings of a flirt and heartbreaker. Already a dozen sailor-suited, brown-kneed boys in Glen Cove had ceased to find the old, wonted zest in fort-building and had conceived bitter hatreds for each other. But today Adrian, by a skillful flank movement, had drawn the belle of the beach away from her other admirers, and for a golden half-hour had been the sole proprietor of her blue glances and rosy smiles.

"I like you," Anita informed him behind her curls; "like you pretty nearly 'most better than the other boys."

Adrian fairly strutted. Never since that long ago, when he had donned short trousers and a Dutch-cut, had he felt so large and tall and old.

"Aw! the other boys aint much!" he began loftily. "Why, say, I could lick any of them without half-trying. Why"—rising to sublime heights—"I betcher I could lick any two of 'em—I betcher I could——"

"Aw! what you talkin' 'bout?"

This new and scornful voice had a paralyzing effect upon Adrian's vocal cords. Too well he knew its possessor, a husky, disgustingly muscular youth of nine, with an unending supply of pocket-money, before which Adrian's modest allowance of a quarter a week stood shamed and powerless in the matter of caramels. Miserably he turned around.

"I could if I wanted to," he affirmed doggedly, but the starch of assurance had wilted from his manner, and even Anita noticed the change. Dan, the pockets of his suit bulging succulently and a corresponding bulge in one red, freckled cheek, surveyed his rival from the cruel superiority of his four foot two.

"You could if you *wanted* to, could you?" he gibed. "Ho! ho! but you dont want to, do you? I rather guess you'd better not want to lick anybody when *I'm* around. Why, you aint nothin' but a *kid*, you aint."

He turned upon Anita, who had emerged from her curls and stood fascinatingly on one pink foot, surveying the fray. "*Aint* he just a kid?" he demanded. "He is a kid, aint he?"

Anita's limpid gaze rested on the interesting bulges of the newcomer. She evaded the point at issue, after the custom of her sex.

"What you eating?" she asked, and sidled nearer. "Give me some, please, Dan."

A bag of chocolate creams in a fragmentary condition, owing to having been sat on, but delightfully squashy and pleasant, was produced with a flourish from the hip pocket. With the magnanimity of a victor, Dan passed them, after Anita's wants were satisfied, to Adrian.

"I guess *you* dont have candy every day," he declaimed. "My father gives me heaps an' heaps of money. My father is rich. He's richer'n your father——"

"He aint, neither," muttered Adrian, gloomily. He saw that Anita, the fair and fickle, had deserted him and hung now upon Dan's words with the smile that had lately shone for him, and under his blouse a heavy feeling like the one he always had when Christmas Day was over settled down at the point of his breast-bone.

"My father," continued Dan, without notice of the interruption, "is the richest man in this town; he's the richest man in this State; he's the richest man in 'Merica, 'cept the President!"

A piece of chocolate nougat suspended speech temporarily, while Anita took advantage of the silence to inquire, with a toss of her head toward Adrian:

"Did you ever have the measles an' the chicken-pox an' go to the circus? *He* has!"

"Ho! 'course I have, dozens o' times!" Dan averred. "They aint anything! Why, I've had appen-dicitus"—the word swung out splendidly awe-inspiring—"I was awful sick. I 'most died, an' my mother cried all day while the doctor was cutting me open, but *I* didn't cry. An' I been to Europe and Boston an' everywheres they is to go, I guess. Oh! I been all around!"

Anita's eyes shone. She shook her curls over her face and peeped deliciously thru them, turning her back entirely upon the humbled Adrian.

"I like you," she cooed; "I like you bester than all the boys. Come on, let's go find shells on the beach. I'm making the loveliest necklace out o' pink shells."

Adrian watched his late sweetheart skipping gaily away beside Dan, and his heart swelled with impotent rage. Turning, he commenced to stroll along the beach toward the pier, kicking little spurts of sand from the toes of two vindictive shoes.

"I hate him!" he thought fiercely. "What business he got to come round buttin' in, I'd like to know? I wisht a—a whale would come up on the beach an' bite him, or I wisht his father'd lose all his money and he'd have to sell newspapers an' black shoes."

The reflection was vaguely comforting, and Adrian occupied several minutes in inventing calamities and

bringing them down upon the head of the gallant Dan. He pictured himself seated beside Anita in an automobile, arrayed on his part in a tall silk hat and cane, and tossing a coin over the side of the car to a ragged beggar whom both recognized as the once wealthy Dan. These reflections falling before his present grief, Adrian seated himself moodily in the sand below the pier and thought, with gloomy pleasure, of suicide. As he sat there a voice from the pier boomed down to him, accompanied by the blue whiffs of pipe-smoke that meant Larry, the lifeguard.

JEALOUSY!

"Yis, young loidies," Larry was saying, "ivery medal on me unifor-rm manes a loife saved. This stharr-wan here is th' brewer I pulled out av th' wather last summer; this goold crown is th' young loidies' siminary whose sailboat overtur-rned, an' here's wan wid some for-reign raymarks on it because I swam wid a loife-line in me teeth out to th' Frinch steamer *Atalie* whin 'twas too rough t' launch th' boats."

"Oh, you brave man!" cried a soft, young-lady voice that Adrian knew, somehow, went with a pretty, young-lady face. "What a *hero* you are! Isn't he, girls?"

"Splendid!"

"Just too grand for words!"

"It must be *wonderful* to be so big and brave!"

Then Adrian forgot to listen, for a sudden idea had flooded his small world with sunshine. Sitting in the warm sand, he hugged the notion to his heart, gloating over its possibilities and seeing, in anticipation, Anita's arch, red smile upon him amidst her bright curls. Only one person stood in the way of his plans. When the rustle of crisp skirts and the disappearing clatter of soft voices announced the departure of the young ladies from the pier above, Adrian rose and sought Larry, the lifeguard, with trembling knees.

"Do you—I dont s'pose you'd—you'd care to—to *rent* those medals for an hour, would you?"

Larry peered in amazement from his smoke-wreaths at the small, anxious figure before him.

"Saints above!" he ejaculated, "if

it isn't Masther Adrian! And what might yez be wantin' wid the medals, me young friend?"

Man to man, Adrian looked into Larry's face; man to man, he made brief reply.

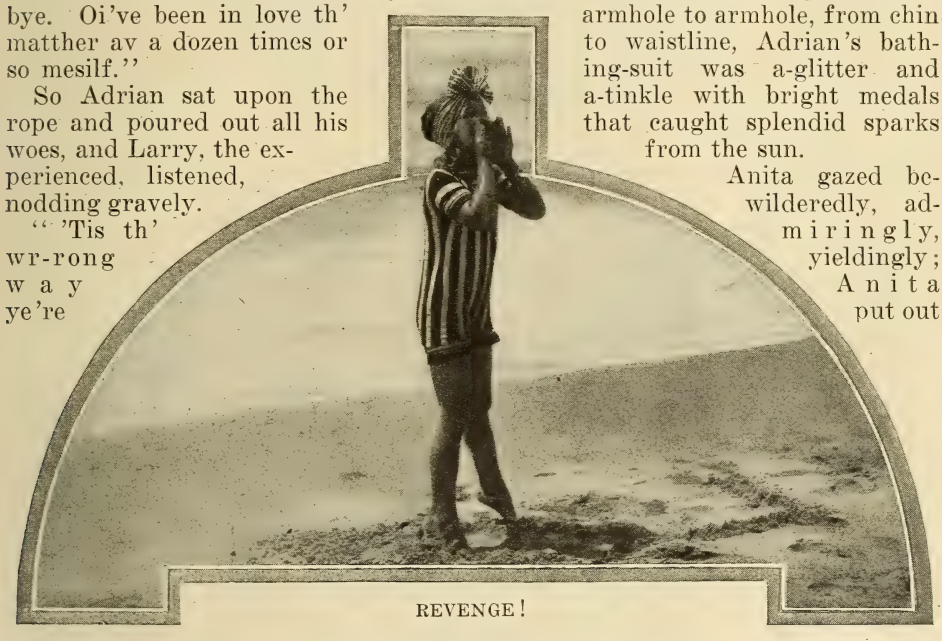
"It's a girl."

The jeer slid from Larry's weathered cheeks, and sympathy took its place. He waved his pipe toward a coil of rope near-by in hospitable invitation.

"Sit down," he said chummily, "an' let's hear th' whole sthory, me bye. Oi've been in love th' matther av a dozen times or so mesilf."

So Adrian sat upon the rope and poured out all his woes, and Larry, the experienced, listened, nodding gravely.

"'Tis th' wr-rong w a y ye're goin' about it, son," he remarked at the end of the tale. "Niver tell th' loidies th' truth whin 'tis not as pretty as somethin' ilse, f'r, bless their swate hearts! they was bor-rn to be desaved. An' niver let on another feller is a betther man thin you or shure as Sunday they'll take up wid th' other man. Now har-rken t' me, an' ye'll have yer swateheart atin' out av yez hand in no toime at all, at all!"



REVENGE!

Back on the sands Anita and Dan tripped in their bathing-suits from their respective cottages and down to the curling, foamy edge of the water.

"Ooo! ooo!" shrilled Anita, as the first ripples broke across her pink toes.

"Dont you be frightened," Dan reassured her. "I'll take care o' you. They shant anything happen to you while I'm round."

"Nor while I'm round, either!"

The unexpected voice at their backs whirled the two about, to confront Adrian in his blue bathing-suit, with a singular cockiness in his mien that would ordinarily have incited Dan to prompt blows. But now the eyes of both Dan and his lady were fixed upon the newcomer's chest in flattering accord. And no wonder, for from armhole to armhole, from chin to waistline, Adrian's bathing-suit was a-glitter and a-tinkle with bright medals that caught splendid sparks from the sun.

Anita gazed bewilderedly, admiringly, yieldingly; Anita put out a small, rapt hand and touched the glorious array; Anita's blue eyes grew tender, her sweet albeit somewhat shrill voice took on wooing tones.

"What are those things?" she cooed, and shook her curls close to Adrian's face.

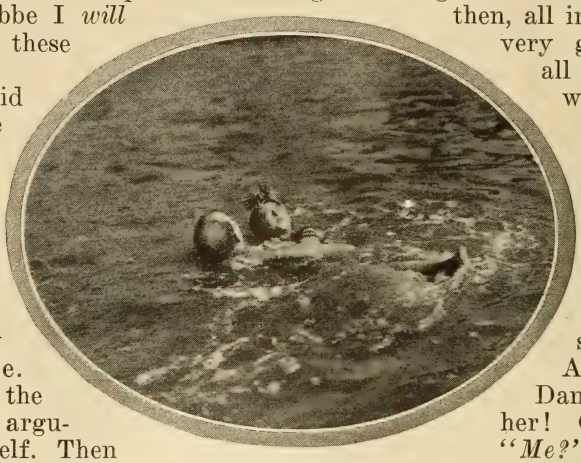
"Medals for swimming." Adrian's tone was nonchalant. He turned to Dan and swept his brown, unadorned costume with cold eye.

"Let's see *your* medals," he challenged. "Why dont *you* wear your medals if you've got any, hey? I bet you aint *got* any medals at all!"

Stung to the quick, Dan assumed a valiant sneer. "I could 'a' had a hundred if I'd a-wanted 'em," he growled. "I guess I can swim bet-

ter'n any little kid like you. I bet I could swim to—to Europe if I sh'd try. And mebbe I *will* try some o' these days."

Adrian did not reply. He puffed out his chest until its medals jingled musically and looked at Anita with a maddeningly superior gaze. For a moment the sea had the argument all to itself. Then the instinct of coquetry stirred beneath Anita's curls.

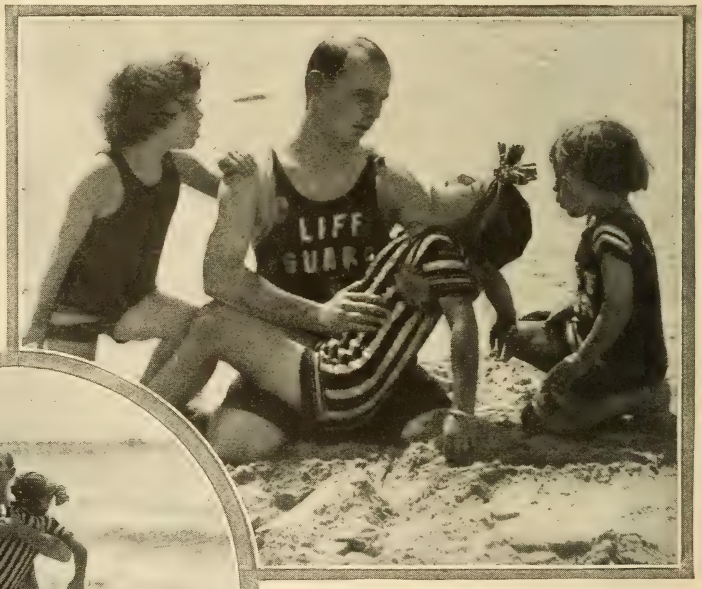


DANGER!

She looked from one small, sturdy figure to the other; she giggled and tossed her head, and, with the coyest of backward glances, waded straight out into the ocean's blue and green. A slow wave rolled in, hiding the little luring figure to the waist; a second wave on its heels washed about her shoulders; but on she went, sending a little gurgle of laughter back to them. And then, all in a minute, the very grandfather of all waves, bearded with froth and roaring as it came, caught her off her feet and ran with her back out to sea.

"Oh! she'll be drowned!" screamed Adrian. "Oh! Dan—go and get her! Quick, quick!"

"*Me?*" Dan turned on him in a frenzy, striking out with impotent fists. "I cant swim—and, anyhow, I aint going to get all drowned. Go yourself, why dont you? You,



RESCUED! AND WON!

with all your yeller medals—ya!"

"I cant swim, either." Adrian's face was very white. "I borrored these medals from Larry—but I aint goin' to stand here and watch a girl drown——"

(*Continued on page* 170)

# The Soul of Pierre

by

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

BIOGRAPH

"In addressing the august Society of Psychical Research, I stand before you not only as a scientist, but as a mouthpiece of the Académie Française." Dr. Davidoff paused for a moment, stroking his luxuriant beard, as he surveyed the small audience thru his horn glasses. "Yet I have taken the liberty to present my data informally, as an experience rather than a treatise.

"Many of you will recollect my paper addressed to your Society several years ago, in which I stood before you as a pronounced skeptic. I refuted all your claims concerning psychical phenomena. I substituted the term 'suggestion' for your claims of 'spiritual transmission and transmutation.' It is an open secret that I had come to believe *all* the phenomena claimed by your Society. Less than a year ago I confessed as much to my intimates. I have the honor to be before you today for the purpose of presenting the strange facts thru personal narration, in the order in which they happened.

"The name of Pierre Loriot may recall to you a grim tragedy. Pierre Loriot was my dearest friend. At least, as an artist you will all remember him. His career was well under way and needed but time to mature it into fame. That time has passed, and his name will never die. Possessing the views you do, none of you will dispute me when I say that Pierre still lives—the soul of Pierre lives!

"Reasons why I should keep secret certain circumstances in the life of Pierre Loriot no longer exist. In this you will no doubt agree with me. Pierre was a good citizen of the Quartier, that was all. That Clemence Villa, the famous actress, was his mistress may, or may not, be news to you. I and a few other intimates knew this. The fashionable world knew only that he was betrothed to Mlle. Juliette, daughter of Countess Devigne. Pierre's attachment for Mlle. Villa gave me great pain, because the Devignes, too, were mutual friends of mine. You will learn my reasons for mentioning this, later.

"Mlle. Juliette's attachment for Pierre was the child's life itself. She could scarcely endure separation for a day. Pierre, however, was so infatuated with the beautiful actress that his betrothal had become a distinct bore to him. His pure love was eclipsed by the fiery passion for the Villa woman.

"Pierre was such a lovable fellow that I could not be angry with him, even in the potential crime that he was precipitating. Clemence Villa had wrecked the life of every man who had loved her. I tried to tell Pierre this, but he would not listen. He was blind, mad and desperate. She led him on and on to his destruction, I standing by and looking helplessly on.

"There was but one person on earth who I knew hated Pierre—tho he himself never dreamed of it, as he was counted among his dearest friends. This was Jacques Devigne, the brother of his fiancée. But we forgave Jacques, poor fellow, for all things. It was my own diagnosis that had

doomed him to an early death. A year at the most was all that tuberculosis would spare him. I had told only his mother, but it was useless to keep the fact from him. His end was daily hastened because of a depressing melancholia that seized him. He was permitted indulgently to do practically anything on earth he chose without reprimand. His mother's theory was that his days were numbered, therefore none of them should be made unhappy by harsh restrictions. In this way the boy secretly acquired many bad habits, chief among which was gambling. But his mother repeatedly gave him large sums without question. The fast society into which he had strayed thru over-indulgence quickly took his money and spurred him on to greater sacrifices.

PIERRE DOES HIS BEST TO SOOTHE HER FAILING BROTHER

"Unfortunately, what had been a merciful lethargy was now changed into a burning remorse that he could not live the wild life he had adopted, and the sight of others, filled with health and spirits, drove him into feverish melancholia that was rapidly hastening his end. It was in this state that he began to envy Pierre his robust health and strong body with a rising bitterness that grew into secret hatred.

"And the unhappy Pierre was rapidly rising to a crisis in his affairs that was even more bitter than Jacques'. Day by day the coquette was leading him to new excesses that were sapping his talents and filching his small accumulation of wealth. The climax was fast approaching, and I again sought the mad artist in a new appeal to his honor. I told him flatly that the life of Mlle. Juliette was in the palm of his hand. He must drop this adventuress, or sacrifice his innocent little fiancée. He would listen to nothing, and I left him, vowing never to see him again.

"Three months followed, in which I was absorbed in a strange case that had come to my attention. This will prove of great interest to your Society. I had been prevailed upon by a fellow practitioner of note to visit a patient in consultation. I found a young woman suffering from extreme carditis. The case was hopeless—one

look at the victim told me. I offered my diagnosis in conjunction with my colleague and left the house. Two weeks later I was summoned to the seashore, where my colleague had gone for a rest. He called my attention to the lone figure of a girl walking out among the rocks, and asked me to wait upon her, as it was a matter of the utmost scientific importance. Reluctantly I did as he requested, and found the girl to be the same whom I had pronounced beyond help, with possibly but a few more hours to live.

"Later, my fellow doctor explained the circumstances that had led to this miraculous cure. The girl had a lover, it seems, who was

THE BOY IS FAILING FAST—NEITHER SCIENCE NOR LOVE AVAIL HIM

something of a mystic. In desperation, he had paid a visit to a crystal-gazer—I think it was—and had asked to see the fate of his sweetheart. This person let him gaze into a glass ball, where it is claimed that he saw the doom of his sweetheart. Depressed to the point of suicide, he was on the point of leaving, when the crystal-gazer detained him by saying that it was in his power to save the girl. The lover said he would do anything in his power to this end. She declared that if he would give his life and bequeath it to his betrothed, she would assume his soul and health. She handed him a phial, containing a significant-looking liquid, and he left. He took the liquid a short time after my colleague had left the girl with the professional seal of doom upon her. She was sleeping. When she awoke, there was a note in her hand, and her lover was dead.

"She miraculously survived the shock of this intelligence, and, upon realizing the object of her fiancée's death, began, according to the mother, to at once assume the bodily health and soul of the young man. My colleague was skeptical upon hearing from the mother. Neither of us had ever heard of a recovery of an acute case. Both of us discussed the matter far into the night, and I hurried back to Paris the next day, filled with a strange feeling as tho I had been in tangible communion with the spirit-world—for I was still a materialist.

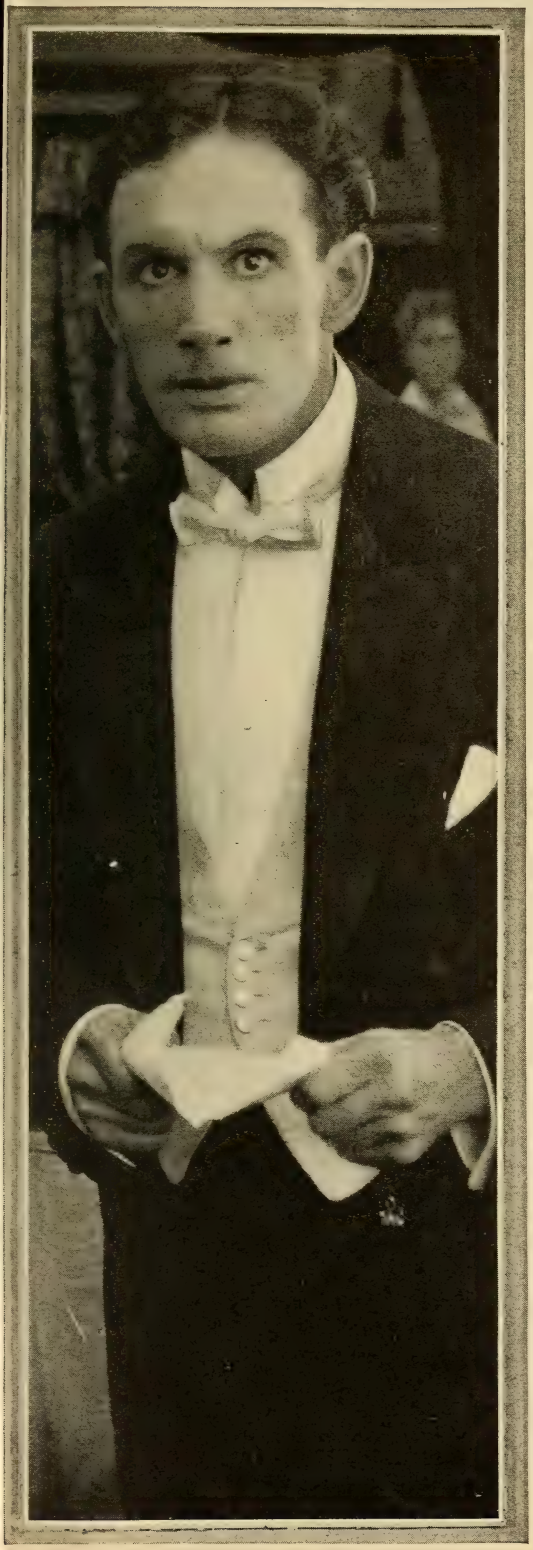
"The strange phenomenon proved an obsession that I could not shake off, however. Instead of believing in it less as time went on, my skepticism actually vanished, and it needed but the smallest favorable coincident to win my unbiased assent to the support of the theory of soul transference. In this disturbed state of mind I involuntarily sought the society of my dear old Pierre, despite my vow. Fate guided me to him at that moment.

THE NEWS OF PIERRE'S DEATH COMES TO JULIETTE

"The poor old fellow was but a fragment of the handsome, alert and cheerful boy that I had last seen. Only that afternoon Mlle. Villa had thrown him over and taken up with a foreign nobleman who happened along with his pockets full. Pierre was totally ruined. His very studio was on the point of being seized for debt. She had taken everything but his health, which now tortured him with its very robustness of resistance. I tried in every way to divert him thruout that terrible night. I failed utterly until, in despair, I began telling him anecdotes of my profession, and among them repeated the case I have just recited. His interest waxed strong immediately, and he had me repeat it again and again. Finally, near daybreak, he seemed quietly contemplative, and I persuaded him to retire.

"Pierre seemed strangely serene when he awoke about noon, and I was filled with joy to hear him ask if I would accompany him to the Devigne villa. I consented, and we arrived at the seashore resort a few hours later. The family was delighted to see us—with the exception of Jacques, who was more depressed and surly than I had ever before seen him. We readily excused this. But Pierre did infinitely more. He was affectionate to the invalid and solicitous to a degree. He puzzled me by seeming to desire to be with Jacques rather than with Juliette. Later, we three men were alone at the Casino, and Pierre begged me to tell again of the miraculous cure of the young girl. I foresaw evil consequences, but Pierre overruled my objections by starting in to tell the story himself. I interrupted and told the story from beginning to end.

"Just as I had anticipated, Jacques was plunged into the deepest despondency by the poignancy of the appeal. Pierre did his best to soothe him, and succeeded only in building false hopes that would prove of vicious effect. The boy was failing fast. The evening was spent at the villa. Fortunately, affairs took a turn to gayety that helped dispel the terrible gloom that had fallen upon every one during the afternoon. Pierre was the lovable



fellow of old again, and I was glad to see an affectionate intimacy spring up between him and Jacques, tho I could not then fathom the basis of it.

"The party broke up near midnight. Pierre had excused himself a little while before, and I was content to remain pacing the terrace, that looked out on the sea, where several fishing-boats were raising sail preparatory to setting sail. My cigar had turned to ashes, and I was becoming chilled. A walk around the ground did not disclose Pierre, and I took it for granted that he had retired.

"The household was summoned early the next morning by a man from the Life Saving Corps, who brought us some clothing that had been left on the rocks. There was a note pinned to the coat and addressed to Jacques. He bequeathed Jacques his bodily health and soul!

"I became the scientist again as soon as I could recover from the grief and shock of my dear Pierre's tragic end. My involuntary dislike for Jacques was turned to actual hatred as I saw him take on, as it were, the health of my dear young friend Pierre.

"In pretending—I am afraid—to being a constant consoler of the family in their bereavement, I took every occasion to follow the movements and renewed personality of Jacques. Whether he seemed bent upon taking up the life and health of the lamented Pierre or not, he gradually took on all the little habits of that dear fellow, and they fitted him like a garment too broad for his shoulders. That there was a decided change in his health there could be no doubt. My trained eyes required no examination to verify that. Reluctantly at first, then gladly, I accepted the theory of spiritual media and transference. I was convinced that the soul of Pierre had come to dwell in the mean tenement of Jacques Devigne's body.

"For a considerable time after this I lost sight of Devigne and devoted myself completely to the clue that I had oddly traced in the case of the young woman who had been restored miraculously to health when seemingly on the point of death from carditis. Tho I at this time was a firm believer in the authenticity of her case, I still retained my older belief in the healing power of suggestion. I sought out every case of carditis that appeared in the

hospitals of Paris, and applied my theory of suggestion in all forms, until I attained the degree of hypnosis, which won for me the Grand Prize and my place in the Académie. Carditis, then, can be cured in cases where there are no complications and the patients are totally acquiescent. My discovery will save many lives to the world.

"But my important discovery had come too late to change my views concerning the spiritual transference of the human soul, tho I had proved the first case—that of the young girl and her lover—to have been one possibly due to total hypnosis. The more I studied the miraculous effect on Jacques of the bestowal of the soul of Pierre, the more I became convinced of its reality. During the year that I had lost sight of Jacques he had invested himself with even the mannerisms and peculiarities of poor Pierre. Too soon I learnt that he had indulged in his vices as well, and added many that Pierre might have acquired but did not.

THE SOUL OF PIERRE HOVERED AROUND HER

"It did not need the additional knowledge that Jacques had become passionately enamored of Clemence Villa to confirm my views of perfect transmutation. I was sure, tho, that the beautiful actress would scarcely have accepted the attentions of Jacques at all had there not been that unmistakable Pierre-ness about him. Just as tho she had not torn the soul of Pierre to shreds once and thrown it into the sea, Clemence began again to beckon it on to destruction. When I appeared on the scene Jacques was drunk with the wine of passion and half-ruined by a craving to spend the fortunes of the house of Devigne upon the heartless courtesan.

"As it happened, I was there in time to witness the final scenes of what was proving to be another tragedy. Jacques, unable to beg or steal any more funds from his own despondent mother, was penniless, which was an inexcusable crime in the eyes of his mistress. She had handed him a packet of bills that morning. He confessed that he was unable to pay them, and she shook him off like a rat. In desperation, he came to me, and, when I had refused him money, he waited till I had gone and robbed me.

"I will not say that he was wholly depraved even then. His desperate intentions had a semblance of mad justification, in that he went forthwith to a gambling hell with the last hope of quadrupling the funds he had 'borrowed' from me, returning them and taking the balance to his lady.

"Needless to say that Jacques lost all. Half demented, he went to Clemence's apartment, where another man had taken the place of favor. He sat staring around the whole evening like one whose mind is suddenly eclipsed. When the servants tried to thrust him out of the house his money had bought, he collapsed and they brought him home.

"It was at this time that the new phenomena appeared, for Jacques insisted from that moment forth that

(*Continued on page* 172)

# HOW THE BRITISH LEARN AMERICA FROM MOTION PICTURES

By ERNEST A. DENCH

AMERICA has a singular fascination for the average Britisher. I admit that I was not immune from this, and when I came over to New York last winter I did not feel as tho I was in a strange land, because I had gleaned quite a lot of knowledge on the greatest republic in the world from the Motion Picture screens.

Until the Motion Picture came along, the Britisher knew but little of the nation he had a keen admiration for. All this is now altered, for American films predominate above all others in the British Isles, and the many insights into America and American institutions have proved an education in itself.

The geography taught in the schools deals only in such dry facts as New York is the largest city and how it is situated. A friend of mine, once ignorant, now knows an astonishing lot about New York and America in general. He can tell you that there is a large Italian population; converse with you on Chinatown; can assure you that Broadway is the most famous thorofare; knows all about the Statue of Liberty; is aware that there is an East Side which is equivalent to London's Whitechapel, and has learnt that the Woolworth Building is the tallest skyscraper in the world. He knows that the skyscrapers are what make New York distinctive, for important European capitals like London and Berlin do not possess them. And so I could go on establishing the educational value of the film.

When I lived in London, the maid employed by a friend of mine was always asking for nights off to go to the movies. It struck me that here was another opportunity too good to be missed, so I asked her what she had learnt of America thru the Motion Picture. She told me that paper money is largely used. This was strange to her, because in Britain nearly everything is transacted by coin. That people were married in their homes in evening dress was another of her observations. According to British customs, the ceremony must be performed at a church in the daytime, after certain formalities, or at a registry office. She also noticed that every house appears to have the telephone installed. In England this is an exception, for it is practically confined to business buildings. It was apparent to her that detectives and newspaper reporters can be distinguished by a badge. There is nothing to betray their vocation in Britain. She had likewise noticed that the traffic keeps to the right, instead of to the left, as is the British rule of the road. The policemen she had seen carried their clubs openly. The English bobby hides his truncheon in his trousers pocket. The heads of business firms, she had noticed, were called presidents. The British equivalent is managing director.

Another thing attributed to the Motion Picture is the preponderance of American slang in Britain. These catchy idioms are imported in the form of explanatory matter, and some of them, such as "putting one over," are now used in everyday language. Altho the two nations speak English, there is a considerable difference in the two forms.

It is the same with the children—the movies have taught them new games. The most popular one is known as "Cowboys and Indians." The youngsters split up into sides, and they use the best available things that can suggest what they want. The toy revolvers and guns come in handy, while a few feathers and an old blanket convert a small boy into an Indian chief. The "canyon" is represented by a small pit. American terms are spoken to lend reality.

JAY MORLEY, CHAMPION COWBOY

Few players have played in more "Westerns" and done more deeds of daring than Jay Morley, and few have had more general experience, he having appeared in the programs of the Mutual, Universal, United, and General Film Companies. He is now playing in the Western division of the Lubin Company.

# Moving Pictures a Tonic for the Eyes

By A. M. HUGHES

LEADING eye specialists now agree that Moving Pictures are a splendid eye-tonic.

Time was when many people condemned Motion Pictures on the grounds that they injured the eyesight. But the "flicker" has been taken out of the "movies," and a couple of hours at a good Moving Picture show not only rests your mind, but also your eyes.

The secret is simple enough: you do not strain your eyes by constantly changing your vision. When you look at the paper in your hand, then at some one entering the room, then out of the window, across the street, then back to your paper, you have focused your eyes differently three times in three seconds. You are constantly doing this. That is why your eyes get tired. At the Moving Picture theater your eyes focus on the screen and hold that focus. The muscles that focus your eyes get a good rest.

Dr. Herbert Harlan, Surgeon-General of Maryland, perhaps the best ophthalmologist in the South, and the envoy sent by the government to study the dreadful eye-malady, trachoma, in the wilds of West Virginia, says that the charge that Motion Pictures strain the eyes is all nonsense. Dr. Harlan asserts that the hour or so spent each day in watching the Moving Picture shows can result in no harm to the eyes.

In fact, he goes even further and asserts that two hours a day in the dark auditorium of a picture playhouse, watching the moving films, is actually a valuable tonic to tired eyes.

Experiments by Professor Knight Dunlap, in the psychological laboratories of Johns Hopkins University, have shown that even the slight flicker, which occasionally appears on Motion Pictures, tones up the eyesight and makes it more acute.

It is unwise, perhaps, for some persons to sew, read or attempt to use their eyes at close range on a moving train, motor-car, fast boat, or aeroplane. The flickering lights and shadows from this vibration are liable to do harm to your retina. Why? Because the peephole, muscles and lens of your eyes must be constantly changing focus.

This is not the case with Moving Pictures. At the "movies" the spectator sits from twelve to several hundred feet away from the screen upon which the motion photographs are thrown.

At that distance the focus of the eye changes but little, no matter how much flicker there may be. In fact, a little flicker is beneficial, because it keeps the eye-muscles from becoming sluggish, worn-out and unadaptable to change.

Undoubtedly, children, and adults as well, have become more observant and better educated, in many respects, since Motion Pictures have acquired such a vogue. Recent psychological tests, made upon children immediately after leaving a Moving Picture exhibition, prove that they distinguish colors more acutely, recognize form and shape more sharply, and remember figures, sizes and other visual differences better than they did before they went in to see the pictures.

They surpassed, in all tests, children who had not visited the "movies," but who were, nevertheless, subjected to the same kind of excitement by witnessing a melodrama performed by actual flesh-and-blood actors.

Instances of weak eyes, astigmatism, near-sightedness, granulated eyelids and other troubles of the optical apparatus, commonly attributed by careless observers to motion photographs, are found, upon fair and thoro investigation, to be due to entirely different causes.

Twitching of the eyelids is erroneously blamed upon visits to the "movies."

The chairman of the scientific research committee of a national organization was recently required to investigate and run down the cause of this trouble. In a large American city, where there are several hundred Moving Picture theaters and half as many eye-specialists, it was soon made clear that not one true example of eye-twitching could be blamed upon Motion Pictures.

Painful eyes, swollen eyes, reddened eyeballs, watery eyes and styes are often Nature's roadside signposts which indicate that the eye-specialist should be called in to make visual tests. Spectacles and eye-glasses will frequently be found to correct the irritations.

One man, who prefers the "movies" to grand opera, asked if "dark spots, which are always dancing before the eyes," were not due to his fondness for the photoplays. He was given to understand that such spots are a sign of many different internal disorders —blood deficiencies, excessive pumping by the heart, disturbances of the brain and spinal marrow, and the accumulation of microbic poisons in the lymph-stream.

There is, then, no danger to the eyes from frequenting Moving Picture theaters other than is liable to be encountered in any theater, railroad train, church, park or other public gathering-place. Undoubtedly, they aid in sharpening the acuteness of vision.

Finally, it may be said that, if the Motion Picture habit has done nothing else than remind people of their eye-troubles and send them post-haste to an oculist, it has accomplished an incalculable amount of good for the human eye.

S. RANKIN DREW EDITH STOREY

SCENE FROM "THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION" (VITAGRAPH)

# What a Home Means to Me

By RUTH ROLAND

"WHAT does a home mean to me?" this is your question; but if you want to begin this story at the once-upon-a-time, you will have to begin with "What have my dreams of a home—my very own home—meant to me?"

When I was on the stage, and before I entered the Motion Pictures, and was traveling from one city to another, I always dreamed and planned and built in my fancies—castles-in-the-air—my home of some day. I used to go window-shopping for furnishings for these dream houses. I would walk along to the jeweler's window, and there I would find wonderful bits of marble—a slender vase for a single glowing red rose—glass and silver to grace a damask cloth—a piece of bronze—oh, lovely things! and I would buy them for my dream home. Then on to a furniture store window. There I would buy soft hangings in blues; a piece of bright yellow pottery to blend; big, soft, mushy-looking pillows, and big, deep chairs to hold them. And lamps—oh, how I enjoy lamps! These always took so much choosing, for after the work of a day, and in the quiet hours that precede the sleep hours, when the lights are lit, must come a restful time. It seems to me an hour when only peace should abide. And so my lamps were too hard to choose! But of all those I saw I wanted most—ones for the big table to be strewn with books, that would be drawn up before the big log fire—and my choice was always those with shades of misty cream glass with trees softly colored, as if of the impressionistic school. I love trees; they have always been wonderful to me in their quiet stateliness.

And so I dreamed a home! I would build it over and over to suit my fancy, changing its arrangement at will. But the spirit of the home I wanted some day to have was always the same. I wanted a home where only harmony of thought and peace of mind would dwell, and where every article would be chosen for the service of the common day, its fitness for service, and withal the beauty of simple elegance. I wanted each room and its belongings to breathe accord of feelings—tolerance, and the spirit of desire to be useful, and I wanted the colors of the flowers

RUTH ROLAND ON THE PORCH OF HER BUNGALOW

always around me. I did not ever tint a wall brown or gray, but soft yellows, the blue of the larkspur—colors that bring the flowers in to be near you after you have left the garden.

All this and more I dreamt for a home, when a home seemed improbable, for travelers cannot have homes. A home needs your presence continually; should be the domicile of your thoughts and hopes, your joys and disappointments, or else it becomes only a place of abode. And I was a traveler, playing here one week, there the next; but when pictures offered me a niche, the dreams seemed nearer, and now they are realized.

My castles-in-the-air, with their furniture bought window-shopping, helped me so much when I chose my bungalow, its surroundings and its furnishings. I knew at once that I wanted a big, big fireplace, and a long, narrow living-room with ever so many windows, with deep seats before them so that I could sit and watch the sea, and the sky, and the grasses and flowers. And I have them. And there are big chairs that just make you rest in them, and my walls are the blue of the larkspur, and the flower colors, and there are pieces of yellow pottery to blend with the blue, and the big table is littered with books, but only the books I know and love. I never buy a book until I know it so well that I feel I must have it. Mytl and Tytl of "The Blue Bird" are real children to me, and Tom Sawyer and his fence amuse me by the hour, while Kipling and his folk just live their lives over again as I read of them. I weep over Dickens' "Little Nell" just as I did when I first met her, and pretend I can see the "Northern Lights" thru my windows, and see the "toil for gold" that Service, the Canadian Kipling, writes of so vividly.

I have bought my pictures one by one and at different times, as I found those I wanted—Watts' "Hope," Reynolds' "Children," and the wonderful trees Corot painted. Burne-Jones' "Hope" is here, too—that figure of youth and loveliness. And I have a piano, and a victrola which obligingly plays my "Butterfly"—or Puccini's—or the latest fox trot, for I adore the new dances, and believe in the years to come children will point to their ancestors treading the tango as we now picture the minuet.

And there's a kitchen, all complete with the first aids to hunger. Just outside my dining-room window pink hollyhocks stand like little Quaker maidens with their pretty pink faces, and as stately and demure-looking; and pansies, and roses—just an old-fashioned garden! I grow my own sweet lavender for my linen presses. But sometimes I dare to buy pink roses from the hothouse for my

MISS ROLAND, HER HOME AND HER RUNABOUT CAR

dining-table, for once, while home-dreaming, an enterprising jeweler had placed these flowers in his window, where the pattern for my silverware was displayed, and I just like to make the whole dream a reality silver, roses and all; but the reality far surpasses the dream—for it is home.

A home means to me a place of friendship, of peace; a place to think in, to express one's personality in, to be joyous in, to cultivate there the beautiful and the true. As I finish writing this long answer to your query on my desk, a single red rose smiles down at me from its slender vase; a lamp throws its rays over my sheet—a lamp with a shade of misty glass with little trees shining thru—all realizations of past dreams. I would say, *dream* true; build strong in your dreamings. Choose for your home rafters of honest toil to attain your purpose; walls to shelter and enclose faith in mankind and trust in yourself; a deep appreciation of the beauties of nature; love of the common day; the desire to do all things well; a fireplace large enough to burn all petty malices, cold contempt, hatred and jealousies; a wide door and a hospitable one that will welcome the guest who comes to it. Then go window-shopping, and believe your dreaming will come true and it will; and when it does, all things will be in readiness for your home, and you will buy, swiftly and surely, the things you really want—and you will know then, better than I can possibly convey to you, what a home means to me.

## The Gift of Forgetfulness

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Forgetfulness of our own cares and grief;
From hard reality an hour's relief—
This is the gift that Filmland tenders free
To tired life-travelers—to you and me.

The din of shop and office dies away,
And we forget the gloomy world, and gray;
The hand of Filmland gives us in a dream,
For our hearts' ease, a cup from Lethe's stream.

DOLLY ROSZICKA and MARTIN BROWN, Famous Dancers, now of the Universal Company

## "THE FIRST EARL OF LUBINVILLE"

I HAVE discovered that the most carefully planned interviews are the most faulty ones; so, when I wanted to interview Earl Metcalfe, I planned to do it in a social way. Hence, when he phoned and asked me out to dinner with him, I was delighted, and mentioned casually that the Magazine (meaning the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, of course) would be glad to have an interview with him. He was somewhat taken aback, but assented.

Knowing his aversion to interviews, I tried to plan it diplomatically and get thru without "fussing" him.

"Do you know," he said frankly, "I detest interviews—that is, I think it's very nice of both you and the Magazine to worry about me. But there's nothing I hate like sitting down and answering a lot of questions about 'Where were you born?' and 'Where were you educated?' and all that sort of rot."

I knew that he was born in Kentucky, a direct lineal descendant of one of the finest titled families of Wales, claiming Abergavenny (whatever that may be) as his ancestral home. So I carefully steered over that question. I also knew that he was educated in the University of Cincinnati and studied for West Point. But, about that time, along came a troupe of "ten-twenty - thirt'" players to his home town in Kentucky, playing a swashbuckling romance. Right then and there the ideals and aspirations of the pale-browed young would-be soldier underwent a change. His dreams were filled with wonderful tales, wherein he was always the hero rescuing the fair (peroxided) heroine and outwitting the black-mustachioed villain. That was twelve years ago.

His ambition was realized, and he became well and favorably known thruout stock circles, being a big favorite in Indianapolis, Memphis, Duluth, St. Paul, Cincinnati, Chicago and New York City, where he was leading man for Stella Hammerstein and juvenile man for Zelda Sears.

He has been in Motion Pictures,

with the Lubin Company, for three years, and is so deeply contented that no offer from the legitimate stage—short of a big starring part in some favorite play, at a salary no manager could afford to pay—would tempt him to return.

All this I discovered, and then I settled back to discover the real Earl Metcalfe. And, I assure you, I found him to be a delightful person, characterized by an unfailing sense of

EARLE METCALFE AND ORMI HAWLEY AT A JACKSONVILLE PICTURE SHOW

humor, and by his genial attitude of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"—and women. I think one of the nicest things about him is the fact that he is a favorite with men. All men know him and like him. Everywhere he is mentioned as "an all-around good fellow, straight as a string," all of which is a bit unusual for a famous actor.

"What do you like best to do, Mr. Metcalfe?" I asked, with an effort at casualness.

"Burn up gasolene," he returned, laconically, turning to call for the dinner check.

"Yours, or other people's?" I persisted.

"Both. I'd just as soon the other fellow paid for it; but I insist on burning it. I've an Oakland that can make some speed. Say, wouldn't you like to try it out? I'll drive awfully slow and easy," he pleaded.

Owning a fondness for automobiles (altho I dont know the carburetor from a magneto), I accepted.

He was quite right. The Oakland can make some speed—too much for the peace of mind of an inoffensive (?) interviewer who values life and limb above any mere exultation of speed.

The road was fine, and, crouched over the wheel, his eyes on the white ribbon of road as it reeled beneath us, Earl Metcalfe was another person. He insisted on racing with a huge black car (the make of which was Greek to me), but a car built for speed. We passed it, ran ahead of it, at a pace that swept the breath from one's lips, and then, at my agonized appeal, the young demon at the wheel turned, with a gleam of flashing teeth.

"Please let him go. Dont try to race any more," I begged, clutching at my hat, which had never been built for such emergencies.

"All right; I'll let him go. But I beat him once, didn't I?" he chuckled, like a boy who, having "licked" the fellow next door, is now quite satisfied to accept a licking in return.

Swinging along at a pace that gave one time to enjoy the beauties of the scenery thru which we had hurtled, I found time to present another question.

"What's your highest ambition, Mr. Metcalfe?" I demanded.

"To become a really good, worthwhile director. I am constantly on the alert for any suggestions or criticisms that can help me when I realize my ambition. I dont want to act and direct, both. I want the public to forget me entirely and know me merely by the pictures I produce. I have a scrap-book in which I jot down everything that comes to me that I think

will help me later on. I have more than a thousand suggestions in that book that I hope to make use of some day—such as using a stub-pen, where a quill should be used, having paper too large, and so on—little things, but things that go to make up a good picture."

I'd like awfully well to see him direct, for the world has need of good directors; but still he seems to be filling a pretty large niche as it is when he is known far and wide as the favorite man of the Lubin Company.

"If I must act, I want to play character parts, heavies—anything that calls for make-up or work. I play only leading parts because there is more money in it. That's commercialism, I suppose, but it's quite true, and you are at liberty to jot that down in your little red notebook if you want to. I am always thoroly happy and content when I have a part that calls for lots of hard work and a make-up that entirely obscures Earl Metcalfe. I am a character man, pure and simple. I detest straight, hero parts. Any man can put on grease-paint and make himself up nicely, go into a picture, look pretty, and get the admiration of the girly-girls who rave over actors. But it's the character parts that really test a man's ability."

All of which I considered a very sensible speech, and I told him so; whereupon I received another smile, very hasty, as his eyes returned to the white ribbon of road.

And when you see Earl Metcalfe on the screen, and a short story in a popular magazine, or a photoplay, where the credit is given to Earl Keenan, you will know that they are one and the same. Versatility is his middle name, but he wasn't christened that way, so he seldom uses the word.

When I asked him if he were married he declined to answer. So figure it out yourself. Personally, I am sure he is heart-whole and fancy-free, but I dont like to vouch for anything so important. ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

## EARLE WILLIAMS, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"EARLE WILLIAMS! EARLE WILLIAMS!"

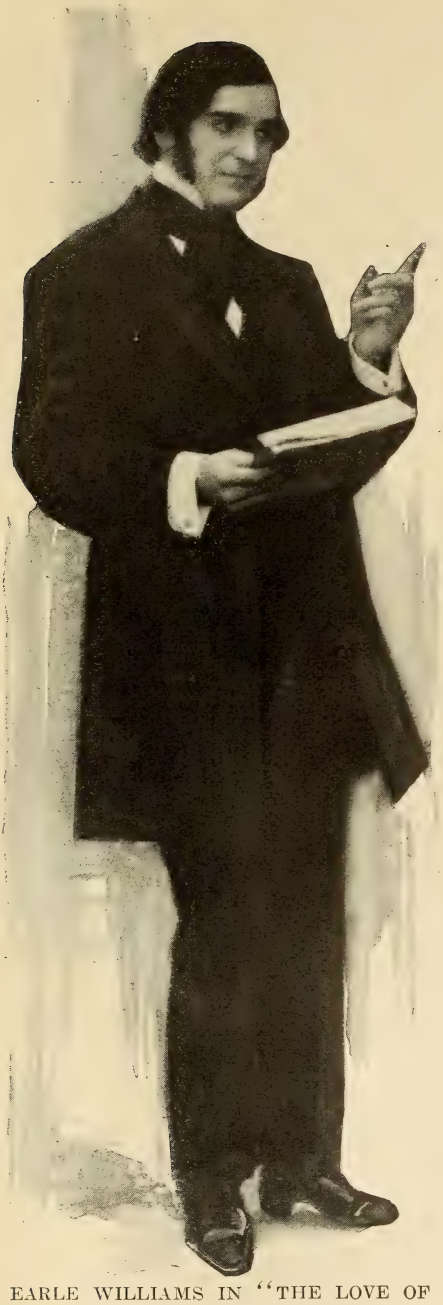
The call went forth in the big courtyard, and immediately there was a flutter among the two hundred or more "extras" who thronged the place.

"Where is he? Oh! there he is!" And the crowd of suffragets, miners' wives, sisters and daughters, and others, who would much rather lose their midday lunch of coffee and sandwiches than miss this brief glimpse of the handsome Vitagraph leading man, all gathered like moths around a candle.

"Isn't he lovely!" "Oh, I think he's just grand!" were some of the almost hysterical observations that were delivered in giggling stage whispers.

But Earle Williams stepped quietly from his car, which was drawn up at one side of the yard; looked neither to the right nor left, and, apparently quite oblivious of the interest he was creating among this bunch of fluttering femininity, walked, unashamed and with admirable dignity, across the yard, to join the forces of Ralph Ince in "The Goddess." He isn't stuck on himself, and he possesses unusual common-sense.

Earle Williams thinks a lot of Sacramento, Cal., for besides being his birthplace, it has been the home town of many celebrated stage people, notably Sibyl Sanderson, Mary Anderson, Robert Warwick, Anna Laughlin, Mabel Gilman, Eva Dennison, and others; so why shouldn't he? Oakland was his seat of learning, and then began his entry into the trials and tribulations of a business career. Think of Earle Williams selling gramophones! Doesn't it seem like sacrilege? But fate and the gods were kind. They rescued him from an unhonored and unsung career and transplanted him to a sphere where he has



EARLE WILLIAMS IN "THE LOVE OF JOHN RUSKIN"

been not only an ornament, but of really valuable service to both producers and the public.

There was only one other member of the movie leading man's family who chose the stage as a profession, and that was the late James J. Padgett. Many of the old-timers will remember him in the days when he was a member of William H. Crane's company and also with John Drew and Maude Adams in "The Bauble Shop." His influence had much to do in shaping Earle Williams' career, so that when the latter eventually went on the stage he did so with valuable traditions to serve him as a guide.

It was not long before Mr. Williams was traveling in good company. He joined Henry Miller's company, was with Margaret Anglin, with Phœbe Davis in "'Way Down East," Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betsy," Henry Dixey in "The Man on the Box," Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," Helen Ware in "The Third Degree," and was also in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" with a road company. His last engagement on the speaking stage was with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose" in vaudeville. This covers a period from 1902 to 1911.

The number of Moving Picture stars of the present day who gained their first experience with the Vitagraph Company is legion. The number of those who started with the Vitagraph and are still with them is not so large, simply because movie people, like stage people, are mostly nomads, anyway. It runs contrary to their nature, as a rule, to stay anywhere or with anybody for very long at a time. But Mr. Williams argues that if he is treated fairly and courteously by his present employers and is happy in acting among their force, why should he wish to make a change? Consequently he began with Vitagraph and is still with them, and there are no rumors up to the present moment of a sudden flitting to pastures new.

"The Thumb-print" was Earle Williams' first picture, and, if I remember rightly, it was a good one. Then followed "The Love of John Ruskin" (a beautiful thing, both in theme and treatment), "The Vengeance of Durand," "Love's Sunset," "Memories That Haunt," "My

Official Wife," "The Christian," "Two Women," "From Headquarters," "The Juggernaut," "The Sins of the Mothers," "The Awakening" and the big, beautiful serial, "The Goddess," recently completed at the studio.

When Earle Williams and Charles Kent walked down the streets of Boston garbed as priests, as several scenes from "The Christian" were about to be taken, they happened to pass a police station. From out the door there emerged "one of the finest," with the map of Ireland indelibly impressed upon his good-natured features. As he caught sight of the holy fathers up went his hand and tipped his cap reverently. Further on a group of ladies glanced at the two priests curiously. One of them, however—ladies are very quick-witted at times, you know—drew the attention of the others to the fact that the supposed priests had signs of powder on their faces. So she summed up the situation thusly:

"They are real priests, all right; but they have been hired to act for the movies."

Earle Williams is not crazy about the water, altho extremely fond of swimming and boating. At the present time he is less crazy about it than ever. In fact the very sight of water in large quantities gives him the cold shivers down his spinal column. He declares he has never chosen photoplays in which there were water scenes, of his own free will. But fate and the directors have pitchforked him into more thrilling water scenes than almost any other leading man in the business. You talk about "memories that haunt"; there is a memory in connection with

the production of the play of that name that will haunt him to his dying day.

It was away out somewhere off Fire Island, which is about forty-five miles from New York. Mr. Williams was obliged to cling to a raft in the freezing October waters of the Atlantic, while every wave that dashed over him contained, he imagined, about twenty tons of salt, icy water.

"It was about the least cheerful experience that I ever went thru," exclaimed Mr. Williams, as he blew smoke-wreaths to the ceiling in a contemplative manner—"with perhaps one exception."

"What was the exception?" I asked, with interest.

"Have you seen 'The Juggernaut'?" he inquired, while a smile hovered about the corners of his mouth and eyes.

"Yes," I answered; "a wonderful picture where a whole train dashes over a trestle into the river. Yes, I remember it."

"Well, I came as near losing my life in that mix-up as any man is ever likely to do. You will perhaps remember that when the engine and train dash over the bridge the passengers make their escape thru windows and doors and throw themselves into the water, to sink or to swim, as the case may be. As the train went down, the passengers made their way out to the cars and started to make things realistic by climbing thru any apertures that were handy and jumping into the water, which was anything but warm, I can tell you, for it was in the fall. One woman immediately took cramps and shrieked for help. At the moment I myself was clinging to a boat—the only boat, by the way, that was held in readiness in case of accident.

"One of the men swam to the rescue of the distressed lady, but never reached her, as cramps soon became a popular malady among those in the water, and he was an early victim and went ungracefully out of business with the others. Then there was a general cry that I should let go my hold on the boat—my only means of salvation, as I am anything but a powerful swimmer. I gallantly gave up my only stand-by for the public weal, and, weighed down by my water-sodden clothes, I sank like a stone.

"They say that when a person is drowning all the events of his past life pass before him like a panorama. Well, all I can say is that the only thought that passed thru my mind was: 'Why in thunder doesn't some bally tomfool on shore come out here and save me?' Ralph Ince, our director, had his eyes further out on the water, where rescuers from the four corners of the compass were hastening to the aid of the aforementioned woman, who was struggling in the throes of cramps. Mr. Ince never thought of me, fully believing that I could take care of myself and was all right.

"To make things doubly interesting, certain of the movie passengers, according to directions, were pretending to drown and were howling for help at the top of their lungs. Thus rescuers were frantically hastening to the aid of those who didn't need any aid, while others, who were practically at the last gasp, suffered real tortures not set down in the photoplay directions. Finally a property man, who had seen me try several times to go thru the actions of a submarine for no apparent valid reason, swam out and dragged what was left of me to shore."

This picture was taken in an excavation filled with water, and over which the company had built a trestle. The engine and train, which were wrecked, were also purchased by the Vitagraph Company, the whole picture costing a mint of money.

In answer to a query of mine as to which he thought was the more difficult—acting on the speaking stage or in the movies—Earle Williams said thoughtfully:

"I consider acting for the screen much more difficult than for the speaking stage. I have acted for both, so I can speak with some

knowledge. In the first place, on the stage you must thoroly master your plot before you ever begin to learn your dialog and action. In Moving Pictures half the time an actor has not the remotest idea what the story is all about until he begins to pose, and even then his knowledge may not extend beyond the scenes he is at present doing. Thus he can seldom gather what are the actual requirements of the rôle. Then, again, the scenes in a photoplay are never taken consecutively. For instance, you may have to go thru Nos. 6, 9, 16, 19, 23 and 37—all taken in the library of the father of the heroine. These scenes do not follow in rotation, nor in the order in which they appear in the story. They are simply all the scenes which the photoplaywright has willed shall take place in that library. Thus, as the action of No. 9, for instance, is probably based upon the action of No. 8, the actor is obliged to make himself acquainted with what has gone before if he ever hopes to steer clear of the ridiculous. Sometimes his steering is very bad indeed, and he figuratively goes on the rocks. For instance, in one scene he dashes out of the hall into the library as if the devil were after him. Naturally, when he enters the library in the next scene, in order to be convincing he should dash into the library at the same tempo as he left the hall. I say he should do so, but does he? No, not by any means! He walks slowly and with dignity into the library and carefully and deliberately closes the door behind him. Of course, as the scene in the hall and the scene in the library were not taken consecutively, the actor had forgotten all about the tempo of the former, as it was taken several days before. The result can better be imagined than described. In fact, it would be too ridiculous for words. Yet it happens frequently, and the long-suffering public, who are unacquainted with the whys and wherefores of Moving Picturedom, wonder what ails the actor in question and at once put him down as 'rotten.'

"Yes," concluded Mr. Williams, "there are a thousand-and-one pitfalls in Moving Pictures that are never encountered on the speaking stage. Instead of stage experience aiding one in Moving Pictures, I earnestly believe that it would be much more reasonable to say that a Moving Picture experience should be of invaluable assistance to any one who contemplated transferring his sphere of usefulness to the legitimate stage. ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

## VIOLET MERSEREAU, OF THE IMP COMPANY

"I THINK they are marvelous—the pictures. When one stops to think, they are the most wonderful thing in the world."

Such was the opinion expressed by Miss Violet Mersereau, in reply to a query of mine, and the look in those dark blue eyes was so genuinely frank and earnest that I at once became interested in the personality of this young artist, whose versatility has amazed the critics and the public alike.

"Yes," she continued, "the way that people, who never could, and probably never will be able to, leave one place, are able to know, just by the pictures, how beautiful our world is, is wonderful in itself. And doubly so is the fact that countless thousands are looking at the same picture from ocean to ocean and almost from pole to pole."

Violet Mersereau does not like to speak about herself—I could see that the very moment I began to talk to her.

"I think it is most uninteresting to write or talk about one's self—dont you?"

"It all depends," I replied, "on who the writer or the speaker is. In your case, my dear young lady, the world of photoplay-lovers is just yearning to know something about yourself because you have done things that have pleased them mightily, and they now crave an introduction."

Miss Mersereau laughed, and then, in reply to a general query that covered her early career, she said:

"My sister Claire and I have been on the stage since she was seven and I nine years of age. Previous to our first professional appearance we had taken part in entertainments at Sunday-school and many of our friends had said to mother: 'You should put your little girls on the stage.' Of course mother only laughed at that time, for she had not the faintest idea then of allowing us to adopt a professional career. But the troubles come, and one never knows what is going to happen. My father died, and then mother realized that something had to be done. She recalled what friends had advised some time before.

"At that time my sister Claire was like a tiny doll, with very big, blue eyes and light hair that curled all over her head. Maxine Elliott saw her and engaged her to play in 'Her Own Way.' At the same time I was engaged by Margaret Anglin. There was another little girl in the same company, and her mother took care of us both, as my own mother traveled with Claire. The mother of the little girl in our company was very sweet and kind to me, but, after the play, when we would come home and climb into bed, and the lights were turned out, I used to lie awake and wonder and think and wonder, and sometimes became very, very homesick."

"But you doubtless had lots of good times in your childhood stage days?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes; I certainly did. Shortly after the time I mention, Maxine Elliott decided to take her play to London. So mother and Claire crossed the water, while I was sent to school. But it was only for a few months. Just as soon as my mother and sister returned from England, I was engaged by a stock company to play child-parts—boys and girls—which I did for the summer.

"What was the first big production that you were in?" I asked, with interest.

"Let me see; yes, it was the original production of 'The Clansman,' in which I was given the part of Flora. As you are perhaps aware, the play is not at all like the picture. It was absolutely necessary, I believe, to alter it to a large extent. Well, I was with 'The Clansman' for three seasons, and in that time made some charming friends, among them Mrs. Dixon, wife of the author of the book. I had some lovely times while on tour with this play. While touring the South, all the little girls used to come around to the stage-door with their ponies, and our hostler (we carried three horses with the play) used to saddle up one of 'The Clansman' horses, and we would all go for delightful rides. The only trouble was that my horse was so big, and I was so tiny, that wherever he wanted to go I had to go, too. Sometimes he would take it into his silly head to tear madly down to the railroad, where our box-car for the horses stood. It was then that I had to hold on for dear life. But I was as happy as a queen. Every one in the company loved me, and I loved them. Even early jumps didn't bother me, because I could curl up in the seat in the train and go to sleep."

"When did you come over to Motion Pictures?" I asked. "Were you in other stage companies besides that of Miss Anglin?"

"No," replied Miss Mersereau, "and also yes," she continued, with a pleasant smile. "When I closed with Miss Anglin's company, I made a beginning in Motion Pictures. But I was at an awkward age. They either wanted tiny girls or big ones—I was neither. So mother dressed me up to look as old as possible. The director of the Nestor Company said, however, that, as long as I could ride and swim so well, I would be all right for ingénue leads. But, no matter what the part was—the most awful vampire, or the biggest part in the picture—I wanted to play it. When the director informed me that it was impossible—that I was 'only a kid'—I was highly indignant and thought the man was

utterly devoid of common horse-sense. But I did have some very pretty parts."

"How did you enjoy those Western pictures you were in? I have seen several of them and think they are great!"

"Immensely. Oh, it was glorious to tear madly thru the brush and prickly pear on horseback, pursued by a band of howling and gesticulating Indians thirsting for my gore—

'With the blue above,
And the green beneath,
And dash—and danger—and——'

but you know the rest," and Miss Mersereau laughed merrily. Then her face assumed a grave look as she said:

"But mother wouldn't hear of me giving up the stage for the pictures permanently. So, during the regular theatrical season, I would go with some company, and in the summer

VIOLET MERSEREAU

sign up with some picture concern. I am rather glad of her decision now, for it enabled me to visit London with 'Rebeccah of Sunnybrook Farm.' I was understudy to Rebeccah at the time. But, later, I starred in the piece in New York and all thru the United States. When my season closed, I was engaged by the Famous Players Company to play the title rôle in 'The Spitfire.' Then I signed up with Universal. You see, I had been with them the summer before I left to play Rebeccah. And now I am in the pictures so deeply that I will not let the thought of the stage even creep in, altho I shall never regret my stage career. I made so many friends, you

know, and I receive so many letters asking me if this isn't the same Violet Mersereau who played Rebeccah.

"I remember a funny incident that occurred just before I left 'Rebeccah' for the pictures. In one city, where I was playing Rebeccah on the stage, a Motion Picture house just down the street was showing a picture that I had posed for the previous summer. When the manager of the picture house discovered the fact, he had an extra large sign hung out announcing it. The fact of the matter is, he boomed both houses."

"Which do you prefer," I asked, "the stage, or the pictures?"

"Really, that is a very difficult question to answer," Miss Mersereau answered thoughtfully. "You see, in my humble opinion they are so entirely different. On the stage the most important thing is the speaking voice. Of course it helps wonderfully if one is beautiful. But, should one be beautiful and have an awful voice, that ends it. Then, again, one can let the gladness, or the sorrow, come into the voice. Of course the expression counts, but the stage could be in utter darkness, and still the audience would be held by the voice or voices on the stage. On the screen, on the other hand, it is one's expression, one's appearance, one's mannerisms that count. I believe one has to feel a great deal keener for the screen, so that a thought will come into one's being and make itself felt until it creeps into the eyes. It always used to take me a couple of weeks, after I had closed my stage season, to get back to the ways of the pictures—to make myself realize that my voice would not be heard.

"Yes, as I said before," continued Miss Mersereau, reverting to my first question, "the pictures are marvelous—to me as well as to the public. As to my methods, I think one should remember each new sensation or emotion and lock it up within one's self until called upon to portray that emotion. Also, take the different people you meet. There are some you will not even allow yourself to like, and others, again, who possess such wonderful personalities that you are drawn to them and value their friendship more than you can ever tell. It makes me happier to have people truly like me. I try awfully hard to be genuine, and I like other people to be the same."

As I looked at this beautiful and clever girl, somehow she reminded me of the vineyards and the people and the life of southern France. Surely such a face, such expression and gesture and quick, nervous movement spoke of a land of love and romance, where the people are lovers of the beautiful in art and nature. I became impatient to know, and asked Miss Mersereau whence came she or her ancestors. I must have shown an intense interest, for the little lady laughed merrily and said:

"Yes, I know what you are thinking of and just what you would like to say. You are quite correct. I am French on my daddy's side, and French and English on my mother's. I am not married, and I'm not in love. Of course one cant tell"—and here Miss Violet gave me an upward look that betokened mischief. "But I'll try not to fall in love with any one—for a few years. At present mother and sister have all my love, and if you ever meet them you will understand."

ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

## JAMES KIRKWOOD, OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS COMPANY

I APPROACHED my interview with James Kirkwood in fear and trembling. Perhaps he would be stiff and haughty; perhaps he didn't want to be interviewed at all. And again—most breath-taking "perhaps" of all—perhaps he wasn't in. I must admit that the last "perhaps" carried with it a tiny bit of relief.

The telephone girl at the Seminole Hotel is a very much "down-stage" young person, and when I meekly asked for Mr. Kirkwood, she pushed

up her back-hair, smoothed her belt and shifted her gum, the while she looked me over haughtily. I felt absolutely certain she could see that one of my coat-buttons was loose and that I was wearing flowers to hide it. Then she condescended to call a bell-boy.

"Boy," she said languidly, with the air of one who has tasted the joys of life and found them stale, "page Mr. Kirkwood."

I escaped to the reception-room, where I regained my breath. A very tall, very fair-haired man, his lean, strong face sunburned to a hue that deepened the blue of his eyes, came toward me from the elevator.

"Now, tell me what you want me to say," he laughed, "and I'll say it."

"Where were you born, then?" I asked.

"Grand Rapids, Michigan — and was educated there," he returned promptly.

"How long have you been in Motion Pictures?" came next.

"Six years," he said, a light of reminiscence in his pleasant, blue eyes. "Biograph first; then with Universal, where I directed King Baggot; then to Famous Players, is my travelog. I directed the first Klaw and Erlanger-Biograph picture ever put on, 'Classmates.' The first Famous Players' picture that I directed was 'The Eagle's Mate,' in which I also played the lead opposite Mary Pickford."

And here I considered it perfectly proper to present a leading question.

"Mr. Kirkwood, do you prefer to direct a person who is experienced and does things his own way, or would you rather take a person who is inexperienced, but who has talent and who can be molded to your own ways?"

He stared at me for a moment, rather surprised, I think, before replying.

"Well, of course, any director prefers a plastic actor. But it makes no difference to me whether they come to me from the stage with nation-wide reputations, or whether they come from the ranks of 'extras,' as long as they do as I want them to do. Take Mary Pickford, for instance. She placed herself entirely in my hands; and even when she made suggestions that I did not accept, she went right ahead, doing things as I wanted them done. Same way with Miss Dawn, who is playing the lead in my present picture, and with Henry Walthall. There can be but one director in a company."

And since he had mentioned my three favorite actors, I begged for more about them.

"I consider Henry Walthall one of the finest actors in the business today," he resumed. "Of course he isn't perhaps so great a—how shall I say it?—matinée idol as some, but that is because he is not a business man, not a publicity man. He never refuses to play a part because he thinks it might detract from his popularity. Any part that makes him think, that makes him work, delights him, no matter whether it is the part of a deep-dyed villain, a weak, self-willed sort of a person, or a hero. Any one can go on the screen, make a good appearance, do a few heroic things and be acclaimed a hero and an idol. But it takes art to interpret the parts that Henry Walthall does."

"And do you prefer photoplays that deal with exterior, beautiful scenes, to the elaborate, inside stuff that is causing such a furor now?"

"Well, yes, I do. Stories that deal with Nature in her wildest yet most beautiful moods always interest me deeply. There's an inspiration about doing outside production that is utterly lacking under the glare of the 'Cooper Hewitts' in an inside studio."

"Which would you rather do, act or direct?" I demanded, impertinently, perhaps.

"That's a very difficult question to answer," he mused slowly. "Of course I like to direct, but I also like to act. I'll tell you what I dont like —both to act and direct. I dont particularly care for that; you cant devote enough time to either one to be absolutely satisfied."

"You have had unlimited experience in both—please tell me do you think Motion Pictures will ever outshine the stage?"

"Never!" with decision. "They each occupy places so entirely different that they will never clash. Of course, when pictures first came they were considered something of a 'freak,' and people smiled and wondered how long they would last. But slowly they have gained a foothold, and recently have made such rapid strides that your question is quite pertinent. But I think that acting on the stage is an art, like poetry, sculpture and so on, and that it will never give way to pictures. Acting for pictures is just as much an art, but so different that there's never a fear of their clashing, to the detriment of one or the other. It is said sometimes that Moving Pictures have, by their cheapness, won away from the theater the poorer, uneducated class of people who could not afford the theater. But this is wrong. Everybody goes to Moving Pictures, and everybody enjoys them.

"I was on the stage," he reminisced, "for ten years before going into pictures, and when I deserted it a number of my friends thought that I was giving up my career. Most of them are members of the Players Club, and are now interested in the very art that they once despised."

I would have liked to have stayed longer, but time was flying and busy directors mustn't be kept from their work. But I must say that James Kirkwood is one of the most interesting men that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

PEARL GADDIS.

# What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD

Brinsley Shaw (Universal) appeared with Thomas W. Ross in "The Fortune Hunter" in 1909-1910, playing the part of George Burnham.

Irene Warfield appeared with Wallace Eddinger in "The Aviator" in 1910, playing the part of Miss Zonne, a telephone operator.

Louise Lester (American) in 1909 played the part of Lady Henrietta Verdayne in "Three Weeks" at the Bush Temple Theater in Chicago.

Donald Hall (Vitagraph) appeared as Adolph Muscle (a comedy rôle) in "The Goddess of Liberty," and Augustus Carney played the part of Lord Jack's tailor in the same.

Eddie Dillon (American) played Skip Sanger in "The Ranger" with Dustin Farnum, in October, 1907.

Carrie L. Hastings (Thanhouser) was the comical Mrs. Brown in the English farce, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," in 1905.

Edwin August (Pyramid) supported Digby Bell in "Shore Acres," as Sam Warren, the juvenile lead, in February, 1908.

Lillian Wiggins (Associated) was with Anna Held in April, 1908, in "The Parisian Model."

Harold Vosburgh was in "Wanted by the Police," in 1909.

L. Rogers Lytton (Vitagraph) was King Saul in "The Shepherd King," with Wright Lorimer, in October, 1908.

Robert Gaillord (Vitagraph) was featured in the title part in "Strongheart," on the road, in October, 1908.

Wallace Beery (Essanay), in December, 1908, was with Yorke and Adams in "Playing the Ponies."

Gaston Bell (Lubin) was with Edward Abeles in "Brewster's Millions," in January, 1909.

Gretchen Hartman (Biograph) played Mary Jane in "Mary Jane's Pa," with Henry E. Dixey, in 1909.

Millicent Evans (Biograph) played the lead in "The Blue Mouse." Edward Elkas (Vitagraph) played in another company of the same play.

Charles Wellesley (Vitagraph) played Honorable Clarence Beresford in "The Gay Musician," in May, 1908.

Irene Howley (Famous Players) was one of the beauties in Weber's burlesque of "The Merry Widow" at Weber's Theater.

Albert Roccardi (Vitagraph) was Baron Granclos in "My Wife," with John Drew, in October, 1907.

Oscar Eagle was a member of "A Gentleman of France," playing the part of M. Fresnoy, in 1903.

Helen Aubrey (Famous Players) was Helen Bradford in "Lost in the Desert" in 1903.

J. Searles Dawley (Triangle) was assistant stage director with the Spooner's Stock Company, Brooklyn, also appearing now and then in small parts. During the week of February 6, 1905, he played Harry in Clyde Fitch's play, "Lovers' Lane."

Rapley Holmes (United) was Colonel Sandusky Doolittle in that good old standby, "In Old Kentucky," 1905.

Lizzie Conway (Cosmos) was in the support of Lulu Glaser in 1907, playing the part of Mrs. Michael Cochran in "The Aero Club."

Frederick Thompson was one of the actors responsible for making "The Darling of the Gods" a success when he appeared in 1905 as Saigon with Blanche Bates.

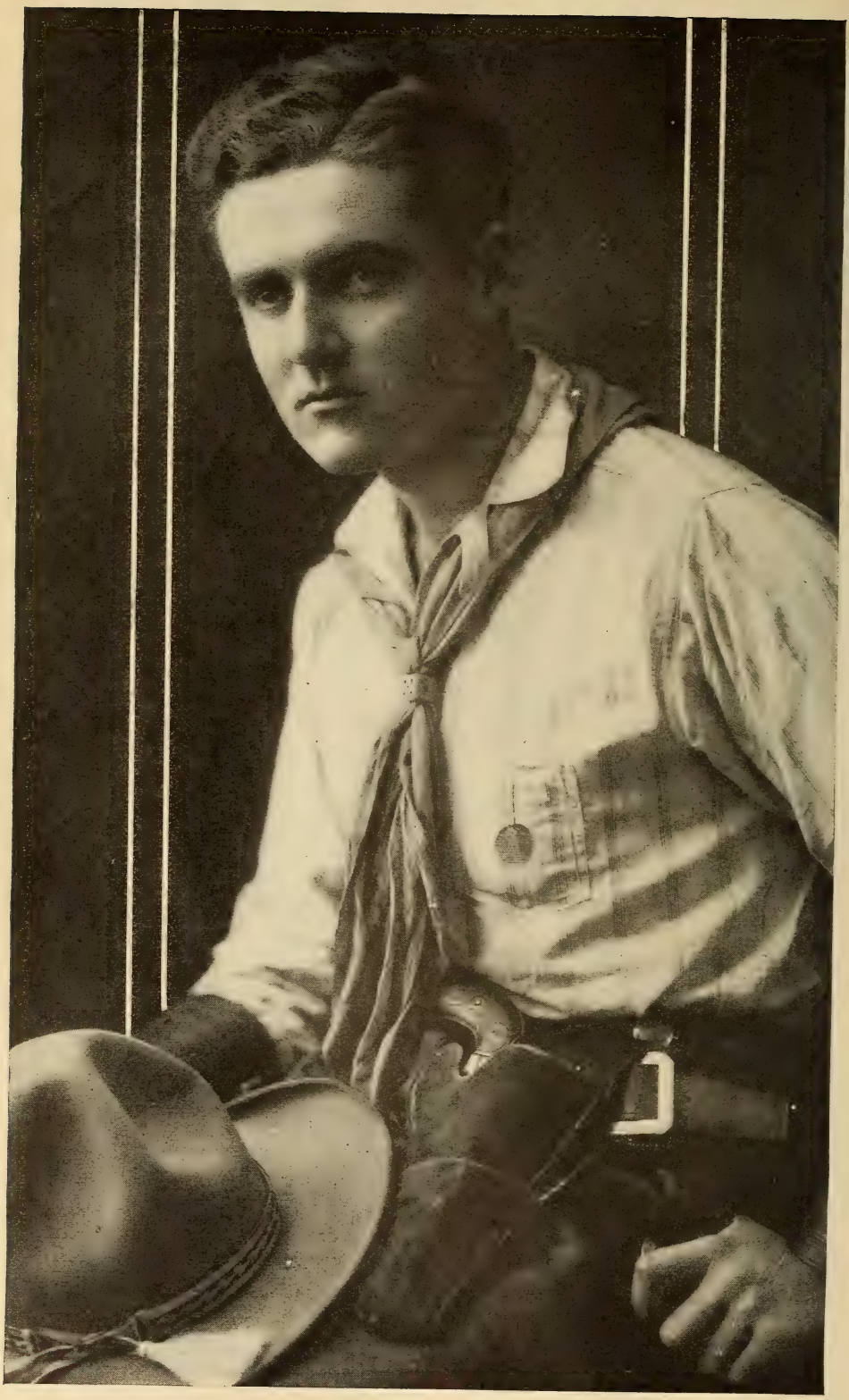
# Says His "Head" Has Been Reduced

By FRED MACE

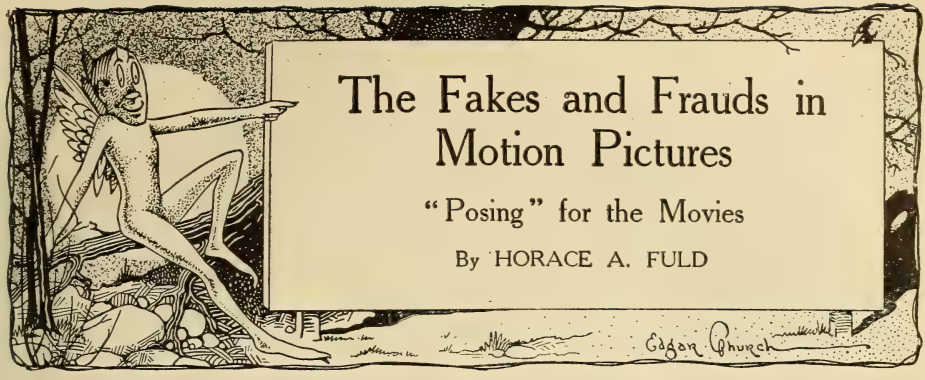
WHEN I first started "acting" up before the camera, I realized that in place of dialog and effects worked by the drummer in the orchestra, which I had been used to on the speaking stage, I had to depend on comedy situations and facial expressions. To the uninitiated, let me say it is the hardest thing in the world to make a camera laugh, and you always have a studio audience standing about with an expression on their faces which seems to say: "I wonder if he thinks that's funny. Cant make me laugh," etc. Believe me, Charlie Chaplin and others who succeed in making the audiences laugh earn every cent they can command.

FRED MACE

When I started directing, my troubles began. Perhaps it was because I had succeeded so well and was in demand that my head began to expand so that a seven and one-eighth no longer sat comfortably on it. I required a seven and a quarter, and even that at times pinched a little. I also thought I could write, produce and star in my comedies. Well, I did, but the result showed that the only one I was kidding was Fred Mace. D. W. Griffith told me when I started that I was attempting an impossibility, but the "seven and a quarter" asserted itself, and my ears were locked with success. Alas! had I listened to that superior advice, I would have been far better off today. At that time, nearly three years ago, I was at the top, from a comedy standpoint. The three talked-of comedians were the late John Bunny, Max Linder and myself. With my "One-Round O'Brien" and the two Sherlock Holmes comedies which Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett and myself did, we were just about two years ahead of the times. My mistake, however, was in leaving the screen to direct, which I have come to realize fully, so when Mack Sennett made me an offer to rejoin Keystone, I quickly accepted, and, believe me, I am glad to get back "home," for it sure feels like home to be back with Mabel and Mack, we three who all started with the Biograph. I am certainly going to try to retrieve the ground I have lost, and I hope and trust that the public will be pleased with my endeavors.



MARSHALL NEILAN, who has returned to the Famous Players Company




# The Fakes and Frauds in Motion Pictures

## "Posing" for the Movies

By HORACE A. FULD

THE country-wide expression, "Pose for the Movies," is scarcely more general than the desire to do so. Next to the sincere belief of each and every citizen of these United States that he and she is qualified to write a photoplay—whose rejection, of course, means favoritism—is the secret purpose of idly ambitious boyhood and girlhood to act for the film camera. There is no doubt in his mind, or in her mind, that histrionic success will mark their movie début. But the rub is this—how to get started.

A gentleman, whom we will call "Jiggins," who gives his business address in a Middle Western State that may, for the purposes of this warning, be called *Wisota,* proposes a way. It is a very profitable way, for there are hundreds of "Jigginses" and tens of thousand of heartaches and misspent wages contributing to them. "Jiggins'" advertisement may be read in any number of magazines, newspapers and periodicals. He conducts what he is pleased to style a "directory" of amateurs who are sincere in their wish to become Moving Picture actors and actresses. What he wants is their full description of themselves, which he will add to his "directory" at the modest sum of three cents a word. In the printed matter he will send you, should you be curious enough to write him for information, you will read that he promises to send this list, to which he greatly desires to add your name, to a number of the leading film companies.

The description that Mr. Jiggins wants is to read something like this: "Amy Simp, 16 Bow Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. Height, five feet six inches; weight, one hundred and thirty-four pounds; color of eyes, blue; hair, black. I can ride, drive an auto and play croquet. I look well in fine clothes. I prefer comedy. My friends all say I imitate Anita Stewart very well. I have no bad habits."

The more foolish you make it the better he likes it. At three cents a word this description would total $1.59. You are strongly urged not to be too modest concerning your fine points, and if you follow his advice you will use over $3.00 of your money on an aimless description of what you imagine a picture company wants to know about you. You will place a money-order for the amount in an envelope along with the description and mail it to *Wisota.* And this act will elect you a full-fledged member of the "Order of Hopeless Boobs."

With your money safe in his keeping, presumably there is nothing to prevent this self-styled employment agent from sending the list, every once in a while, to some of the big film-makers, which he may mention by name—Vitagraph, Essanay, Thanhouser, etc. Also, provided he comply with Uncle Sam's postage requirements, there is nothing to prevent his list traveling in the same bag with the rest of the mail and arriving at its destination. But at the Vitagraph, Essanay, Thanhouser and other studios there is also no rule to prohibit this list, after an amused perusal by those to whom it is addressed, being thrown into the waste-basket. That is invariably what happens. Of course Mr. Jiggins

expected nothing else, but he has fulfilled the letter of his promise, and he is out nothing but postage and several sheets of typewriter paper.

There are several reasons why this gentleman from *Wisota* will never get you a job in a Moving Picture studio.

The first of these is the rather discouraging fact that you have had no experience. (If you had, then you would not have "fallen" for the "ad.") Every picture studio in the country is overcrowded with applicants, not only those with picture experience, but especially numerous are the out-of-work actors from the legitimate stage who are only too glad to work for the screen. They, of course, receive prior consideration to you, who totally lack experience, and there are many more actors out of work than movie positions to be filled.

The second reason is a matter of geography, strange as that may seem, and concerns the only position that would be open to an amateur—the position of "extra." With one or two exceptions, all the Moving Picture studios are situated about the four cities of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, New York and Chicago, with the California towns so far in the lead in the matter of numbers of studios.

When any of the film-making companies in these four picture centers want a large number of extra actors, they do not consult Mr. Jiggins' directory and send for you. Several agencies with a number of hundreds of names on their books are found in every locality in which a number of studios are situated, and any number of people are rushed to the studio needing them in an hour's time if it should be necessary. The companies issuing the call usually are not particular about the appearance of their "extras," and no specification is made as to blondes or the color of their eyes. They are all too far away from the camera, and in sunbonnet and gingham gown, with a little brown make-up on the face, blonde will look very much like brunette.

The extras receive $1.00, $1.50, $2.50 a day, depending upon the nature of their services and the liberality of their employers. Each position will last from a day to perhaps a week, altho the average service lasts probably less than a week.

How geography comes in must now be only too evident. The Vitagraph Company, whose principal studio is at Brooklyn, N. Y., would not, even had it kept Mr. Jiggins' "directory," send for one dark-haired girl, five feet six inches tall, who lived in Indianapolis, Ind., because Indianapolis happens to be too far from Brooklyn for her to get there quickly enough to suit the Vitagraph Company. There are dozens of her type much nearer at hand. Yet even were this not the case and were she given notice to appear, as per her inspired description of herself in the "directory," her spending carfare amounting to $30 or more to bring her in from $3 to $10 would be rather a poor investment.

There is, tho, one function which such a "directory" might fulfill. When Lew Fields put into pictures one of his old stage successes, he wanted four waiters for a certain hotel dining-room scene. He was in search of four human freaks, and after raking New York from the Battery to the Bronx, he finally assembled one tall thin man, one short fat man, one decrepit old man and one as tough a man as ever was persuaded above Canal Street and the Bowery. It was a winning combination, and audiences are still laughing themselves hoarse over the quartet.

If Mr. Jiggins' "directory" were to include a list of freaks gathered from all corners of the country, then it might, in such rare instances, prove of some value. If, at a moment's notice, each picture-maker knew where he could wire for a 350-pound lady, or if he had in his desk the addresses of a dozen human skeletons, then the contents of such a directory would, occasionally, prove of some value. But Mr. Jiggins' lists, we insist, are worthless, and you as a subscriber have tagged yourself with a foolish, aimless and artless description that should never have been paid for nor accepted.

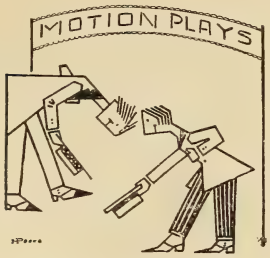
# Ormi Hawley, Charmer

## The Popular Lubin Leading Woman Adds Snake-Charming to Her Other Charms

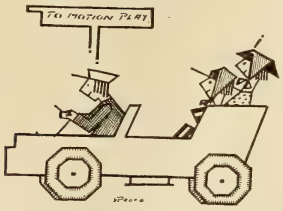
To see this picture one would think that Ormi Hawley was rather fond of pet snakes, and did not share in the feminine aversion for reptiles. The truth is that she was a very much scared young lady when she was required to play the part of a snake-charmer in a recent photoplay. At one thrilling moment she almost repented the bravery that had caused her to give a willing consent when the subject was first broached. However, Miss Hawley never flinched once during her trying ordeal, and now she is being congratulated on her courage.

# A Motion Play Primer That Is on the Square

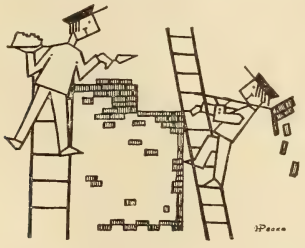
By HARVEY PEAKE




**U** is the Union of story and art,
That makes of the Picture Play something apart;
That lifts it above stage productions of old,
Whose settings were horrible things to behold;
Each year they've improved and are so flawless now,
That in sheer admiration we doff hats and bow.




**V** is the Viewpoint of public and press,
Who pronounce Motion Dramas perfection—no less;
A few years ago they were much frowned upon
By people of taste and the modish haute ton;
But now they're the rage, and because they're so fine
The Picture House sees many motors in line!



**W**'s the Work that is back of it all,
In order that screen plays may charm and enthrall;
Whole cities are builded for one single scene,
And awful catastrophes planned as they're seen;
Then the rehearsing, the worry and fuss,
That accurate pictures may be shown to us.

**X** is 'Xperience, valuable aid,
A thing for which vast sums of money are paid;
'Xperienced actors, directors and such,
Are needed in studios ever so much;
The more these men know—by 'xperience taught—
The more they are worth and the more they are sought!

**Y** is the Yearning we all feel to go
To every remarkable Motion Play show;
When the yearning comes o'er us there's no use to try
To think of aught else or to put the thing by;
In the long run 'tis better to go see the play,
For one's never satisfied in other way.

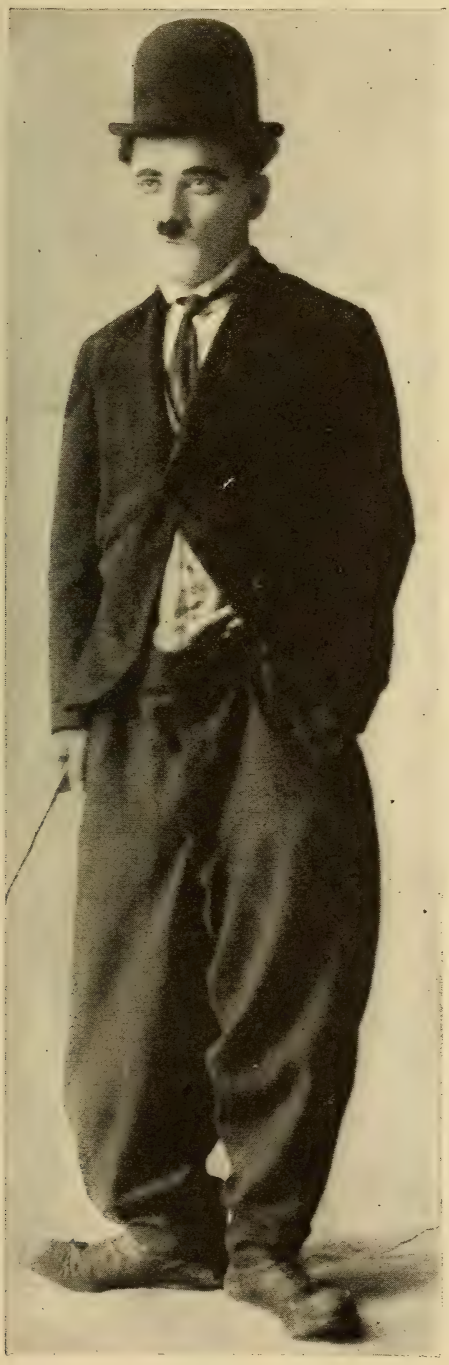
**Z** is for the Zeal, ambition and zest
The picture companies show for the best;
No actor too costly, no journey too great,
To bring out the story in perfected state;
But care such as this meets with ample reward,
For crowds respond to it with keenest regard!

NOTE: This series was begun in the June number and is now concluded.

# WHO IS THIS?

By HOWARD PHILIP RHOADES

NO, YOU'RE WRONG—IT IS



STEVE DUROS IMITATING CHARLES CHAPLIN

STEVE DUROS, Motion Picture operator, not long ago gazed intently at the screen, while he turned the reel, watching the antics of the new national clown, Charlie Chaplin. He was startled as he looked at the short frame, the curly hair and the dark, expressive eyes. In physique, the man in the picture was just like himself. Duros secured an old derby, some very baggy pants, a pair of impossible shoes, a bamboo cane and a very short mustache. Then he walked out in the street, with a new job. He was destined no longer to turn the reel unseen, but to imitate and amuse and to advertise.

The Motion Picture business has brought many new things, and not the least of them is this idea of advertising a star by impersonating him. No business man could safely allow another man to dress up and pretend to be he; a legitimate actor—even a comedian—would be ridiculed to permit such advertisement. But in the movies it seems—nay, it *is*—all right—that is, provided the imitator's impersonation is convincing. And that is where Steve Duros scores.

Altho fate made England the adorable Charlie's birthplace, and decreed that Steve should be born in Athens, Greece, she united both in America—the land of the free—to do knockabout stuff for the amusement of the people. Of course Charlie entertains millions each day, and Steve's crowds only run up into the hundreds; yet Steve is out on the streets of Columbus daily, working just as hard as Charlie works in California.

Duros' make-up is so very clever that he has been hired by two houses, which use Chaplin films, to advertise them. After running past the front of a flying automobile, or taking a hard fall on the asphalt, Duros will rise and, in a calm voice, announce that Charlie Chaplin will be seen today at such-and-such a theater. He draws more than a first-page story in a newspaper or half a mile of billboards.

# Brief Biographies of Popular Players

## MARY ALDEN

Mary Alden is a typical child of the sunny Old South — the aristocratic South, with its charming indolence, culture and refinement and a courtesy that has no peer thruout the world. But her characteristic self-reliance breathes of the New South, with its power born of confidence in self. New Orleans is her native city, but to Canada she went for her early education—at the Notre Dame College in Montreal. When the time came to leave school, Miss Alden, who was, and still is, deeply interested in art, decided to cast her lot in New York, the Mecca of Americans and of many of other nationalities who are artistically inclined.

Altho Miss Alden's work as a portrait painter began to be talked about in the big maelstrom of Gotham, there came a time when the wolf was most insistent at her door. Then it was that she hastened to her friend, Rose Melville ("Sis Hopkins"), and asked her to put her on the road to make some money. The result was that Miss Alden became a member of the Baldwin-Melville stock company, with whom she did so well that Mrs. Fiske offered her a position in her company. Then comes an episode which proves that truth is stranger than fiction.

Miss Alden one day accompanied Mrs. Fiske to a Motion Picture studio. As a favor to the director the young actress posed as an "extra," and, when the picture was developed, wild inquiries were at once made as to who "that remarkably fine girl" walking about the art gallery was. It did not take long to find Miss Alden, and the result was that she accepted an offer to join the Reliance forces under D. W. Griffith's direction.

One of the best things in the pictures that Miss Alden has ever done was her sympathetic interpretation of the wife in "The Battle of the Sexes"—a portrayal that has called forth admiration from all over the country. In the Mutual Masterpieces she did some very fine work in "Man's Prerogative," and also in "Ghosts," a five-reel drama adapted from Ibsen. In each of these dramas the Reliance-Majestic leading woman's wonderfully rich powers are brought into full play.

## SIDNEY DREW

Those who have seen some of the recent Vitagraph releases, in which Sidney Drew plays the leading comedy rôles — "The Story of the Glove," "Their First Quarrel," "Following the Scent," "Mr. Blink of Bohemia," and other delicious bits of comedy, have doubtless fully realized that there is an indefinable something in this sterling

artist's methods that marks a distinct line between his work and that of other players. Drew's comedy is saturated with the traditions of three generations of legitimate players. His is true comedy in the most artistic sense of the word, just as Gilbert's satire is today the standard of legitimate comic opera.

Born in New York City, Mr. Drew was educated in the "City of Brotherly Love." His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, were famous thruout the land, his mother having been one of the most celebrated comediennes this country ever had. In the early days of his stage career Sidney Drew was associated with Leonard Grover at the South Broad Street Theater in Philadelphia, in "Our Boarding-house." Recognition of his ability was immediate. Later, as leading man with Charles Frohman, he supported such well-known artistes as Rose Eytinge, Ada Dyas, and other prominent stars of the period. Then, with his mother, he organized a company of his own and presented the sterling comedies, "The Rivals," "The Road to Ruin" and "A Jealous Wife."

Somewhere about the year 1896 Mr. Drew turned his attention to vaudeville, and really was the pioneer in presenting legitimate drama on the vaudeville stage. Two years ago he entered the field of Motion Pictures and joined the forces of Vitagraph as leading comedian.

Mr. Drew and his wife usually play the leading characters in all his photoplays. Moreover, the comedian is also director of, and sometimes writes, his own plays. Some of his most successful and most popular pictures are: "A Professional Scapegoat," "The Hair of Her Head," "Auntie's Portrait," "The Homecoming of Henry," "The Combination," "The Hypochondriac," "Cupid's Column," "When Dumbleigh Saw the Joke," "Boobley's Baby," and others. The Vitagraph Company promise some exceedingly interesting and very funny Drew comedies in the near future.

## WEBSTER CAMPBELL

One of the things about Webster Campbell, the versatile leading man of the American Beauty Company, that will go down to history as an unembroidered fact, is that when he left the sacred precincts of his two *alma maters*—Ann Arbor and the University of Missouri—he stood not upon the order of his going, but went quickly, if not forcibly. In fact, the president of the latter seat of learning was most emphatic in his declaration that the academic spirit of the campus would be far more academic if young Campbell would hie himself away. And all because the embryo dramatist produced a comic opera in the university in which the fair co-eds of the chorus were very scantily clad.

At Ann Arbor young Campbell developed a strong antipathy to the higher mathematics, Greek and Latin, and a particular fondness for English and history, and beer and Detroit (seventy-five cents away). He wouldn't study, so they let him go without notice.

Then Webster Campbell went on the stage, joining a stock company in the Middle West. His first professional appearance was as Jed Woodsis in George M. Cohan's "Fifty Miles from Boston." Later he drifted into Motion Pictures, as many a good man has done before and since.

Webster Campbell played a delicious comedy part to perfection in "Betty's First Sponge-Cake," with Neva Gerber, Ray Berger and Lucille Ward. Bob (Webster Campbell) is a big, husky farmer boy who marries a dainty young thing from the city who nearly kills their guest, the village parson, by baking a sponge-cake filled with sponges—ye gods—it's *light* comedy, no mistake!

The Versatile Edith Storey, of the Vitagraph Company, in Various Character Poses

THERE have been all kinds of contests, such as "Popularity," "Great Artist," "Great Cast," etc., but here is one that is more specific and which gives everybody a chance. Mr. Bushman, Mr. Williams, Miss Pickford, Miss Stewart, Mr. Kerrigan, and so on, each has admirers by the thousand, and these players—and many others—are what is called "popular favorites"; but is it not true that the public are prone to bestow their laurel wreaths on those who are merely pretty, or attractive, or handsome, or well formed, or possessed of a pleasing personality? We found this to be true, in large measure, even in the "Great Artist" contest. But now we come forward, like the man from Missouri, and demand, "Show me!" In other words, "Prove it"; "Show us what so-and-so has done to merit your favor"; "Name the case"; "In what particular play has your favorite starred?"

We feel quite confident that the supporters of each and every popular favorite will be willing to come forward with the evidence, and that they will all be only too glad of the opportunity we are now about to offer. We ask our readers to vote each month for not more than five players in particular rôles. All votes must be written on the official ballot, which will be found on another page. A person may vote only once a month. No player can be voted for twice on the same ballot for the same part, but he can be voted for any number of times for different parts. In sending in your ballots, please give only the name of the player and the name of the play. While such things as personality, grace, beauty, ease, naturalness, etc., are all to be taken into consideration, we ask that real ability, talent, merit and strength of characterization be given the greatest weight. In other words, we request that our readers select great artists rather than artist's models. Address "Screen Masterpieces Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.," or enclose with other mail addressed to the magazine.

As a mere sample we have taken a poll of our editorial staff and critics, which we give below. These votes will not be counted, and they are not intended to influence our readers in any way. We shall publish each month, while the contest lasts, a list of the players who receive the most support, together with the number of votes.

William Duncan in "The Chalice of Courage."
George Beban in "An Alien."
Earle Williams in "The Christian."
Edith Storey in "The Christian."
Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift."
Henry Walthall in "Birth of a Nation."
Antonio Moreno in "The Island of Regeneration."
Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country."
Olga Petrova in "The Tigress."
Anita Stewart in "A Million Bid."
Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia."
Sidney Drew in "Boobley's Baby."
Dorothy Bernard in "Dr. Rameaux."
Edith Storey in "The Island of Regeneration."
George Holt in "Man of the Desert."

"HELLO POP"
MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK
CONVERTED
"I LOVE THE MOVIES
CENSORSHIP
"IS IT COLD?
ADVERSE CRITICISM
USELESS
THE STAGE
NESBIT
THE SCREEN
HELP!
SOME SINK OTHERS SWIM.
"HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO"
3-4
LUBIN CO.
ESSANAY CO.
KALEM CO.
VITAGRAPH CO.
SOME ACTORS ARE ALWAYS MOVING

# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY GLADYS HALL

HAVING chewed my pen for an hour in a vain attempt to say something particularly pretty, I finally abandon the effort. Only, and of course, I'm awfully glad to hear from you—and amid various outraged protests I strive to be impartial. I *know* you wont believe me. Prize this month goes to a prose-poem by Ray I. Hoppman. Mr. Hoppman is from Newark—238 Washington Street, Newark, N. J.:

THAT SMILE OF LILLIAN WALKER'S.

With the poise of a queen she appears on the screen and in her original style; she honors her art with the grace of her part, and conquers the crowd with her smile. If you're feeling quite blue and know not what to do to lessen that burden of woe, give ear to my advice, think and act in a trice, and hunt up the first Movie show. Just surrender your dime for a rattling good time, and loll deep in joy all the while that she tackles despair, grabs and strangles dull care, and chases your gloom with her smile. Oh, I truly insist that a stale pessimist, whose smiler was idle for years, has to bury his bloom in the depth of a tomb and bow to the smile that cheers. Without having to try, she can easily dry the tears of the famed crocodile; be you human or beast, you will waver, at least, and yield to the force of her smile. Now, just heed what I say, and you wont go astray; when Lillian Walker appears, with her famous bright smile, that is always on file—then exit the sadness and tears. Oh, often I go to the dime Movie show, and gladly walk more than a mile just to witness this queen please the crowd on the screen—and bask in the light of her smile.

"One of her friends" waxes poetical in praise of Cleo Madison:

TO "MISS TRINE."

May I tell you, "Shadowland," whom I love the best
Of the fairies in your band, better than the rest?
May I name my favorite and others, just a few,
Who have charm and beauty bright and whom I love, too?

Clara Young so beautiful of manner and of face;
Mary Maurice dutiful, her charm a mother's grace;
Margie Courtot natural, so innocent and sweet;
Edith Storey capital—to see her is a treat.

Florence Lawrence captivating, with her laughing eyes;
Kathlyn Williams fascinating, yet nobly brave and wise;
Mary Pickford, "Little Queen," with curling golden hair;
Ethel Grandin so serene, with brunette beauty rare.

But let me tell you, "Shadowland," once now and for all,
The blithest fairy in your band that answers at your call
Is the girlie of "The Trey o' Hearts," so radiant and free;
The others all well shine their parts, but Cleo Madison for me.

# The Story of Moveria, Goddess of the Movies

By LESLIE ELHOFF — Being a Modern Addition to Ancient Mythology

ONCE as Vulcan, the god of the forge, journeyed about the earth, as he often does, teaching men to fashion implements of all sorts, he came upon a babe which seemed to have been abandoned by its relatives, and feeling a deep pity for the infant, decided to take it to Olympus, the home of the gods, to be reared.

When Vulcan arrived at Olympus he went directly to Jupiter, the father of the gods, who summoned all the gods and goddesses to attend a consultation at his palace. When all were assembled, Jupiter asked which of them would take over the young charge, whereupon Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was first to reply, promising the best of care. It was decided that the foundling should be a goddess, and out of kindness several of the goddesses, thinking that she would never be very popular, as she was then very homely, agreed to let her share with them the subject that each presided over. These goddesses were: Clio, the goddess of history; Melpomene, the goddess of tragedy; and Thalia, the goddess of comedy. As Vulcan had found the child, he was allowed to choose a name for her. He chose Moveria.

Time passed, and under the wise care of Minerva, Moveria grew up very wise and very beautiful, getting more and more popular with the people. Clio was pleased to have such a beautiful creature share her honors, but when Melpomene and Thalia observed her growing popularity they became greatly alarmed and planned to have Moveria shunned by the people.

They called Boreas, the north wind; Zephyrus, the west wind; Notus, the south wind; and Eurus, the east wind, knowing that the winds whispered far and wide everything they heard, and told them that Moveria was teaching the people who worshiped her, grown-ups and children alike, to commit wrong.

True to the plotters' expectations, the winds spread the story far and near. For a time it looked as if the wicked design would be successful; but happily, only prudes, scandalmongers and such people believed the story. These believers, however, stirred up much ill feeling, but were soon shamed into silence by wise men who brought forth proofs of the great good that Moveria had done for the people.

As a result, the people flock to her temples (Moving Picture theaters) in ever increasing numbers, rich and poor alike, for not only does she make them laugh and be happy, but she also endows them with a knowledge of many subjects. The poor especially revere her, as she does not ask great sacrifices (high prices) as do the goddesses Melpomene and Thalia, the sacrifice generally being (as we turn from the mythical to the real) five cents.

THE Great Cast Contest has closed! The public has delivered its final broadside of ballots, and at noon on September 7th the ballot-boxes were closed and our busy force of ballot clerks proceeded to count and tabulate the last rush of votes.

It behooves our readers to read about and remember for all time at least the first and second great cast; also the other large votes cast under the various rôles on the following pages. No such "Hall of Photoplay Fame" in size or significance has ever before been assembled and probably never will in the future. What would you not give to see a great photoplay containing all the star photoplayers of the first or second cast? No amount of money could assemble them, nor could any theater in the country hold their audience. Only at some great benefit could we hope to see such an ensemble of famous players.

Let us stop to think how tremendous the Great Cast Contest is. It is ten times as large as the great armies fighting in Europe, nearly twenty times as great as the entire voting population of the United States, and the ballots placed end to end would reach for 15,000 miles, or over half-way around the earth.

One strangely beautiful fact stands out. Mary Maurice, the "Sweet Mother of Moving Pictures," leads the entire vote by over 300,000 ballots, and Chrystie Miller, the "Grand Old Man of Photodrama," is fourth on the list. The old adage, "Youth will be served," has been shattered, and beautiful and useful old age has been given a touching tribute.

The player receiving the largest number of votes for any one part will be entitled to the first choice of prizes, and so on; only members of the first and second casts will receive prizes. In a coming number we will announce just what prizes each member of the two great casts selected, and we will publish letters from them.

LIST OF PRIZES.

| | Value |
|---|---|
| 1 $500 Columbia Grand Grafonola and records | $550.00 |
| 1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring | 100.00 |
| 1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring | 75.00 |
| 1 pair diamond cuff buttons | 25.00 |
| 1 Colonial Baby Regent phonograph and records | 125.00 |
| 1 large oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "A June Dawn on Gloucester Coast" | 250.00 |
| 1 set of Shakespeare, handsomely bound in leather | 30.00 |
| 1 round trip to Bermuda | 90.00 |
| 1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 2 bronze, electric candlesticks, complete | 17.50 |
| 1 Columbia phonograph | 175.00 |
| 1 set works by O. Henry, handsomely bound | 20.00 |
| 1 oil painting by Gilbert Gaul, N. A. (original of Sept. 1914 cover) | 75.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 1 bronze statue (lion) | 25.00 |
| 1 oak Regal phonograph and records | 75.00 |
| 1 set of various Motion Picture books and pictures, including all that are handled by this magazine | 25.00 |
| 1 set Muhlbach's Historical Romances | 25.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 1 pair bronze book-ends | 25.00 |
| 1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 1 set of "Famous Paintings" (Funk and Wagnalls) | 25.00 |
| 1 framed oil painting by Jas. G. Tyler (original of July 1914 cover) | 100.00 |
| 1 Morris chair and Mexican rug | 85.00 |
| 1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and reproduction of Washington Memorial | 20.00 |
| 1 oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "Gloucester Harbor in Midsummer" | 50.00 |
| 1 Mexican rug | 50.00 |
| 1 handsomely framed oil painting by Emil Termohlin, "October Harmony" | 100.00 |
| Total value | $2,137.50 |

And now come the prize winners of the two Great Casts, with the number of votes each received; also the first and second Great Cast and the votes received by other leading players in the various rôles:

## PRIZE WINNERS OF THE GREAT CAST CONTEST

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Mary Maurice | 2,277,500 | 13. | Jack Richardson | 1,445,450 |
| 2. | Charles Chaplin | 1,934,550 | 14. | Warren Kerrigan | 1,430,530 |
| 3. | Bobby Connelly | 1,732,710 | 15. | Helen Dunbar | 1,430,230 |
| 4. | W. Chrystie Miller | 1,725,450 | 16. | Thomas Commerford | 1,427,050 |
| 5. | Mabel Normand | 1,709,390 | 17. | Ford Sterling | 1,396,325 |
| 6. | Antonio Moreno | 1,664,825 | 18. | Mary Anderson | 1,392,350 |
| 7. | Mary Pickford | 1,615,160 | 19. | Francis Bushman | 1,355,090 |
| 8. | Earle Williams | 1,571,655 | 20. | Helen Costello | 1,344,570 |
| 9. | Beverly Bayne | 1,524,330 | 21. | Norma Talmadge | 1,201,070 |
| 10. | Anita Stewart | 1,523,990 | 22. | Julia S. Gordon | 1,132,090 |
| 11. | Flora Finch | 1,469,070 | 23. | Romaine Fielding | 1,115,985 |
| 12. | Bryant Washburn | 1,455,605 | 24. | Harry Morey | 1,073,740 |

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHOTOPLAY CAST

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Leading Man | | 7. | Comedian (Male) | |
| | Earle Williams | 1,571,655 | | Charles Chaplin | 1,934,550 |
| 2. | Leading Woman | | 8. | Comedian (Female) | |
| | Mary Pickford | 1,615,160 | | Mabel Normand | 1,709,390 |
| 3. | Old Gentleman | | 9. | Handsome Young Man | |
| | W. Chrystie Miller | 1,725,450 | | Antonio Moreno | 1,664,825 |
| 4. | Old Lady | | 10. | Beautiful Young Woman | |
| | Mary Maurice | 2,277,500 | | Anita Stewart | 1,523,990 |
| 5. | Character Man | | 11. | Villain | |
| | Romaine Fielding | 1,115,985 | | Bryant Washburn | 1,455,605 |
| 6. | Character Woman | | 12. | Child | |
| | Norma Talmadge | 1,201,070 | | Bobby Connelly | 1,732,710 |

## GREAT SECOND CAST

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Leading Man | | 7. | Comedian (Male) | |
| | Francis X. Bushman | 1,355,090 | | Ford Sterling | 1,396,325 |
| 2. | Leading Woman | | 8. | Comedian (Female) | |
| | Beverly Bayne | 1,524,330 | | Flora Finch | 1,469,070 |
| 3. | Old Gentleman | | 9. | Handsome Young Man | |
| | Thomas Commerford | 1,427,050 | | Warren Kerrigan | 1,430,530 |
| 4. | Old Lady | | 10. | Beautiful Young Woman | |
| | Helen Dunbar | 1,430,230 | | Mary Anderson | 1,392,350 |
| 5. | Character Man | | 11. | Villain | |
| | Harry Morey | 1,073,740 | | Jack Richardson | 1,445,450 |
| 6. | Character Woman | | 12. | Child | |
| | Julia S. Gordon | 1,132,090 | | Helen Costello | 1,344,570 |

## GREAT ARTISTS WHO COMPETE CLOSELY FOR THE GREAT CASTS

### LEADING MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Warren Kerrigan | 1,305,995 |
| 2. | Crane Wilbur | 865,250 |
| 3. | Arthur Johnson | 837,350 |
| 4. | Carlyle Blackwell | 819,900 |
| 5. | Paul Scardon | 785,870 |
| 6. | Harold Lockwood | 752,410 |
| 7. | James Cruze | 747,960 |
| 8. | Tom Moore | 681,300 |
| 9. | King Baggot | 678,050 |
| 10. | Maurice Costello | 676,500 |
| 11. | Antonio Moreno | 666,150 |
| 12. | William Garwood | 664,640 |
| 13. | Romaine Fielding | 663,280 |
| 14. | Edward Cecil | 630,090 |

### LEADING WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Edith Storey | 1,512,500 |
| 2. | Anita Stewart | 1,466,210 |
| 3. | Alice Joyce | 1,230,680 |
| 4. | Florence LaBadie | 1,077,770 |
| 5. | Clara K. Young | 863,560 |
| 6. | Mary Fuller | 796,070 |
| 7. | Ruth Stonehouse | 786,990 |
| 8. | Pearl White | 753,080 |
| 9. | Cleo Madison | 734,870 |
| 10. | Norma Talmadge | 728,610 |
| 11. | Marie Newton | 678,160 |
| 12. | Marguerite Snow | 666,760 |
| 13. | Grace Cunard | 661,230 |
| 14. | Vivian Rich | 661,030 |

### OLD GENTLEMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Charles Kent | 1,359,725 |
| 2. | Van Dyke Brooke | 1,010,340 |
| 3. | Logan Paul | 911,950 |
| 4. | Robert Brower | 795,485 |
| 5. | William West | 763,670 |
| 6. | Francis Bushman | 728,690 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 712,900 |
| 8. | Murdock MacQuarrie | 691,720 |
| 9. | Bigelow Cooper | 674,810 |
| 10. | Charles Ogle | 640,260 |
| 11. | James Morrison | 614,030 |
| 12. | George Periolat | 607,280 |

### OLD LADY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Helen Relyea | 1,239,850 |
| 2. | Julia Stuart | 775,715 |
| 3. | Louise Lester | 742,030 |
| 4. | Norma Talmadge | 689,520 |
| 5. | Mrs. George Walters | 687,190 |
| 6. | Flora Finch | 665,520 |
| 7. | May Hall | 664,850 |
| 8. | Kate Price | 660,690 |
| 9. | Pauline Bush | 632,750 |
| 10. | Edith Storey | 606,980 |
| 11. | Kate Toncray | 556,880 |
| 12. | Mrs. Kimball | 530,250 |

### CHARACTER MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Warren Kerrigan | 904,310 |
| 2. | Francis Bushman | 844,355 |
| 3. | Nicholas Dunaew | 833,650 |
| 4. | Marc MacDermott | 814,095 |
| 5. | James Cruze | 806,920 |
| 6. | Arthur Johnson | 792,300 |
| 7. | King Baggot | 757,580 |
| 8. | G. M. Anderson | 748,470 |
| 9. | Earle Williams | 740,070 |
| 10. | William Wadsworth | 736,915 |
| 11. | Billy Quirk | 715,980 |
| 12. | Crane Wilbur | 713,690 |

### CHARACTER WOMAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Edith Storey | 878,195 |
| 2. | Edwina Robbins | 840,250 |
| 3. | Ruth Stonehouse | 791,260 |
| 4. | Cleo Madison | 786,055 |
| 5. | Mary Pickford | 772,160 |
| 6. | Mary Fuller | 767,125 |
| 7. | Clara Young | 766,025 |
| 8. | Louise Lester | 732,470 |
| 9. | Alice Washburn | 718,160 |
| 10. | Flora Finch | 715,370 |
| 11. | Marguerite Snow | 713,940 |
| 12. | Kate Price | 708,990 |

### COMEDIAN (MALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Wallie Van | 1,074,930 |
| 2. | Sidney Drew | 947,720 |
| 3. | Wallace Beery | 862,420 |
| 4. | Billy Quirk | 737,880 |
| 5. | Roscoe Arbuckle | 731,950 |
| 6. | Hughie Mack | 714,460 |
| 7. | William Shea | 667,270 |
| 8. | Victor Potel | 666,095 |
| 9. | John Brennan | 662,990 |
| 10. | William Wadsworth | 648,440 |
| 11. | Donald McBride | 632,650 |
| 12. | Arthur Housman | 632,320 |

### COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Lillian Walker | 1,012,090 |
| 2. | Ruth Roland | 955,060 |
| 3. | Margaret Joslin | 935,320 |
| 4. | Kate Price | 896,150 |
| 5. | Norma Talmadge | 888,620 |
| 6. | Florence Lawrence | 790,100 |
| 7. | Karin Norman | 748,800 |
| 8. | Victoria Forde | 747,880 |
| 9. | Constance Talmadge | 723,870 |
| 10. | Mary Pickford | 723,700 |
| 11. | Vivian Prescott | 651,370 |
| 12. | Alice Washburn | 611,410 |

### HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Francis X. Bushman | 1,358,595 |
| 2. | Donald Hall | 904,495 |
| 3. | Crane Wilbur | 901,040 |
| 4. | Carlyle Blackwell | 861,350 |
| 5. | Earle Williams | 857,710 |
| 6. | Harold Lockwood | 834,260 |
| 7. | James Morrison | 747,320 |
| 8. | Bryant Washburn | 677,650 |
| 9. | Tom Moore | 674,850 |
| 10. | James Cruze | 667,670 |
| 11. | George Larkin | 666,730 |
| 12. | Webster Campbell | 651,920 |

### BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

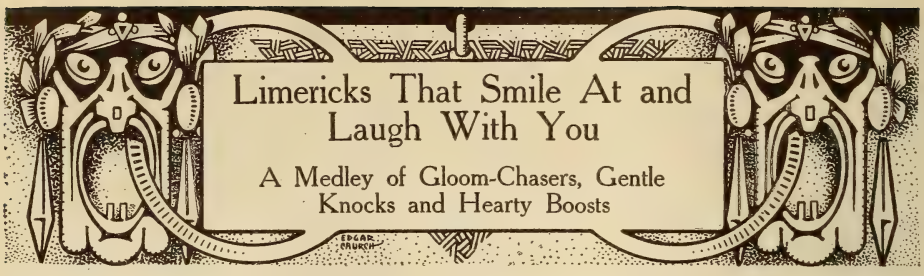
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Alice Joyce | 1,226,210 |
| 2. | Mary Pickford | 1,067,010 |
| 3. | Norma Talmadge | 972,855 |
| 4. | Pearl White | 891,400 |
| 5. | Clara Young | 879,770 |
| 6. | Beverly Bayne | 859,205 |
| 7. | Lillian Walker | 807,720 |
| 8. | Florence LaBadie | 750,400 |
| 9. | Marguerite Snow | 717,100 |
| 10. | Blanche Sweet | 685,890 |
| 11. | Margarita Fischer | 685,400 |
| 12. | Ruth Stonehouse | 681,210 |

### VILLAIN

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Harry Morey | 1,440,840 |
| 2. | Paul Panzer | 1,145,450 |
| 3. | Harry Northrup | 952,680 |
| 4. | Rogers Lytton | 805,330 |
| 5. | Romaine Fielding | 771,380 |
| 6. | Ned Finley | 734,890 |
| 7. | Marc MacDermott | 723,510 |
| 8. | Frank Farrington | 676,110 |
| 9. | Francis Ford | 674,430 |
| 10. | King Baggot | 673,670 |
| 11. | George Cooper | 673,110 |
| 12. | Lester Cuneo | 668,690 |

### CHILD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Yale Boss | 1,100,180 |
| 2. | Audrey Berry | 988,365 |
| 3. | Helen Badgley | 829,860 |
| 4. | Andy Clark | 799,605 |
| 5. | Billy Jacobs | 781,745 |
| 6. | Clara Horton | 735,270 |
| 7. | Dolores Costello | 726,120 |
| 8. | Matty Roubert | 718,760 |
| 9. | Marie Eline | 676,790 |
| 10. | Lillian Wade | 667,890 |
| 11. | Eleanor Kahn | 665,320 |
| 12. | Mary Pickford | 622,290 |




THERE once was a man who never smiled—every one else did on reading his funeral notice. Then there was another whose smiles warmed like the sun—even strangers were saddened when he passed away. A limerick is a five-lined smile—just enough to curl your lips, show your teeth and wrinkle the corners of your eyes. Try one and send it to the Limerick Editor. It may push you into the Hall of Fame and make Some One smile. We offer $5, $3, $1, $1 each month for the cheeriest and daintiest, and the prizes this month go to the first four given below:

A HINT FOR CHARLIE.

Charles Chaplin can always amuse 'em
By wearing his seat on his bosom,
But I'd like to suggest
That he buy a long vest;
It might help if he happened to lose 'em.

ROBERT J. SHORES.
Hotel Marie Antoinette, New York City.

SHE'S SAVING OF THEM.

Dot Gish has made many a Mr.
Love her just as much as her sr.
Without a sad sigh,
They would all gladly digh,
If they only could say they had kr.

ARTHUR W. MARGET.
157 Homestead St., Roxbury, Mass.

TAKE YOUR TROUBLES HOME.

A spectator at the Apollo
Decided the acting was hollow;
He hissed and he roared,
Just as Helen Holmes scored—
His funeral notice will follow!

IDA MCINTOSH ZUMSTEIN.
1085 Teutonia Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN HOMELY.

Said a homely young person from Maine,
"It certainly gives me a pain,
The way the men go
To the cinema show
To gaze upon Beverly Bayne."

A. C. DALE.
10724 Fairchild Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

A JUSTIFIABLE KICK.

Believe me, I never feel blue
When I see that old kidder, Sid Drew;
When he smiles like a calf,
I sit there and laugh—
And I kick when the picture is thru.

CHARLES H. TURNBULL.
819 Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

MARY'S MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Mary of story-book fame
Had but one lamb to play her game,
While "Little Mary" of the Movie shows
Has millions of lambs where'er she goes;
Whenever the films of Mary appear
The lambs flock in from far and near.

MISS THERESA LEE VASS.
212 S. McDonough St., Montgomery, Ala.

THE SECRET IS OUT.

Mabel, Mabel, tell me why
They all hit you with pumpkin pie?
"List," Mabel answers, soft and low;
"The reason is, I need the dough."

ALFRED J. WEISS.
167 Johnson Ave., Hackensack, N. J.

BLAME IT ON THE USHER.

The actor who "made" Broncho Bill
Continues to act with a will;
Tho the newspapers reek
Of his death every week,
He's holding up stage-coaches still.

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

"I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER."

I didn't raise my pies to throw at Keystone,
I raised them for my pride and joy.
Who dares to throw them at another,
To mess up some other mother's boy?
Let Keystone get some other things to laugh at,
It's time to stop throwing pies away;
There would be no pies thrown 'way,
If the mothers all would say:
"I didn't raise my pies to throw at Keystone."

Box 83, Roxboro, N. C. J. H. SWARTZ.

"WHO PAYS?"

There are four gossipers around me spread,
There are four hats upon their heads;
Exits four that are inviting I see,
But there is only one Ruth Roland—
And I'll be gol-durned if I'll flee.

MISS AGNES ROBINSON.
210 Slocum Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

# GREENROOM JOTTINGS

ETHEL CORCORAN, daughter of Captain Corcoran, of the Sheepshead (New York) Fire Company, and William Dangman, who made such a hit as "The Ferret" in "The Goddess," will play the leads in a Vitagraph comedy entitled "Benjamin Hunter, Book Agent."

Ben Wilson, of the Universal Company, seems to have plenty of the "long green." Not content with a twelve-cylinder Hudson, he has now acquired a beautiful $12,000 home in Leonia, Cal.

In a recent photoplayer contest in England, Charlie Chaplin received 300,000 more votes than his nearest competitor. England is the land of his birth, dontya know.

The Vitagraph studios at Los Angeles, which is rapidly nearing completion, covers more ground and has more buildings than any other Motion Picture plant on the Pacific Coast.

Anita Stewart, of "Goddess" fame, will create the character of the Countess de Villars in the coming picturization of Cyrus Townsend Brady's costume comedy, "My Lady's Slipper." Earle Williams will be her leading man.

In "Playing Dead," a picturization of Richard Harding Davis' story of the same name, Sidney Drew rides the famous jumping horse, "Heatherbloom," whose record jump is eight feet two inches. The scenario was written by Mrs. Sidney Drew, who plays the rôle of Jeanne Blagwin admirably.

Frank Dayton, who plays the part of the aged millionaire in "The Market Price of Love," is one of the oldest members of the Essanay Company in point of service.

Race suicide is an unknown quantity in the Selig Jungle-Zoo at Los Angeles. The following babies were brought by the stork during the past two months: Ten leopards, twelve lions, two tigers, one deer, two llamas and an axis-deer.

It is said that a company of Lasky players recently camped out in the great American desert in the hope of being able to get pictures of a mirage. Such a thing would be about as easy as photographing an Irish banshee.

Lillian Lorraine, of the Balboa Company, came very near losing her beautiful head of hair by fire recently while doing a scene in "Neal of the Navy," the new serial which her company is filming for the Pathé Company.

In one of the latest Lasky productions Blanche Sweet appears as "Sisters," and frequently during the action she is shown in the two rôles simultaneously.

It is said that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will never act on the speaking stage again, owing to the fact that she cannot walk properly with her artificial leg. Hereafter her work will be confined to Motion Pictures, in which she will have her own company.

Edith Storey has discovered her double out at the Vitagraph studios in Flatbush. She dressed the young lady up in some of her clothes the other day and sent her thru the studio yards. Since then Miss Storey has discovered that a double is not all that it is cracked up to be.

Motion Picture dentistry is the latest "profesh." Colin Reed, of the Selig Chicago studios, is a past graduate. His duties include "whiting" up the gold teeth of the extras (even extras have gold teeth), which would otherwise photograph black.

William H. West, who had played with the Kalem Company for nearly five years, died August 30th. The news was universally received with much regret.

J. Oliver Curwood will write exclusively for the Vitagraph Company; Smiling Billy Mason now with World; Gertrude Bambrick with MinA.

William S. Hart met with what was nearly a serious mishap. He was struck on the head with a heavy vase and suffered an ugly scalp wound, but is now continuing his work.

For pronunciation reasons, Signe Auen has decided to spell her name Seena Owen.

Another series is on the way, "The Ventures of Marguerite," featuring Marguerite Courtot, of the Kalem Company.

Harry Northrup has returned to the Vitagraph Company and is now playing heavies under the direction of Ralph Ince; Frank Keenan left Universal to join Inceville; E. H. Calvert will direct Metro plays featuring Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne; Al Garcia and Eva Prout with the Kalem Company.

Requests to remain neutral apply muchly to "Chaplin Essanay Studio." Chaplin hails from England, Bill Armstrong from Tipperary, Leo White from Paris and Patty McGuire fights with a shillalah. Lu Hill and the rest are nephews of Uncle Sam.

Clay M. Green has been appointed director for Lubin. Mr. Green's first picture will be a series of "John Henry" pictures featuring Kempton Green.

Between the acts, Henry Walthall can always be seen studying the works of Edgar Allan Poe.

Jessie Stevens and Frank Lyon, of Edison, are all "het up" about the weight-reducing contest being held at the studio. A pound lost means a point gained.

Myrtle Gonzalez has resigned from the Western Vitagraph and is taking a much-needed rest; also Alfred Vosburgh.

Harry Pollard, Margarita Fischer, Charles Ross and Robert Edeson are now with Equitable. Director Ulysses Davis has left Vitagraph.

Charlie Chaplin, as the janitor in "The Bank," must have collected enough perfecto cigars to last for some time.

Page Peters with Morosco; Frank Montgomery with Horsley; Dustin Farnum with Pallas Co.; Jay Hunt to direct for Horsley; William Thompson and Norman Hackett with N. Y. M. P. Co.

Bobby Connelly is appearing on souvenir spoons at the San Francisco Exposition. "Well," says Bobby, "they name babies after me, and dont spoons go with babies?"

Lou Tellegen is back in New York, having finished his film acting for the Lasky firm in Los Angeles.

The much-heralded, colossal Vitagraph feature, "The Battle Cry of Peace," opened at the Vitagraph Theater, Broadway, New York, on Thursday evening, Sept. 9th. A representative audience of fashionables and army and navy officers and officials received the great military and patriotic picture with salvos of applause. Such first nights for a play have never been seen. Among those who occupied the boxes and loges and lent their indorsement to the unanswerable appeal of Commodore Blackton's stupendous and gripping film were General Leonard Wood, Admiral Sigsbee, Mayor Mitchel of New York City, Dudley Field Malone, Senator O'Gorman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Hudson Maxim, Admiral Marix, General John M. O'Ryan, Commander John E. Bailey, Alan Hawley, President of the Aero Club of America, David Bispham, Daniel Frohman, Lee Shubert, Howard Chandler Christy, Rex Beach, Gen. Horatio C. King and Gen. John G. Eddy.

"The Life of Earle Williams"—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—is just off the press, and Mr. Williams' thousands of feminine admirers may now revel in the intimate life-doings of their screen favorite.

Holbrook Blinn and Vivian Martin are to be co-starred shortly in a picturization of Lewis Waller's famous play, "The Butterfly on the Wheel," under the auspices of the World Film Corporation.

"Things Are Seldom What They Seem" is the title of a comedy with which Al. E. Christie has christened the new comedy stage at Universal City. Lee Moran, Eddie Lyons and Jane Waller appear in the leading rôles.

One of the latest acquisitions to the list of photoplay stars engaged by Universal is Henry E. Dixey, who made his first big hit as Bunthorne in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "Patience," and afterwards in "Adonis." Mr. Dixey's first picture will be "A Pickled Romance," taken at the Imp studios.

Tom Terriss, beloved by Motion Picture fans the world over—especially those who love Dickens—besides his own studios at Yonkers, N. Y., has purchased a large tract of ground at Mount Vernon, N. Y., and will there build a large Motion Picture manufacturing plant.

It will be a year or more before DeWolff Hopper is again seen in Gilbert and Sullivan, or any other kind of opera. The big comedian has signed a contract with the new Triangle Film Corporation. Two of the rôles that he will create for the screen will be Falstaff and Don Quixote.

Kate Price and Hughie Mack won first prize for waltzing at Brighton Beach, N. Y. Players of the Vitagraph Company won nineteen prizes out of twenty-seven at the Brighton Carnival.

Nicholas Dunaew, the Russian-American screen star with the Liszt locks, is now with the Fox Film Corporation.

Helen Rosson, William Stowell and Jack Richardson will feature in second Mustang Company, and Crane Wilbur is to play in Horsley pictures released thru Mutual.

Helen Holmes has joined J. P. McGowan and will give several more miles of the railroad series with Universal.

William Duncan changes his apartments quite frequently. Rumor has it that Duncan is responsible for falling ceilings and bulging walls, because of his athletic abilities.

Winnifred Kingston has joined Thanhouser; Ethel Barrymore with Metro; Muriel Ostriche with Equitable; Henrietta Crosman with Universal; Henry Otto has left American and gone to Universal; Edith Sterling now with Lubin; Jack Dillon also; George Larkin and Fred C. Hearn with Gaumont; Mayme Kelso and Edgar Jones with Metro; Webster Campbell has left the Beauty Company to join the Western Vitagraph Company; Edna Maison will return to features with her own company and a special director from Universal.

The new leading "heavy" at Selig Jungle-Zoo is a hippo!

A scene in "A Stranger from New York" required two dozen cats. This ought to be a howling success.

Charlie Chaplin, as assistant cook in "Shanghaied," plays ball, using a leg of mutton for a bat and some potatoes for balls. He's English, and struck out every time.

Mary Fuller will wear several magnificent creations, which will introduce many new fall ideas in clothes, in "The Orchid."

"You cannot whet the sword of intellect on a bag of meal," says Harry Mestayer. "This is the reason why so many stage stars are entering the field of Motion Pictures. The masterpieces being produced by the Moving Picture dirctors force an artist to use all his intellectual powers and therefore show him at his best."

Ethel Barrymore will shortly appear in a Motion Picture, as yet unnamed, picturized from a new play by George Scarborough. The unusual feature about the matter is that the stage play will not appear on Broadway until Christmas.

Charles Horan, author and producer of "When a Woman Loves," a Rolfe-Metro feature, is a Harvard graduate and a baritone singer of note. And now he is in the "silent drama."

Mary Anderson, who has joined the Western Vitagraph forces, says there is only one drawback to work on the Coast, and that is that freckles increase too rapidly. Her first picture will be "Cal Marvin's Wife."

It has been predicted that King Baggot, founder and first president of the Screen Club, will be re-elected president at the annual election if he will run.

Jewel Hunt and James Morrison, of the Vitagraph, will shortly be seen in an interesting comedy entitled "The Little Trespasser," under the direction of C. Jay Williams.

S. Rankin Drew, of the Vitagraph Company, is producing "Thou Art the Man," in five parts, picturized from the original manuscript of "George Cameron," who was Mr. Drew's mother and a most graceful writer.

Mrs. General Tom Thumb, whose maiden name was Minnie Warren, will shortly appear, along with Will Archie and a company of other little folks, in "A Lilliputian's Courtship," under the auspices of the Pee-Wee Picture Players (Mutual).

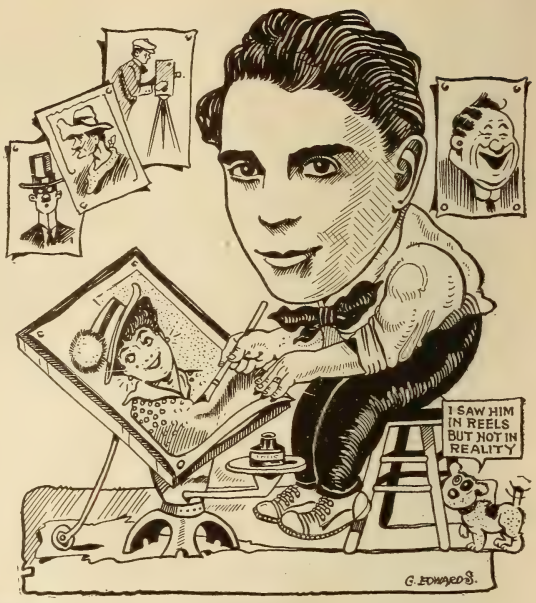
We have with us this evening: Robert Gray and Melvin Mayo (p. 37); Viola Dana and Johnnie Walker (p. 65); Charles Sutton (p. 66); J. Warren Kerrigan and Ethel Phillips (p. 70); Helen Leslie (p. 71); Carmen De Rue, Violet Radcliffe and George Stone (p. 76); Louise Vale (p. 86); Hector V. Sarno (p. 85); Robert Ellis and Marion Whitney (p. 25); Marion Whitney, Edna Hibbard and Isabell Vernon (p. 27).

George Ovey, star comedian of the Cub Company, was recently accosted by a young chap who said he was a New Yorker. After he had left, Mr. Ovey was minus a watch. How time does fly!

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Little Life-Guard." Second prize goes to the author of "Jim West—Gambler." The other prize will be announced in the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT for November.

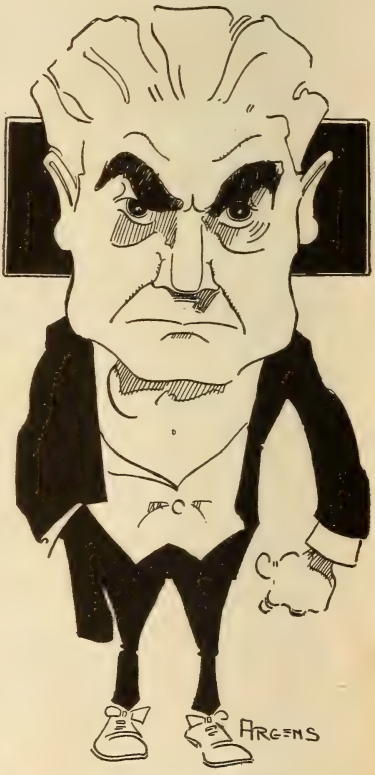
The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted to them during the past month is awarded to George W. Townsend, 2707 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md., for his two-reel drama, "The Call."

GERALDINE FARRAR in "Faust"

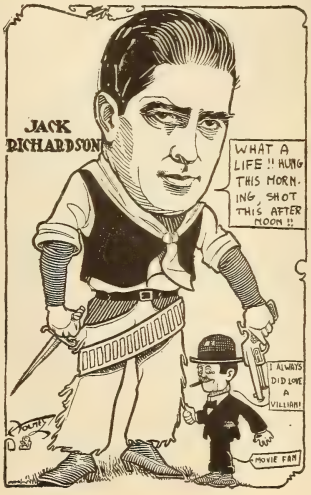



CRUZE

WILBUR




MAC QUARRIE

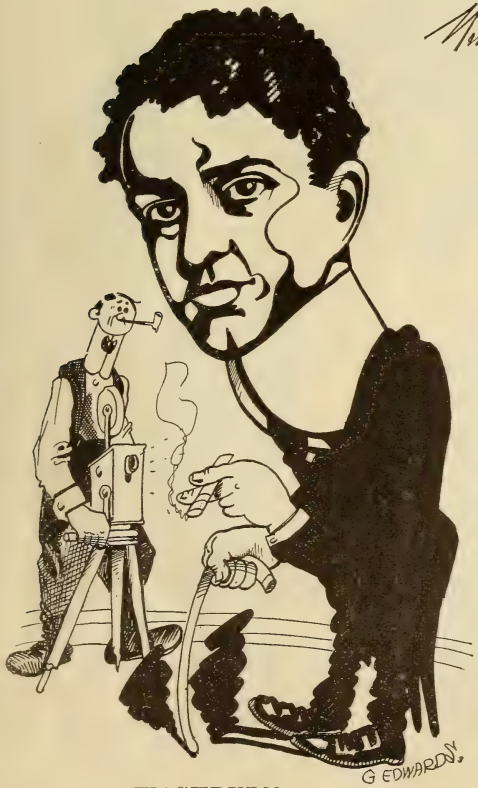


BESSIE "LEARN"

"Rocky Hash"

Mamselle Adele Fiske

BOBBY CONNELLY



WASHBURN

STANTON

CHARLES CHAPLIN, AS SEEN BY THE ARTIST

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

HAZEL NUT.—If that player wrote that to you, I would say that he was simply jealous. The jealous sneer is an inferior man's acknowledgment of a superior man's merit. George Anderson was Grandon in "Little Pal." Eleanor Blevins was the girl in "The Valley of Humiliation" (Vitagraph).

PATRICIA.—Holbrook Blinn was Regan in "The Boss." Arthur Ashley and Peggy Burke in "Jealousy." Robert Gray was the lover in the Ruth Roland detective series.

I. M. A. B.—Yours was very interesting. You say that if I will come and visit the pork-packing plant in your city that you will give me a lesson in economy, and that they utilize every part of the hog but the squeal. That's nothing. I once visited a lumber plant where they utilize every part of the tree, even the bark. I am now as economical as a moth, which eats nothing but holes.

EMILY C.—Dorothy Leeds was Vivian. You might go and see. I think they will.

HOWARD M.—Dorothy Leeds was the rich girl in "The Awakening." Anna Nilsson's autobiography in May, 1915; Rosemary Theby in Oct., 1914; Ruth Roland in April, 1915; Clara Young in May, 1913; Richard Travers in Feb., 1915.

VALLEJO DAISY.—William Dangman was the brother in "The Awakening." Edward Elkas was the three-fingered Lew in "Girl Who Might Have Been."

PIERRE D., OGDEN.—Jack Pickford was in "The Pretty Sister of José." Paul Scardon was the professor in "The Goddess." Thanks for your kind letter. If you really did that you ought to get a medal or a niche in the Hall of Fame.

MARION F.—You neglected to enclose the stated stamp. Lucille Hammill was Tommy in "Philanthropic Tommy." Reliance and Thanhouser produced "Thelma."

RUTH E. MINER.—Please give me a little more time, and I will try to get you a list of books containing readings and pianologs such as you describe.

MRS. A. L., MEDIA.—Lamar Johnstone was Willard in "The Lady of Cyclamen."

SALLIE.—George Bellamy and Gerald Ames were the two officers in "Brother Officers." Why dont you write it up and send it to the Clearing House?

FOOLISH FOUR.—L. Shumway and Lucille Young. Charles Manley was Thomas in "The Master Key."

A NEW ENGINEER.—Theda Bara was the vampire, and Runa Hodges was the child in "A Fool There Was." Louise Vale in "Adam Bede" (Biograph).

ELIZABETH S.—Write to Mary Pickford, in care of the studio. She will no doubt answer when she gets time. Your letter was a James Dandy.

EDITH M.—You will see a picture of William Farnum soon. No cast for "Just Nuts." So you think this department is a "frame-up." Alas, alack, and also gadzooks! Come around some time and I will show you.

Doris K.—So you want to circularize the well-to-do people of New York City, and suggest using the telephone list. Do you know that there are 566,000 telephones in the hamlet of New York, with 350,000 listings? You really want to know about the Hall of Fame? It may be Ella Hall or Donald Hall.

Garfield, the orator; Cleveland, the administrator; McKinley, the cautious; Roosevelt, the courageous; Taft, the lawyer; Wilson, the scholar. I quite agree with him.

Peggy Lee.—Wrong title on that American. Harry Von Meter was Philip in "The Poet of the Peaks" (Mutual).

Freddie—Was that real rain we saw in the last pitcher?
Teddie—Sure it was.
Freddie—Well, where do they get all the water from?
Teddie—You see, it's dis way. All dat water runs off de screen into a trough and right in the machine again, and dey use it right over again in de next scene!

Emil E. S.—John Lorenze was Lawrence in "The Greater Courage" (Essanay).

Billy O'Mine.—Yours was very interesting. William Cohill was the attorney in "The Gray Horror" (Lubin). So you, too, are raving about Harry Morey since he played in "Getting the Chief's Goat."

Leanda.—Owen Moore was King Charles II in "Mistress Nell." This is the way Dr. Lyman Abbott classes them: Grant, the soldier; Hayes, the peacemaker;

Norma Talmadge Admirer.—Miss Sackville was Winnie in "Adventures of Kathlyn." Della Connor in "Whiskers" (Pathé). Olive Golden was the wealthy girl. Goldie Colwell in "The Man from the East" (Selig). Milton Sills was Thaddeus in "Arrival of Perpetua."

Keller-Dayton.—But you must sign your name. Wilmuth Merkyl was in Kalem's "Wife for Wife." Makoto Inokuehi was the Jap in "Officer 666."

MARGARET M.—Yes; Royal Byron is with Lubin. Address him at 20th St. and Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ZELA F. D.—You want a chat with Edna Mayo. I do not think that "Hearts Adrift" was immoral. I suppose that every woman who witnessed this little masterpiece felt a sort of contempt for the convention called marriage when she saw the illicit but innocent mother pitted against his lawful wife, and in that case it did look as if all the sympathy went out to Little Mary; yet, this situation was a very rare exception, and everybody will admit marriage is a necessary institution.

ALICTINE, SPRINGFIELD.—Marguerite Clark and Arthur Hoops in "Gretna Green." Richard Lee was the half-wit in "Fanchon the Cricket." To which White Book do you refer? I have seen a Red Book, a Blue Book and a White Book, and next I suppose we shall have a Red, White and Blue Book.

JEAN L.—Will you please write your letter in English instead of French? Rhea Mitchell opposite Mr. Edeson in "On The Night Stage." Jack Standing in that Famous Players.

"IN TIMES OF PEACE, PREPARE FOR WAR."
Scene on Ocean Avenue after the boys had seen "The Battle Cry of Peace."

EMPRESS.—Edward Cecil usually plays opposite Vola Smith in Biograph.

EVELYN P.—Jane Lee was the child in "The Clemenceau Case." Violet Mersereau has never been to the office, but she has been invited.

AIRY FAIRY.—The principal female rôles in a play are the star, leading lady, emotional actress, first old woman, second old woman, comedienne, soubrette, ingénue, adventuress, juvenile, walking lady and utility woman. Norma Phillips was Margaret.

CHARLIE C.—Your letter was great, but it strikes a discordant note—nothing pleasant in it. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others just grate upon you. So you call Anita Stewart your Little Dream Girl.

M. L., NASHVILLE.—Yours was very interesting and very chatty. You have me wrong on that picture.

MADELINE D.—Margaret House was the daughter in "Human Menace" (Universal). Anna Nilsson was the girl in "The Destroyer." Yes; Alice Hollister also.

SARA L.—Yes; Edith Storey was wonderful in "A Price for Folly"; also in "The Island of Regeneration." I wish you people would not insist on violating my neutrality by drawing me into discussions of the Great War, but I am willing to admit that Napoleon, were he alive, would now say that "Heaven is on the side of the biggest munition factories."

DIRINDA, BROOKLYN.—I cannot unqualifiedly recommend the company you mention. Investment in their stock might be safe, but I would not advise it. You say "The Gypsy's Warning" was written by Henry A. Coard. Arthur Cozine's picture soon.

GENEVIEVE C.—George Morgan directs now. "The Woman" also is one of Chaplin's.

KLON A. B.—Rosetta Brice was Lucille in "Whom the Gods Would Destroy." Fat men are not always funny, nor thin men solemn. Lila Chester was Susan in "The Million-Dollar Mystery."

ELIZABETH G.—William Shay had the lead in "Clemenceau Case." Muriel Ostriche is no longer with Vitagraph. Yes; Vitagraph have a New York office.

"THE THINKER."
Query: What is he thinking?

J. B. ANTHONY.—So you think Blanche Sweet ought to get a little more "pep" in her plays. Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "The Bridge of Sighs" (Lubin). Frank Newburgh and Isabel Rea in "The Brooding Heart" (Biograph).

LEWIS W.—Your letter was long and interesting. It is pleasant to hear that many appreciate me, but sad to think that all do not. George Anderson was opposite Mary Pickford in "Little Pal." Florence Natol was Gertrude in "Jarr Visits His Home Town."

L. A. B., AMARILLO.—Harry Millarde was Jack in "Barriers Swept Away" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson was the girl. Richard Stanton was opposite Rhea Mitchell in "Master of the House." Jim Norton was the reporter in "The Million-Dollar Mystery."

MARGARETTE K. T.—You like Theda Bara for her wickedness. You say you think you could love Betty Gray as much as you did Norma Talmadge. So could I.

M. M. A., READING.—You should always sign your name. Harry Morey was Julius in "Pillar of Flame" (Vitagraph).

ANNA, WHEELING.—Alma Reuben was Alma, and Juan de la Cruz was Malcolm in "Lorelei Madonna" (Vitagraph). Nellie Farran was Elsie in "Awakening." I cant say nice things to each and every one of my several thousand correspondents. But be patient—all things come to the patient waiter.

LOCKWOOD FAN.—Viva Edwards was Pansy in "Wilful Ambrose." Charles Ray was the minister in "The Conversion of Frosty Blake" (Broncho). Elsie Greeson was Anita in "The Guardian's Dilemma."

DORIS H.—Olive Golden in that Famous Players. Harold Lockwood was Frederick in "Tess of the Storm Country." Write Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz. He is secretary of the Pansy Correspondence Club. Thomas Santschi and Lillian Hayward in "The Octopus."

MOVIE FAN, CHATTANOOGA.—"Graustark" was produced in Chicago. Jane Novak is with Universal now.

STEWART-CLARK LOVER.—Gladys Hulette was the girl in "A Royal Romance." Dont know whether or not Flora Finch was once a trained nurse.

PATHÉ FAN.—Your letters are indeed very interesting, and I wish I could publish one. Arnold Daly has a company of his own now, releasing under Pathé. Write to Romaine Fielding, address given above. Write Pathé, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.

H. S. B.—Sydney Chaplin was Gussles in "Gussles Wayward" (Keystone). That reminds me of the owl:

A wise old owl sat on an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he said the more he heard—
I wish I were like that wise old bird.

B. B. ANDERSON.—Bud Duncan and Marshal Neilan in "Bud Bill and the Waiter" (Kalem). William Stowell and Marion Warner in "The Old Code." Your penograph is not quite up to the standard.

GERTIE.—You are too intemperate with your praise. Admire, but dont adore. Dont know what the next serial will be.

LOUISIANA.—Oh, dear no, I am not Mr. Brewster, nor Mr. LaRoche, nor Miss Donnell, nor Miss Hall, nor any of those other people. I am simply the Answer Man, and nothing else. Elvira Edwards was Vida in "Those College Girls."

ELSA Q.—Richard Stanton in that Kay-Bee. Certainly you should enclose postage when asking for a photo, or even for an answer. When you ask a favor, always keep the askee free of expense.

MAY B.—James Cooley and Violet Mersereau in "Broken Toy" (Universal). Ruth Roland you refer to in that Kalem. Alice Joyce hasn't signed as yet.

VYRGYNYA.—Thousand thanks for the photograph, O charming one. It shall have a place of honor. You say "Love is misery well sweetened, and divided between two adults of different sex." No, we infants, 74 and 42, as you say, never suffer from the love(ly) disease.

FRANCES R.—Mary Pickford is either in New York or San Francisco. Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen."

TRAILING ARBUTUS.—Mary Alden opposite Robert Edeson in "Man's Prerogative." Winnifred Kingston in "Captain Courtesy."

MARION C.—Darwin Karr opposite Lillian Walker in "Hearts of the Highway." He is now with Essanay. Universal produced "Neptune's Daughter." Glad to hear that you patronize our advertisers and that you always get what you want from them—sweet are the uses of advertisements.

JENNIE F.—Your letter was very interesting, but you must ask questions.

GORDON W.—Yes; write to Pearl White, care Pathé, Jersey City. Edna Purviance's address is care Essanay, Niles, Cal. Address the players in care of the companies, and send me a 1c stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers.

G. B., TORONTO.—Robert Brower was the district attorney and Bigelow Cooper was the villain in "On the Stroke of Twelve." Nay, nay! I never get angry when my correspondents make fun of my bald head and long beard. I have had them too long.

QUEENIE P.—Have patience. You will hear from Francis Ford. Herbert Rawlinson was Sanford in "Black Box."

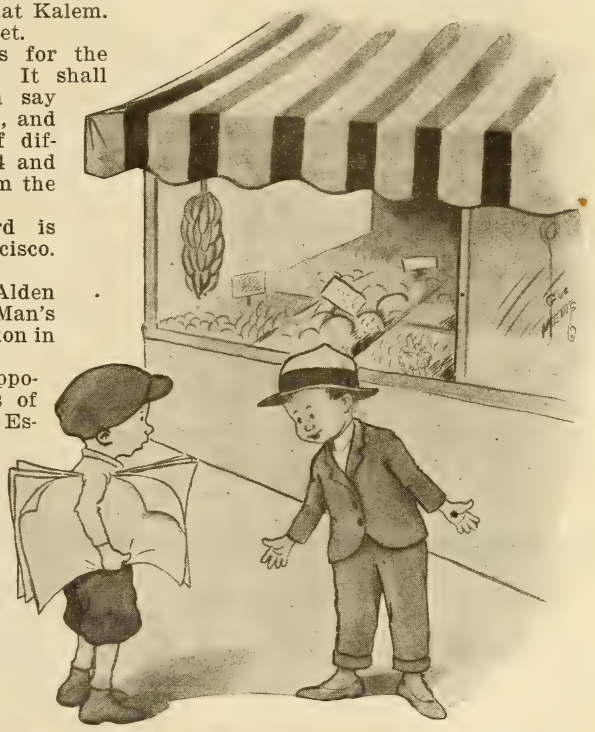
RUTH W.—"Jane of the Soil" was taken near Chicago. Ruth Stonehouse opposite Henry Walthall in "Temper." William Hart in "Tools of Providence" (Broncho).

EDNA L. B.—Sorry, but we have no cast for that play.

RUTH LA F.—Blanche Sweet had the lead in "The Escape." I advise you not to try to get into the pictures. Without experience, you'll have a hard row to hoe—or none at all.

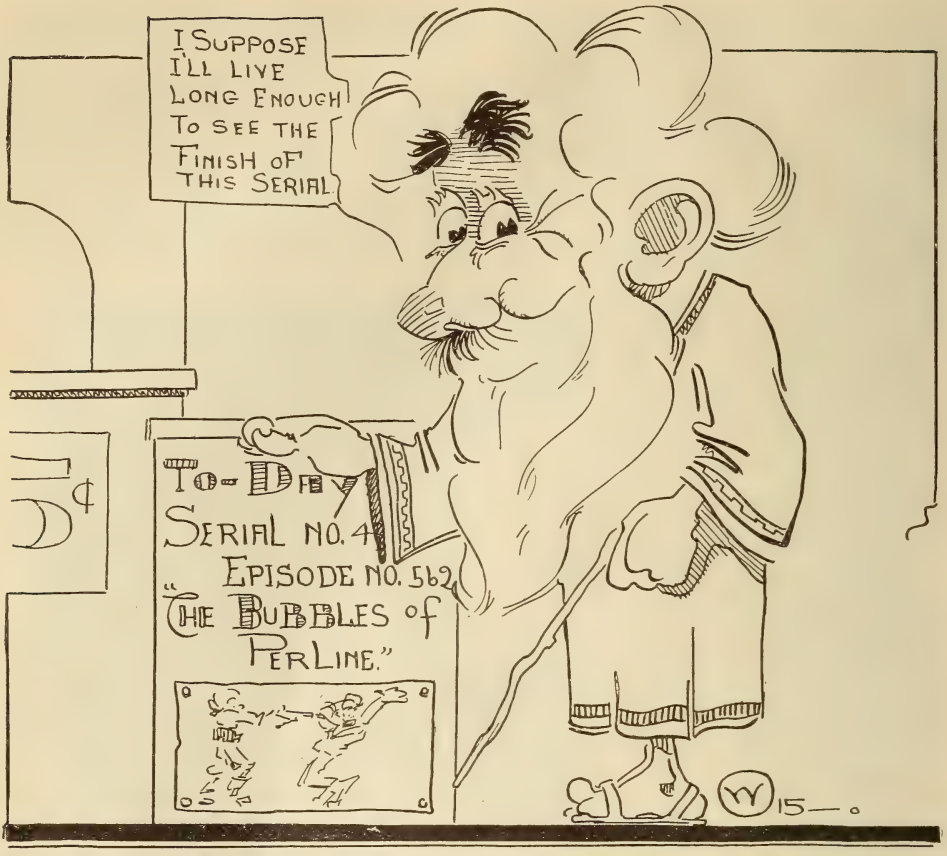
ETHEL C.—George Anderson in "Little Pal." The ads you refer to are put in by the players to advise the public where they are playing, or to let the public know that they are not dead ones, there being but little evidence to the contrary.

GEORGIA.—Do you know that there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue? This is one of those times.



JIMMIE—Yep, I've joined the Lubin Company. I do only light work, of course, but I'm making good.
JOHNNIE—What do you have to do?
JIMMIE—Oh, I clean all the windows.

LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—Am going to quote from your interesting letter: "I dont care for Francis Bushman, tho he is a great star. Mary Pickford is very good in her own little way, but I think there are others who do better. Tom Mix is great as a horseman, but not for acting; he seems to be afraid of the camera. Bessie Barriscale is fine for emotional work. Chaplin is the best of his kind, while Marguerite Clark is fast catching up to Little Mary. Earle Williams and Harold Lockwood are my male favorites. While I know the former to be the better, I dont think it will be long before the latter will be just as great. Before I close I would ask if Earle Williams, Clara Williams and Kathlyn Williams are related." No.




IF METHUSELAH LIVED TODAY

WIMNITOBA.—R. Milash was Andrews in "The Arrival of Perpetua." We have been in existence since December 19, 1910; first issue, February, 1911.

SARAH P.—Gertrude Robinson and Milton Brown in "The Author of the Arab" (Lasky). Mildred Manning was the girl in "The Snow-Girl."

MARGARET SCOTT.—Your letter has just been handed to me. I did not see the "Fairy and Waif," so was not so disappointed in it as you were. You know I cant see everything. Your votes were recorded in favor of Bushman and Pickford. Now that Geraldine Farrar and Calvé have gone into the pictures, we shall soon be able to enjoy our grand opera in silence. I dont know why Bryan deserted the President. His advice to the people seems to be: "Support the President; I cant."

MRS. A. D. GRAHAM.—We do not answer questions about the relationship and marriage of the players unless we happen to know the answers. We do not care to write to players and say: "Are you married?" Most of them would not answer, anyway, and if they did, half of the answers would be wrong. Again, we think that a player has a right to some privacy which we do not care to pry into. If a player is married, single or unmarried (divorced), and does not wish it to be known, we respect those wishes until the information becomes public property. We frequently state that so and so is married, but we decline to make this a matrimonial bureau, and we do not care to seek information of this kind for the benefit of those who are so anxious for it. In most cases requests of this kind come from young girls who become unduly interested in the players.

EDITH M. ROSSITER.—Your letter was very sensible, but I am surprised and grieved because you say you were ashamed to be seen carrying our July magazine because of the hideous Chaplin cover. Nevertheless, it was the best seller we ever had. You say that you love refined comedy, but hate Chaplin's "vulgar stuff." You see, my friend, we are not all alike. It takes all kinds and conditions of people to make this little world of ours. I thank you for your warm words of appreciation and wish that I merited them.

HELEN G. K., CLARKSBURG; ANNA MCL.; L. S. L.; LILLIAN B. C.; BEATRICE P.; JACK C.; ANXIOUS JOE; ANNA K.; R. S. P. —Your letters were fine.

BARON.—Welcome to our city. Come right along. I have taken a sort of fancy to you, sir. What for you write so much when all you want to know is where and how Lillian Walker spent her vacation? Ask her yourself. You call me "Sly Old Fox," "Bluebeard," "Terrible One," "Long Hair," "Old-Timer," etc., etc., and insinuate that I am sweet on mushy maidens who call me "dear," and then ask me if you shall write again. Sure. Let me see what kind of stuff you are made of.

GENE.—The best way to get photos of Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Mabel Normand, Lillian Walker, the Gish girls, and any others that you and your pals want, is to write to them direct, enclosing postage, stating that you are their sincere admirers, etc. If you write to their companies and pay the price you can get a photo of almost any player. We do not sell photos of the players, but we sell photos of scenes from various plays, all of which contain pictures of the players. Prices range from ten cents to fifty cents each. Send us any amount you wish, and we will make up a package and mail them to you. I was pleased with your letter and thank you for your interest. The only way I know of is for the young lady you speak of to apply to some company and work her way up. I know of no way by which she can prepare for the work. As to your ideas, I suggest that you write them out and get in touch with our Clearing House. Or you could send them to any company after you have learnt to put them in photoplay or synopsis form.

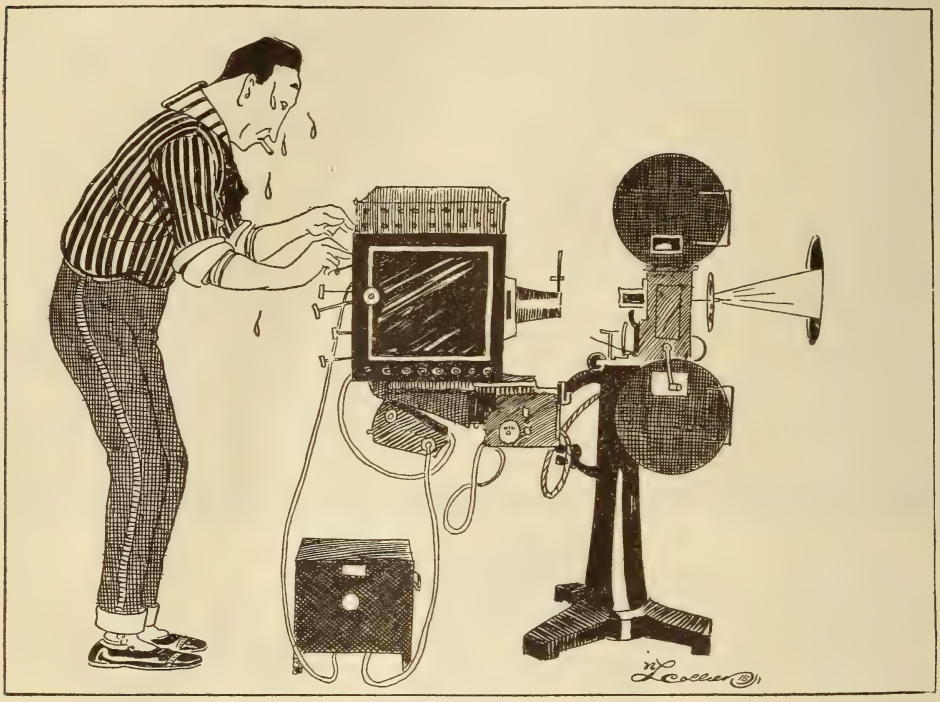
THE TRAVELER.—You thank me for the many hours that you have spent in my company, and I thank you for the ten minutes I spent with you. "Junius," about whom you speak so kindly, will be back to our columns soon, and so will the Photoplay Philosopher. They are always here, but their departments are often omitted. Your questions, addressed to "Our Dearly Beloved Answer Man"—"In what language did Anthony converse with Cleopatra? What tune did Nero play on his fiddle as Rome burned? Did Aphrodite use face-powder? Did Hercules take Father John's medicine?" etc. —are not so foolish as they look, but I cannot answer them without your help.

ROBERT R. FITZGERALD, 203 FRONT ST., LAWRENCEBURG, IND.—I thank you for the copy of your newspaper, *101 Weekly*, which you say is the only paper in the world that is printed entirely by lead pencil. What is the edition? If you publish more than one copy, I do not see how you get time to eat. It is very clever, and I shall prize it among my curiosities. But why not get somebody to make electros and then print a number of copies? Long live the editor of the *101 Weekly*.

JANE GORDON.—I appreciate all you say about the fine work of Cora Drew in society parts, character parts, and all other kinds of parts, and I hope, as you say, that she will soon make them all sit up and take notice of her great work.

A. O. S. D.—If I were a poet I would answer yours in verse; but, since I am not, I will not answer you at all: "I have just read your department thru, and learnt some interesting facts, too; some of the questions the people of you ask, to answer them must be no little task. One thing I myself should like to know, is: Where did lovely Alice Joyce go? She was a good actress, nothing phoney, but I haven't seen her much since matrimony. Is her Tom Moore jealous of her leading man? She played parts the way no one else can. What was the last play in which she was seen? And will she be starred again on the screen? Another thing is that "Goddess" serial; why do they make it so heavenly ethereal? Some of those things couldn't possibly be, or happen in real life to you or me. Will pretty Anita ever leave her angel rôle? 'Twas all right a while, but is getting droll. Please answer these questions if you can, and be an obliging Answer Man. I've never written you before; may I come again, or am I a bore? Shall I write in prose next time, or does it suit all right in rhyme?"

Miriam Chittenden.—I do not agree with you that a splendid picture was spoiled because Mrs. Leslie Carter played in "The Heart of Maryland." It is true that the part was meant for a young girl, which Mrs. Carter can no longer represent, yet we must remember that Motion Pictures is the only way to perpetuate Mrs. Carter's art, and we must try to overlook her age. She looked even older in "Du Barry," and her age was not so cleverly concealed as in the former piece, yet have you not seen middle-aged singers play Marguerite in "Faust," and aged actors like Booth play Hamlet? We must learn to overlook age and keep our attention to the acting and to the intent.



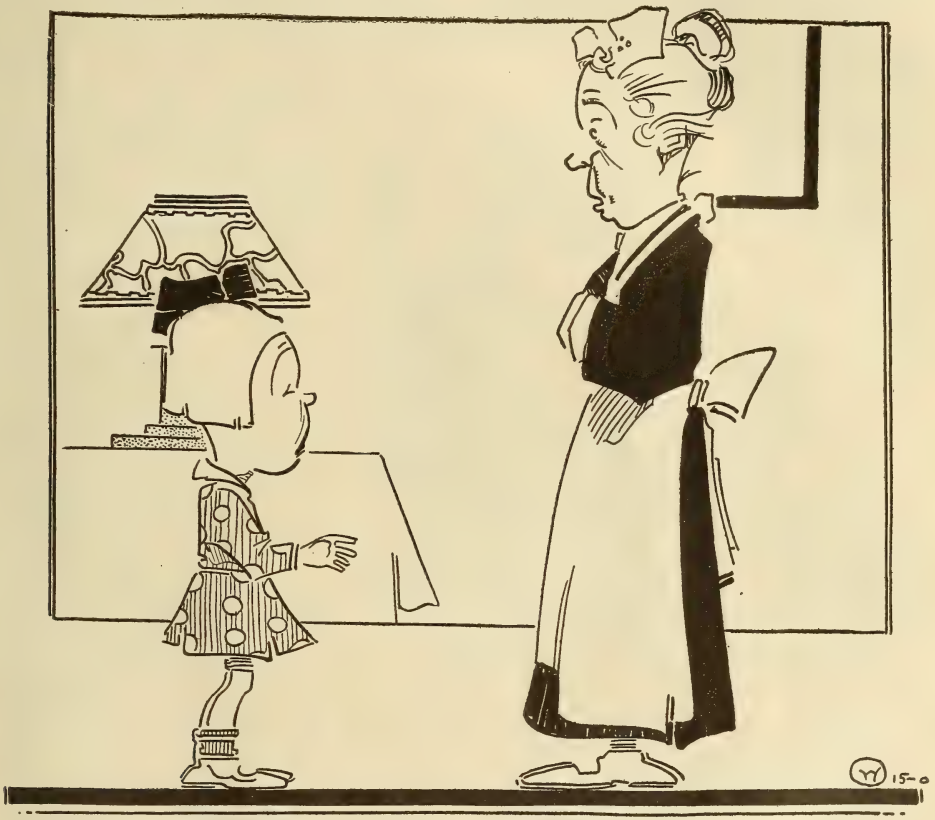
You may sing of the stars that appear on the screen,
But the hero, alas and alack!
Is the fellow alone who conducts the machine
In that little hot coop at the back.

M. E., Houston.—Yes, thank you, I manage to keep cool these warm days. I have moved my desk to the top of the ice-box in the Bohemian Kitchen here, with an electric fan at the side. You may address Beatrice Michelena, care of California Motion Picture Co., Los Angeles, Cal. You want to know how Lubin is pronounced. Where have you been? It rhymes with the last two words in preceding sentence. So you want to correspond with W. T. H. See his address above. Will tell the Editor that you want a chat with William Shay, and that you say he is too good to be ignored. Robert Grey played opposite Cleo Ridgely in the Kalem detective pictures.

CARMELITA C.—You call me Old Whiskers, and then you ask a whole lot of difficult questions. I have half a mind to give you the cold, cold shoulder. The reason that Famous Players named that play "The Crucible" was because they meant to convey the idea that something or somebody is put to a test, tried out, weighed in the balance, tested, analyzed, or something of that kind, and the word is taken from chemistry, in which a crucible is a vessel in which metals are melted and tempered so as to endure extreme heat, etc. Thus, a crucible is a situation which severely tests a man's virtue or strength.

FRANCES NOVICK, ASHEVILLE.—You write a clever letter for one so young. Address Anita Stewart, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. So you think that she is superior to Mary Pickford, because Mary is always the same in every character, while Anita changes her character to suit the part. Also Marguerite Clark.

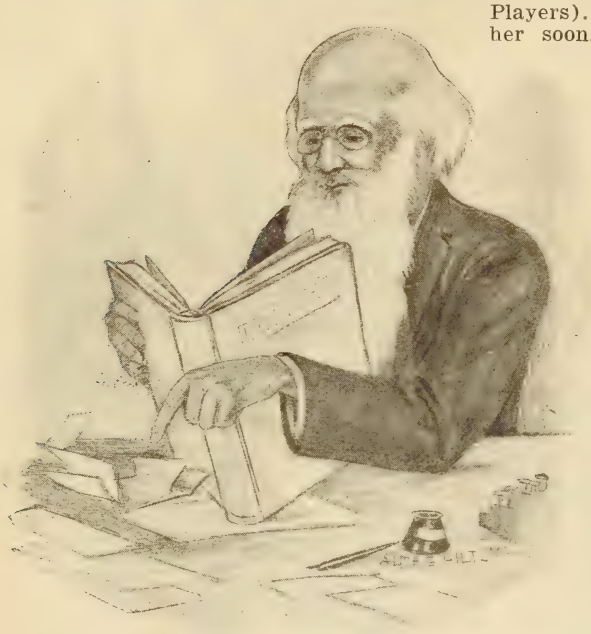
LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—Our cards do not give the clerk at the hotel in the "Master Key." So Mae Hotely's company have rented a house across the street from where you live. They show good judgment. You suggest that we award prizes for the fans who get the most subscriptions for this Magazine. We would gladly do so if we thought the fans would take kindly to the idea. If you personally will try it, I will see that you are made a flattering offer. The same to all others.



EVANGELINE—When we go to heaven, will they give us wings?
BRIDGET—Sure they will, child.
EVANGELINE—And do they have Movin' Pitchers there?
BRIDGET—No, child.
EVANGELINE—Well, then, I'm glad we have got a good doctor!

H. P. GRIMM, B. N. WOODS, ELISE C. JOHNSON, and fifty-one others.—The Editor wishes me to acknowledge your petition in which you ask for full-page pictures in our Gallery of Charles Bartlett, Robert Gray, one of Jack Warren Kerrigan smiling and one of Crane Wilbur smiling. Such a request cannot be ignored, and the Editor says he will gladly comply, provided he can get the photographs. He says he has none on hand that are suitable, and asks that the players or companies concerned supply him with same. A word to the wise is sufficient.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your second letter was an education. I feel as if I had just been graduated from college again. Ernest Truex was the boy, and Ernest Lawford was Charles in "A Good Little Devil." You begin your letter with "Of all the sad words e'er wrote by pen, the saddest are these—I'm here again." Change sad to glad and you will go to the head of the class. I sometimes hand the clever letters I receive to the Editor, thinking that he would like to publish them, requesting him to pass them back, but sometimes it is a long way to Tipperary. That's why.



MISS HILTON'S CONCEPTION OF THE "ANSWER MAN"

ELSIE S., LYNN.—Dont you realize that as you have a favorite and think that we neglect him and that he should be chatted and pictured and featured, nearly every other reader has the same idea about some other player? We do the best we can and try to please the greatest number. Sometimes we cannot get the chats and pictures we would like. It seems to be very hard to get good, large, artistic photos that will reproduce well.

B. B.—I dont know which is the greatest, but when you have seen "The Battle Cry of Peace" you will realize that it was J. Stuart Blackton who put the fist in *pacifist*. That is certainly a great piece of work, and it teaches a great lesson that will never be forgotten.

W. T. H.—You say that whoso hath a plot to hatch, hatchet now or forever after hold the pieces. You seem to have your axe out for the scenario editors. Why not? I did not mean to underrate Victor Potel, and I entirely agree with you. No, William, when I said "Get a point and stick to it and on it," I did not mean to sit on a tack. He who sitteth on a tack shall rise again. No, William. Thanks for the photo. I will not put it in my collection of curiosities, as you suggest, but in my little Hall of Fame.

CHAPLIN, FOREVER.—Thanks. I read your four pages, and it was pretty long. Write to Romaine Fielding about the club. Will answer yours by mail.

E. S. B.—Lenore Ulrich was Krinery in "Kilmeny." Jack Pickford was José in "Pretty Sister of José" (Famous Players). We will have a picture of her soon. Howard Davies was Osman in "The Rugmaker's Daughter." Richard Travers opposite Viola Allen in "The White Sister" (Essanay). Chester Barnett was Ted in "Marrying Money."

W. B. K.—Thanks. N. L. B. will find W. B. Klingensmith at Hotel Poole, Rockford, Ill. Thanks for the cigar.

LITTLE COLONEL.—No answer as to whether Ella Hall is married. The spirits dont move. Yours was splendid.

OLGA, 17.—You call Flora Finch your double. I can see right thru you, Olga! She is playing, only you dont see her. No, I do not have to pay an income tax, but how I wish I did!

J. F. B.—I note what you say, and I am sorry to say that it is not news to me. Other exhibitors have complained that the General Film Co. are not as courteous and painstaking as are the Paramount. Perhaps they haven't yet recovered from the effects of the old days when they had a monopoly. If I were you I would complain to the officers.

VICTOR LOEWI.—The picture you sent me showing your friend Henry Rosenblatt made up as Ford Sterling was remarkably clever. Am returning it to you with my thanks.

I. L. E. W.—"The Silent Plea" was released March 2, 1915. Ruth Roland is with Balboa. Yes; your letter was a trifle long, but very interesting, and you used good sense.

MRS. ANNA C. S.—Clifford Bruce is with National. Why will you miss Francis Bushman? Go where they show his films.

OLIVETTE O. D.—Mrs. Satan was the wife in "The Devil's Daughter." Honest.

A. H. B.—Wahnetta Hanson was Vanity in "Absentee" (Majestic). Everybody I know who has succeeded in life has put his whole soul into it. What's doing is worth doing your best.

E. A.—You should sign your name, please. You had better get in touch with the heads of the companies instead of the directors.

W. V. L., CHAPLIN KID.—Phyllis Allen was the girl in "Getting Acquainted." So you think the Chaplin craze is dying out. Well, I heard that about Pickford, Bushman, Costello, Bunny, and all of them, but these crazes have a habit of living to a ripe old age sometimes.

LORNE.—Your letter was very interesting, but it should have been addressed to the Editor. I cant give you expert advice on the subject, but if I were buying a projection machine it would be a Powers.

JAMES O'N., BRISBANE.—Miss Thompson was the daughter in "Only a Farmer's Daughter" (Keystone). Louise Orth was the girl in "A Fatal Marriage" (L.-Ko.) Anna Orr in "The Masked Dancer" (Kalem) was the same who made the big hit as a dancer in "The Beauty Shop" at the Astor Theater, N. Y.

G. D. M., ST. LOUIS.—My dear sir, I am indeed sorry, and I hope you will come back to me—there's a good fellow.

NEWFOUNDLANDFAN.—Romona Radcliff and Frank Borzage had the leads in "The Geisha" (Kay-Bee). Your able letter was very pleasing. You lament and say that poetry is dead, and ask, "Where are the great poets of today?" I refer you to our page of limericks for their names and addresses.

J. W. K., DAVENPORT.—Jack Kerrigan is your favorite, you say. Have no cast for that Popular. Sorry. Some of the companies fail to give out their casts, and in such cases if I do not know the play I cant answer.

DIRECTOR—Fine! Hold it! All right, now you may climb up and chase the bull away.

ELLA S. B.—Cyril Keightley was Richard in "The Spendthrift." May the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty! Everybody in New York went to the Exposition except me, I guess. I couldn't get away. And business is dull.

BERNICE W.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn twenty-nine years ago. There, Harold, now are you satisfied? There are 17 instalments to "The Diamond from the Sky" so far.

MRS. T. L.—I fear I cannot advise you on so delicate a subject. One-half of the misery in this world is because women are jealous of their husbands; the other half is because they aren't. Leah Baird is still playing opposite Maurice Costello, and they are doing some very creditable work. They play mature parts, and it is well, because there are altogether too many plays with boys and girls as leads. The real big moments in life come to those who are over thirty, not to youths and girls.

T. C. H., MEMPHIS.—Words fail me, so I shall not attempt to tell you how grateful I am, and I shall simply say thanks. Velma Pearce was the young girl in "The Film Johnnie" (Keystone). No; Marguerite Clark is very short. William Farnum has 76,670 votes as leading man to date, but the contest is not closed yet.

HALLROOM GIRL.—You are my pal, it seems, but I cant endorse "Horses love clover, Hogs love squash, I love Crane, I do, by gosh!" Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "By Whose Hand" (American). You are right on that.

LILY MAY C.—Frank Opperman was the young man in "Rent Jumpers" (Keystone). Alice Davenport was the girl in "People's Business" (Keystone). Helen Marten was the girl in "No Show for the Chauffeur" (Eclair).

H. D., TAMPA.—That was not a N. Y. M. P. Thanks for your pleasing letter. I will hand it up and watch the effect.

MARGUERITE K. E.—Thanks muchly. Howard Estabrook was Travers in "Officer 666."

ESTHER AND PEARL.—Evart Overton opposite Lillian Walker in "To Save Him for His Wife" (Vitagraph). Ben Wilson is with Universal. No; Tom Moore no longer with Kalem. Your letter was fine.

ROMAINNETTE.—Jane and Catherine Lee were the two children in "Copper" (Imp). Louise Vale was Marian in "Mrs. Van Alden's Jewels" (Biograph). That Pathé was taken in Germany, and all German players in it. No cast. Lamar Johnstone was the brother in "The Fortunes of Mariana" (Selig). No cast on that old Edison. Thanks so much for your kindness.

KEYSTONE FRANK.—Ah, milord, you have me puzzled. Harry Bernard was the mayor in "Our Daredevil Chief." Write Tom Mix, in care of Selig. Dave Morris in "A Bear Affair" (Keystone.)

HERMAN.—You say you do not believe that I live in a hallroom and get $7 a week. Well, nobody axt you to believe it, did they? That was two years ago. I now get $7 a week with a little more added to it. I call it a hallroom because it opens out on the hall. That kind is preferable because it is inconvenient to have to climb in thru the window.

JEAN M.—The reason King Baggot plays in such light comedies is probably because Universal does not give him better scenarios. He is, of course, capable of much better stuph.

I. B. INTERESTED.—Oh, glory, I am too old to marry. Chester Barnett was Robert and Cranford Kent was Joseph in "Little Miss Brown" (World). Milton Sills was Lake in "The Deep Purple." George Anderson was John Grandon in "Little Pal" (Famous Players). James Neill was Daniel in "The Governor's Lady." Elmer Booth in "Bashful Love." Your letter was very long, but interesting.

CLEO AND JOE.—You here again? Tom Mix was Harold, and Goldie Colwell the girl in "Harold's Bad Man" (Selig). Frank Jonasson and Thom. Lingham were the detectives in "The Accomplice."

OLGA.—Thanks for the generous fee. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and so do I. When did you say you were coming to see me? I would stay in without luncheon to see you.

DELLA CAMPBELL.—If you will send me your address I will secure the information you want.

MARGARETTA VAN D.—There are only two Gish sisters playing in pictures. Those other players you mention are divorced; they agreed on one point only—he wished to be boss and so did she.

MARY P.—Yours seemed to be a letter of complaint. Sorry nothing pleases you. Nobody can hope to become a great favorite in less than one year. Success in Motion Pictures, reduced to its lowest common denominator, equals hard work.

E. T. M., OAKLAND.—A picture of William Farnum soon. Forest Stanley was Bob in "The Rugmaker" (Bosworth).

TOM MIX BILLY REEVES

SIDNEY DREW

KERRIGAN-SISSON. — If what Napoleon said is true, that God is on the side that has the heaviest artillery, I fear that God is with the Germans. Haven't seen "Just Jim." Harry Carey with Universal.

HELEN K. M.—Harold Lockwood has played opposite Marguerite Clark. You are a very bright child.

ADELAIDE V.—I hardly think you refer to Alice Joyce. She is about 24 now. You are quite in error.

DADDY-LONG-LEGS.—Marguerite Courtot was the rich man's daughter in "The Seventh Commandment." Viola Dana in that Edison.

RUTH D. S.—That was an old Biograph, and that is why Lillian Gish's picture was at the top of the story. Her middle name is Diana. Yes, make your hero a shoemaker. Shoemaking is called the gentle craft, and it is noted for the number of men who have risen from it to eminence. Shoemaking as a trade dates back to 1600 B. C., so you are perfectly safe.

WALTER H. Z.—Glad to hear from you. So you walked five miles to get the Magazine. Wasn't it worth it? Webster Campbell is with American. A player is only half himself; the other half is his expression.

JUNE BEVERLY.—Norbert Myles was in "The Lone Game." I didn't have the time. My dear, never find fault with a person when you know he is doing his best. You were a little too late.

EUNICE C.—Mildred Harris is a child actress. Hereafter kindly send your change of address to the Circulation Department direct.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. — I strongly urge you to strive to keep your future unmortgaged with debts. Thanks for the Roquefort cheese. Very sweet of you.

BETSY OF GEORGIA.—Your picture is very pretty, and I hope you are the same. You should write directly to the National Board of Censors, 50 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. They invite public criticism and suggestions. You can become a subscription member of the Board by contributing $2 a year, and a sustaining member by contributing $5 a year.

SUE EASTMAN G.—Thanks for your kind words. Pat O'Malley was the king in "King of the Wire" (Edison). Have handed yours to the Editor.

HELENE C. M.—I have not the college statistics that you require, but the Editor has given me the figures for his class at Princeton, '93: Business, 66; lawyers, 45; ministers, 18; doctors, 17; engineers, 13; teachers, 12; literature, 4; architecture, 2; music, 2; farming, 2; married, 143; bachelors, 27; widowers, 4; divorced, 1; children, 268.

JOHN F. C.—I have not mother, sister, sweetheart, daughter or wife, yet I do not like to hear any kind of a woman disparaged. I do not believe in it.

MAE G.—Clara Kimball Young is now with Equitable, and her next picture will be "Trilby," with Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, released Sept. 20. Thanks for all your kind words.

MYRA H., OAKLAND.—Henry Walthall with Eastern Essanay. No; I am sorry I cannot see the Fair.

NIG, 18.—French pronunciation on that. No, return postage is sufficient. Your letter was indeed very interesting.

AMELIA H.—First-class mail matter includes letters, postal cards, and anything sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, or anything containing writing not authorized on mail matter or other classifications, and the rate is two cents for each ounce or fraction thereof.

JIMMIE.—You say you think Charlie Chaplin would make a fine Happy Hooligan. Indeed he would. Blanche Sweet in "The Secret Orchard." This play was condemned by the Pennsylvania Board of Censors, but the courts were appealed to and the film won out, the court stating that it was in the class with "Faust" and "The Scarlet Letter," and was therefore not immoral.

CUTIE, 16.—Yes; I liked your letter, but it should have been sent to the Editor, because it contained no questions and was evidently intended for publication.

MEG.—Forest Robinson was Oliver Holt in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Vitagraph have a studio in Santa Monica, Cal., and one in Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELEN L.—No; I dont know about marriage *à la mode.* I did not like your letter, because you accuse me of being funny. I am not funny, dont try to be, never thought I was, dont want to be, and couldn't be if I tried.

GERTRUDE P.—I really dont know why Marguerite Clark's name never appeared in the Great Cast, except for the rather important reason that she did not get enough votes.

MAY B.—Yours was fine. So you advise Gertie not to get angry with Mrs. MacDonald. Sam Bernard, the well-known character comedian, made his first screen appearance in "Poor Schmaltz," which was released on August 23d, on the Paramount program. I haven't seen this, but it must be funny, for Samuel can make a corpse laugh.

GORDY B.—Germany and Austria make 250,000 shells a day, while the English make 250,000 shells a month. That tells the story of the war to date. Maurice Costello is playing with Leah Baird.

PASTOR—What! Going to see a photoplay? Dont you children know that this is the day of rest?

JIMMIE—We dont need no rest. We never get tired of the Movies.

PAT.—I really dont know whether Mabel Normand has yet "dived from the pier of happiness into the icy waters of matrimony." You are glad that Mary Pickford was married in California, because you always preferred Western Union. Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise ho, ho!

CLAIRE R. M.—The last magazine you mentioned is no longer in existence. So you dont like my style. I am mortified!

E. H. D. C.—So you want the doctors in the films to do away with their beards. Directors, take notice. You say Earle Williams and Beverly Bayne have the most graceful walk of all the artists.

THE DREAM OF A MOVIE FAN

Mrs. A. G. H.—Thanks for your nice letter. Guess the public will soon learn about that fact. You know Homer is said to have composed the "Iliad" after 60. Homer and I both do our best in the autumn or winter of our lives.

Alice H.—Wilfred Lucas is with Universal. That Biograph is too old. Perhaps you refer to Claire McDowell, and Blanche Sweet as the blonde. You have the wrong title on the other.

Almer G.—Harold Lockwood was Robert Trainor in "Such a Little Queen." You shouldn't write on both sides of the paper.

Hazel Nuts.—Thanks for the clipping. I agree with you.

Mary H.—Mary Pickford's brief biography in January, 1915. Mona Darkfeather is part Indian. A great many actresses change their names. All do when they get married, te hee! Selig produced "House of a Thousand Candles" on the V. L. S. E. program.

Bob White.—You know practice makes some people perfect and others perfectly crazy. N. MacGregor was Judge Stillman in "Spoilers."

Teri, 15.—Grace Cunard was Lucy in "Lucille Love" series. If you dont believe it, just come around and I will prove it to you.

Marie O.—The coupons of old are still good. James Morrison is popular. Thanks for all your good words.

Helen Louise; M. N.; Lillian S.; Ruth P.; Raymond S.; and Frances B.—Your letters were all read with much interest and gratitude.

Herman.—Pink looks gray to the camera, and red looks black. Hence, if a photoplayer colors her cheeks pink and her lips red, as she would on the stage, she will be a sight on the screen. White powder is worse yet, because it looks ghostly on the screen. The best thing I know of is a pinkish yellow powder—a sort of brunette-flesh tint. It is one of the most marvelous things in the world, that at least twenty successful, experienced players that I could mention have not yet learnt these simple facts. I have a good mind to give their names, but I will spare their feelings. I am also opposed to grease-paint, except for character parts. Roccardi, in his old-men parts, uses deep pink all over his face, and crimson lake (bright red) for the lines, which makes his complexion a sallow gray with deep wrinkles.

Pansy Kate.—Ben Deeley, William Wolbert and Marie Wayne in "Man to Man" (Balboa). I hugely enjoyed your felicitous flights of fancy.

## ACROSTIC

By K. A. BISBEE

**M** agazine
**O** f
**T** imely
**I** nstructive
**O** ut of the ordinary
**N** ewsy
**P** aragraphs
**I** ncluding
**C** apable
**T** hrilling
**U** nique
**R** eliable
**E** ntertaining
**M** aterial
**A** rtistic
**G** raphic
**A** dmirable
**Z** ealous
**I** nteresting
**N** ovel
**E** njoyable

"Sweets to the Sweet"—and what confection could better complement smiling eyes and ruby lips? The crisp, fragile wafers—the rich, creamy centers of Nabisco Sugar Wafers make these dessert sweets beloved by all. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

FESTINO—An almond-shaped dessert confection with a sweetened-cream filling of almond flavor.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

RETTA ROMAINE.—You ought to develop your art; it is really promising. Richard Tucker is still your idol.

WESLEY W. K.—Charles Chaplin in that film. He had the lead in "Earning a Living."

ELSIE C.—We have never printed a picture of Edward Kennedy. Alice Hollister was Madeline, Alice Joyce was Adrienne, and Guy Coombs was Jean in "A Celebrated Case." No; I am not Santa Claus' brother; his grandfather.

TIPPERARY.—We have never had a chat with Muriel Ostriche. World Film did not give us that information.

OLGA, 17.—That was a clever letter of yours. It must have taken you many hours to get it up, and I appreciate it. It reminds me of the "Famous fisherman found himself father of five fat, flirting, freckled, foolish females," etc.

JUNIOR FAN.—Pina Menichelli was the sister in "For Napoleon and France" (Kleine). No, we cannot publish "The Man of the Hour." We publish only stories that are released around the time the Magazine comes out, as a rule.

EDITH J.—Jackie Saunders was Marian in "The Coveted Heritage" (Balboa). Raoul Walsh was Jack in "The Mystery of the Hindoo Image" (Majestic). "Artful Kate" was Imp. Yes; Owen Moore in it.

JIMMIE B.—You have the wrong title. You ask me to write an answer in palindrome. Zounds! What next? The best I can do is to give Napoleon's answer to the query whether he could conquer England, "Able was I ere I saw Elba," which, you see, can be read coming or going, and is always the same.

KATHLEEN D.—Vivian Edwards was the negro girl in "A Colored Girl's Love" (Keystone). I consider it extremely "nervy" to write to a player for a photograph without enclosing return postage.

EARLE.—Tom Mix and Goldie Colwell in "The Telltale Knife" (Selig). Garry McGarry in "The Esterbrook Case."

POLLYANNA M. J.—So you dont like the cartoons of me. That's right! I am really very good-looking, but the Editor doesn't want you people to think so. Do I believe in taxing bachelors? Certainly. Tax all luxuries!

"Want a ride in my wagon, Horatio?"
"Have some peanuts?"
"Want me to carry yer books, Horatio?"
"You can have a loan of my glove!"
(Note—The boys have just found out that they can get a fine view of the screen in the open-air movies from a big window in Horatio's house.)

# THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

## A THING MORE DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE THAN THE KNACK OF WRITING ONE

### The Photoplay Clearing House Acts as Advisor, Friend and Agent in Setting You on the Right Road to Successful Scenario Writing

Established for over two years, with a record of hundreds of sales, over 13,000 manuscripts reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market, the Photoplay Clearing House has become the one authoritative and reliable agent for the handling of authors' product in the Moving Picture industry. We have received over 5,000 testimonial letters; we are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; our business is in intimate personal touch with all of the leading photoplay manufacturers, and our staff of editors, who personally pass upon all material, consists of the following well-known photoplaywrights: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, T. H. Chesnut, Gladys Hall and others. In order to qualify for our reading staff of editors, it is necessary that an editor be a successful scenario writer, a fair and able critic, and a good judge of market conditions and values.

The Photoplay Clearing House was established to aid and counsel authors and to sell their wares. We believe we have given more definite help to the discouraged, have furnished more practical criticism, and have sold more photoplays at a higher price than all other similar institutions combined.

**We tell you: How to Go About It, Where to Market Your Product, How to Revise and Cure Its Weak Points, The Kind of Photoplays Wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario.**

### Recent Letters from Patrons and Studios—5,000 Others on File.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed please find checks of fifteen and twenty dollars, payment in full for scenarios entitled "The Convict King," by Dudley Glass, Atlanta, Ga., and "The Wire Clue," by George M. Hayburn, 439 First Ave., Parkesburg, Pa. Kindly send me the release slips as soon as signed.
The second package of manuscripts arrived yesterday, and will be given careful consideration by the manuscript department. Hoping to hear from you often, I remain,
WILBERT MELVILLE,
Manager Lubin Mfg. Co., Western Branch.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I herewith enclose assignment rights for photoplay entitled "Driven Back to Eden," to Thomas A. Edison, Inc., and thank you for your attention.
I will send several more scripts in a day or so, not having time to properly handle same myself. The Clearing House certainly is a necessity in this business, and no more mailing for me. Yours very truly,
ARTHUR REALL.
5723 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Photoplay Clearing House:
In accordance with your instructions, have revised script of photoplay, "Fluffy," which I herewith resubmit to you for approval.
Your suggestions were good and a great help, as I feel they have added 75% in strength and effectiveness to the plot.
1508 41st Ave., Oakland, Cal. FRANK M. KENYON.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I was again agreeably surprised to receive your letter this morning announcing the sale of my photoplay, "The Valley of Content," to the Biograph Company for $35.00. I certainly appreciate your most excellent service, and shall never hesitate to speak a good word for you when possible.
Beacon, N. Y. FREDERICK PIANO.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Please sign and return to us the enclosed slip if you care to accept our offer of one hundred dollars ($100.00) for the manuscript, "The Climax," by Arthur E. Luzzi, Whitehall Building, New York City.
Very truly yours,
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
E. Caldwell, Manuscript Department.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
The story enclosed, "Little Sister of Peter Pan," looks like a very good possibility for us, if there was more to it. The idea is bully, but it only seems to be about two reels. If it could be built up further, a little more drama, etc., I think it would have a very good chance here. Shall look for it and anything you care to send at your convenience.
FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO.,
Russell E. Smith, Scenario Editor.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Received carbon copy "Michael Lassar's Temptation." Let me thank you for the same. Reconstructed, there is a vast difference from the original copy. It is encouraging to know that my ideas are worth something. Three different critics of the Photoplay Clearing House staff have passed on my work. I am at work on two more plays that I hope to get out the first of next week.
Very truly yours,
1048 Fox St., N. Y. City. (MRS.) MOLLIE KEARNS.

Photoplay Clearing House:
We wish to offer you $30.00 for the Motion Picture rights of "The Demon," by J. M. Schloenbach, Mason Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla.
We'd like very much to hear whether you were able to secure releases for the two which we made offers on.
THE VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA,
By Doris M. Schroeder, Editor, Western Studios.

### THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

## PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DREAMY JOE.—Peggy Pearce was the only girl on the cast in "Love and Sour Notes" (L-Ko). Have no cast for the others you mention. Sorry.

AMETHYST.—Do you know that you are asking forbidden questions? That rule still holds good in this department. If you will write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., he will give you all the information about the Correspondence Club. He is secretary—but be sure to enclose a stamped envelope.

MRS. J. M. V.—Sheridan's Rhyming Calendar was: "January, snowy; February, flowy; March, blowy; April, showery; May, flowery; June, bowery; July, moppy; August, croppy; September, poppy; October, breezy; November, wheezy; December, freezy." Edward Roseman was Martin in "The Dollar-mark." Stanley Walpole was Valance in the same.

BEN C. F.—Edna Purviance in that Essanay. A. St. John in "Fatty's Plucky Pup" (Keystone).

MLLE. M. E.—You failed to send the stamped envelope. We have no record of that player.

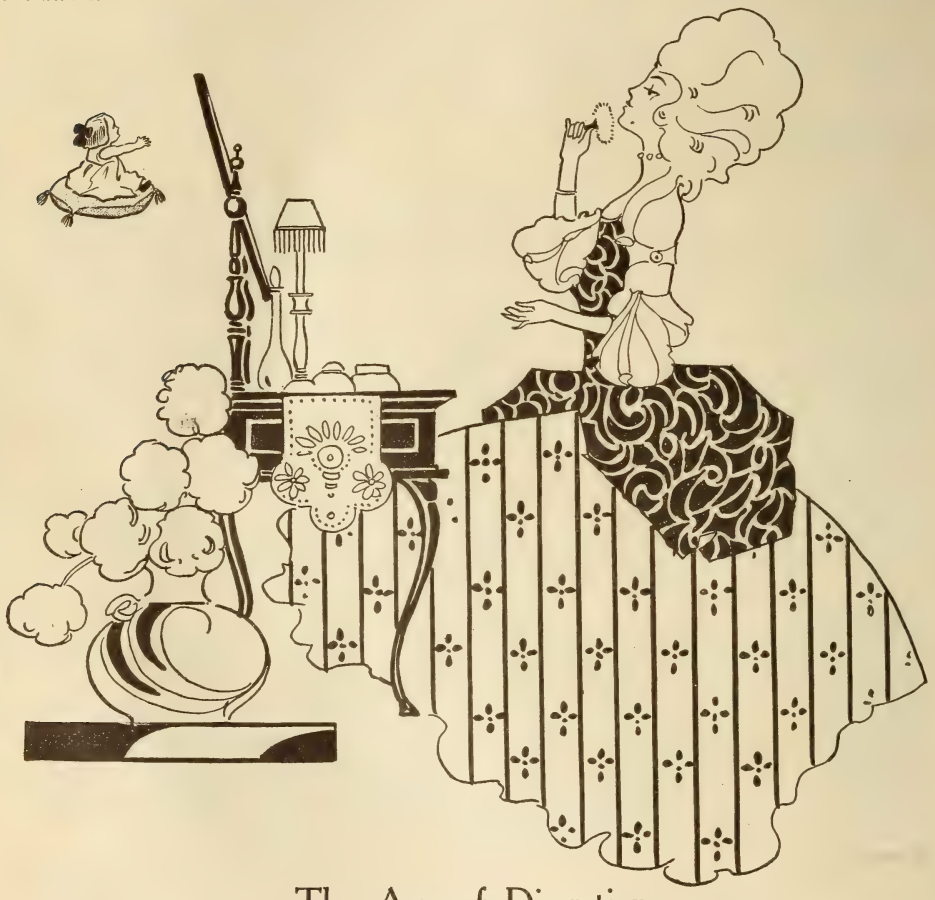
ANNA F.—Julie Cruze was the child in "The Million-Dollar Mystery" as Florence Grey. Helen Badgley was the flower-girl in the same.

PEG O' MY HEART.—Helen Leslie is playing opposite Warren Kerrigan.

LOUISE S.—The first two reels of "The Goddess" were taken in North Carolina. Most of the others in Brooklyn.

D. PEDRO JOSÉ.—Jane Eyre is pronounced *air*. All the players you mention are playing on the screen. They will appear in time.

RUTH CALDWELL.—Your letter was a gem. I appreciate letters like yours.



## The Age of Discretion

By PETER WADE

When Susie was a toddle-toes,
  She always ran to mother;
When she grew up, she ran into
  The fond arms of another.

And now she says these false alarms
  Are classified as strictures,
Sue runs, but not to arms at all—
  She hurries to the Pictures.

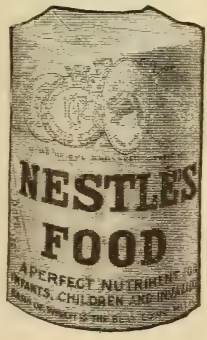
YOUR baby's business is to eat and sleep. And he can't sleep if his food is not just right. So to make yours a "Better Baby" follow these rules—

*For the first six months* give your own breast milk, if you can, and if it begins to fail, add one or two feedings of Nestlé's Food, because that is so close to mother's milk that baby won't feel the difference; give the baby a little cool water between feedings.

*After six months* if you are nursing your baby, wean him gradually on Nestlé's. Give him a spoonful of orange juice once a day, an hour before feeding; a spoonful of fresh beef juice after he is eight months old; and when his teeth come, a bit of hard cracker to exercise them on after his feeding.

Don't give him anything more. Don't give him cow's milk. If you could milk the cow yourself and cover the milk up and carry it to your baby, and you could know that the cow was healthy, it might be safe to give your baby cow's milk. Even then it would be hard to digest, and you would have to modify it. Don't experiment on your baby. Be safe—take the best modification known to science.

# Nestlé's Food




Remember that five times as many mothers use it today as seven years ago. The more mothers wake up to the truths about keeping babies well, the more they use Nestlés food. Nestlés, as it comes to you in its air-tight can, needs only water to make it ready for your baby. Made from the clean milk of healthy cows in sanitary dairies—the curds that hurt your baby modified by a cereal that makes the curds as soft and fleecy as is mother's milk, and the things your baby needs, added. Nestlés is clean, light and safe for the tiniest and most delicate baby.

***Send Coupon for sample can of Nestle's—enough for 12 times. Send for the Book about babies and their care by Specialists.***

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY, 241 Broadway, New York.

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name_____

Address_____

ELINOR OF THE DISTRICT.—Perhaps those players haven't had time to answer you yet. Chester Barnett was Vandeveer in "Marrying Money" and William Jefferson his friend. You should have sent that letter to Vitagraph.

DANIEL B.—J. Warren Kerrigan is with Victor. Sorry, but I haven't that person's address. Virginia Kirtley is with Selig. The Panama Canal is neutral; all nations of the world may use it during war.

LILOLA.—Joseph Totten was Arthur, and Nell Craig was Rose in "The Awakening Hour" (Essanay). Virginia Kirtley was Mary, and Robyn Adair was Benson in "The Last of the Stills."

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Your letter was all right, but the questions were out of order. The proper title and address of the President is simply "The President of the United States." There is no "His Excellency" or "His Highness" to it.

A. B. L.—I dont remember your other letters, so cant answer your first. As to "The Seven Sisters," it was produced by Famous Players. Norma Talmadge pictures will be released thru National Film Co. Sorry.

ROY G.—Send for a list of film manufacturers, and write to the players in care of the companies.

PAULA D.—Most of the questions you asked have been answered before. William Worthington and Anna Little in "Damon and Pythias."

WAGNER, N. Y.—As somebody has said, there is a folly in wit and a wisdom in ignorance. If you know enough, you are wise enough; if you seek more, you are foolish.

HERMAN W. B.—Elsie Greeson was Nadine in "Kidnapped Lover" (Selig). Sidney Chaplin is with Keystone.

DANIEL B.—Betty Gray was Enid in "The Girl Who Might Have Been." David Lythgoe and Vivian Rich in "The Altars of Ambition." John D. Rockefeller was born in 1839 and was married in 1864.

HAD SHE A PAST?

SHE—Madam T. has written the story of her life, and is acting it before the camera.

HE—In other words, she aims to screen her past.

# Something Different!

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## A Framed Portrait in Oil of Yourself or Your Favorite Film Star

The very name "Portrait in Oil" implies something rich. Oil Portraits have heretofore been a luxury which only the rich could afford. Cheap oil paintings and imitations have not been successful because they were neither artistic nor natural.

It remained for the genius of the present remarkable age of invention and discovery to develop a new process which has been pronounced by experts as one of the great inventions in portraiture.

A portrait in oil by the HOLLOWAY process is what you have been wishing for—a perfect likeness and a work of art and photography combined—a real adornment for any home.

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There is no reader of this magazine too rich or too poor to have one of these portraits. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantees perfect satisfaction in every case.

Cut out the coupon today, enclose remittance for $2.50, and send with your own photograph, or indicate the name of the player whose portrait you desire, and it will be returned with a portrait in oil, prepaid, size 11x14 inches, framed in a handsome Circassian walnut frame, ready to adorn your wall. These portraits ordinarily cost $5 each, but by a special arrangement with the Holloway Studios we are able to make you this remarkable offer. If the portrait is not satisfactory when received, we will return and refund your money.

Each portrait will be made by the Holloway process, and will depict with lifelike exactness the likeness of the small photo, and will be finished by skilled artists and treated with a solution which prevents it from fading.

You will want one of these portraits.

***Dont Delay. Send Today.***

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**175 Duffield Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

**Motion Picture Magazine**

Enclosed please find $2.50, for which kindly send me the Motion Picture Magazine for one year and one (11x14) Framed Portrait in Oil of.....
If not satisfactory I can return the same and get my money back.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

# Successful Photoplay Writing

—is nine-tenths a matter of choosing the right ideas and using them in the right way. It is Technique, yet something a thousand times more. It is a matter of knowing **Where to Get Plots** whenever you want them and after that a knowledge of **Dramatic Construction.** These two prime requisites are now set forth for the first time in the history of Photoplay Writing by the greatest authority on the subject in a manner that begets immediate Inspiration and puts a sure finger on all the material you can use in a lifetime!

## THE PHOTODRAMA

**By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS**

Formerly of the Staff of Pathé Frères; Associate Editor Motion Picture Magazine; Successful Contestant in Vitagraph-Sun Contest; Author of "The Plot of the Story," "Art in Story Narration," etc.

**Introduction by J. Stuart Blackton, Vitagraph Co.**

224 Pages—Cloth-Bound—Stamped in Gold—Postpaid $2.10

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**What Plots Are—Where to Get All the Plots You Can Use—How to Build Them —How to Make Any Material Dramatic —How to Get the Punch Every Time**

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—and a thousand other words of praise!

*By the same Author:* **THE PLOT OF THE STORY** / **ART IN STORY NARRATION**

Both valuable to the Photoplaywright, $1.20 each. Either, with "Photodrama," $3.10. All three books, $4.00

**THE CALDRON PUBLISHING CO.**

**173 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.**


NELLIE.—Some say Alice Joyce is the original Harrison Fisher Girl. Thomas A. Edison was on the first cover of our magazine. Irving Cummings has gone with Horsley.

HUGH S. SOLOMON.—W. E. Lawrence was Carlos in "Kinship of Courage" (Majestic). Thanks. Yale Boss has joined Famous Players, and he will be seen with Mary Pickford.

MOVIE MAD.—Jack Drumeir the blind musician in "Coincidence" (Biograph). Edmund Cobb was Eli Turner in "The Clutch of Circumstances" (Essanay). Seldon Lewis was lead in "Braga's Double" (Essanay). Frank Newburg was the country boy in "The Heart of an Actress" (Biograph).

H. M. W.—So you want E. K. Lincoln back with Anita Stewart, and you want Edith Storey with Earle Williams. It is rumored Norma Talmadge will go with Balboa.

S. W. S.—Dont understand your letter.

ELPHIE G.—You failed to enclose the stamped, addressed envelope. Get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House.

JOHNNY MOUSE.—Willis Fountaiy, Mt. Perry, O., wants Grace Van Loon to write to him. He also wants her to join the Pansy Club. Grace, take notice.

JOSEPHINE B.—That was trick photography, or double exposure. Talbot's book, "How Motion Pictures are Made and Worked," which we sell for $1.65, will explain that.

FLORENCE E. H.—We will try to have a chat with Henry King. The mother in "Who Pays?" is not cast.

ELVA M. BANTA.—Cyril Keightley was the husband in "The Spendthrift." Margaret Prussing was Joan in "On Dangerous Path." Thanks for the clipping.

HELEN.—But you must sign your full name. Helen Case had the lead in "The Cowboy and the Lady." Yours was long and interesting.

EDITH M. B.—No card for the make of the car driven by Hobart Henley in "Extravagance" (Gold Seal).

E. G. P.—I believe Charles Chaplin will accept the vaudeville offer when his contract expires with Essanay. Will tell the Editor about a chat with Edna Purviance.

DANA S.—I haven't seen enough of her to tell you. You had better decide for yourself. I show no partiality. Thanks for the four-leaf clover.

ANDE.—Lorraine Huling was opposite Boyd Marshal in "Truly Rural Types" (Princess). Chester Barnett was the artist. Yes, all votes sent were credited.

F. E. CORRY, WELLINGTON.—You can address Mary Pickford, care Famous Players, 213 W. 26th St., New York. About the 12th of September the entire Famous Players New York studio burned down completely.

KITTLETT.—Write to Selig Co. about a picture of Grace Darmond.

BILLY, THE KID.—Betty Gray and Lionel Adams in "The Mystery of Mary" (Vitagraph). Joe King with Selig.

KATHERYN'S ADMIRER.—Myrtle Stedman was the countess in "Two Orphans." We will use a picture of Kathlyn Williams soon.

OLIVE S.—Too bad you are so far away. Yes, all the New Zealand inquirers have to wait as long as you do. Edith Johnson and Charles Wheelock in "Heart's Desire."

MRS. J. R. W. GISBORNE.—George Larkin is with Selig, and Cleo Madison is with Universal. Thanks.

ANTHONY.—Now you are talking of Theda Bara. How about Pearl White? Why dont you write to the Editor?

ESTELLA GRACE.—A chat with Bryant Washburn also. Crane Wilbur will be seen on Mutual Program.

PATTY.—Yes; Page Peters in "The Warrens of Virginia" (Lasky). Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby." Justina Johnstone was the sister, and Clifford Gray was the husband in "The Crucible" (Famous Players). Yes; Minni Yvonne. Frank Bennett was Ralph in "The Bride of the Sea" (Reliance). Frank Bennett in "Mountain Girl" (Majestic). Thanks.

RAY ZELL.—Robert Gray is still with Lubin. See "Jim West—Gambler." Earle Williams with Vitagraph.

DIANA, 17.—I know of no book "Who's Married to Who." Dont know where you could get it.

ROMAINNETTE.—M. K. Wilson was in "Mr. Brown's Birthday Present." Charles Mailes and José Ruben in "The Reapers of the Whirlwind." Charles Clary and Francelia Billington in "A Breath of Summer" (Reliance). Cora Drew was Olga in that. William Canfield was John Marsh in "The Little Girl in the Attic." Thanks for the fee.

NELLIE.—What! again? No cast for that play. Rolo Lloyd was Mr. Shye in "Midnight at Maxim's."

F. E. M., BAYONNE.—Most of those plays were taken out of doors. Thanks for your suggestion.

WILLIAM W. P.—That Universal was produced in California. Sorry, but I didn't see that Edison. Cant tell what he was doing. Your letter was very interesting, and I hope to hear from you again.

H. A. W.—William S. Hart in "On the Night Stage" (N. Y. M. P. Co.). Thanks for that fee.

NORMA, N. S. W.—Yes, a chat with Lillian Walker soon.

JNO. G. MC.—Thanks for that clipping about the man visiting Moving Pictures instead of saloons.

ANNTONYO.—Sorry, but I haven't the age of the players. Yours was very fine. Thanks.

MARGUERITE-LOCKWOOD.—You were just in time for the November. So you want Harold Lockwood and Marguerite Clark to play together.

# Blackheads *are a confession*

of the use of the wrong method of cleansing for that type of skin that is subject to this disfiguring trouble.

The following Woodbury treatment will keep such a skin free from blackheads.

## Tonight—

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash-cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better.

If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *lump of ice*. Dry the skin carefully.

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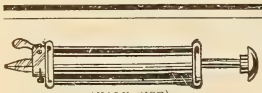
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GILBERT, D. C.—Most of the Kalem railroad series were taken in California. Write to our Circulation Department for that information. You think it is about time for Olga to change her age.

MAE G.—Arthur Maude was opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Reward." Lewis Cody in "The Mating."

FANNY FAN.—No; Julia S. Gordon is not the mother of Norma Talmadge. Henry Hallam and Arthur Albertson in "The Crooked Path" (Kalem). Virginia Kirtley was Polly in "Polishing Up Polly" (Selig). Thanks.

ELIZABETH VON R.—You must write to the players direct. Marguerite Courtot, 235 W. 23d St., Kalem Co., New York.

LEAH C.—Thanks for your verses. I shall use some of them next month. Space is short now.

BOB A.—Glad you liked the Supplement. The word *altruism* was coined from the Italian by Comte, meaning "of or to others." Altruism teaches that a man's acts, words and thoughts should be the welfare of others rather than of himself.

ROSALIE J.—William Welch was David in "The White Terror." Henry Walthall the only one on the cast in that Essanay.

J. FLOYD S.—Your letter was very bright, and I would like to publish it, but we are overstocked. The Editor has over a hundred waiting for space. Alice Joyce is not settled at this writing. She said she was going to take a rest for a year.

DOROTHY B., OAKLAND.—Helen Badgley is the Thanhouser Kidlet. A postal from Mary Anderson tells us that she is enjoying the life of the West.

KATHARINE G.—Yes; Anita Stewart was the mother of James Morrison in "He Never Knew" (Vitagraph).

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your letter was fine, as usual. Hyphenated citizens are sometimes very valuable—Lloyd-George, for instance.

JANELA F. D.—Pauline Neff was Clementina in "Man from Mexico" (Famous Players). Harry Dunkinson was Tubly in "Thirty" (Essanay). Elsie Greeson was the girl in "Red Wins" (Selig).

ABE, 99.—Sybilla Pope was the girl in that play. Thanks for your suggestion. Both those Essanays were taken in Niles. So Jean Darnell's real name is Beatrice Mathis. Fritzi Schade was the girl. Max Swain and Miss Page in "His Prehistoric Past" (Keystone).

HARRY A.—I suppose they call me "Rippy" because somebody named me Rip Van Winkle years ago, on account of my beard. Ethel Corcoran was the girl in "War" (Vitagraph). Both your drawings were handed to the Editor.

PARIS, TENNESSEE.—I usually walk to and from the office, a distance of two miles each way. It would be a crime to ride—unless I had a Ford, and some think that it would be a crime to ride in a Ford. That was an Edison.

GAYNELL S.—Violet Mersereau with Universal, 573 Eleventh Ave., New York City. Much obliged for your compliments. Paul Doucet was Lucio in "The Devil's Daughter." Page Peters in "The Captive."

JOHNSON.—The reason that I require that all questions be asked at the top of the letter, following the name that is to appear, is that when they are all mixed up with the text of the letter which follows, I have to read the letter twice. It saves me a lot of time. I first refer to the cards at the office and jot down the answers to the questions, and then I take the letter home, where I read it thru and write out the answer.

ARTHUR.—Your letter was interesting. A little long, tho.

RALPH M. R.—Gertrude Bambrick was the lead in "Just Kids." Irene Howley was Mrs. Howard in "A Wife's Stratagem" (Biograph). Haven't the size shoe Chaplin wears.

J. L. G.—Thanks for the information. You say the 11th of December, 1877, fell on Tuesday.

QUIZ, EVANSVILLE.—Thanks for sending me those theater programs containing "steals" from this department. Somebody is guilty of deliberately "lifting" whole pages of answers from these columns and publishing them as his own. I am glad that they found something here worth stealing, but I think they should have given us credit for it. Blanche Sweet in "The Lesser Evil."

MAUD F.—Robert Warwick is now with World. Will tell the Editor you want an interview with him. I admire the literary style of your letter.

NORMA M.—You refer to Robert Ellis in "The Secret Room." Robert Edeson was very fine in "Mortmain," and Muriel Ostriche was very good for an ingénue part. She is now with Equitable.

ABE, 99.—For wit and mirth, you take the whole bakery. So you got your wish. Now you think Ruth Stonehouse will have a better chance.

SALLY, ST. LOUIS.—So you're proud of your State because she stands at the head in raising mules. Humph! That's the only safe place to stand, isn't it? And cant your State raise anything better than mules?

HELEN C.—I am afraid you have the wrong title on that Vitagraph.

MARIE L.—Mary Pickford is scheduled to play in "Audrey." George Anderson in "Little Pal."

FIDEL G.—George Larkin with Western Universal. Wallace Reid with Lasky. I dont know of any school to recommend you to in Los Angeles.

RUTH G.—Viola Dana in "The Stoning." I have no information about that scandal.

D. A., LAKEWOOD.—Victor Rottman in "A Romance of Old California" (Biograph). Carlyle Blackwell and Neva Gerber in "The High Hand."


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MRS. J. W. H.—Write the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and they will send you free various pamphlets on all kinds of subjects. Tell them what you are interested in most, or write for a catalog. Yours was very fine.

MARGOT.—And you here, too. Thanks for your very kind letter *in re* the Supplement. I have handed it to the Editor.

A. S., FORT WORTH.—You want to know in what language the notes from the German government to President Wilson are sent. Well, the German reply to our last note seemed to be in "Arabic." Usually the American note is in English, the German note is in German, the Turkish note in "Turkey," the Greek note in Greece, and so on. Mary Pickford has been East, but I believe she is going West soon.

BENO.—Vivian Reed was the girl in "The Journey's End" (Selig). Howard Estabrook opposite Barbara Tennant in "The Butterfly" (World). Louise Fazenda was the girl in "A Bear Affair" (Keystone). Ethel Teare was the girl in "Ham at the Fair" (Kalem). The circulation of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is 335,000, and the Supplement 200,000. Myrtle Gonzalez and William Duncan in "The Chalice of Courage." Sorry, but I cant go any further—all out of gasoline.

OLICK S.—Yes, "Love's Sunset" is quite old now. It was released before "The Christian." E. H. Calvert was the villain in "Under Royal Patronage" (Essanay).

DOLLY, 17.—So you like the Supplement better than the Magazine. Your letter was very interesting. Always glad to get letters about my department.

CYTHERIA, NEW YORK.—Thanks for your suggestions. So you like the "Romance of Elaine." The best time for your exercise is in the morning after rising. Five or ten minutes daily ought to be enough, provided you walk a few miles in the open air during the day.

BOURKIE.—Marie Doro is with Famous Players. She hasn't been playing in pictures long enough. We had a chat with Antonio Moreno in December, 1914.

L. C. B.—Jean, the Vitagraph dog, was in England last. Australian stamps are sold at a discount. It is best to send the International coupon, valued at 5c.

FRANK L. B.—I do not know which is the most important of the canning industries, but I believe it is corn. About 150,000 acres of sweet corn have just been raised for canning purposes, about 85,000 of tomatoes and about 75,000 of peas. We can nearly everything now—even music. We eat what we can, and what we cant we can! Get me? Vivian Prescott in "The Power of the Press." Marin Sais the girl in "The Strangler's Cord."

F. J. D.—A chat with Anita Stewart on its way.

HARRY O.—Thank you for the fine box of chocolates. They were much appreciated.

CHATTERTON ADMIRER. — Thomas Chatterton played in "Modern Noble" and "The Voice at the Telephone." Helen Leslie was King Baggot's leading lady. Arline Pretty, now with Vitagraph, formerly his leading lady.

H. C. M.—Helen Gardner is not playing now. Cant explain your second question here. Write our Photoplay Clearing House.

FRED F.—Have answered you by mail. Thanks. What about the Dodgers?

WILLIAM F.—I am sorry, but I dont know why you did not receive your answers.

BESSIE, BROOKLYN.—You ask what is my favorite car. It is the B. R. T. car. Many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air, but I do not mean that this brilliant flash of wit shall escape my out-of-town readers, so for their pleasure I will add that the B. R. T. operates our Brooklyn trolleys. It is merely a case of auto-suggestion.

CHARLES W. W.—You think I am your dupe. Now, if I pretend to be so, who is the greatest dupe, you or I? Norma Talmadge writes that she is happy.

BESSIE M. ROWLAND, 22 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, England, would like to correspond with a movie fan, male or female, of California. Why don't you join our Correspondence Club?

JEAN, CLEVELAND.—Conway Tearle opposite Marguerite Clark in "Seven Sisters."

DOROTHY D.—Thomas Brooke was John in "Millionaire's Hundred-Dollar Bill." Lasky produced "The Arab." L. C. Shumway was the minister in "The Dead Soul." Harold Howard was Whitney in "Officer 666." Robert Noland and Augusta Anderson in "Call of Her Child" (Biograph). William Hart in "Tools of Providence."

GRACE V. R.—Owen Moore and Mary Pickford in "Caprice." I suggest that we all chip in and buy Charlie Chaplin a set of tire chains, so that he wont skid so much when turning corners.

LILLAS ST. C.—Glad to hear from you again. Have you forgotten me? Ina Claire and Tom Forman in "Wild Goose Chase" (Paramount).

MELVA.—Of course I like you. Conway Tearle was the count in "Seven Sisters."

ALFRED E. D.—Helen Rosson was Fifi in "Simple Polly" (Rex). Renee Noel was the girl in "A Man Afraid" (Essanay). There is no hope for you. All the stories are written by members of our own staff, around scenarios furnished to us by the different companies after the plays have been produced. You will observe that usually when our stories appear the films have not yet been released. In other words, our stories are published in advance of the release date of the films.

ANTOINETTE G.—Your letter was very interesting. Always glad to hear from you.


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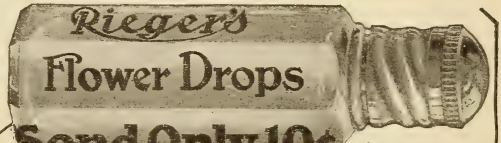

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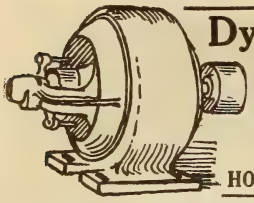

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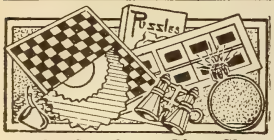


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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Little Laura Jane Williams, of 314 Thirteenth Avenue, Scranton, Pa., sends us some clever verses which she entitles "Alphabet of Popular Players." The young lady has some pointed remarks to make on most of the popular stars and many who are fast coming into public favor:

ALPHABET OF POPULAR PLAYERS.

A is for Anderson; oh, Gilbert's a dear—
Whenever he's around there is nothing to fear.
B is for Bayne; oh, Beverly so fair—
When you go to the movies she's sure to be there.
C is for Chaplin; oh, Charles is a splash—
You can always tell him by his little mustache.
D is for Daly—Arnold is his name;
He is playing with Pearl White in the "Exploits of Elaine."
E is for Earle; oh, Edward's the boy—
He can play a fine part with Gertrude McCoy.
F is for Finch; oh, Flora so funny—
But believe me, now, she's making the money.
G is for Gauntier; oh, Gene she's a wonder—
She goes through a play and does not make a blunder.
H is for Holmes; oh, Helen's a dream—
She's a telegraph operator on the picture screen.
I is for Ince; oh, John is just right
Whenever I see him in the "Road o' Strife."
J is for Johnson; oh, Arthur, my boy—
Whenever I see you my heart leaps with joy.
K is for Kerrigan; oh, Warren 'tis you—
Whenever I see you you never look blue.
L is for La Badie; Florence was so risky
Whenever I saw her in the "Million Dollar Mystery."
M is for Mack; oh, Hughie so fat—
I believe his feet would cover a mat.
N is for Normand; she keeps you a-laughin'
Whenever she plays a part with Charlie Chaplin.
O is for Ostriche; oh, Muriel's the girl—
You cannot forget her teeth of pearl.
P is for Panzer; oh, Paul is so thrilling
Whenever he takes the part of a villain.
Q is for Quirk; his first name is Billy—
I often think that he has gone silly.
R is for Roland; oh, Ruth is a dream—
She's just as nice as a foreign queen.
S is for Stewart; Anita so modest—
I think she is great when she plays as a goddess.
T is for Talmadge; Norma's a peach—

She knows everything that our photoplays teach.
V is for Vale; Louise took the lead
When I saw her play in "Adam Bede."
W is for White—a sweet little lass;
Just wait till you see her—you'll say there's some class.
Y is for Young; oh, Clara's a prize—
You can always tell her by her beautiful eyes.
As for U, X and Z I cant get, dont you see;
And if you can get them please write back to me.

Mrs. Anna Stallings, 101 First Street, Fort Worth, Texas, makes a few pointed and interesting criticisms and sends various pleasantries as well that we are unable to print in full:

First, let me speak of errors, and then I will praise, so that a "sweet taste" may be left with the reader.

I was hoping the day of serial pictures had passed, but I see several companies are starting new ones. Surely the time will come when Motion Picture producers will realize that the average "fan" cannot set aside a certain evening in each week for a certain picture.

And then these so-called "features" which some inferior companies produce. As a believer in the "natural-length" picture, I dislike very much to see a play which has been so evidently padded to stretch it into four or five tnousand feet of film. Neither do I like to see a picture which is too short; it makes the action seem too abrupt. Let us have the natural-length picture!

And these *eternally* long titles and sub-titles. Why will producers bore an audience with a film where, out of one thousand feet of film, perhaps one-fifth is sub-title? When we want to read we will go to the library. One of the best companies I know of about this is Thanhouser. Their sub-titles are short and well-worded.

Another careless mistake I have noticed is as follows:

Sub-title: "Agnes, at the age of five," where a little girl, dark-eyed and dark-haired, enters; then (sub-title): "Fifteen years later," and, behold! Agnes is a dazzling blonde!

About the most disgusting pictures are the Keystone imitations. I believe they are responsible for all this talk against "slapstick" comedy. Keystones, themselves, are generally good.

I saw Viola Dana in "The Stoning," the other day, and I was wonderfully impressed with her realistic acting. Edison is to be congratulated.

Another fine photoplay was "Enoch Arden." One thing especially good was that Majestic did not change the story

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any. I have seen other companies take such liberties with books that I doubly appreciated this. To me Lillian Gish's acting in "Enoch Arden" seemed perfect. She *was* Annie Lee in the minds of those who saw her. Why dont we hear more of this beautiful and talented young actress? I like her better than Blanche Sweet.

Miss Hazel Dorcas, of Tampa, Fla., has a warm, sympathetic heart, and her pathetic appeal on behalf of the Answer Man should be brought to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Answer Men, so it is published here:

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Please tell me who took the parts of Eleane and Butler in "The Butterfly," by the New York Motion Picture Co. [Not an N. Y. M. P. Co. film.]

I think it a shame you only get seven dollars a week. I wouldn't do a tenth the work for twice the money. Why dont you tell Mr. Brewster that he must pay you more or you will quit? He wouldn't dare let you do that. It would be impossible for him to get a man to take your place, and if he didn't have an Answer Department about half the people would quit reading the M. P. MAGAZINE. I hope you get a raise, for a man of seventy-three needs more comforts than a hall bedroom provides.

Miss Alma E. Hilton, of 226 Main Street, Melrose, Mass., makes some interesting comparisons. We print the letter, but we know that it will raise a storm of protest as usual when anything uncomplimentary is said about any of the players:

May I again register a kick (sounds like a Keystone comedy, but it isn't) against stage favorites who, having won fame upon the "legit" and become *passé*, enter the movies? Very few can claim the ability of the film favorites; very, very few can compare with the movie actors in looks. Will they never learn that the camera is merciless to age? When will producers learn, if ever, that to feature these players is to make the pictures the scrap-basket of the speaking stage? I, for one, and I am not the only one, sincerely hope the craze for legitimate stars will soon cease.

Another thing. Wont some one take the trouble to explain to me why Francis X. Bushman is considered such a wonderful actor? His physical and personal charm I admit. I consider him the handsomest man on the screen. But I have seen him in many, many plays and have yet to see

him do any *real acting*. Is he considered so fine an actor because he is always so plainly *acting*, because it is all so upon the surface and ever-present that it cannot be forgotten? Certainly, I have never been able to convince myself that he *felt* one emotion he tried to portray. Mr. Bushman has possibilities. I always feel that he should do well and am disappointed because he doesn't. *Sincerity, depth of feeling, naturalness*, are the first requisites of good acting. Has Mr. Bushman these, and am I too blind to see? Or does he really lack sincerity, and is his acting entirely upon the surface?

I do not deny that I am a Wilburite, or that Wilburites generally do not admire Bushman, yet I always go to see Bushman and always try to imagine that he is natural—and I must confess it is beyond my ability. Wont some one try to convert me when I say that he is theatrical and insincere? I am open to conviction.

Perhaps I should temper my words, for up to two years ago I knew nothing about the players. Today I can hold my own with any one of my friends, tho some of them have been studying the movies for the last five years. The first player whose name I learnt or whom I knew by sight was Maurice Costello, and to this day he ranks highly in my estimation. Mr. Costello is an excellent actor, but he plays so naturally he never seems to be *acting*. I have heard people declare that "Costello never *acts*. He just acts natural." Isn't that the very highest form of acting?

Next I learnt the name of Crane Wilbur, with the result that I am still a Wilburite. Mr. Wilbur is an actor who improves with acquaintance. If he is theatrical, he is of the type that can carry it off best, and he is *sincere*. He has what I demand first in an actor—pleasing personality, fine teeth and an attractive smile. Moreover, he is the friendliest, most "folksy" man on the screen. He photographs well and is personally magnetic, but why call him "handsome hero"? Any one of his features, taken alone, might be handsome, but the combination isn't, just as pink and crimson are all very well alone but do not make a beautiful combination. Mr. Wilbur's eyes are his best features. And I imagine I am not the first attracted by the curls above his temple, tho, personally, I should prefer his hair clipped oftener. While I like him immensely, I have never been able to wax romantic over him, but simply *like him, admire his ability and enjoy his playing*—theatricalness, big teeth, Boy Scout shoes (have you ever noticed them?) and all—and I'll cheer for Crane Wilbur each and every time. Do you think me raving? Oh, I dont know! I could improve upon it!

I admire Earle Williams' work very much, considering him by far the best actor in the movies, excepting Henry


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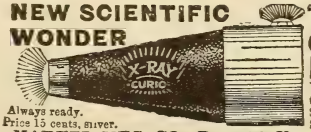


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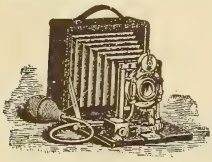

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Walthall. I am sorry to see that he has dropped to second place in the Cast Contest, for he is really a fine actor as well as a character man, while Mr. Bushman, who first, last and always plays Francis X. Bushman, is first.

I think perhaps I can insert here conveniently what it seems to me that four most popular actors' manners of acting say; that is, what their film attitudes say:

Earle Williams—This that I am acting is *gospel truth*, and you've *got* to believe it, because *you cant help it.*

Crane Wilbur—This is *absolutely true*, and I would *like you to believe it.*

Francis Bushman—I *think* this is true, but you can believe it or not, I dont care.

J. W. Kerrigan—I *dont think this is true*, but perhaps you will believe it.

Dare I continue after that? Or had I best beat a hurried retreat, glorying in the distance between us?

You may remember, if you have read it, which I am not sure since you have not answered it—that in my last letter I promised some verses to the Answer Man. Well, they simply will not come, so I have drawn his picture instead, for which you should be thankful, since the picture is better than the verses would have been. I have noticed several readers' portraits have been printed, and if you consider mine worthy I would like to see it in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Please note I omitted neither beard nor glasses. Hope you enjoy the receiving of it as much as I did the creating.

NOTE: Miss Hilton's sketch appears on page 142.

The Answer Man has handed in the following interesting letter from Miss Deetje Semster, from Beck, near Nymegen, Holland:

DEAR OLD ANSWER MAN—As you will see, we are now in Beck. We guess you wont know where it is situated, but, all the same, it is a very nice village, in one of the most beautiful parts of our little country. Beck means brook, and there are some of the cutest little brooks here. We are in a boarding-house, with such quaint, old-fashioned people, and when we go into the garden to smoke our after-dinner cigaret they are awfully shocked. From Beck it is a quarter of an hour's walk to the German frontier, and because of that there are many Dutch soldiers here. In our boarding-house there are sixty or eighty quartered, with their officers.

Last night we went to a Hullebroek piano recital. You have perhaps never heard of Hullebroek Cut. He is a Belgian singer. The recital was given in a hotel which is situated on German soil, but the entrance is Dutch. At the end of the recital he sang "The Flemish Lion," the

national anthem, and everybody present rose and joined in the song enthusiastically. If the Germans only knew!

Some days before we left for Beck we saw "The Wreck," and we thought it just splendid. Harry Morey was wonderful. We also saw "When Women Go on the Warpath." Is not Sidney Drew funny? Please do write us a nice letter. We were so happy with the letters in the July issue. Oh, let there be more of them. We know we cant be so witty as Olga and Vyrgynya, but in Dutch we could be witty enough. We are mourning over Bunny's death. What was the cause of it? Now, dear Rippy, we shall end our ramble, for we have nothing more to write.

Very truly yours,
JACQUI VAN DER ELST,
DEETJE SEMSTER.

P. S.—We are going to send you some snapshots when we have taken them.

Here is a protest from Miss Violet Miller, of Brooklyn, who thinks that this magazine has not done Mr. Bushman justice. We gladly give it space, as most of our readers know we try hard to be fair and impartial:

May I ask that you read this thru in some of your leisure moments and see if you think it worth space in your Magazine? I have been a reader of aforesaid Magazine for two years now and appreciate it and the things it tells us very much, but why does it always "knock" in some way or other that most accomplished artist, Mr. Francis X. Bushman? In almost every edition, if there is something said of him that credits his wonderful work and that he surely deserves, there is sure to be a "knock" in some other part of the book. Why? *Sous raison?* Can he help it if he was misrepresented by an unscrupulous interviewer? No, I should say. You speak of his conceit and his egotism. I am sure that he is not conceited of his work, and that no whit of conceit is noticeable in his pictures. Whoever says so, must be, if I may use the expression, "seeing things." I think that he is a finished, highly polished actor, who gives us what is finest, cleanest and best in Motion Picture art. The "Great Cast Contest" shows that, and, you know, if this thing goes on, I am afraid that it would, in time, make an entirely wrong impression and influence those who do not know him, in an entirely wrong way. That would never do, so wont you please print this or stop them, or something? Thanking you in advance, I am,

Respectfully,
VIOLET MILLER.

P. S.—I am anxious to have this printed, because it is not alone I, but

(*Continued on page* 169)


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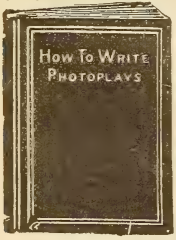


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## HER HAPPINESS

(*Continued from page* 66)

"She would be glad for that," the girl said. "She loved him once, you know—very, very dearly. She told me all about it once. That's one reason why she helped us. She lost her happiness, she said, and she didn't want me to miss mine. Oh! I hope she has found it now."

The old folks were loath to let them go, and so they lingered on from day to day. And on Sunday they took their places in the choir again. It seemed to Viola on that Sunday as if she had never been married—as if she were back again, with everything just as it had been before—even to her father wrestling with his inevitable, white, Sunday-go-to-meeting tie and herself endeavoring to assist him. The white-haired minister was just as benign and benevolent, and the choir sang the same old anthems. She felt, with the old thrill, her voice catch Harry's and go soaring up and up. She hoped today that Mrs. Curtis was listening—and happy.

After church they took the old walk in the woods—and kist at the old trysting-place. And it was all very tender and infinitely sweet. Love had not turned away his face with the passing of the years.

They were late for dinner, and Mrs. Winters complainingly admonished Viola to that effect, much to the girl's secret joy.

"Dear me," she said worriedly, "I do believe this beef's underdone again."

"It always is," announced Papa Winters, with the blank impression of one talking in his sleep.

"Well, what does it matter, *anyway?*" laughed Viola, joyously.

And so it goes—the trivial with the tremendous—three meals a day—and death—and love—and laughter: the sum of life.

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(*Continued from page* 167)

many of my friends, and my friends' friends, are all of the same opinion. I am writing for them all, and we want to see what others think about it.

Miss Ethel Rhodes, of Northern Suburbs, Sydney, N. S. W., writes to the Answer Man in such a happy vein and raises such an important issue, that we publish the letter in full:

I'm deeply interested in your magazine, but, most of all, I admire immensely the shape of your head. Tell me is it all your own? Or is it merely mental development caused by the constant practice of answering intelligibly all the questions put to you every month? By the way, your face is familiar. I'm undecided whom you most resemble, Shakespeare or Tennyson!

If this sounds frivolous, please forgive me. You know I'm merely Australian, and we are supposed to go thru life smiling. Another fault we have, according to an American man, Australians are always talking of "our beautiful harbor." He said we are as proud of it as if we had dug it ourselves. Well, not quite! But we *do* think that the Almighty dug it *for* us.

Apropos of all this, I have two requests to make of you. Please, will you send to me the complete address of the Famous Players studio? Second, couldn't you find a page in your magazine to introduce your staff? I noticed somewhere that you mentioned that the Answer Man was really rather good-looking. Well, dont you think it's up to you to let us judge for ourselves? If we sat on you, I'm quite sure you are irrepressible enough to bounce up again! Snapshots of you all, either at work or play, would be just the thing. Life is full of pictures!

You shall have some views of our "beautiful harbor" just as soon as our censor will permit them to pass thru. Thus literally pelting you with lumps of Australia, I make my adieu.

Hartford, Conn., likes Kenneth Davenport, and Mr. T. Kearney, of that city, tells us why. Wasn't it New England that first placed the stamp of approval upon Earle Williams? They are as discriminating as they are charming in that section:

May I tell you how much pleasure I derive from your magazine, of which I am a constant reader? I certainly consider it by far the best picture magazine published.

There is one player who is very popular in Hartford, of whom I have seen nothing in your magazine as yet. I refer to Kenneth Davenport, who plays leads

(*Continued on page* 171)

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## THE LITTLE LIFEGUARD

(*Continued from page* 80)

And while Dan jumped up and down in the wet sand, screaming and wringing his hands, Adrian shut his eyes tightly and plunged into the sea. There was no warmth of heroism in his veins now; none of the borrowed pride that had been his a moment before. He felt very small and alone and terribly, shamefully afraid. But stumbling, paddling, choking, he kept on somehow, and his groping fingers closed at length on a drenched, golden curl.

Minutes, hours, centuries later Adrian gasped back to the sunlight from what seemed to be a confused dream of the bottom of the sea. The salt water clogging his eyelashes made rainbows thru which the world showed mistily; at a great distance, Larry, dripping from his latest exploit; a group of mothers weeping on his shoulders; a group of fathers pumping his hands; a group of young people hovering, adoringly, around.

"Just think, if he hadn't been on the spot to save them!" Adrian heard some one cry, and another one reply: "Well, *I* say small children ought not to be allowed on the beach to make all this trouble!"

Adrian closed his eyes miserably. He was, after all, only a little boy who made trouble for heroic, splendid grown-ups, and who would, he felt uneasily certain, be spanked and put to bed by his mother for disobeying her bathing-rules.

Then suddenly a miracle.

He felt the pressure of two warm, soft lips on his own, and opened his eyes to see, still thru the rosy rainbow mist, Anita bending over him with adoring eyes.

"You saved my life," declared Anita, oblivious to the fact that it was Larry's hand that had picked them both out of the ocean and restored them to the land; "you saved my life and you're a *hero,* and I like you the bestest of any boy in this world!"

(*Continued from page* 169)

with the Biograph, and whose work, especially in "The Confession," has attracted much attention. Wont you kindly obtain an interview with him, and, if possible, have his picture in your Gallery? Thanking you for your courtesy and with best wishes.

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

THE greatest interest has been shown by our readers in deciding what photoplays are the greatest yet produced. Hundreds of letters and postcards have been received, naming the five photoplays which they consider the best. "The Christian" still leads among the 297 photoplays which our readers consider "classics." Curiously enough, the other nineteen leaders are the same as published in the October number of the magazine, altho the order of their popularity has been slightly altered.

This popular decision, as to the greatest photoplays of the day, is somewhat enlightening on several points, and has proved a surprise in more ways than one. In the first place, our readers have decided that they will have none of the big serials that run for weeks and months; while, on the other hand, strong feature plays, and plays of gripping heart-interest, are strongly favored. Then there are many dramas and comedies which, on the speaking stage, proved marvelous successes, but apparently have utterly failed to convince on the screen.

We give the twenty leaders to date in the order named:

"The Christian" (Vitagraph).
"Tess of the Storm Country" (Fam. Pl.).
"A Million Bid" (Vitagraph).
"My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).
"Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).
"Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).
"Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).
"The Spoilers" (Selig).
"The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith).
"The Eternal City" (Famous Players).
"Cabiria" (Italia).
"Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).
"The Juggernaut" (Vitagraph).
"The Island of Regeneration" (Vita.).
"The Stoning" (Edison).
"The Last Days of Pompeii" (Kleine).
"The Escape" (Mutual).
"Wildflower" (Famous Players).
"Neptune's Daughter" (Universal).
"The Captive" (Famous Players).


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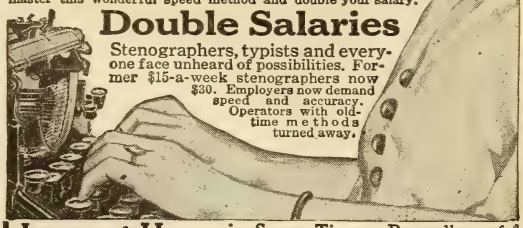

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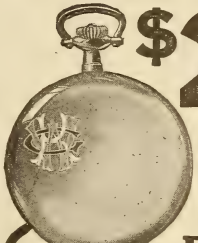

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Burlington Watch Company, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1478, Chicago

(*Continued from page* 86)

the soul of Pierre had left him. He failed perceptibly. All day long he would sit like one in a torpor before the great portrait of Pierre, looking languishingly at it, as tho trying in vain to drink of the life-giving elixir again. It was plain to be seen that he was dying slowly, and all of the strength of Pierre had in truth deserted him. I could not understand it.

"At length I was summoned to the Devigne villa, by special post, in the early hours of morning. Jacques had taken a turn for the worse. When I arrived, the news that he was dying had spread over the little resort. A sort of gentleness had come into his nature that was of his own better self, and he smiled as he saw me. He told me that he was going to die today. Over and over he repeated it—*today.* We did all that we could to make him comfortable, and toward evening I could see that he was sinking rapidly. His face was turned out to sea, and I was surprised to know that he could comprehend the nature of a boat that was sailing for the harbor in full sail. He pointed to it with a trembling finger. 'When it is beached—I will—be——' He did not finish, but we understood. The boat slipping thru the sea seemed to bear a strange fatality for his ebbing soul.

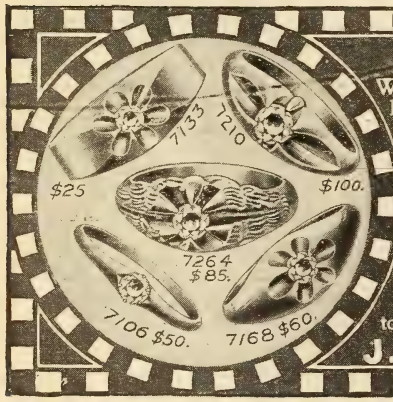
"Fascinated, we could not help but watch the scudding vessel. It came so close to the villa that we could hear it grate on the sandy beach. A dark figure against the setting sun sprang out the moment it beached and tore up the strand toward the villa. We turned to Jacques. He was dead!

"For the moment we forgot the ominous figure that had sprung from the fatal boat. A shadow across the corpse made us turn with a shudder.

"It was Pierre Loriot!

"In a few words he told us what proved to be spiritual perhaps, but not of the spirit. He had been rescued much against his will. He had bribed the fishermen to say nothing of his recovery, and had taken residence on one of their isles. Here he waited and was faithfully brought news of Jacques' miraculous recovery. He had given him life, then! To return to civilization would mean his dear friend's death, which he had generously taken upon himself. Never once had he swerved from his purpose, until the last boat had brought news of Jacques' sudden decline. Then he had hastened back to Jacques—and Juliette!

"Thus may your august body know," said Dr. Davidoff, changing his soft tone of narration to one of formal declamation, "why I was converted, but—became an unbeliever within a year. You have yet to convince me."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"WHITHER THOU GOEST, THERE I SHALL GO—AMEN!"

(*Continued from page* 42)

of them seemed to be crying, "Shameful—shameful!" and Mr. Parsons' nasal voice was dismissing him in disgrace. He turned to go, shaking off Frank's detaining hand. The voice of the mob became fainter still. His feet stumbled. His eyes clouded, and his heart swelled till it choked in his throat. He had a sudden insane desire to be a little baby and be rocked to sleep. He wondered, dully, how he had ever gotten into such a mess. Then his longings concentrated, took definite, desperate shape. Agony twisted his face. Kate! It was Kate he wanted—Kate he had wanted all along. Why had she left him to fight things all alone?

The dusty road, trampled to ribbons with the feet of booted men, became for him the Via Dolorosa—the way of sorrow traveled by his Christ on the journey to the Mount. He felt only compassion, only pity for the leering, animal faces that goaded his halting feet on.

Presently there came a lull, and the soul-breaking circle widened. The man staggered and reeled without this defending armor of hate.

A slender opening appeared in the circle. Some one was trying to get thru.

Some one was dragging his head down and down. Some one was pressing warm, frantically tender lips to his. Some one was crushing his head to her breast and crooning, "My best beloved—my best beloved!" over and over again. It sounded miraculously sweet. His spirit had been about to break. His mind had hovered for an instant on a horrid abyss. He had had his fill of pain, and the cup was running over. But now—what tho the road was to be traveled again? What tho they stoned him and crowned him with thorns?

"Kate," he was answering against her hair, "dont leave me—dont leave me—my girl—my girl——"

When his vision cleared, and he could see her face at last, it was illumined by a splendor of love. He bent his head again to catch her words, "Whither thou goest, there I shall go—amen!"

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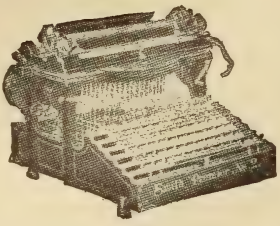

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*Letters to the Editor—Continued*

Mr. Fred Finley, of 2039 Harlem Avenue, Baltimore, is one of that large class who has photoplayer aspirations, but he tells his story so eloquently that we publish his letter, which is addressed to the Answer Man, in full:

As you will observe, I am an amateur at corresponding with you. It was by chance that I read some of your wise and witty sayings, and became so interested that I finished reading your department from beginning to end. I noticed how you carried the reader along, drifting from gay to sublime, with such dexterity and ease, combined with a liberal distribution from your enormous stock of patience, so I decided on the impulse of the moment to pour out my tale of woe and seek your generous advice, because beneath that cloak of bantering humor, and, in some cases, seemingly unfeeling jest, there is a golden lining of deep sympathy for cases such as mine. Dont think I am smearing the salve (excuse the slang). If so, a poor job I make of it, for these few words, prompted by my admiration of your literary genius, is a poor comparison to the eloquent letters of just commendation of your praiseworthy work that you must receive from many of your appreciative readers. But be pleased to accept mine as the widow's mite.

It is not a thirst for fame, nor to accumulate an immense fortune thru a fabulous salary, that attracts me to the actor's life. Nor am I under the impression that I am something out of the ordinary, such as a born star, that any Moving Picture company would be glad to have. No, it is none of those gilded motives. It is simply this—an inexpressible longing to experience that awesome feeling that no doubt completely envelops a photoplayer while going thru his part, when his whole being, heart and mind are transformed, changing his very disposition for the time being, thus guiding his almost unconscious gestures as if under hypnotic influences.

I remember, when a child of fifteen years, I had a taste of this novel experience. I was given the principal part in a four-act drama, based on a story from Roman history, in the reign of Diocletian. It was entitled "Vitus, the Boy Martyr." I can vividly recall the different feeling that came over me while rehearsing my part. I sometimes forgot the presence of my director and the surroundings. At the close of one of the acts a tableau was enacted, touchingly picturing my father in chains, on the verge of being led away to his death on account of my refusal to obey an edict of the king

to offer sacrifice to the Roman heathen gods. It was with a sigh of relief that I composed my countenance, arched in pain, and realized that it was only a play, so what must be the feeling of the practiced player!

I suppose the object of my ambition is exalted on an insurmountable pedestal of destiny, its cornice accessible only to the chosen few. All I can expect is a start on this path, impeded by numerous obstacles, for it is not all gold that glitters. Gaining recognition is only the beginning, as you say in one of your answers. It requires vigilance and stubborn pluck to protect and rear the great privilege of gaining access to the mysterious realms of movie life. I once contemplated playwriting, but have no confidence in myself, as I am ignorant of even the first rudiments of that art and dont know how to go about it. I know this letter is disgustingly dry and devoid of humor, and you will, I hope, be saved the trouble of wringing it out. No one appreciates more than I a letter or an article spiced with bits of genuine humor and life, but I guess that is an accomplishment also that I have yet to master. Maybe it is my surly and dejected mood that guides this pen to such plaintive remarks, but, having your work before me as a model, I will endeavor to improve.

"C. L.," Atlantic City, N. J., sends us a letter in which she takes to task both producers and directors for the many absurdities they allow to creep into photoplays depicting society life. As our fair critic is a lady of title, her criticism might be taken to heart with profit. But we shall let "C. L." speak for herself:

Having noticed that a number of your readers, of whom I am pleased to count myself one, are in the habit of writing to you to exploit their individual views and opinions concerning the Movies and their method of presentation, may I be permitted to say a few words in reference to one feature which is nearly always improperly treated by the producers? I refer to films in which the *dramatis personæ* are presumed to belong to the "best society"—as we understand the term in this country—and which in nine cases out of ten are so ludicrously depicted that they are positively painful.

As a rule, every care appears to be taken to render the films as convincing as possible, and it would seem as if neither time nor expense were spared in order to attain this end. It is only when the scenes happen to be laid in the "highest circles" that the whole thing falls

(*Continued on page* 180)

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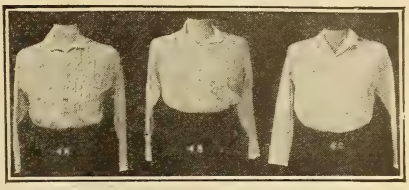

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(*Continued from page* 56)
electric spark ever hurled thru space. The message, when deciphered, said: "Be ready! Within the month!"

With great but restrained jubilation, the men passed the paper from hand to hand, then back to Mr. Emanon, who carefully burned it, crushing the ashes to powder. The great moment had come! All arose with a quick, fierce intake of the breath, and every man repeated after the leader: "Within the month."

Meanwhile, the gay life of America's great metropolis continued to hold a thoughtless people in its thrall; more and more numerous swelled the press of automobiles on Fifth Avenue in the late afternoon; denser became the crowds pouring into the subways and packing the surface cars and elevated roads; children by hundreds of thousands went to school, swarmed in the streets, played in the parks.

At night the myriad lights of the Great White Way flashed and glowed and sparkled like countless living jewels; while men and women worked all day, and, until dawn, sat and danced and ate in hot, reeking, ill-ventilated cabarets and all-night restaurants.

The people were all dance-mad, money-mad, amusement-mad, and, in all this seething babel of modernity, few stopped to give a thought to the morrow; few realized the grim terror which, like some gigantic beast of prey, was crouching, ready to spring, licking its hungry chops and glaring with baleful, red eyes at its helpless, unsuspecting victim.

Few gave more than a passing thought to the disquieting rumors appearing from time to time.

"Relations between the United States and Ruritania have been strained for several months and matters are approaching a crisis," merely meant a bit of alarmist newspaper talk.

They smiled in a superior way and dismissed, with a shrug, the intelligence that "The Ruritania Government will probably dispatch an ultimatum of such a character that the United States cannot accept it."

It was true that a painfully small minority of brave and thoughtful men chafed under the criminal lack of proper national defenses and prayed that those in whose hands the destiny of their wonderful and beloved country lay might see the light.

John Harrison was one of these, and at the Army and Navy Club, where he had many friends, he would ask angrily: "When such ominous warnings are in the air, why, in heaven's name, is our fleet not assembled?"

And the Army and Navy men, with bitterness in their hearts and a smile on their lips, would say: "The peace-at-any-price advocates insist that to make such a move at this time would precipitate war. We are helpless—our hands are tied."

But the great majority—the careless, thoughtless, selfish public—sang, danced, ate, drank and made merry; married, propagated, made money, and died, hiding under a protecting mantle of smug complacency, a misguided confidence in their ability to accomplish in a day, when needed, the work that really means years of rigid training and tireless preparation—utterly regardless of the fact, horrible in its possibilities, that the noblest sky-line in the world stood a shining and helpless target for the guns of a hostile fleet!

**To be continued in the December number of the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, which will be out on November 15.**

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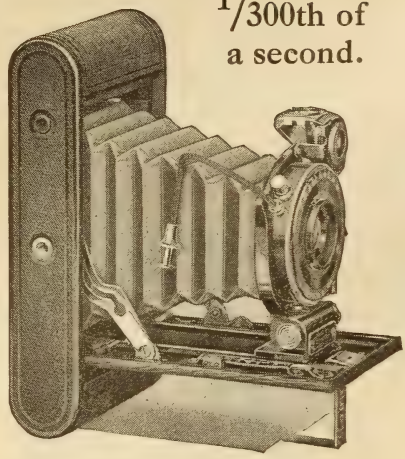


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(*Continued from page* 177)

down, to use a colloquial expression. Why is this? Why is not the same pains taken to have things correctly done in the fashionable world as in any other walk of life?

If the producers themselves are ignorant of ordinary social customs among people of culture, then why, in heaven's name, do they not take the trouble to obtain this knowledge from some one who is not ignorant?

I am a daily patron of the Moving Picture theater and have been a regular attendant for several years. Yet scarcely a day passes that I am not rubbed the wrong way by the exhibition of some outrageous anachronism or utterly impossible happening, where the action of the play takes place among the rich and exalted. Only yesterday, for instance, a lady on the screen, replying to an invitation to an evening party, does so in the third person, and winds up—oh, horror of horrors!—by signing herself "Mrs. John Sweet." I thought everybody, even the wife of the grocer 'round the corner, knew better than that. All the characters in this play, supposed to be persons of refinement, ought surely to be familiar with the correct forms of correspondence. Yet there it was, in plain black and white, and I didn't get the taste of that abominable "Mrs. John" out of my mouth for hours afterward.

Then, again, why are not the servants in the houses of millionaires properly dressed? I recently saw a film in which the action takes place in a villa on the Hudson belonging to a wealthy broker, but his butler—I only knew he was a butler because he was so described in the cast of characters—appeared in a resplendent livery, something which no butler in a private establishment ever wears, and his face, moreover, was adorned with a huge black mustache. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

I observe that butlers in the movies invariably wear livery. Why? As a matter of fact, only coachmen and footmen are attired in livery in real life. Butlers and valets dress in plain clothes. As for a mustache, no servant who had the temerity to sport one would be tolerated for an instant. Also, a butler, when serving at table, does not carry a napkin over one arm. That custom may possibly prevail among the waiters in third-class restaurants, but not elsewhere. Likewise, guests arriving at a ball or other entertainment do not enter the drawing-room in their wraps. One, however, sees all these things day after day on the screen. Why?

Not long ago I saw a picture wherein no less a star than Francis X. Bushman impersonates an English nobleman. Yet, in a note addressed to a lady, he signs

himself: "Yours sincerely, Lord Throckmorton." That wasn't exactly the name of the character, but it will do as well as any other, and it was quite as bad as that awful "Mrs."

No member of the British nobility would dream of using his title when writing his signature. In this case "Throckmorton," pure and simple, would have been correct.

You may say that these are minor points, and perhaps they are, but, after all, it is the little things that count and determine the reality or unreality of a play. Such absurdities as I have described strike a false note, for a picture should be truthful in every separate detail; otherwise something is lacking.

The foreign films are not as apt to err in these matters, and for this reason the French and Italian plays are frequently of much more artistic value than the American. Please do not think that I am writing this letter in a spirit of carping criticism. It is because I derive so much enjoyment from the Movies that I desire to see them as nearly perfect as they can be made.

Miss Fanchon Carez, of Anna, Ill., takes exception to some of the remarks of Mr. P. F. Leahy, of San Francisco, in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. There is a hint of "the vintage of old Spain" in the picturesque language of our correspondent, and its scathing sarcasm should make Mr. Leahy wriggle with shame. Isn't this delicious?

What a wonderful critic P. F. Leahy is! How very modern must be his theories. One actress cannot be praised for her art, because she fails to keep her hair in perfect order. Oh, he would criticise the gods! He knows whereof he speaks when he says he will cause a furor when he unjustly criticises the most wonderful Mary Fuller, whom the gods have many times blessed.

This unjust critic places "cute little ways," "characteristic movement of the hands," "girlishness" and "a smile not forced to show dimples" above the ability to act and all the qualities that belong to Mary Fuller. He does not see her sweet womanliness, and, above all, does he accuse her of conceit—she who, more than all, seems to forget herself in her character.

I can understand his criticism of Francis Bushman. He is perhaps jealous of Mr. Bushman's splendid handsomeness and the effect it has upon the world of women. But Mary Fuller—*Dios mio!* How dare he!!

P. S.—*Ay de mi,* how angry he does make me!


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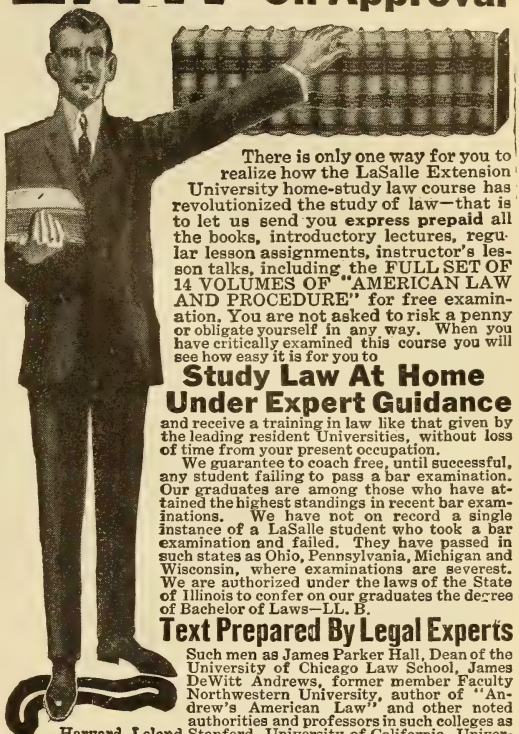

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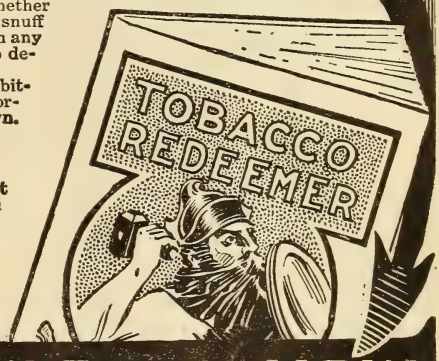


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Why not go to the Red Cross store today and find what these famous women found? Choose that model with just the style, the charm you want. Walk in it—note how perfectly adaptable it is, how free and easy, how wholly comfortable it makes every step.

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# An Unusual Trip

*BY W. W. WASHBURN*

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train than I met my old friend Hollister of Kansas City. I had not seen Hollister for years. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age), I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awake to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again I indeed became interested

and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1387 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

It was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me when I met Hollister on the train. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to any one for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to every one as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

## INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 5 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological.

*The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1387 Aeolian Building, New York, N. Y.*

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Address.....
City.....State.....
Occupation.....

Mail to THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
5192 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

# EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

It has been found necessary, in order to comply with the regulations of the Post Office Department, to change the name of the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. We believe we have made a very happy choice. The name "CLASSIC" was selected from a list of over twenty that were under consideration. For years, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the pioneer of all, was known as the CLASSIC of all Motion Picture publications, and it held that title successfully over its many competitors, and continued to hold it until the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT made its appearance on August 15, 1915, when it had to take off its hat to its younger, but larger, sister. It seems, therefore, doubly fitting that the new publication should be honored with the permanent title of the

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

In all other respects the CLASSIC will be the same as the SUPPLEMENT except that it will be better! We also purpose enlarging it at an early date by adding to its number of pages. The first number of the CLASSIC will be out on November 15, at all newsstands, price 15 cents a copy, $1.75 a year. Dont miss this first number—*it will be a beauty!* We will not now give a list of the choice articles, stories and pictures that will adorn its pages—we want to surprise you. We feel confident that you will say of it, as you always have of each successive issue of both MAGAZINE and SUPPLEMENT, "The Best Yet."

Among the many features of the January number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which will be our *Holiday Number,* will be the first instalment of a series of short articles by leading citizens and thinkers on the important topic of Censorship. It will be a discussion by prominent citizens of the issues involved in a wise and broad-minded censorship of Motion Picture films, and here are just a few of the names of the contributors:

**John Wanamaker**
**Dr. Lyman Abbott**
**Samuel Gompers**
**Alexander Harvey**
**Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst**
**Dr. George H. Sandison**
**(Editor "The Christian Herald")**
**Ellis Parker Butler**
**Roland G. Usher**
**Dr. Anna Howard Shaw**
**J. Stuart Blackton**
**and others**

The January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will also contain a story by one of America's foremost novelists,

### DR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

author of "The Island of Regeneration" and seventy other novels. Also six or seven other stories by such well-known and popular writers as Dorothy Donnell, Edwin M. La Roche, Robert J. Shores, Alexander Lowell, Norman Bruce and Karl Schiller; and these stories will be as good as you can get in any other magazine, with illustrations equaled by none.

### 15 cents a copy is the price of either publication

The MAGAZINE will be out on Wednesday, December 1, on every newsstand in the United States. The edition is to be 340,000 copies, but, judging from previous experiences, readers will do well to order from their newsdealers in advance because even this large edition will probably soon be exhausted. The subscription rate is $1.50 a year. (See another page for subscription blank and announcement.)

**Motion Picture { Magazine / Classic } 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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# MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

(TRADEMARK REGISTERED)

VOL. X NO. 11


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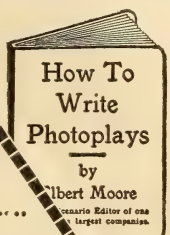


OCT 21 1915

# GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

JACKIE SAUNDERS
(Balboa)

EDITH STOREY (Vitagraph)

LILIE LESLIE (Lubin)

CRANE WILBUR (Horsley)

CLEO MADISON (Universal)

TOM FORMAN (Lasky)

OLLIE KIRKBY
(Kalem)

WILLIAM DUNCAN
(Vitagraph)

ENID MARKEY (Kay-Bee)

AUDREY BERRY
(Vitagraph)

ELSIE JANIS (Morosco)

HAZEL DAWN
(Famous Players)

# PENNINGTON'S CHOICE

## BY ALEXANDER LOWELL

METRO

THE dinner-guests had departed, and Robert Pennington was alone with Eugenie Blondean and her aunt. They stood in the book-walled library of the Pennington town-house, gazing down into the glowing logs, with the vaguely detached smiles of those who have enjoyed themselves and are pleasantly weary. Eugenie roused herself.

"Your dinner was an affair, Mr. Pennington," she said, with laughing

it [illegible] you did me too much honor; you must consider, O Epicurean, that my fare is venison meat—fish from silver lakes—and——"

"Is this an after-dinner speech, Eugenie?" mildly inquired Aunt Allison. Pennington's deep eyes were watching her worshipfully.

"No'm. I'm much too tired for that. But the occasion seemed to demand *something*. People *do* thank

people who give them dinner-parties, dont they, Auntie? We do *that* even in Canada—only there are never any dinner-parties."

"Of course, you absurd child. Robert, I must ask you to call Clemence again. He must have gone to *sleep* on the way down. I'll come down with Eugenie tomorrow so that you can show her your gymnasium."

Pennington bowed. "That will be delightful," he said; "I shall look for you early."

"Eugenie," advised Aunt Allison, as they sped up the Avenue in the violet-and-gray car, "dont be such a fool as to throw young Pennington down, my dear. He has been angled for—unsuccessfully—for three seasons. He is heir to *all* of the Pennington estate, and every New Yorker knows what *that* means. He has the entrée into *any* society and every club. And, moreover, he is a young man with an *excellent* reputation, which doesn't always go hand in hand with wealth and position, my dear."

"Can he shoot," dreamily queried Eugenie, "or hold his own in a naked fight, or land a whopping whale of a fish, or blaze a trail, or——"

"If you are awake, my dear, I am alarmed for you," responded Mrs. Allison, out of tune with Eugenie's humor; "if you are asleep, pray dont let me disturb you——"

"I am asleep," came tonelessly from the corner.

Pennington awaited them in the entrance-hall the day following, so keen was his desire for Eugenie's presence; and he failed dismally to show any deep regret when Mrs. Allison announced her intention of awaiting them in the library, which didn't seem to injure her feelings in the slightest. The lift took them to the top floor where the gymnasium was installed, and Pennington began showing off the various apparatus with great pride. He did not see the little corners of Eugenie's mouth twitch upward as he attempted to lift a weight, and failed. "It's a pretty complete little place," he finished, "but I seldom use it—too much else to do." Then, without pausing for breath, he turned to her passionately. "Oh, darling," he breathed,

"you drove me nearly mad last night — sitting at my table—in my house—where I want to see you always, and forever. You were so beautiful —so remote—dear lady of my dreams."

"Please dont, Robert." Eugenie sat on one of the narrow wooden benches by the door. Her laughing, girl face crystallized suddenly into an expression that was strangely remote. "I cannot give you the right," she finished.

Pennington's handsome face looked grayish. To go all your life without a single particular desire—to suddenly find that all of life *is* desire—desire for one girl—and to have that desire coldly repelled—that is to land plumb in a jolly little hell.

"Why?" he asked stiffly; "why?"

"Up in my country"—Eugenie was looking straight ahead of her, as if her eyes followed one of her own trails—"men do not live for *dansants*—for a cushioned chair in a fashionable club evenings—for 'whisky and soda, James.' They have muscles *in* their arms—great, hairy, brawny arms—instead of the latest cloth *on* them. They do not have valets to dress them, and cars to carry them about. They do not spend their time on house-parties, and yachting-parties, and near-athletics. They're not Turkish-bathed—and massaged — and — *milk-fed.* If they *were*—up *there*—they wouldn't be—*men.*"

"I see." Pennington looked at her flashing, blue eyes under their sooty curtains with a curious intentness. "What—what *do* your men—do?"

"I dont know whether I could describe it," Eugenie smiled. "But I'll tell you a verse of Service's," she said; "it gives you a better idea than I could—

Can you remember your huskies all going,
Barking with joy and their brushes in air;
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing,
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?

Monarch, your kingdom unravisht and gleaming;

Mountains your throne, and a river your car;
Crash of a bull moose to rouse you from dreaming;
Forest your couch, and your candle a star.

"That's like it," she smiled up at him. "This is sickly down here—sickly, and steam-heated, and stifling. Men bleed other men by the craft they acquire—and call it fighting. Up there are virgin solitudes—new trails to blaze—strange rivers to trace to a stranger source—the treachery of the half-breed to compete with—or his loyalty to bank on—— There are wonderful, thrilling days behind the huskies, or on a horse—nights by a camp-fire just off the trail—the screech of the loon in the dark—the crash of the big moose thru the timber.

"Or, there are the rivers, again—oh, I can *feel* them now—the rush and swish of them under my birch canoe—the joy of the rapids—the conies leaping aimlessly in the brush—the

wide, deep, glorious sky. It is God's country—His own."

Pennington moistened his lips. He felt as if he must have shriveled in his clothes. How puny he must appear to her—to one who measured men by such a rule.

"Then I—dont qualify." He stated it flatly.

Eugenie threw back her dark, fine head and looked up at him. Her eyes, in their marvelous, jet-black lashes, softened. "I dont know," she said. "I *cant* know—until you try out—I hope so, because I love you, Robert."

Pennington turned from white to a burning red. He had met, in the course of his life, all the cajoleries, blandishments and allurements with which the sex is endowed. He had had "I love you's" poured into both ears by ladies real, and so-called—with every degree of sincerity, from honest passion to honest bluff. And he had remained unmoved. This simple, direct statement struck his heart's core. He knelt before her.

"If you have said that you have said *all,* Eugenie," he whispered, tears unashamed in his eyes. "For a time I thought you were giving me my dismissal—— But if you love me—and you *do*—or you would not say it—tell me what I am to do."

Eugenie stroked his hair back from his eager face. Deep within her she longed to crush his head against her—to tell him that he had *nothing* to do but love her—but the land of her upbringing had laid its rigors upon her, and she scorned such frailties.

"Long ago," she told him, "when I was emerging from childhood to womanhood, my father had a talk with

me—with me and with my twin sister, Marie. We have no mother, you know, and dad has been mother and father both—and wisest counselor, and finest pal. I want you to know my dad, Robert. He's like no man you ever met before. He's big, and bearded, and ringing of voice. He has a hand-clasp that wrenches your arm in its socket, and a hug like a monster grizzly. But he's got a soul that is as clean as a virgin river, and as lofty as Arctic skies. When he talked to us he told us that some day men would seek us out—and that there would be men *and* men. 'Never mind their caste,' he told us, 'their race—or even their religion—but for God's sake, girls, let them be *men.*' And for that purpose, he said, he wanted the chance to judge them should they come from afar off. Young girls are often blinded, he told us, by an easy tongue—a suave manner. But a man *knows.* And so, I want you to go up to him, Robert—up to my home. There you will meet Pierre, my faithful Cree, and my dear sister, Marie. She is my twin, you know, and my perfect likeness. Dad will let me know—if he does not find you wanting."

"And if he does not?" Pennington caught her slender, strong hand and held it against his breast.

"If he does not, I will be your wife," she told him, touching her sweet mouth one wonderful second to their clasped hands.

Pennington never forgot his arrival in "her country"—the impassive, keen-eyed Cree, Pierre, who met him at the station—the long, weary march over the trail that led to the Blondean cabin. Pierre spoke seldom, but Pennington saw the contempt in his eye when he begged for rest, or suggested that they camp early in the evening, and he winced. Over the camp-fire at night, after the thick bacon and black coffee had been disposed of—Pennington smoking one of his monogramed cigarets, and Pierre drawing on a pipe—he would talk to the half-breed of Eugenie—of the Blondean camp—and the wild country they were striking into. And whenever he spoke of Eugenie a certain sweetness crossed the Cree's face—like the sudden rift in a sullen cloud.

"She is a Canadian," he would say; "there is nothing she fears—she does not know fear. No one for miles about would go among the dogs as our Gene does. And they would not harm her, m'sieur, they would not touch a hair of her queenly head."

"Why is that, Pierre?" Pennington shuddered at thought of Eugenie—his feminine, fragile Eugenie—in among the great, fanged brutes.

"It is because she has a soul, m'sieur," Pierre said simply; "a white, clean soul—even a dumb brute feels that."

"A white, clean soul—— You're right, Pierre—heavenly white and clean."

The half-breed watched him silently. Pennington felt a certain resentment in the scrutiny. He sensed that the half-breed did not like his presence here—would rather he had not come.

The following morning they reached Blondean Cabin and were greeted by the master himself. A massive man he was—ruddy, bearded, virile—and he led Pennington into a massive room.

"I have to have a place to breathe," he said, in a sonorous, musical voice, "even indoors—and this is all mine—no frills, you see—just pelts, and a few board chairs—— But you are very welcome, my boy, to the best we have."

"Thank you, sir. I presume you know my errand?"

"I do. My girl wrote me."

"I am relying on you to judge me favorably, Mr. Blondean. Eugenie has left it for you to say—— You can look me up in town—and financially I'm eligible——"

Blondean strode over to the anxious-faced applicant, and felt him over; then he shook his leonine head. "Not yet awhile, son," he said; "I have a fancy that the man my girl marries be *truly* a man—man enough

to defend her in a man's world. I do not doubt that you can give her all the luxuries of the city. I do not doubt that you can pit your brain against the best of them—but my girl is the child of a land without frontiers—she is a daughter of unblazed trails—of men who laugh death in the face, and fight life with the good sweat of their bodies. Such is the kind of a man that she must have."

"I see." Pennington felt strangely small—even as he had felt in his own gymnasium when Eugenie told him of the men of her country. He groaned in spirit when he thought of the years that he had lost—dwarfing his body, and flaying his puny soul, on Fifth Avenue and its environs. He felt a sense of contempt for his complacent comrades lolling at ease in their clubs, their motors, or their sumptuous homes. Even a marble tub and soft, linty towels seemed a sacrilege before the master of Blondean Cabin. Why, up here, such men as he and his kind were *women*—soft, scornful, *sappy* things. He felt funny all over when he thought of himself.

"Well, sir," he said, after a few moments' silence, "I love Eugenie—and I'm going to stay if you'll have me—live your life to the best of my ability—and either sink or swim with you."

"*Good!*" Blondean took the proffered hand readily. "You may share Pierre's cabin," he said; "I suggest that, because it is even cruder than Blondean Cabin—and Pierre is a fine interpreter of the country. It is his mistress—each trail a charm."

It is a hard thing to live in an atmosphere of contempt. From being "Robert Pennington, son of old Amos, y' know," Pennington became the veriest nobody. Not only did he meet with the sullen contempt of Pierre, the half-compassionate contempt of the master of Blondean; but he encountered the positive enmity of Roland and Louis, two young trappers who lived on the place. They seemed to take malignant joy in peering at him at his cabin window, startling him from bushes and trees, and playing various child's tricks for his annoyance.

The climax came when he was talking to Marie one day, while she was bathing in a pool near the house. Marie was the one warm spot in an otherwise frigid atmosphere. She made the exile feel a trifle less hopelessly outcast at least, and the way her frosty, blue eyes peered at him from their sooty curtains sent his

heart thudding in his breast. Oftentimes he felt a mad impulse to crush her to him—to pretend fiercely, blindly, that she was Eugenie in person as she was in appearance—to bury his shamed face in the cloud of her dusky hair, and beg her to return to his home with him—but always he resisted. She was *not* Eugenie, and it was not the semblance that he wanted. It was her soul—her white, clean soul—the soul that gave to a half-breed Cree the smile of a sainted thing, and made of a pack of coyotes a flock of gentle lambs.

On this particular occasion Marie had left him, to dress in a hollow tree she used for the occasion, when suddenly he heard her voice, angry, protesting, and saw her run swiftly in the direction of Blondean Cabin. "She did not call for *me*," reflected Pennington, bitterly; "women dont call upon *fashionables* to defend them —in a *man's* world."

"Been following Marie again?" The voice that broke in upon his reverie was harsh and menacing. It came from the belligerent Louis, who appeared upon the scene with Roland. Pennington lit a cigaret, blew a cloud sky-high, and favored the two stalwart woodsmen with a contemplative eye.

"No," he vouchsafed; "I'd hardly call it that—— Who was annoying her just then—the fellow with the red beard?"

"That was Jean—a trader; he's envious of the pelts we get, and the trading we do; but he's soft on Eu— Marie. Satisfied?"

"Once again—I'd hardly call it that."

"Look here"—Louis stepped forward again, aggressively. "I'd like to know what you're here for," he sneered in his face; "to steal timberlands—or a woman's heart?"

There was insult in the tone—the kind of an insult a man does not take unavenged. Pennington sprang for him; but the city does not breed the sons of the trails, sturdy frontiersmen with muscles like trained steel. Roland caught him and held him pinned and helpless; and Louis beat him, with oaths and curses.

Battered and utterly defenseless, Pennington stood silent when they had done with him.

"Now, get to h—ll out!" ordered Louis; "if you're not gone inside of twenty-four hours, we'll feed you to the pack tomorrow, understand?"

Back in Pierre's cabin, Pennington packed a few necessaries, then started for the trail. Marie met him a little past Blondean Cabin.

"Are you leaving us?" she questioned, and Pennington thought, dully, that her marvelous eyes were startled and a bit afraid.

"For a while," he told her; "I've been badly beaten. I love Eugenie, you know, and I've got to fight this thing out."

Marie gave him her hand—the strong, slender hand of Eugenie. "I hope you win," she said. "I want you to come back—soon—for my sake."

Four weeks later Pennington was coming back over the trail he had followed so disconsolately a month before. There was a spring to his walk; a confidence in his bearing; a steady, defiant light in his eyes, that had not been there before. His fur cap sat jauntily on his wavy hair; he clapped his furred hands together mightily.

In the heart of the woods he had encountered his old friend, Jeffries. Jim Jeffries was one of the foremost members of the pugilistic world and for years the holder of the heavyweight championship belt. Into his sympathetic ear, and to his kindly, grinning face, Pennington told his tale.

"Why, the old man even refused to shake with me when I was leaving," he finished; "said he wouldn't shake with a man who was afraid of bullies, and that his daughter shouldn't marry one—— God, Jim, it's awful to want your tub, and your man, and your own feathered nest!"

Jeffries extended hope. He felt him over and pronounced him pretty

fit. "You're just not trained," he affirmed, "and your muscles are a bit flabby. Also, you want a bit of skill —some dexterity. You've lived clean, Bob, and you're young—there's no reason why these burly sons of a burly land should get away with the goods *wholesale.*"

It was good to hear a friendly word spoken in the familiar jargon, and Pennington drank up the encouragement like a sterile plant. Four weeks later he left Jeffries—a hope fulfilled. Under his roughened skin his muscles played with the lithe, tenacious strength of whipcord; he glowed with the hunt—with paddling his own canoe; his eye was clear and keen. He walked the trail easily, and the moon was high in the heavens before his camp-fire gemmed the night. His lean, smooth face was bearded, and his monogramed cigarets were replaced by a stubby pipe. His valet would have turned pale with horror had he seen his fastidious employer, to whom a speck of dust was an enormity and a poorly tailored coat a tragedy. The spaniel was turned hound.

PENNINGTON TRAINS WITH JAMES J. JEFFRIES

He lit his camp-fire fairly near Blondean Cabin the last night. He could have made it, but he didn't want to. He wanted one more night out in the wild alone—he wanted to glory and exult in his new strength and prowess. Half-drowsing by the cindering fire, words from two men driving their dogs down the trail waked him sharply:

"It's positive," the voice was say-

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AND A WARM WELCOME ON THEIR

ing, and the dogs were halted while the speaker drew a paper from inside of his parka; "see, it says in black and white that unless Blondean files a new claim inside of thirty days the property will pass from his hands. His place is an ancient French grant, you know—conferred on some ancestor or other for some chivalric deed or other. Up to this time the old man's always been able to file his claim. This trip he doesn't get his notification; and the grant is up—tomorrow."

"How'd you get the letter?"

"The mail-carrier from Quebec handed it to me to deliver. He didn't know that Blondean and I are not pals. And he *does* know that I'm after the girl——"

Pennington didn't wait for any more. He had recognized Jean, the trader, by this time, and grasped the significance of what they were saying. He had seen enough of the master of Blondean to know that his heart-roots were in Blondean Cabin and the land on which it stood—if that should go, his very life-blood would flow out thru the wrenched-up fibers. He jumped up and came out onto the trail where Jean and two other men were standing apart from the dogs. They started when they saw him; then Jean laughed contemptuously. "It's the tenderfoot," he sneered.

The "tenderfoot" looked at him imperturbably. "I heard you, Jean," he said; "give me the letter."

"Fight for it, m'sieur," scoffed the trader—"and——" But his word trailed off in a stream of blood. Pennington's arm shot out and smashed his face brutishly. He fell, and his companions jumped for the dogs and vanished down the trail.

Pennington stood for an instant in growing perplexity. He had the letter, but delivering it to the master of Blondean by tomorrow noon would not help—the claim was to be filed in Montreal, and by that time the grant would have expired.

"If I could save her home for her," he groaned; "that would be something. That would be like the things her men do—the men who are not milk-fed. God! for a horse—or a pack!"

Suddenly he bethought himself of Jacques, a French-Indian trader living nearer than any one else. He had horses, and he had been friendly on the occasions he and Pennington had met.

Ten hours later Pennington dashed into a telegraph office in Montreal and sprawled over a yellow pad.

"Get it there—*quick!*" he gasped; "it's vital!"

By noon his bank had telegraphed him the money he needed, and he paid

PENNINGTON AND HIS BRIDE RECEIVE RETURN TO THE EAST

it over at the agency on the very dot of time and not a fraction over.

"I'd have been sorry to see Blondean lose the grant," the clerk observed; "he's held it ever since the original grant was made. It's never changed hands. You look pretty done up—better take the home-trail slow."

"I will," Pennington said.

Roland and Louis were lounging before the cabin when Pennington made his appearance. They regarded him mockingly. "So," observed Louis, "the coward has sneaked back—pussy-footed as he left!"

Pennington felt the blood sing in his brain; weary as he was, he exulted. He leaped from his horse and struck Louis square in his leering face. Amazed, and completely off guard, Louis fell, and Roland closed in on Pennington. It was an even fight. Roland had ox-like strength and a powerful back, but Pennington was agile and sinewy, and murderously mad. Enraged, Louis drew his gun, but Roland, cooler even in his struggling, knocked it up. At the same time he backed away from Pennington. "You are the coward now, Louis," he said: then, offering his hand to Pennington, he smiled. "You had me," he declared; "I didn't have a chance. I suppose you hate us—but—we're part of Eugenie's test—we're her brothers, you know."

Inside the cabin Blondean awaited them; his bearded face was wreathed in a friendly smile. "I saw it all, lad," he said, taking Pennington's hand warmly, "and you fought—like a *man*. Now, I've one more test for you—the last. Go into my den."

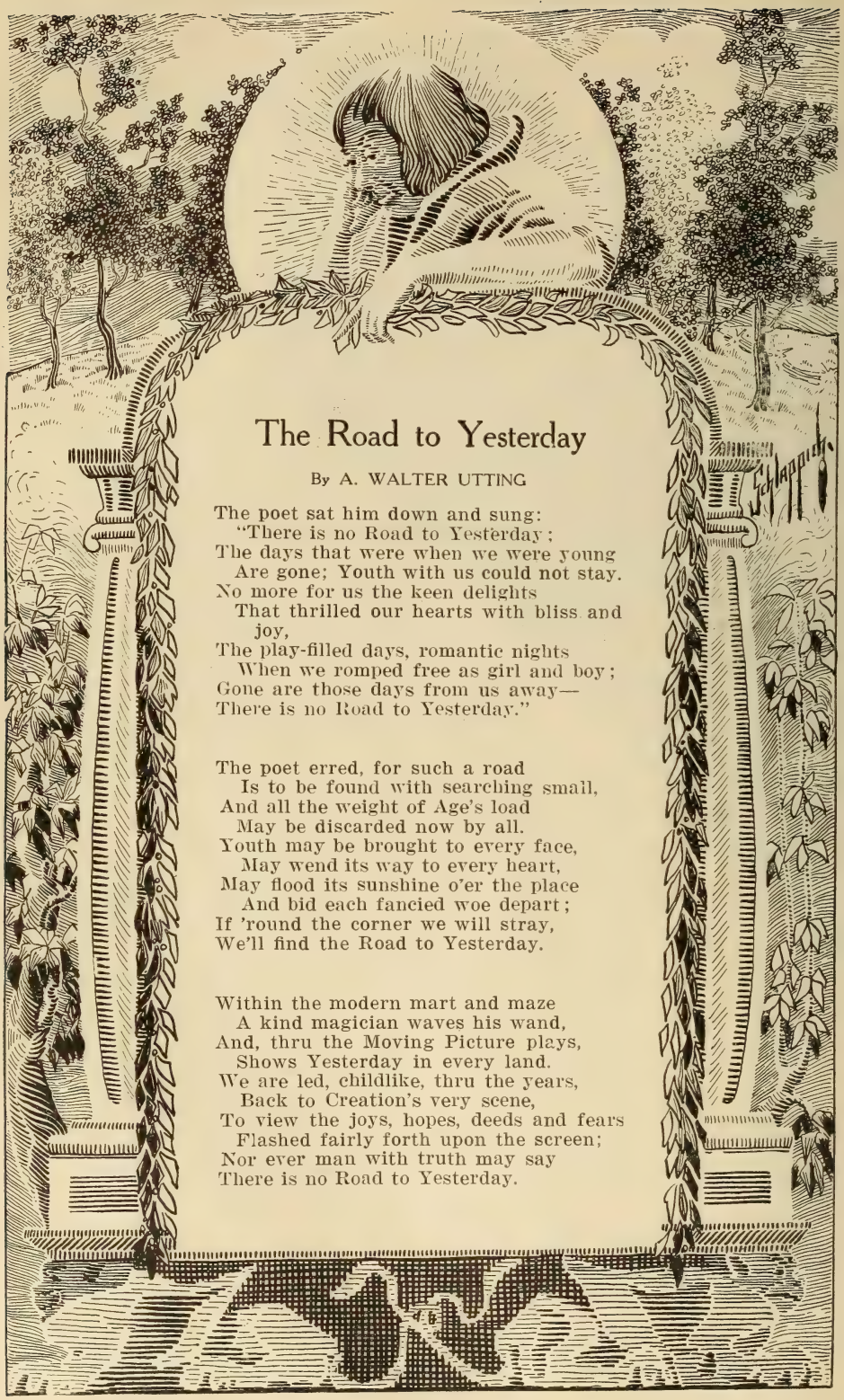
Pennington obeyed, wonderingly, vaguely. He expected the antlers of a bull-moose to combat—a starved coyote—or some sinister Cree, with baleful cunning in his eye. He opened the door on—Eugenie—Eugenie, holding up Marie's habitual blue frock and parka, and crying, with laughter and wonderful tears, "Robert—Robert—*husband!*"

"I want to stay up here," he whispered, after a while. "We'll go in the trading business if you say, and there'll be the thrilling days you spoke of—riding strange rivers to stranger sources — surprising still lakes adoring stern mountains—sleeping by camp-fires under the wide, deep sky—— What do you say, lady of my dreams?"

"Yes," Eugenie whispered, her face illumined. "I hoped for this. It is my country, Beloved—my country—and *yours*."

Down in the outdoor room of the master of Blondean there was a jubilation. Eugenie was laughing over

(*Continued on page* 166)



# The Road to Yesterday

By A. WALTER UTTING

The poet sat him down and sung:
"There is no Road to Yesterday;
The days that were when we were young
Are gone; Youth with us could not stay.
No more for us the keen delights
That thrilled our hearts with bliss and joy,
The play-filled days, romantic nights
When we romped free as girl and boy;
Gone are those days from us away—
There is no Road to Yesterday."

The poet erred, for such a road
Is to be found with searching small,
And all the weight of Age's load
May be discarded now by all.
Youth may be brought to every face,
May wend its way to every heart,
May flood its sunshine o'er the place
And bid each fancied woe depart;
If 'round the corner we will stray,
We'll find the Road to Yesterday.

Within the modern mart and maze
A kind magician waves his wand,
And, thru the Moving Picture plays,
Shows Yesterday in every land.
We are led, childlike, thru the years,
Back to Creation's very scene,
To view the joys, hopes, deeds and fears
Flashed fairly forth upon the screen;
Nor ever man with truth may say
There is no Road to Yesterday.

# The IRON STRAIN

by NORMAN · BRUCE ·

· K·B · TRIANGLE

This story was written from the Photoplay of C. GARDNER SULLIVAN

"You talk," observed Adele Van Ness with cold fury, "like a stock farmer instead of the head of a great house." Her delicate nostrils contracted fastidiously, and a network of nerve-etched wrinkles that careful massage could not wholly eradicate sprang web-like across her skin.

Her father laughed grimly. "It is as the head of a family that I would keep great that I speak, daughter," he said; "the Whitney blood is thinning out, and we need a newer, sturdier fluid in our veins. Octavia is the last of my race. God help her children if she marries one of those brainless, spineless misfits that I saw at your ball tonight."

"Octavia," said Octavia's mother coldly, "is not an animal. She is, I am happy to say, quite sensible of her duty in marrying a refined, educated gentleman of her own station in life. I am afraid, father, that your Alaska experiences have hardly fitted

you to judge fairly and sanely in these matters."

Ezra Whitney, mining king, and as massive in build and bend of jaw as one of his own ore piles, shrugged his shoulders. "It has fitted me to face facts, Adele," he said gravely; "come, we're not skittish prudes to shy at the sight of naked truths, my girl. You know as well as I that a girl in marrying is not choosing merely a 'husband in her own station in life.' She's picking out a father of her children. You know that weaklings and effetes cannot father the big, fine-brained, rugged-bodied men and women our race needs. God! I'd rather see Octavia in her grave than married to a cultured physical and mental degenerate."

"Father!" Adele Van Ness almost shrieked the word. Shocked color flared in her thin cheeks, outraged sensibility in her pale blue eyes. "How can you speak so? I believe you are out of your mind—such talk! I never heard any one speak so!"

"Better if you had, perhaps," said the old man sadly. "The truth is a smarting antiseptic, but it sometimes saves the surgeon's knife. If you had not followed the social code in marrying, your girl would not be the nervous, listless, under-vitalized creature she is to-day."

"Octavia is perfectly well," sobbed her mother hysterically. "It is cruel of you, father, to try to frighten me. If you haven't anything more unpleasant to say I shall have to bid you good-night. A scene like this completely unnerves me. And I *do* hope you'll have discretion enough at least not to mention any of your remarkable theories to Octavia. I hope and pray that she and Robert Livingston will come to an understanding—the Livingstons are one of our *first* families, and dear Robert is the best match in Boston, altho I admit he does *not* wear dirty overalls, nor chew *tobacco* in public, as you seem to consider *essential!*"

The shrill crescendo of the last word came back from the corridor mingled with the sibilance of silk skirts hurrying upstairs. Left in the great drawing-room among the sweet decay of his granddaughter's débutante flowers, Ezra Whitney drew a long, harassed breath and shook his shaggy head.

"Failed!" he muttered. He crossed the room to the library at the farther end and sank into one of the deep chairs before the fire, lighting his pipe with a live coal. It was one of the griefs of his daughter's life that he persisted in clinging to the short cutty pipe and shag tobacco of his mining days, but the acrid taste and coarse, strong odor brought back his cherished mountains, and he clung to them obstinately. Now, puffing contentedly, he saw visions of the big, wild country beyond the well-trimmed box-hedge of civilization; the clang and clatter of pick and steam-shovel; the feel of sweat in the eyes; the bronzed, silent men, brave as the elements, patient, strong in primeval passions—and then he revisioned the evening just gone, with its lights and music and soft foods and graceful dancers, and his shaggy brows drew together in humor.

"Maybe you cant transplant windflowers," he muttered; "yet there's Whitney in the girl somewhere, if you could only get at it under the Van Ness——"

But he did not broach the matter to Adele again. It was circumstances that taught the mother reluctant truths. A slight cold, consequent on bared, bright shoulders on the night of her début, brought Octavia finally to a specialist with an unpleasant bluntness in handling truths.

"The girl has no stamina," he told Adele, irritably; "let her go on the way she's going and it will be tuberculosis. There's nothing the matter with her now but society—send her out West, let her live out of doors and rough it. Humph! Yes, fifty dollars is the fee."

Ezra Whitney, on the eve of one of his infrequent trips to his mines, thanked God under his breath and pressed his opportunity, with the final result that he set out for Alaska at

last, accompanied by his granddaughter and her maid.

But Adele extracted her pound of flesh in the shape of a pledge that he would not indulge in any of his eugenic schemes.

"For really, father," she said tearfully at parting, "I *cannot* consent to receive an Esquimo or Pah-Ute medicine-man, or any other of your beloved savages, bearded or naked, into my home as a son-in-law."

cabin with the listless air of a martyr, and read modern novels and nibbled colored caramels all the way to Alaska. When she did consent to come on deck and favor her grandfather with her company, it was with an air of bored disdain for her surroundings that made him long, albeit shame-facedly, to shake her slim, drooping shoulders.

"I cant imagine why mother sent me on this absurd journey," she

BEFORE THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

"I'll not make any matches," Ezra promised briefly, but there was a mental reservation in his mind. He himself would do nothing to awaken the girl's soul; but what might not the mountains, the wine and flame of the northern sunsets, the tang of the spruce, and the strong, keen winds of the open country do?

But his hopes were doomed to disappointment. From the moment of her last glimpse of the Bunker Hill Monument's pale, gray finger on the receding horizon, Octavia refused to look, feel or listen. She kept to her

mourned at times—"right in the middle of the season, too! And why not Newport, if it had to be somewhere? But at least, grandfather, you can hardly expect me to rave over your dirty, dull mines."

"Well, well, just wait till we get there, child," he said crisply; "you'll meet some interesting people in Alaska as well as Boston, tho they may not say 'eye-ther' and 'nye-ther' or 'I have bean.'"

"Thank you; I am quite satisfied with the friends I already have," Octavia said chillingly. "Pray, dont

plan to introduce me to any of your *miners,* whatever you do."

The first glimpse of Alaska was unfortunate. Under a sky heavy with the threat of snow, the tiny wooden town straggled thru a river of oozy mud, like a forlorn woman in a draggled skirt. Octavia, bumped to the "Nugget Hotel" in the sole vehicle of the town, a rusty, rheumatic hack, recoiled in horror from the cerise and magenta wall-paper that decorated what the proud proprietor designated "the bridal soote."

"My room is across the hall," said her grandfather, feigning not to notice Octavia's frigid disgust. "Not exactly Plaza luxuries, but I dare say you will make yourself comfortable."

"Indeed!" The word froze to an icicle on the girl's lips. She cast another withering look about the room, and deliberately turned her patrician back on her grandfather. "Marie"—hauteur emphasized the words—"kindly dust off that chair, and then see whether you can get a cup of tea in this disgusting place. I shall not, of course, go downstairs to eat, and, grandfather, I wish to go home by the next boat, if you please."

"Then you will have to go alone," Ezra told her coolly. "Nonsense, my girl, spunk up! You're not afraid of roughing it a little, are you? Any rate, you'll have to make up your mind to bear it for a month, because I've got to go to the mines."

In the weeks that followed, the old man veered between compassion for his granddaughter's furious discomfort and a grim determination to break thru the crust of convention and pride and touch the girl's soul. Yet, as the journey neared an end, he seemed as far from success as ever. Disgust, disdain, boredom were stamped plainly on every indolent line of the girl's beauty. She met the friendly overtures of the mining folk with icy contempt, and refused to see any beauty in the sunsets or the rugged, lifting hills.

"A land of unwashed, stupid brute men and worse women," she wailed in her letters home; "if I ever get back to Boston, I shall never leave Beacon Street again."

It was on a horseback ride from the Whitney mines that she first really looked at one of the inhabitants of the country. A great ore wagon had become stuck fast in the muddy bottom of a mountain stream, and the driver, a tall, lithe young fellow, was out in the water waist-deep with his shoulder to the wheel. Octavia included him in her usual indifferent survey of the landscape, and then, fascinated in spite of herself by the great strength of the man, watched the struggle. The cords in his brown neck stood out like muscles done in bronze, and the whole splendid body obeyed his will. Slowly, inch by inch, the wheels lifted from the sucking mud, and with a final panting effort the horses and wagon and the man came up on the bank to safety.

"Good! Well done!" applauded Ezra Whitney. "There's real stuff in that fellow. I must have a word with him if you'll excuse me, my dear."

"Certainly." Octavia fixed her lofty gaze on the farthest hilltops until her grandfather's voice sounded again at her elbow.

"My dear, I want you to meet Mr. Chuck Hemmingway," Ezra said matter-of-factly; "one of the foremen at my mines, he tells me, and a real example of the young men of Alaska."

Like an ice princess, Octavia bent her aloof glance to the level of the newcomer's face with a curling lip. In the moment before she spoke she saw many things: that Mr. Chuck Hemmingway had a firm chin and a straight nose; that his eyes, under a remarkably broad sweep of forehead, were a steady, deep blue; that, too, his handsome, eager face was dark with sweat and tanned and roughened with a thousand suns and storms.

Chuck Hemmingway, on his part, saw a pale, beautiful face, set like a haughty cameo in a frame of dark hair; a chin that disdained; a red, curved mouth that scorned; brown eyes with golden iris that mocked and taunted and defied. And at the

moment of seeing, a sudden strong tremor shook him from head to foot, so that his voice broke strangely when he spoke to her.

"Proud—to meet you," he said, and held out a great, brown hand. "I reckon it was my lucky stars that got me stuck in yonder ford."

But she did not touch his fingers, and her bow was curt as a blow.

"Really? Grandfather, are you coming?"

Under the whip of her scorn the dull blood drowned his face, and his

CHUCK WELCOMES OCTAVIA TO HER NEW HOME

big jaws crushed together, ridgy under the skin. But Ezra Whitney laid a quick hand on the bluejean's shoulder.

"You are going our way. Come with us," he urged.

Chuck Hemmingway's angry eyes turned to Octavia an instant, and a spark flashed into them.

"All right," he said curtly; "I'll have the team here in a jiffy."

And that was all, but under the words ran the steel wire of determination.

For the next week the young miner went with Ezra and his granddaughter on all their trips among the hills. To the old man he talked eagerly, telling, in swift, crashing phrases, some tale of adventure or some struggle with the elements, painting in crude man-colors the primitive, strong life of his man-world. If Octavia listened she gave no sign, riding ahead of the men, poised, slender, patrician in every graceful line. And Hemmingway did not attempt to speak to her again. But his eyes were often on her somberly.

Ezra, who had inquired into his new friend's character at the mines, watched the gallant young figure at his side approvingly.

"Clean and strong and sound as they make 'em," he reflected; "if he were 'cultured' now, how Adele would rave over him! And Octavia is ordained to marry that bloodless, lisping fop of a Livingston, forsooth, because he is 'of her own station'!"

Aloud, he spoke his thoughts to

Hemmingway in another fashion. It was just after the finish of a wild tale of a fight with a wounded she bear that "one of the fellows"—the boy flushed over the phrase—had waged in the mountains, returning to camp at midnight with the great, wet pelt over his shoulders in proof of victory.

"We are leaving for the East tomorrow," he said abruptly; "I could wish, Mr. Hemmingway, that we had met you earlier in the trip."

"Leaving—*tomorrow?*" The man's eyes flew to the girl ahead, then met the comprehension in Ezra's smile.

"I am going back to the mines now, Hemmingway," said the old man slowly; "this sunset air is too sharp for old bones. May I ask you to see Miss Octavia home?" He leaned forward swiftly—"I haven't much hope, but try, and God give you luck, boy," he said, whirled and was gone. Silently Chuck set the spurs in his horse's side and followed the girl.

She was sitting, when he came up to her, on the rock-strewn hillcrest, looking listlessly into the heart of a golden sunset. At the ring of his heels beside her she did not turn nor move, except for a flicker of disdain across her lips.

"It's—a pretty fine sunset, isn't it?" said the man evenly; then, as she did not reply, he gripped his courage in his great hands and dared his fate.

"Miss Octavia—I wouldn't speak out yet like this, but your grandfather says you're going home tomorrow, and I've *got* to. I'm twenty-nine years old, and I never saw the woman I would say this to till a week ago. I been waiting for *my* woman, and the moment I saw you I knew she was *you*——"

He broke off, silenced by the look she flung him, incredulous, furious—even a little amused.

"*Really?*" spoke Octavia Van Ness smoothly. "Is that all you have to say? If so, we had better go home."

The man took a step forward.

"All I have to say?" he said savagely between set teeth. "Yes! Except *this*——"

And before she realized it he had seized her roughly in his arms and kist her full on the lips, a kiss that burned and stung. White with anger, she raised one slim, aristocratic hand and struck him across his face.

"You — you — thing!" she cried breathlessly. "You thing!"

Late that evening Joe Foxfoot, Indian trapper, came upon Chuck Hemmingway sitting motionless on the steps of his lodging-house. An oil lamp from within sent splashes of yellow light over a face so set and stern that the Indian gave a grunt of surprise.

"You look heap sick," he commented shrewdly; "got fired maybe—hey?"

"Joe," said the young miner suddenly, "Joe, what did your fathers do when they loved a woman of another tribe?"

"They carried her off," said the Indian simply; "it is the way of the North."

"And the woman"—Chuck's voice was grim—"what did she do?"

"She came along," Joe told him briefly.

Suddenly the white man laid his hand on the trapper's shoulder. "Joe," he said quietly, but with an odd excitement to the words, "Joe, you're my friend, aren't you? I did you a good turn once when you were half-frozen in the blizzard—will you do one for me, now?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Hemmingway calmly, "go up to your cabin and tell your wife to get a room ready for a lady, and then come back to me. I'm going to be married, Joe."

The next day Ezra Whitney, dishevelled and haggard from a night of distress, sat frowning over a brief note left in his hands by Trapper Joe.

It was the only way. A Justice of the Peace married us—it is fair to him to say he could not help himself. I love her, and she will be safe with me. Some day she is going to be glad I married her, and then I will bring her back to you, not before.

Amazing as the letter was, it was the name signed at the end that brought the old mine-owner's eyebrows up and the smile to his lips.

"Young Viking!" he muttered. "If Adele knew—but I'm not going to tell her who he is. Let them work out their own salvation—and somehow I believe they will."

THE FIRST LESSON IN HOUSEKEEPING: HOW TO PEEL POTATOES

In a tiny, slab-built cabin on a neighboring mountainside, at this moment two people stood facing each other in body and in soul. The girl was haughty and defiant, the man grave and stern. During the wild night that had just passed, Octavia had sounded every gamut of emotion from blazing rage to hysterical pleading, and now, exhausted and heavy-eyed, she faced her captor with unbroken defiance.

"Why have you set that woman to guard me?" she motioned toward the stolid squaw in the doorway of the bedroom beyond. "She has never left me all night. I will not be treated like this. Send her away."

"Not till you promise you will not try to leave the cabin."

Octavia stamped her foot. "Coward! Brute! I shall *never* promise that. Do you suppose I ever want to see you again? Do you suppose that last night's folly is going to tie *me* to *you?*"

He met her furious gaze sternly.

"I suppose that you are my wife," he said, "and some day you will be glad I broke your bonds and set you free to marry me. But till you tell me you are glad I shall not touch so much as your hand, so dont worry about that, my girl."

And in the strange weeks that came he kept his word rigidly. To Octavia, sitting sullenly on the doorstep of the cabin under the unblinking eye of the squaw, came the thud of his ax-blows from the mountainside and the grate of his busy saw. In a tiny clearing that faced the sun, Hemmingway was building a cabin-

"THE WOMEN IN THE STORE WERE WHISPERING AND NUDGING," SHE SAID COLDLY, IN EXPLANATION

home for his stolen bride, and later, striding across the hills to the nearest town, he returned laden with pathetic plunder of bright curtains and rugs, and even a small oak rocking-chair, carried on his great shoulders for her.

When the cabin was furnished, he went to her and bade her come to her own home. He spoke gently, but she felt the iron under his gentleness, and realized with utter helplessness that she would have to obey. But when he placed a knife in her hand and, pointing to a pan of potatoes on the table, asked her to get his dinner, her spirit flamed into rebellion.

"I will not!" she stormed. "You can keep me a prisoner if you like, but you cant make a squaw of me—you cant degrade me!"

"Is housework a degradation to a woman?" he asked slowly. "Peel the potatoes, if you please."

"I will *not* peel them." She flung the knife on the floor with heaving bosom. Silently he stooped to it, and handed it to her again. She struck it violently from his fingers. Again he forced it into her hand.

It was a battle of wills. In the end he conquered, and left her hysterically weeping over her task. But his face was lined and gray as he came out into the open, and he staggered a little, like an old man.

"How long?" he groaned. "God! I didn't know a man could suffer so. And in the end will she care, or have I ruined whatever chances I might have had? But no, I will not crawl to a wife on the carpet of a family and a position in the world. Marrying is a man and woman business—let it be so with us——"

But then he groaned again.

"My God! if she could care, what a rich thing life would be!"

Once on a trip to town he almost dared to hope. He had left Octavia in the store to make some purchases and stood outside talking to a group of miners, when she came to him before them all, slipped her hand into his arm and smiled a smile that was to him like warmth and light and life in a dark, cold place in his breast. But, out of sight of the staring and curious, the smile had bleakened, disappeared.

"The women in the store were all whispering and nudging," she said

KITTY MC SHANE AROUSES OCTAVIA AT LAST

coldly in explanation, and that was all. Eager words stumbled to his lips.

"Then—it—wasn't—because you—cared——"

He did not see the sudden flash in her down-drooped eyes, but he thought her voice had never been harder when she spoke.

"You could hardly expect that, could you?"

And so the miserable months went by and brought no healing. Sick at heart, the man went about his work, and the woman about hers. Manlike, he could not see that little by little the tiny cabin took on the gracious look of a home, nor guess that as he strode home from work, tall and firm-knit against the flaming sunset, her eyes, watching behind a curtain, found him very much of a man to look upon. Indeed, if it had not been for Kitty McShane things might have gone on so, drifting miserably to the end.

No one ever thought of Kitty in the light of a peacemaker. With her colored yellow head and painted cheeks and bold, provocative blue eyes, she was more often the harbinger of storm whenever in her erratic course she swerved down upon some tiny mountain mining town and set the hearts of its men folks a-burning. Before she descended from the stage-coach at Whitney, a dozen voices had informed her of Chuck Hemmingway's marriage with malicious enjoyment of her quick fury. Kitty regarded Chuck as her own property, and her crimson lips set in a straight line.

"That's too funny," she laughed shrilly; "I'm going out to make a call on Mrs. Hemmingway tomorrow."

It was this call that tore down Octavia's pride and let the woman of her out into the sunshine at last.

"Aint you glad to see me, Chuck?" Kitty greeted her old flame, insolently oblivious to the pale, regal

AND A YEAR LATER, WHERE TWO HAD GONE FORTH INTO THE NORTH, THREE

woman at his side. "You didn't use to make *me* do the callin' on *you!*"

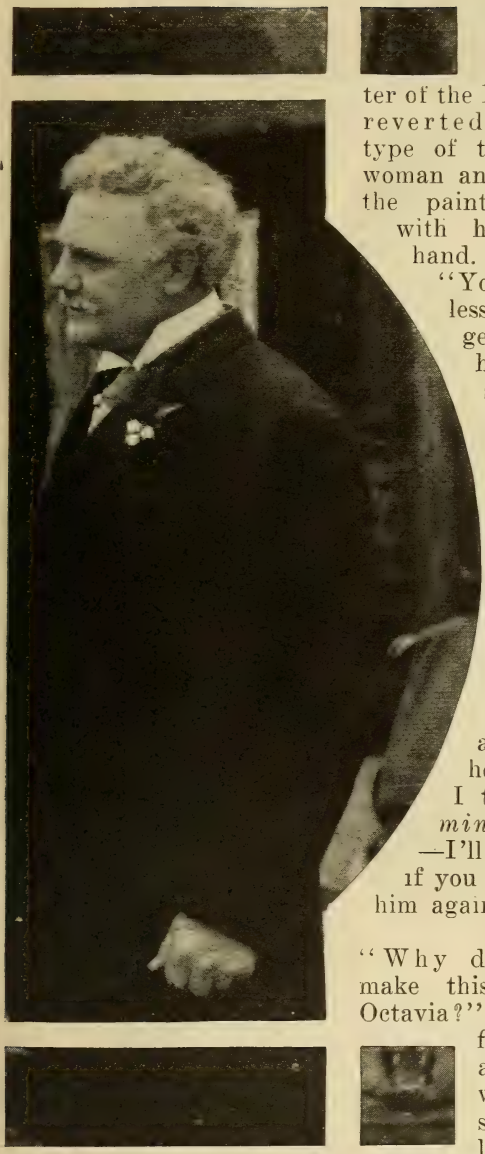
Octavia's head went higher. She laid a swift, proprietary hand on her husband's arm.

"Introduce me to your friend, wont you, dear?" she cooed.

Chuck looked from one woman to the other, and his heart gave a queer bound. The Octavia he saw now was not the Octavia of the past months, but a creature with claws, a primitive, uncultured woman-thing. What was the meaning of the change?

"Miss McShane, I want you to meet my wife," he said courteously, and withdrew metaphorically from the ring. Kitty measured her rival with derisive glance.

"My Gawd!" she murmured, and deliberately winked at Chuck. And



CAME BACK TOGETHER

then Octavia, daughter of the Puritans, reverted to the type of the cave-woman and struck the painted face with her open hand.

"You shameless woman, get out of here!" she exclaimed, in a high, flat tone. "Dont you ever dare to speak to my husband again—he's mine, I tell you, *mine!* I'll—I'll *kill* you if you speak to him again!"

"Why did you make this scene, Octavia?" Kitty, flouncing away with a shrill laugh to cover her confusion, had gone, and the husband and wife stood facing each other in the cabin living-room. His voice was stern with the effort he must make to keep it steady. She took a wavering step toward him, with a blind gesture.

Her face was flushed and her eyes shone with the bigness of her message. But somehow she could not say the words.

"Cant you understand?" The words were wavering, thin, but she thought she had shrieked them.

"Yes," he said, and his eyes mocked her; "you hate me and hate the only friends I have."

"Not that, no, no, not that," and a big tear ran unchecked down her cheek.

"What else?" he asked coldly. "You have shown me only the negative side of yourself—disgust, disdain, sneers and sighs. Now, suddenly, hate flares up from the ghost of your ill humors."

"Yes, I can hate," she said, erect and quivering; "hate with all my soul a woman who might do you harm."

He sprang toward her, his big hands open.

"Oh, it's not for myself," she cried; "it's only for you."

"Then why—why, oh, girl of my heart," he said, choking, "why——"

"I—why—because I—love you—" she whispered, and fell a-weeping against his rough shoulder. Above the bowed, black head the man raised his face, quivering in every line.

"Thank you—God!" he whispered. "Thank you, God!"

Later, when they could speak calmly again, he told her many things: that Kitty's infatuation had been uncalled for and unreturned; that she, his wife, was and would be the only woman in his life; and lastly, that he was as well-born and educated as she, but had chosen to live a bigger life than his birth required of him.

"And if you wish, I will take you back tomorrow," he told her tenderly. "I have handled our past, but I give you all our future, dearest, to do with as you will."

"No, no," she cried joyfully; "we will stay here. Sometime, perhaps—for a visit—but this shall be our home, my man."

And a year later, where two had gone forth into the North, three came back together to show old Ezra the mighty man-child who was his great-grandson.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, LASKY "ARTIST"

With his attractive, snappy brown eyes, black hair, and olive skin, Carlyle Blackwell might be an Italian Count, but this popular actor, whom Fortune has favored with ability, good looks, and energy, is a thoro American. He was born in Syracuse, N. Y., and received his education at Cornell University.

That the great future of the Motion Pictures depends on character work is Carlyle Blackwell's opinion. "There cannot be many changes of the fundamental emotions and situations, but character is infinitely varied. Character work is mirroring work, as well as real artistry."

THEY were as like as two peas—judging them for externals only.

But in thought and deed no two human beings could have been greater opposites than George Booth and his twin brother, Herbert. Here was the ugly handicap that was destined to sit upon George's square shoulders like an imp of perversity.

After all, the boys were counterparts of their parents—that is, George was the semblance of his gentle and upright mother, chiseled in the more rugged outlines of the male of the species; and Herbert the living spirit of his dissolute and profligate father, modeled in the soft clay of degeneration.

For fourteen years Mrs. Booth had tried to mould the putty into the semblance of granite. Each night of those years of mother's vigil had she gazed

at Herbert in his sleep and secretly put him on the pedestal of her maternal dreams, only to see him cast down in his first waking action of the morrow—a thing of soft, shapeless clay. His integrity was but a figment of her futile dreams. The real boy of misdeeds and evil actions was a creature of the coarse modeling of his father, who took an artist's delight in moulding him after his own evil pattern.

When Mrs. Booth was granted her divorce, she made no protest when her former husband requested the custody of Herbert.

The years that intervened between the separation of the parents would seem to have effectually put a wedge between the destinies of George and Herbert Booth. Their walks of life were as unlike as the milky way of the stars and a reeking trail thru the mud-flats of earth. But it is still to be remembered that they were Gemini by birth, if not under the guidance of the twins of the Zodiac—they must be reborn to their final destiny of the one mother, Fate!

Dreaming little of destinies, each went his way. Herbert followed in his father's footsteps, gratifying every ignoble desire, stealing tomorrow's joys to fill to excess today's cup of pleasure. He exceeded the worst even that his father had suspected, and at twenty had a capacity for strong drink that was only surpassed by desire for it in depth. It followed,

GEORGE LOOKS IN VAIN FOR A LETTER FROM GRACE, WHILE

naturally, that two profligates could not dominate the same board in peace, so Herbert, with an inebriate's cunning, spent several months in pilfering a large part of his father's cashable assets, and then fled from the dismal house.

VAIL LOOKS ON WITH EXULTATION

Herbert's ill-gotten funds lasted scarcely a month of unending debauchery. The dawn of sobriety found him filled with the so-called remorse that emanates from an empty stomach with no prospects. Destitute, then, for the first time in his life, Herbert was obliged to look about for some means of support and succor. For almost the first time in all these years, a vision of his benign mother was dragged to the mercy-seat. For a moment the forces of destiny wavered, and Herbert was on the brink of meeting his brother again on the battlefield of Fate. It would have been infinitely better now than at that later time, but it did not come to pass. Instead, Herbert, moved by one of the few steady impulses that swept thru the current of his life, enlisted in the army.

It was due less to Fate, perhaps, than to a hereditary military strain that had seen a long line of Booths in the army, that drew George toward a military career. In due time he was graduated from West Point and soon after was detailed to the Philippines, whither his brother's regiment had gone nearly two years before.

If Herbert had allowed the stiff discipline and healthy routine of army life to resurrect what manhood lay latent in his being, he would undoubtedly have learnt to enjoy some of the real blessings of life after his decade of dissipation. But, chafing under the galling yoke of right living and well-being that constituted the condition of soldiery, Herbert sought an opportunity to desert. The opportunity presented itself and desertion seemed easy.

Keeping under cover, for a more wholesome type of man, might have been a more difficult task under the circumstances. But for Herbert, the mere matter of seeking the life of the lowest classes and festering along with them in their fetid holes in the lowest sinks of the native quarter of the city, was a new experience in debauchery that quite suited his fancy. Incidentally, he placed his two hands within a pair of iron cuffs that bound

him to the life he had espoused as his soul was bound to his body.

The first of these bonds was Tatuka, a native beauty of low character, who wove a spell about Herbert that was only second in its grip to that of opium, which she had taught him to

To George his brother was but a memory, with which there still lingered not unfond sentiments. He had not been a prude, so that his recollections bore anything but a moral flavor. They had been playmates together—and *brothers.* As his brother had been

GRACE THOMAS IS TAKEN TO TATUKA'S HUT, WHERE "GEORGE" LAY IN A

smoke in a way that brought all the glories that the flesh is unfortunately heir to, panting at his feet. To his gifted imagination, opium beggared all other adventures in dissipation. To these two subtle influences, then, Herbert Booth was chained hand and foot, head and heart, when his twin brother, George, arrived with his regiment in Manila.

then he could well remember him. That he had changed and was still the image of himself did not occur to him for sheer lack of interest. Herbert had dropped out of the lives of him and his mother. They had, for obvious reasons, sought new friends, who never knew that George had a brother.

Like most young officers, George had been separated from dearest and best

by the broad waters of the Pacific. He had left a mother whom he adored —and a sweetheart. Grace Thomas was the sort of a girl of whom George had every reason to feel that two years' absence would only serve to purge her love of the little flaw of doubt that now and then appeared on the surface of their mutual affection. Their loves were too deep for any more sinister thoughts about the matter. And so the stream of their love would probably have flowed along unruffled to the very sea of matrimony had not the shadow of Gemini fallen across the path of the twins!

DRUNKEN STUPOR

The first, and perhaps foremost, ill omen that appeared in the sky of George Booth's happiness was the personality of Colonel Vail, his commanding officer. Vail was a disgruntled suitor of Grace's. Now and then George had suspected the older man's dislike and had thought he had been visited with it in the way of onerous duties that should not have fallen to his lot. Yet nothing specific had warranted his suspicion, and he himself might have been guilty in the same way, he had argued, had he been the loser of Grace.

So, content in his betrothal, George would have suffered actual injury without complaint or reproach. But all thought of Vail and his disposition in the matter were suddenly driven from his mind upon failing to receive his regular semi-weekly letter from Grace. It might have missed the steamer; she might have been indisposed at the time, or her father might be sick. He seized upon first one of these reasons, then another, and finally decided that all three had occasioned this remarkable phenomenon. With stoical patience he waited until the next mail steamer arrived. At the distribution of post mail that night, no letter from Grace was brought to him.

The first letter he wrote her concerning the strange absence of her regular letters was one of deep concern as to the possible reason for such a thing. Still no reply. Then his concern took a new turn—she no longer cared for him. He expressed this feeling in the next letter with no uncertain tone of reproach. A month had passed without a word. He next demanded an explanation, and finally became angry and then tearful, beseeching her to send him only a single word. But no word came and the matter slipped into dismal history, which brought an eternal silence into his life.

Colonel Vail was playing a dangerous game for a man in his position. The chances favored his losing, for he had young love and impetuous youth against him. They often overrode all obstacles. But the stakes were high, and once won could never be wrested from him. He had Grace's father on his side and held several strong trump cards. He had the four aces still up his sleeve. Thus far he had robbed the post mail of the precious letters that were vibrating with heart-breaks, and no one was the wiser. The bag was brought to and from his house by his orderly, and he alone held the key. He could scarcely be said to feel joy over their discomfiture, because of the love with which every line of Grace's letters vibrated. Just as he had hoped and expected, each had come seriously to doubt the love and fidelity of the other. There the matter should have ended, as he intended, and he would

get leave of absence for a few months and rush into the breach and, with the father's assistance and the aid of a few innuendos, carry off the prize.

But matters suddenly took quite a different turn. Grace announced that she had at last persuaded her mother to come to the Philippines with her and learn the worst. By the time the letter reached him she would be on her way.

The show-down was at hand. Colonel Vail was facing ruin. His first thought was foul play. Booth must be gotten out of the way before the passing of another fortnight.

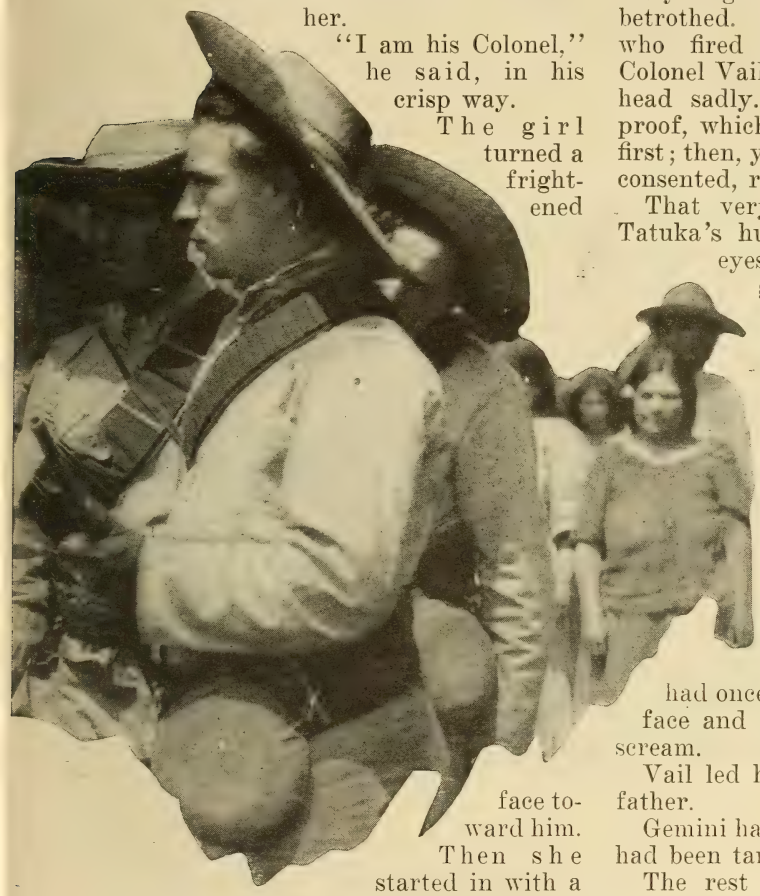
George Booth was gotten out of the way, but in a manner that left no trail of blood behind. An insurrecto leader had been seen at large, about thirty miles from the city —the Colonel said he had been told— and George was sent in charge of the party that was commanded to stay until the insurrecto was brought back with them.

The Colonel was happy because Grace was coming now. Fate and the Gemini had aided him materially. For while prowling around outside the old city walls one afternoon, trying to solve the desperate problem he had propounded for himself, he was amazed to see Lieutenant George Booth reel past him in civilian's clothes, as drunk as a man could be and keep his feet.

Here was really a complication instead of a solution. Booth drunk—an unheard-of thing—would be harder to handle than Booth sober. On the impulse of the moment he turned and followed the staggering man to a little suburb that the natives had built for themselves beyond the city. Here he

TATUKA SHIELDS HER MAN FROM THE FILIPINOS

was joined by a native woman, who scolded him in terms of the greatest familiarity. The Colonel was puzzled. He followed them to the very door of their hut, where the woman gave the drunken man a shove inside. Colonel Vail hurried forward and accosted her.



"I am his Colonel," he said, in his crisp way.

The girl turned a frightened face toward him. Then she started in with a plea for clemency, with much about his having been sick when he was forced to desert the army. At length the Colonel made her start all over again from the beginning, and she told the story. To his amazement, this was not Lieutenant Booth. Suddenly his face lightened, and he seized her arm.

"This man could be sent to prison —and worse—on my order. But listen. Do everything that I tell you, and he shall not be molested."

Tatuka would have given her soul and most of her body to save her white lover. So she listened and nodded joyfully. To make matters certain, Vail pressed a gold-piece into her palm.

So when Grace Thomas arrived, Colonel Vail met her with a sad face. He did not think it wise to tell her what he confided to her father about the young man to whom she had been betrothed. Her father told Grace, who fired up in bitter disbelief. Colonel Vail, much affected, shook his head sadly. Grace then demanded proof, which he refused to submit at first; then, yielding to her entreaty, he consented, reluctantly.

That very night he took her to Tatuka's hut, where, with her own eyes, she saw George Booth—greatly changed, to be sure, by his low life—but the same George Booth, stupefied with liquor and drugs, lolling in the arms of a brown woman. In the dim, flickering lights of the place his face seemed horribly changed, but his voice was exactly the same in its soft timbre as when he had last spoken soft words of love to her. She threw the sacred locket he had once given her into his sodden face and fled from the hut with a scream.

Vail led her, sobbing, away to her father.

Gemini had triumphed, and Destiny had been tampered with.

The rest was comparatively easy, tho a very delicate matter for Vail and Grace's father to handle. George Booth was eliminated as a suitor, of course, but it was too soon to propose a substitute, tho her father gave his consent and guaranteed that of Grace. For that matter she had once told the Colonel that if she did not marry George she would marry him.

Many events caught up with the little group whom the Gemini had wrested from their orbits of destiny, but the Colonel was too busy formulating his plans for resigning from the service to give any of them a thought, except Grace, who dominated

them all. Within two months he had returned to the States, and his betrothal appeared in the society columns of the Eastern papers just a month after his arrival, the wedding to take place a few months later in the spring.

To George Booth, Vail's departure meant little. His interest in mundane things had waned with the repeated disappointment arising from certain mails failing to bring the essential balm with which his life had been blessed and watered and fed heretofore. George cared little what happened to him or to any one else. Then, one day came a letter from her at last —a scathing, scalding missive telling him that she despised him! For weeks he was like one struck blind and dumb. News of a rising less than a hundred miles off came like a breath of cool wind to his fevered mind. Death would be welcome.

Despite the fierce fighting done by him and his men, they were defeated. Natives to the number of ten to one surrounded them, and, unless aid was brought, they would have to die to a man. George, being his own commander, constituted himself as the man to ride thru the lines and seek the assistance of a detachment nearly fifty miles distant.

George was struck not once, but four times, by their bullets, as he rode right into their very teeth. The last the frightened natives saw of him was a face streaming with blood and shrouded in that hideous smile that men wear when they are courting death. And he rode on and on, all thru the night and part of the next day. The detachment had been forced to leave the station they had taken up, half-way to the barracks. He had a dull recollection of half-dragging his weary steed over that last twenty-five miles. He was so numb that to stop meant to stiffen—perhaps in death—right in his tracks, so he kept at it with the weariness making hell of his aching wounds, and his wounds shrieking at his futility. Then reality fled and left him half-conscious of the hell of it all and half-cognizant of a heaven of dementia into which his shattered body had cast his soaring mind. For hours he went along moaning thru all the songs he had known—the songs he and she had sung together. Then he ceased to care, for she had come and rode like a maid of old on the crupper of his horse.

TATUKA IS OVERJOYED AT THE RETURN OF HER LOVER

He heeded nothing, not even the ping-ping that followed several sharp cracks from the thicket near-by. He sang the louder, with a cadence that was more melancholy than weeping. But the firing kept on, until at length there was a sharp pain in his thigh, and he sank forward.

He had not seen a woman rush forward from the huddled group of natives and seize him in her arms. She kist him and wept over him by turns, fighting those who sought to do him harm. Then she carried him to the cool shade of a palmetto, where she began laving his wounds, now unmolested.

A month later George began to recognize things, and realized that he had come back to the world that had not his loved one. The strangeness of his surroundings impressed him little, as he heartily wished he had died. When the brown woman who attended him came near and tried to caress him, as she was eternally doing, he would throw her off with no mistaken antipathy. Then she would go into the corner and weep.

She came near him one bright afternoon, pleading for recognition. He saw her not. His gaze was fastened upon a gold locket that hung about her neck. He seized it, fairly tearing it from her ample breast. With equal ferocity he tore it open with trembling fingers. It contained his own picture!

Rising, and almost throttling the woman in his intensity, he demanded of her where she had stolen it.

GEORGE LEARNS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT VAIL, GRACE, AND HIS BROTHER

"No; you drunk—you no 'member; I tell it all—an' 'gain you maybe leave me?"

After threat and entreaty and endured caress, George got the whole story. It took him the next two days to piece it together. Then he realized that his own brother was this woman's consort. He saw at length how the Colonel had duped him and pulled the wool over Grace's eyes by offering the most tangible and logical proof in the world. He saw how his brother had gotten tired of the woman and had deserted her, and how she had been searching the island over and over for him and at length thought she had

found him, not knowing that his counterpart existed.

A week later George stole out of the village one cloudy night, taking a mangy mount with him. It took him all the next day to reach Manila, where his story brought an immediate leave from the commandant, and the next steamer found him aboard, pacing the deck from morn till night, and sometimes far into the night.

George Booth's methods of regaining an empire would not have been so leisurely and strategic had he known that his arrival in his native city was destined to be the very night that Grace Thomas was to become the wife of another man.

Grace was not a happy bride that night, nor were the bridesmaids that gathered about her before the opening bars of Lohengrin sounded in the great hall below. She stepped outside to where her father was waiting, but there was no reflection of his smiling visage in her eyes. She marched up to the bower they had erected, with eyes set on the misleading heart of another man. The words sounded cold and harsh, as she heard the minister speak. Colonel Vail stood opposite, and circumstances made it necessary for her to look into his face as the ceremony began. His smile made her shudder. Then she heard a voice that seemed to echo across the Vale of Might-Have-Been. He heard it, too, seemingly, for he turned sharply and his face went white. She was afraid to turn.

There was a confused blur of voices among the assembled guests, and she felt the influence of some strange vicissitude in her destiny.

The shadow of Gemini had passed from between them. George came and took her in his arms, and all but herself seemed to understand, for he had been talking at great length. The minister came forward again, and his low words sounded like the distant surf in her ears. They were married. And then—and only then—did she note that Colonel Vail had disappeared!

# The COMING of ANGELO

by GLADYS HALL

When her soul knew at length the Love it nursed,
Born with her life, creature of poignant thirst. —*Rossetti.*

"Ecco, Theresa, ecco, ecco! Tonio Cantello ran from the crowd of returning men and fisherwomen and caught at the girl's bright shawl. "There is a new man come to the colony, Tesso," he panted; "I want you to—see each other."

"Is he some prince, that you are so overheated, Tonio?" gaily laughed the girl.

"No—but he is lonely. We saw him coming off the wharf—my mother and I. We are taking him home with us to live. I knew he wouldn't be lonely if he could know you, Theresa."

The girl laughed again, deliciously. She liked the child's admiration. She felt a certain curiosity as to this newcomer. Not many came to Napoli these days. The inhabitants had enough to do wresting their living from the blue Mediterranean waters and draining their wine from the grape-coated hills behind. Tonio, tugging at her gay shawl, drew her up to the little knot surrounding the newcomer. Theresa stood on the edge

of the crowd and looked; she looked again. Then her eyes fastened themselves on the animated young face and became amorous, hungry, startled.

"Madonna!" she whispered to herself. "Blessed Lady of Sorrows—this is the man!"

She was sun-ripened, like some tender peach, this fairest of Italy's daughters; and her blood ran clear as the wine from her own grapes thru her blue veins. Her lips were as sweet as the scent of wild roses, and her eyes were as blue as the blue Mediterranean when the sky is velvet above it.

Standing thus—with her child's mouth parted, her hair like living gold, and her warm, Italian heart in her blue eyes—Angelo first saw her.

Furtively he crossed himself. "Madonna," he whispered under his breath, "it is the Blessed Damozel—leaning to me from the bars of heaven."

Tonio caught the look, and he flashed his white teeth delightedly. "Signore Angelo," he shrilled, "here she is—here's Tessie."

The sun was drowning the lazily luxuriant land in flood upon flood of gold. The warmth of the earth seemed fairly to emanate and to quicken the blood with its richness of appeal. High up on a cliff, whose bare breast sloped sheerly to the sea,

A NEW MAN COMES TO THE COLONY

sat Angelo and Theresa. Meeting by accident in the hubbub of the morning preparations, they had strolled up to the solitude, impelled by the idle warmth and the strange, perilous call of the blood. Somehow they had no need of speech. He had come she knew not whence, and knew that she did not care. His warm, olive face; his bold, black eyes; his jetty curls under a scarlet cap—suddenly and ferociously they had become the world for her. Often, lying supine upon her back, stretching her little, round body

under the sun, she had wondered what it all meant—the warmth, the sea-song, the wine of grape, and the hot unrest in her own blood. She had wondered why the sky need be so troublously blue; why the air was amative, caressing; why her own body was velvet-sheathed—soft-breasted—supple. Now she knew. It was all because of a mutable, olive face with bold, black eyes, and jetty curls under a scarlet cap. *He* was the warmth and the sea-song. *He* was the heat in her blood—and life, and love, and Italy.

And Angelo, watching, set a shrine up in his soul. He stretched forth his lean, brown hand and took hers. "Theresa," he said—"carissima—mia——"

"Oh, no—no, signore!" Theresa sat suddenly upright. Her cheeks burned to a deep scarlet; her eyes widened as tho afraid. "Blessed Virgin!" she gasped; "I had *forgotten!*"

"Forgotten—*ebbene,* it is best that we forget, my little one, my love. We shall forget today all but our two hearts—and the sun—and——"

"I had forgotten—*Gudio!*" Theresa gasped it as tho heedless of the increasing tenderness in Angelo's voice. At the name Gudio the lad sat upright.

"Gudio," he repeated; "who is this —Gudio?"

"I am betrothed to him," the girl said dazedly. "The saints must forgive me; but ever since I saw you last evening, Angelo, I have forgotten him."

ANGELO IS INTRODUCED INTO TESSIE'S HOME

"Betrothed!" Angelo laughed, but his liquid voice was strained. "That is impossible, carissima," he said, pleadingly, bravely; "you are for me —I am for you. Did I not cross myself, when I first saw your golden head, and pray to the Blessed Virgin? The Blessed Damozel I thought you were, leaning to me from the courts of heaven. Ah, carissima, carissima" —the low voice dropped to a velvet

tone—"across this Italy I have come to you from my home in Ortona on the Adriatic Sea. I had no purpose. I left my father's home—a home of plenty—in answer to your call. Theresa——"

"Angelo!"—the name was a wail —"do not hurt me so. My heart is swelling till it must burst my kerchief. Let me tell you, caro mio, Gudio is a good man—the leader of our colony. For years he has caught the best, the largest fish, made the fastest bargains, saved the most money. He has a fine home, with plenty of silver and linen, and all the good things. He is, too, a religious man. And he is well to look at—not like you, Angelo mio, with your face like a blessed saint, but swarthy and thick-set and brown-eyed. *Ebbene,* he fancied me—poor Theresa Amato. I—I did not know this love that fills me now, Angelo—this panting, swelling, burning thing. I thought that marriage was a home and much food, and little, brown bambinas playing in the mud, and grape-gathering under the sun. I know differently now. Bambinas are a little part; but home and food—they matter not at all.

"*Ebbene,* I gave him my vow. The Blessed Virgin would turn our love to a curse if I should break this vow."

Angelo tossed his jetty curls under his scarlet cap. His full, voluptuous, yet tender mouth took on grim lines. In Italy there are vendettas, Mafias, loves avenged with a brutal knife, and Angelo was Italy's truest son. Moreover, he was young, and the sun-hot blood of his country ran fervidly thru his veins. He caught Theresa to his breast and lifted her to her feet. Thru his gay, flannel shirt she could hear the pulse and thud of his violent heart; in the brown column of his bared throat something throbbed swollenly. All at once his desire called to her and a flame broke over her. He caught her closer, and they were swept under by the mighty tidal wave that is creation—creation omnipotent—not to be denied. It beat them to the earth and raised them up again, dizzy, shaken, pallid. "Mother of God!" he was sobbing—"Mother of God!"

They stood silent for an instant, staring at one another, lip-hungry, heart-hungry, soul-hungry. Then a voice said, menacingly:

"Theresa!"

The pair wheeled, and Theresa gave a frightened cry. Her eyes widened pitifully, pleadingly, thru her tangled, sunny hair.

"Gudio," she breathed, "I tried—I —ah, Dio! Gudio—you cannot understand——"

Gudio was an older man. He had lived and loved, and the love was for this girl who stood before him now quivering from the embrace of the statuesque intruder into his paradise. Red swam before his eyes. He felt under his sash for the short, stout knife he carried. An idea flashed into his head that it would be an easy thing to mutilate this curly-headed, smooth-skinned stranger—mutilate him so that he must be obnoxious to even the fondest eye. Then the girl's face caught his attention. Such a child's face! Pouting, trembling lips; humid, frightened eyes; baby-gold, tumbled hair. Even as the maternal is the fine essence of a woman's love for a man, so is the paternal, the tenderly protective, the fine essence of a man's love. Gudio did not reason these things out. His Latin nature, with its quick, warm sympathy, its easy wrath, its man's strength and child's credulity, merely had its way.

He took his felt hat from his head and twisted it between his horny, brown fingers. "I saw you," he began, without preamble, "and I came up here—wanting to kill. You are stealing my girl; but that's not all." He raised his eyes and looked into Angelo's with a sudden pathos, a hunger that was as great as their own. "You're stealing my household saint," he said. "Every night, when I say my prayers, I say them first to Our Blessed Lady"—here he crossed himself—"then to—Theresa! I pray to her that she may ever smile on me with her sweet eyes and keep her lips pure—for me. I pray, too, that I, the

ON WITH THE NEW LOVE—

poor Gudio, may have the power to bring her happiness. This, above all else, I pray for her—happiness. I pray that her skies be always blue and her mouth be always laughing. Some of my prayers are gone—the part that is me. But the happiness—the laughing, sunny happiness—that is left for you to give her, signore, and I—I want you to have it, Theresa mia."

"Gudio!" The girl's eyes filled with ready tears; she had never felt so warmly toward him as at this instant. Dimly she realized that only a big man did things like this; and dimly, too, she sensed the great heart-love that prompted it.

They watched his stocky, unsteady figure out of sight, then they slowly followed him. Some of his sacrificial pain had entered their own hearts and laid a shadow across the sun.

Theresa took Angelo to her home, where her fat, complacent mother knitted, ceaselessly, by the window and her bent, wrinkled father mended fish-netting and mumbled to himself. There she introduced Angelo as her future husband, and explained the exit of Gudio.

"He is a good man—Gudio," mumbled her father, eyeing the stranger shrewdly from beady, black eyes set in a network of wrinkles. "He would have made a good husband, Tesso—a good husband. Where are you from, Signor Angelo?"

"From Ortona in the Abruzzi. My father owns vineyards there, and I am his only son."

By nightfall all arrangements were made and Theresa's parents satisfied as to Angelo's desirability.

Theresa and her mother sat close together, deep in discussion of linen and lace and feminine intimacies that brought a lull to Theresa's voice and the scarlet to her cheeks.

In the home of Gudio Donatelli the shutters were closed and the lamps within extinguished. In the low-ceilinged, spacious room, that was kitchen, dining-hall and reception-room at once, there reigned a death-like quiet. On a table, in the center of the room, burned two long, white candles like ghostly fingers tapering

—AND OFF WITH THE OLD

heavenward. Their fitful, melancholy gleam lit up a festal board. There were wine and cake, spaghetti and meats with garlic, fresh greens, purple grapes and various and divers sweets. It was set forth temptingly on a snowy cloth, and there were flowers scattered here and there—white, sickly-sweet flowers—just withering from the wraithlike candle-heat.

Some one came into the room, noiselessly, and Donatelli sat at the head of the festal board. His eyes had a strange glaze, and his strong, knotted hands were incongruously unsteady. His lips moved stiffly.

"The Feast of Death, Theresa!" he muttered, and reached for some of the wine. "Tomorrow is your bridal-day—yours and Angelo's. Today is my bridal-day—mine and Death's. Ha! I take a skull for a bedfellow, and the grave-mould for a caress. Yet, who shall say that Gudio Donatelli played the coward? Here, with the sunshine everywhere—here, with youth and health and plenty of solid gold, I sit and eat my death-feast, Theresa — carissima. Life is but death with you not here—and death will be life to me——"

"Theresa!" called a voice outside his window, a heedless, eager voice—"Theresa—I want you!"

It was Angelo, and the warm, rich tones seemed to smite Gudio's ears with a strange effect. He sat bolt upright, and an ugly, sinister expression changed the dull melancholy of his face. His impressionable nature was running from one mould into another.

"Why should I die?" he whispered thru his teeth—"for his happiness? Why not let *him* die—for mine? She was happy with me before he came. Is she not a saint, and did she not give me her lips? Therefore, she loved me. He has cast a spell over her with his flashing smiles and his bright eyes and his different ways. I shall not die—for him."

Gudio was a survival of a race who were firm partisans of the Mafia, the all-powerful secret society. Modernized and a more gentle spirit than his ancestry, Gudio refused to participate in the machinations of the organization. But, because of the blood that was in him—lawless, dark, sinister blood—he did not altogether refute their claims upon him. A week or more ago three of them had come to him in the dead of night and imposed upon him the trust of a bomb. With the sweat thick upon his brow, he had undertaken the care of it, and now the infernal thing became an agent to his hand.

If royalty, the aristocracy, class-distinction were to be torn down—if men were murdered for such things as these—what of a man who stole another man's mate? What of a man who tore a living heart from a human breast and crucified it? Did he not deserve the Mafia upon him?

Gudio smiled, crookedly. The exalted lover, the man beneficent, had gone, and in their place stood, incarnated, one of the grewsome Mafia—an Italian planning a tragical vendetta.

Gudio had seen enough of plot-cunning to concoct his demon's scheme. From the big alarm-clock on the mantel to the bomb concealed by the door he stretched the connecting wire. When that clock should strike the hour of six, the bomb would explode—and Angelo Caprio should be in the room—alone. Gone from his mind was the wistful pleading of Theresa's face—the mute and undeniable prayer in her eyes. He remembered only the contact of her lips on his, and scoffed that he had thought to let another own them. He raised the shutters to his windows, and the late sun stained his Feast of Death like blood—"Angelo's blood," he whispered—"the blood of a thief!"

Some ten minutes later there came a clamor in the street—women's voices exclaimed and called; earrings bobbed excitedly under coils of oiled, black hair; gay bandannas craned and peered.

"It is Donatelli!" cried one. "God's Mother! he is fighting Theresa!"

"Blessed saints! he is fighting Tessie!" shrieked little Tonio Cantello; "he will kill her—he will kill her!"

"Holy Virgin!" wailed Signora Amato, waddling to her door, lengths of flimsy white trailing behind her. "And Angelo is in his house! What is it all about? I suspected trouble. Angelo is locked in his house!"

Donatelli was swarthy and powerful, but the girl was lithe and spurred on by her desperate end. She had suspected Gudio of some revenge when she had seen him ask Angelo to come in and drink with him, and she followed him to the door.

"ANGELO'S BLOOD," HE WHISPERED

Perhaps Gudio did not use all his powers; perhaps her patron saint was kind. At any rate, swift as the chained lightning, her hand slipped out, threw the bolt, and Angelo staggered out onto the threshold. Theresa slid from Gudio's arms, and the maddened man turned to Angelo in a last endeavor to thrust him back into the house.

The figures in the doorway clutched and swayed; guttural sounds came from strained throats; the sweat of their sinewy bodies stained their rent shirts. And the hand of the clock crept its certain round.

"It is the girl, Theresa," hissed the crowd.

"Donatelli — Donatelli — brava — brava!" yelled the onlookers.

"Save the stranger!" cried a woman—"he is some mother's son!"

The figures in the doorway reeled, balanced, reeled again. Now Gudio was in the doomed house, and Angelo had the door thrust half upon him; now Angelo was within, and Gudio was struggling to imprison him. And the hand of the clock crept its certain round.

Signora Amato wrung her fat hands. "Stop them!" she wailed—"*cielo—cielo*—Joseph—Alfonti—ah, God!"

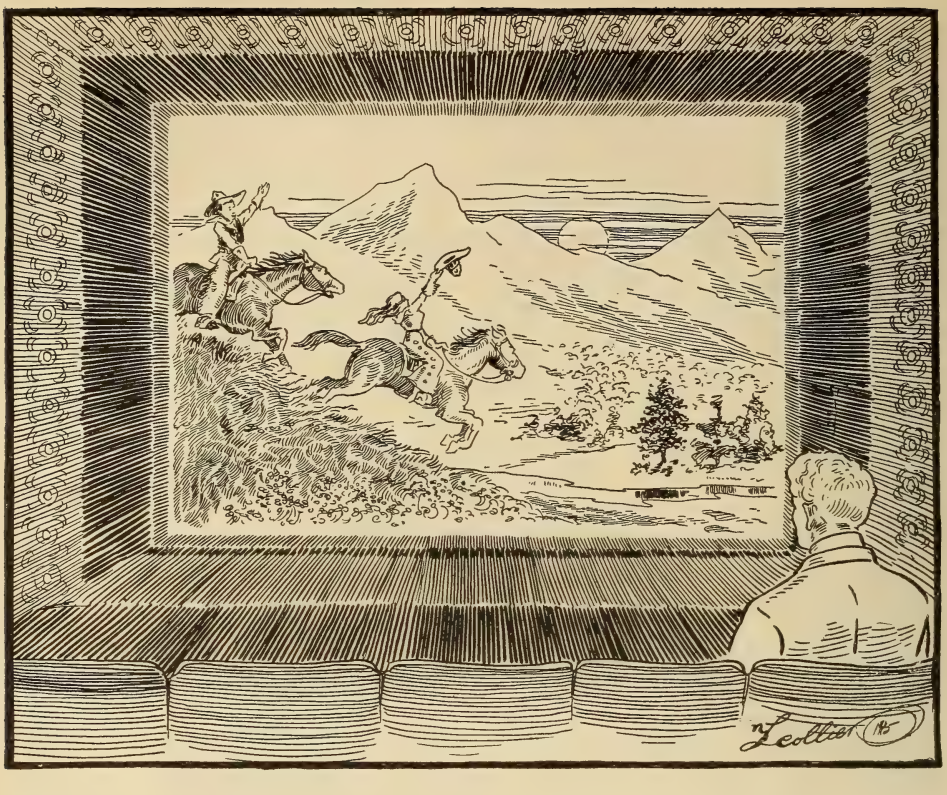
The hand of the clock crept its certain round. It struck the hour of six. . . . . An explosion shattered the air. An outcry went up of groans and curses and fear. The house of Donatelli rained bricks and glass and mortar. For one horrid, suspended instant smoke concealed the outcome of the tragedy, then Angelo reeled across the pavement, lips bleeding and blackened of face. The door of the house fell to, and the host was alone with his Feast of Death.

"He had set a bomb, first, for his own death, then — for mine!" gasped Angelo. "It must have been near the door. He tried to lure me into the trap. I went in, and he drank to my nuptials; then, suddenly he made an excuse to leave. I saw him fumbling to bolt the door. I did not like it. You know the rest."

Over the crest of the hill and down to the water's edge came Angelo, eyes agleam in his white face, jetty curls under his scarlet cap. His grave face dissembled in a smile, his eyes flashed fire. "Ecco, Theresa!" he called, laughingly. "Ecco, signorita!"

The girl stood erect in the boat, her hair a golden glory, her breast swelling the white of her bodice. "An-gelo!" she called back—"Angelo—mio!"

And to herself she whispered, "Madonna—Our Lady of Sorrows—this is the man!"



# That Country on the Screen

By N. L. COLLIER

Hurrah for that country where rivulets flow
And the wild honeysuckle and violet grow—
That beautiful country where great mountains rise,
Where they hold up their snow-covered nose in the skies—

That fair, rolling country where cowpunchers ride,
Where the bees and the birds and the buttercups hide;
Afar from the mart with its money-mad throng,
In the heart of the hills—ah! I linger there long.

A man and a maid 'mong the scenes that I know,
On a wild horseback dash to the valley below—
Hurrah for that country where breezes are sweet;
And all that it costs you is ten cents a seat.

# The LAND of ADVENTURE

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

EDISON

OF course, every story, to start off right, must contain item, one beautiful heroine; item, one stalwart hero—that is, unless it is one of those ultra-modern, psychological things about a Sensitive Soul with cramps in his conscience. But I am going to be particularly generous in the way of characters, and give you *two* lovely heroines, and *two* stalwart heroes, all four heart-free, red-blooded and tingling with the youthful zest for adventure. Perhaps you already guess that this is going to be a love story. You are right. It *is* going to be a love story, and it opens on the white deck of the South American steamship *Amazon,* bound for Panzuelo and setting sail in two minutes.

All off who are not sailing with the author, his two heroes and two lovely heroines!

The two tall, well-looking youths striding up the gang-plank at this moment have no intention of leaving, at any rate. Jack and Billy, you see, are my heroes, and bound to come along with me whether or no. But, leaving the exigencies of the plot out of consideration entirely, there was no spot on earth where these same two youngsters would have preferred to be to the deck of the *Amazon,* bound for Panzuelo. When I explain that Jack carried in his breast-pocket at this moment a cablegram from his friend, the President of Panzuelo, begging him to come to the assistance of the Republic, threatened by a bloody revolution under the nefarious General Villanza, you will not wonder at their holiday mien. In a story and out of it, boys always like a fuss.

"Jove, Billy, what luck!" exulted Jack. "To think the old fellow would have remembered us just because we spent a week in his opera-bouffe palace last winter! I tell you the Span-

ish and the French and the Italians are all very well when it's politeness and palaver, but the Americanos are the fellows to send for in trouble."

"Seems to me you're waving the Stars and Stripes pretty early in the game," commented Billy. "Why, even George W. Cohen waits till the third act. I say, old fellow, the trip down isn't going to be so worse, after all. Just cast your eye along the deck and see the lov-er-ly scenery!"

Enter our heroines. They are Mary and Alice Bruce, the daughters of Stephen Bruce, an American mine-owner and financial backer of President Alvarez, of Panzuelo, and, having been educated to the full capacity of Miss Sarah Saunders' Select School for Females, on the Hudson, they are returning home to keep house for papa. Alice is dark and vivacious, with long, gold-tipped eye-lashes and a dimple at the corner of her laughing lips. Mary is a blonde, with blue-gentian eyes, and the sort of skin "you love to touch." Robert W. Chambers never had heroines any lovelier than mine, if he *does* get ten cents a word.

"Whew!" gasped Jack, gazing at the dimpled Alice, "the dark-haired one is some pippin! She can hang her hat on my hat-rack whenever she likes."

"Pooh! You're color-blind, me boy," scoffed Billy. "The golden girl has got a monopoly on the looks in that span. Wonder who they are. I'm going to ask the captain to give us a knock-down."

Being typical American young men, our heroes succeeded so well in the agreeable art of making friends that that afternoon, as the *Amazon* swung out of sight of the New Jersey shore, they were sitting with the young ladies, comfortably tucked into adjacent deck-chairs, chatting as tho they were old friends.

(The trip down is short, and my story limited to twenty-five hundred words, so I hasten matters a bit.)

"Funny thing happened this morning," said Jack, with a nod toward two swarthy men leaning against the rail some distance away. "See those two dark beggars? Well, they spotted Billy and me as soon as we got on board, and ten minutes later, while we were in our stateroom tidying our grips, comes a note sliding under the door, telling us in vile Spanish to leave the ship at the first port, or we would never leave it alive! Thrilling, isn't it? Of course, it may not be those fellows, but I lay it to 'em, all the same."

"O-oo!" shuddered the girls, in chorus. "What are you going to do?"

"Do?" Billy was emphatic. "Why, stay on, of course. It takes more than a couple of dagos to put a crimp into my spine. Why, I wouldn't leave the *Amazon* now for any money you could put up."

And he glanced meaningly into Miss Mary's fringed, gentian eyes.

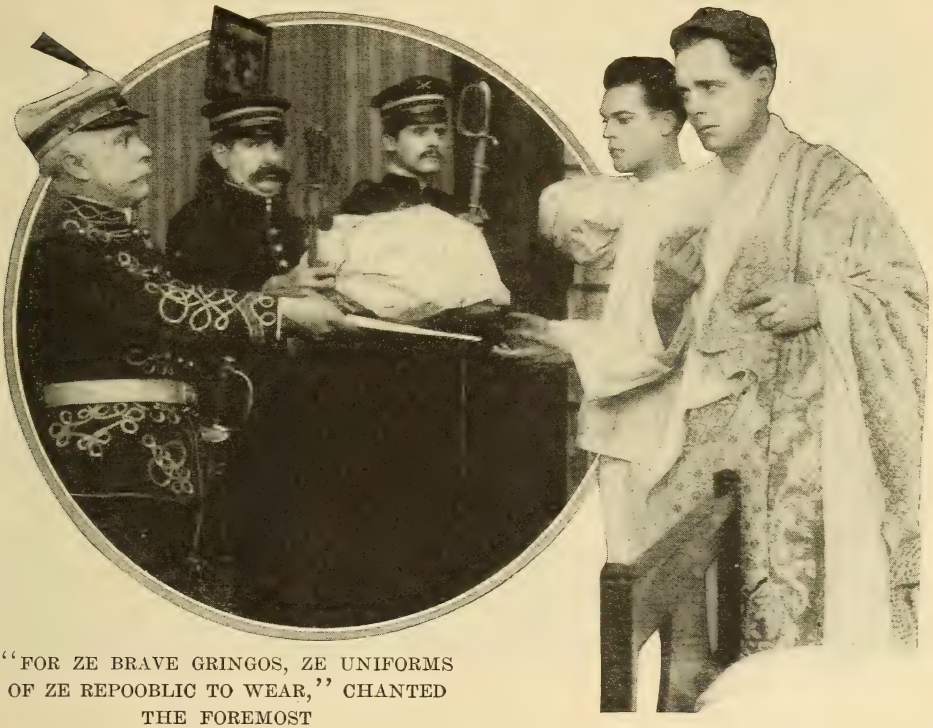
"How *brave* you are!" she sighed. At the same moment Alice bent her dimpled smile on Jack.

"We were dreading going back, Mary and I," she said. "Panzuelo is so dirty, you know, and full of foolish little red-shirted soldiers and tarantulas and peons, but now I dont mind so much—somehow——"

You know the rest, so why go on? If you have ever been on the water, even on a ferry-boat, with your best girl, and there has been a moon, and you were both of you young—aha! yes, I see you *do* remember. And herein lies a touch of literary cleverness, for I expect you to supply from your own memory what Jack said to Alice, and the pretty speeches Billy whispered to Mary during the rest of the trip to Panzuelo. And so, in moonlight and fair weather and pleasant flirtation, the trip slipped away with only one incident deserving mention.

The two swarthy gentlemen, whom I have no doubt my perspicacious readers have long ago decided to be spies of the revolutionists, and in which decision they are entirely correct, were detected in the very act of aiming a revolver thru the port-hole of the boys' cabin on a dark evening

just before the *Amazon* landed. Fortunately, suspicious of their intentions, Jack and Billy and several members of the crew were on the watch, and the spies were captured red-handed. When the ship landed next day our heroes bade a reluctant good-by to the young ladies and reported triumphantly at the palace, leading their captives, manacled and scowling, with the ship's company.



"FOR ZE BRAVE GRINGOS, ZE UNIFORMS OF ZE REPOOBLIC TO WEAR," CHANTED THE FOREMOST

The spies should have known better than to try to kill off the heroes in the first part of the story. And, morever, I have noticed that in literature, red-blooded, clean-limbed young Americans are very difficult to kill. Put them, unarmed, in the very midst of a crowd of hungry cannibals, or have them captured, if you will, by the head-hunters of Tampanga, and they will manage to get away unscratched every time.

President Alvarez was unaffectedly glad to see Jack and Billy, and informed them, with much superfluity of politeness and extravagance of broken English, that he had appointed them members of his cabinet that they might better aid in stamping out the so-wicked revolution. As the boys were leaving, Alvarez called them back and introduced them to Mr. Stephen Bruce, who had just entered. The wealthy mine-owner's eyes twinkled as he gazed at the two youths.

"Yes, yes, my daughters spoke of you," he assured them. "In fact, they assured me that you were very progressive young men."

But behind the twinkle a very keen brain registered a doubtful appraisal of the young men's frank, handsome faces and boyish blushes.

"Raw stuff there," he thought, with satisfaction; "real American bluff. If the girls have made up their minds, I dont know but that I shall have to put these boys to the test."

Late the next morning Billy started out of a blissful dream of golden curls and blue eyes at the sound of a violent knocking on the door. He paused to shake Jack into wakefulness and snatch up his pistol, and then flung

the door wide. Three diminutive soldiers of the Republic of Panzuelo, brave in glittering gilt and valiant crimson, advanced into the room, bowing.

"From his Eccelenze the President," chanted the foremost, as all three held an armful of packages, swords and other warlike implements, "for ze brave gringos, ze buenos Americanos, ze uni-form of ze Repooblic to wear. Ah, it ees to fight!"

suppose we go around there now and give them a first view?"

"We'd better go out and stop the revolution first," said Billy, dryly. "*Quita alla!* Gr-r-r! I feel like a South American already."

When, however, the two strolled out of their odorous coffee-house, after a breakfast in which fried tortillas proved a dismal substitute for griddle-cakes and sausage, their steps led unhesitatingly to the Bruce front door.

FORTUNATELY, THE GENERAL'S SWEARING WAS DONE IN SPANISH, FOR THE PRESENCE OF THE LADIES DID NOT CHECK HIS SULPHUROUS FLOW OF LANGUAGE

And from the packages fluttered two gilt-and-crimson suits with more round, gold buttons than an American general wears on dress-parade, and more brass eagles and shiny braid than are usually adopted by the marshal of a colored fife-and-drum corps.

"If the girls are not dazzled when they see us in these glad rags, I miss my guess," chuckled Jack, as he and his chum surveyed their splendor in the glass an hour later. "Solomon in all his glory would never have had the nerve to wear 'em. Billy, my boy,

And here they found tears and rage and excitement had preceded them.

In a serial story, this sentence would undoubtedly be followed by the dry statement, "To be continued in our next—" leaving the disturbed reader to harrowing visions of murder, fire and sudden death, until the next installment came to their relief. This being a short story, the author will explain at once that the revolutionists had dealt an underhand but deadly blow to the interests of the Republic by running off with the

daughters of the only man in Panzuelo with any money in his pockets.

"The girls went out riding the way they always have before," sobbed Mrs. Bruce, "and the first we knew of anything happening was when the dirtiest boy I ever saw brought a note to the door saying they were being held until their father promised not to help the President."

"The cowardly knaves!" snarled

You see now the stuff our heroes are made of. The Editor requested me to put a lot of red blood in this story, and Richard Harding Davis himself never had red-bloodier heroes than mine. Yet, because we still have a thousand words or so to write, it will be impossible for Jack and Billy to rescue their sweethearts without a good deal of trouble.

Indeed, they rode straight into a

THE TWO AMERICANS CAPTURED SINGLE-HANDED THE LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION AND MARCHED HIM INTO THE PALACE

Billy, between his teeth (you should have heard him!). "Dont worry, Mrs. Bruce; we'll soon have them back safe and sound."

"Yes, and we wont wait for the American consul to send to Washington for a gunboat, either," declared Jack, laying his hand resolutely on his sword-hilt. (You should have seen him!) "Those spies we caught on the boat will tell us the whereabouts of the revolutionist camp with a little persuasion, and we'll just commandeer a couple of horses in the name of the Republic and be off!"

large gathering of trouble—ragged, dirty, scowling trouble—in the garb of the revolutionists. Before the boys knew what had happened they found themselves pulled from their horses, tied hand and foot and carried ignominously up the stairs of a store building which a moment before they had fatuously deemed quite empty. Left to themselves in a small room with one dirty window and no luxuries in the way of chairs, they looked at each other grimly over their bonds.

"Well," said Billy, "a pretty mess we're in now! How are we going to

help the girls when we're trussed up like roasting fowls, I'd like to know?''

''Hist!'' Jack motioned for silence, and then began a performance that puzzled and amazed his chum, bending over until he was almost standing on his head and shaking himself violently from side to side. A thin tinkle of some object striking the floor finally rewarded him, and at sight of it Billy stifled a shout. It was a safety razor-blade!

In two minutes the boys were free and at the window with a bound. Alas! they were three stories from the ground, and there was not a sheet nor a blanket in the room. It was Billy who thought of the union-labor, stoutly made American shirts they wore. These, eked out with the bits of rope, let them safely down to within a few feet of the ground. It was evidently the rear of the building. Billy, making a cautious foray, reported that there were two tents just beyond.

''And what's more, the girls are in one of them!'' he whispered jubilantly. ''I heard Alice laughing—spunky girl! And the other one is General Villanza's—I just saw him go in. Come on!''

''On is the word,'' and Jack followed Billy's example of dropping on his hands and knees. In this fashion they squirmed across the open to the rear of the first tent.

If our heroes are true types of young American manhood, our heroines have all the staunch, sterling qualities of young American womanhood. Contrary to prejudiced opinion, girls do not invariably scream and faint in the presence of emergencies. Tho much startled by the appearance of their rescuers' faces under the tent-flap, they obeyed their pantomimed pleas for silence and, after a feminine glance at themselves in the mirror of Alice's vanity box, rolled under the canvas and joined the men.

The sentry on duty before the general's tent was not a red-blooded person. After one shrill squeal of terror he meekly surrendered his rifle and allowed himself to be gagged and tied and placed for safekeeping under a juniper bush. Then Jack, armed with the rifle, boldly entered the tent of the terrible Villanza.

Fortunately, the general's swearing was done in Spanish, for the presence of the ladies did not check his sulphurous flow of language in the least. But the argument of the rifle-mouth was unanswerable, and he came at its bidding lamblike with lion's roars.

The story of the two Americans, who captured single-handed the leader of the revolution and marched him, wilted and still feebly swearing, into the palace of Panzuelo, can be more fitly told by the hero songs that South American mothers croon to their peon offspring under the glossy banana trees. In passing, I might add, however, that the grateful Republic testified to its appreciation by presenting both boys with the means of setting up very respectable villas on the south shore of Long Island and living there happily forever after.

And if you object that mere money cannot insure lifelong happiness, I see that I must give you a glimpse—just one little discreet glimpse—of our manly, red-blooded heroes at the feet of our beautiful heroines. Father Bruce was a millionaire—a self-made one—and determined that the conquest of his daughters should not be a hollow victory.

Just as Jack and Billy had chosen a pretty spot for their proposals, and, flushed with military victories, had knelt like conquering Cæsars at the feet of their desires, Father Bruce suddenly broke in upon them and, with stern, shrapnel-like coughs and a howitzer growl or two, dashed quite all of the ardor from our young heroes.

Presently, as they cowered before him, Mother Bruce entered and, sizing up the situation, flung her arms around the stern parent's neck and pleaded the boys' cause.

''A pretty pair of soldiers,'' growled Mr. Bruce, suddenly relenting; ''and if I give my consent it's solely thru your pleading of their cause.''

JUST ONE GLIMPSE OF OUR MANLY, RED-BLOODED HEROES AT THE FEET OF OUR BEAUTIFUL HEROINES

And just as suddenly he beamed upon them, and, hooking his arms thru theirs, led them off to a certain gilded Café Venus, on the dusty, sleepy Plaza.

Was the whole thing a put-up job? The boys do not know to this day. But Father Bruce escorted them back, somewhat later, and gently conducted them to the place of interrupted proposals.

Meagre-elbowed spinster novelists and long-haired writers of best sellers may, if they choose, invite the world to witness Algernon proposing to Lucy, to listen to their impassioned words, and thrill, with delicious, second-hand thrills, as he seizes her in his manly arms. For me it suffices to say that the true land of adventure Jack and Billy found was not revolution-smitten Panzuelo, but the far more hazardous and unknown land of matrimony, that lies like a pleasant mirage beyond the shimmering, youth-tinted seas of romance.

## The Fan's Lament

By C. D. YOUNGS

The shades of night were falling fast,
When stealthily a burglar passed
Up the porch steps and paused at last
To look back toward the fence, sir.
I watched with eager eye to see
The methods used by such as he,
But saw, or rather didn't see—
'Twas cut out by the censor.

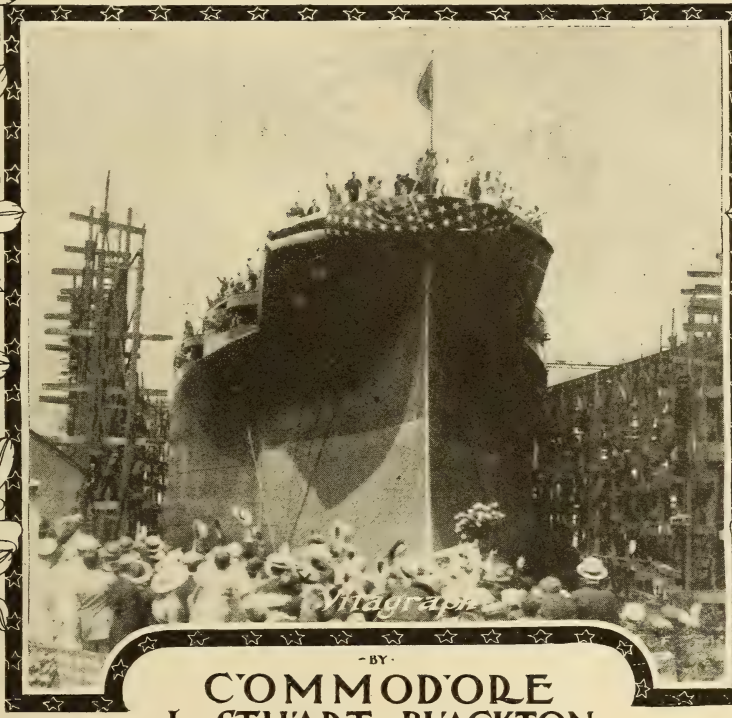
I saw two men within a room,
Fierce struggling in the gathering gloom;
A table spelt the villain's doom,
For o'er it he was bent, sir.
The hero held a knife on high,
The villain was afraid to die,
There was no need to close my eye—
'Twas cut out by the censor.

I think some censors have no heart
And take delight in spoiling art
Just for the sake of getting part
Of their small monthly rent, sir.
It seems a shame that every show
To which the public likes to go
Must have a part that we all know
Was cut out by the censor.

I wonder, when the pearly gates
Shall open wide for him who waits,
And it's too late to talk of rates
Or money to be spent, sir,
If then St. Peter will not close
The door on every censor's nose,
And murmur, as away he goes,
"You're cut out by the censor."

It is not true that "Nobody loves a fat man." Here is one, Roscoe Arbuckle, of the Keystone Company, whom everybody loves, because he has added to the pleasure of millions.

# The BATTLE-CRY of PEACE




-BY-

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON

This story was begun in the November number and was written from the Photoplay by the same author

CHAPTER VII.

OF the few men alive to the crying needs of the moment, John Harrison was indeed one fully awakened, and also keenly aware of the difficulty of accomplishing anything practical in the face of that overweening self-confidence which has been the downfall of so many individuals and nations alike.

Even in his own home, was not his mother, with the aching wound of her husband's loss still fresh and unhealed in her heart, strongly opposed to his every suggestion that he and Charlie should, as sons of a soldier-father, be doing something more for their country than merely qualifying as desirable citizens? And the family with which he would soon be linked in marriage—was not the same blind, unreasoning opposition to be found there?

Virginia often joked and rallied him on his seriousness, but the force and logic of his arguments with her father were having their effect upon her own receptive mind, and frequently Mr. Vandergriff would find his own son and daughter, as well as John, arrayed against him, and the common-sense of their views sometimes made him ashamed in his own heart of the stilted, hide-bound, conventional phrases with which he supported his pacific platform.

Sometimes John attacked him

with unanswerable questions, and he squirmed like a badly coached witness on the stand.

"Mr. Vandergriff," John said at a family gathering one night, "you pay big premiums to insure yourself, your railroads and your vast properties against fire, accident and theft. Why should not you and the other rich men of the country, as a purely business proposition, insure your properties against *war?*

"A bond issue of half a billion dollars, subscribed by American millionaires, would give us a Navy that would make the American flag respected in the uttermost parts of the earth, and that would safeguard American lives and preserve the sanctity of American homes from ruin and destruction such as has been visited on Europe."

Mr. Vandergriff acknowledged the soundness of John's argument. Difficult, indeed, to controvert were such statements of fact, especially when directed toward the two subjects of greatest appeal to the railroad magnate, his money and his family.

But invariably, when he felt himself weakening, when he found the ground of his convictions giving way under the onslaught of combined logic and persuasion, his natural obstinacy, or the opportune presence of Mr. Emanon, who had taken to dropping in with great frequency of late and gazing under his heavy lids with a covetous and lustful leer at Virginia, would turn the tide in favor of his "Peace-at-any-price" policy, and he would waddle off with Emanon to another of their endless meetings, leaving John gritting his teeth, shaking his head and murmuring, "None so blind as those who will not see."

And even Virginia's sweet, winning companionship, and young Van's pretended confusion when he found he was a very *de trop* third party and rose with a military "Company attention! Right about face! Hep—hep—hep—company march!" saluted and strode out, could not dispel the gloom from John's brow. At such times he would take Virginia in his arms, press her head to his breast and look out with a level, troubled, questioning gaze, as if seeking what the future held in store for them. But even her sweet, close presence, her glorious, confiding love could not lift the heaviness from his heart.

How kind, how wise the Creator when, with all the blessings of memory and knowledge with which human beings were endowed, He, in His infinite wisdom, withheld from them the power to pierce the mystery of the future, to solve the question of even tomorrow! How merciful that big, generous, tender-hearted John, no matter how strong his forebodings, could not *know* the abyss of terror which yawned at the feet of those he loved best in all the world!

## Chapter VIII.

The days hurtled forward—days of sleepy Congressional sessions, money-grubbing and pleasure-chasing. The war-clouds gathered. With a solemn, silent majesty, they piled up on the political horizon, and no one read the fury of the storm embowled in the soft mist. Ever—always ever—in the diplomatic correspondence between the two countries, the politely couched words—the "kiss of Judas" with a knife-thrust held in readiness.

At the Old Guard Club and in the armories, the National Guard talked loudly of its preparedness. They may have seen the stalking phantom of the "Spirit of '76" and the long, blue lines of '61, but the grim necessities, the terrible realities—the iron war Frankenstein of 1916—were sadly beyond their ken.

One day followed the next, each with its budget of significant news for those who could read between the lines.

With a heavy and foreshadowing breast, John Harrison noted the rush orders for steel, copper and powder that were loading in the harbor bound for Europe. "They know not what they do," he groaned aloud; "our money-mad people are fashioning their own means of execution."

At last, when too late, the newspapers began to sound warnings. The

Government, awakening from its sleep of fond security, began to muster its weaponry. The evening paper that John read came out with this accusing "scare-head" on its front page:

War May Be Declared at Any Moment!

Our fleet is divided. One division of four battleships is in the harbor of San Francisco. Two divisions are at Colon. The remaining division is overhauling at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All are undermanned and short of ammunition.

The distinguished-looking reader folded his paper and smiled. Smiles have been analyzed and classified. His was the smile of prescience and of scorn.

On the day the great dam burst in the valley of peaceful Johnstown, a horseback-rider leaped on his steed and, riding furiously, carried the message of death to the city below. His deed was heroic. He raced neck-and-neck with the devouring waters—but

YOUNG VANDERGRIFF AND HIS MOTHER ARE GREAT PALS

On the following morning, in the thick of the traffic toward downtown offices, an army of newsboys scurried from the newspaper buildings on Park Row, each with a bundle of "extras" under his arm.

How our pulses thrill to the shrill call! How they always will thrill!

Mr. Emanon, bland, self-contained, purchased his paper and read the startling news:

Ultimatum Received! War Inevitable!

Work on battleships at Brooklyn Navy Yard ordered rushed as fast as possible. Battleship divisions at Colon start north to join all available naval forces at Hampton Roads.

it availed nothing. The city was swept from its foundations, to add to the world's great catastrophes.

The warning rider of Johnstown was too late.

That afternoon the great Peace Convention, inspired by T. Septimus Vandergriff, held sway in the grand ballroom of the Hotel America.

"My friends," he said, arising and beaming upon the vast assembly, "this tremendous gathering here before me today fills my heart with joy, fills my soul with the satisfied conviction that, in other great cities, other great gatherings will raise their voices in the National Hymn of Peace, and

soon we shall be standing hand in hand, united as ever, but offering to the world the sublime spectacle of a nation too big, too intelligent, too civilized, too humane to engage in bestial, degrading war—too careful and jealous of its wealth to waste any part of it for the manufacture of death-dealing weapons or the maintenance of a hireling body of men to use them."

The Honorable T. Septimus Vandergriff thought this was perhaps the neatest little bit of oratory he had ever turned loose, and he sat down amid a tumult of prolonged applause that was sweet music to his ears.

Pleasant visions of the Nobel Peace Prize—of himself standing, laurel-crowned, in a great stadium, surrounded by tens of thousands of admiring worshipers—floated before his imaginative mind's eye.

He felt that he was doing a great work for the human race, and that he had fashioned, welded, sunk us Americans in a sure-enough world brotherhood. Mr. Emanon was speaking now, and as he looked over the vast assemblage, most of whom were in favor of disarmament, who would be sure to use their influence to prevent any further appropriations for a better Army and Navy, he, too, felt as if he were doing an inspired work for *his* race. No dreaming here—any day now that enigmatical wireless message might blossom out into diabolical fruition, and "When the time came," those he served would find how well he and his brothers had done their work. The Bible tells us, "They also serve who only stand and wait." He had done much more.

A smudge of smoke on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand. The lookout at Fort Hancock at first thought it was a storm-cloud; then, later, as he watched curiously thru his glasses, he realized it was the smoke from a number of vessels. Probably the fleet was gathering for some unexpected, secret maneuvers. About this time every year they got busy and did some real training.

In the grand ballroom of the Hotel America the women were selling peace flags and cunning little rosettes of white ribbon with a tiny dove nestling in the center. The Great Peace Carnival was in full swing. Mrs. Vandergriff and her daughter were in the front row, and Virginia, bored with the whole affair, was casting frequent glances toward the rear, for John had promised to be there.

The lookout at Fort Hamilton was sorely puzzled. The cloud on the horizon had now grown larger, much bigger than the hands of a hundred, yes, a thousand men. It hung low and threatening, seeming to shroud the oncoming vessels in an ominous black pall. He shivered without knowing why, then hoisted the signal that warned of approaching ships.

A ripple of polite applause as another speaker finished, then a woman advanced to the edge of the platform and gestured for silence.

"Friends," she said, "let us all rise and join in the peace song, 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.' "

The rustle of silk and the shuffle of feet were merged into the crash of brass as the band took up the refrain, and several thousand voices joined in a song the bitter irony of which they were to feel only too soon.

A bronzed soldier dashed into the wireless room and gasped a few hurried words. The operator turned white, then feverishly sent off the message that was to galvanize into action the whole United States, just as the garrison at the fort had sprung into instant activity at the same news.

A double line of battle-cruisers and super-dreadnoughts, followed by destroyers convoying a vast fleet of huge ocean liners, transports and supply ships!

This is truly a secret maneuver, but the ships are not our ships; they are the navy of a powerful and much-dreaded foe.

The lookout, with glasses glued to his eyes, knew now that, altho no war

had been declared, no treaties broken, no outrage committed calling for international reprisals, still knew that the "Time had come"—the day that every man in the service predicted would come, and that the cloud on the horizon was a war-cloud and the ships were the fleet of an enemy.

TWO IS COMPANY

THREE IS A CROWD

A heavy, drumming noise came from the heavens. He looked up, and, flying along as easily as a flock of geese going south for the winter, he saw a squadron of hydro-aeroplanes skimming thru the blue sky towards the city beyond.

The song was finished, and, as the applause broke out, Mr. Vandergriff stepped toward the table in the center of the platform and made ready to spring the masterly *chef-d'œuvre* that was going to put the finishing touch of genius to the great celebration.

On the table reposed a beautiful floral basket covered with roses and lilies. With a triumphant smile, the great pacifist held up one fat hand; a procession of pretty little girls in white advanced up the center aisle and formed in front of the platform. He impressively raised the flower-covered lid, disclosing on its inside a cunning hidden contrivance which blazoned forth in electric-lighted letters the magic word *"PEACE!"*

There was a moment of breathless expectation; then from within the basket fluttered forth a flock of snow-white doves, each one bearing a streamer of white silk ribbon!

What pleasant excitement! How apropos! How much nicer than thoughts of killing people and getting killed——

A sudden interruption! Heads were turned, necks were craned toward the main entrance.

A big, broad-shouldered, hatless young man dashed into the ballroom,

pushed his way thru the crowd and mounted the platform.

It was John Harrison!

Turning on the crowd like an avenging spirit, and including the pacifist leaders on the rostrum with a sweeping gesture, he hurled an accusing, dreadful sentence at them. "While you here are ranting about *peace,*" he trumpeted, "the enemy is at our doors—the invasion of America has begun! Listen!"

The hum of voices was hushed. With strained, scared faces the crowd listened and waited. As if in answer to his admonition, there was heard a sound like the roll of distant thunder, followed by a sudden, paralyzing crash, such as accompanies a bolt of lightning when the storm breaks right overhead.

In the street close by a terrific explosion took place. The windows of the grand ballroom were blown violently inward, shattering into a thousand tinkling pieces. Part of the beautiful frescoed ceiling fell in a cloud of dust, and a yellow, stifling, acrid smoke rolled into the room and curled around them.

There was a moment of awful silence; then pandemonium broke loose, and the crowd, wild with terror, stampeded.

John, fighting his way thru the struggling, panic-stricken mob, managed to reach Virginia's side. Mr. Vandergriff, absolutely bewildered and shocked, found himself being guided toward the exit by his wife, and on the now deserted platform stood our dear friend Emanon, watching, with a mocking, evil smile, the hysterical, terror-stricken audience in its mad rush for the street.

His eye lit upon the floral basket, then traveled downward to what he held in his hand—a small, silk American flag, one of the pretty souvenirs of the occasion.

His eyes narrowed, his smile became more fixed as his strong, nervous hands slowly snapped the stick, tore the silk Stars and Stripes viciously into shreds, and then cast the emblem of the land of the free and the home of the brave into the yawning mouth of the empty Basket of Peace.

There was no further chance for dramatic expression of contempt. Mr. Emanon thereupon procured his hat and stick and hurried away thru a rear door, for he had work to do.

## Chapter IX.

Outside in the street a frenzied mob rushed hither and thither, some aimlessly fleeing, they knew not where, nor why. Others were tearing madly thru the crowd with one definite, fearful destination in view—their homes.

The people from the Peace Carnival, augmented by hundreds of other guests and employees of the hotel, were pouring out of the entrance. John, Virginia, her mother and Mr. Vandergriff, the latter a figure of abject terror, were carried out on the surging human tide.

The big family car of the Vandergriffs luckily was standing at the curb, and John, who lived further downtown, helped them in and saw them start away. The sickness of a strong man was upon him. He was loath to part with Virginia, but torn with anxiety for the safety of his mother and Alice.

In an agony of indecision he watched the white face of the girl he loved disappear in a wreath of smoke that rolled from a burning building and curtained the tragic street.

What grim, unconscious irony in that first shot, without warning, without mercy, a bolt from the blue! A stern reprimand to those weaklings whose propaganda, aided by the thoughtlessness of a people too wrapped up in the business of pleasure, and the pleasure of business, to think of their country's need, had now placed them in a position where, with hands tied, they must helplessly look on while their dearest possessions, the wealth they had piled up by years of industry—and more precious than all these, their very lives and the lives of their loved ones—lay exposed to the mercy of a savage foe in whose

category the word mercy had neither meaning nor place.

To John, as he dashed thru the streets filled with wild-eyed, helpless mobs, they seemed too unreal to be anything more than the creatures of a hideous dream.

But that distant roll like thunder, punctuated by deafening crashes close at hand—the shrieks of horror and despair, that began to resound on all sides—told only too truly that the time for dreaming was over and that Pitiless Reality stared the people of America in the face.

Human beings, five minutes ago happily unconscious of danger, now madly rushed to and fro like hunted animals—many wounded and torn, some lying very quiet, others moaning inarticulately.

John staggered on, with terror tightening his throat—not terror for himself, but a sickening fear of what he might find when he reached his home.

Miles out beyond Sandy Hook, the air was shattered moment by moment by tremendous detonations, as the seventeen-inch guns of the enemy's dreadnoughts, their huge muzzles lifted to the angle designated by signals from the aeroplane squadron circling like birds of prey about New York harbor, vomited forth ponderous shells weighing nearly a ton and traveling toward the city at a velocity of three times the speed of sound.

THE NURSE SHOWS A STRANGE RESPECT FOR EMANON

Their journey of twenty miles thru the air was accomplished, and the devastation of their terrific impact wrought, seconds before the heavy report of the gun which fired them was heard by the victims of the attack.

At Fort Hancock the disappearing-guns were raised, elevated and fired, but the range-finder had already told the sad story. The artillery officers knew that their shells couldn't reach the foe. Their guns were not only of lighter caliber and power than the enemy's, but they also lacked the

necessary range of elevation, a situation of which Army experts had been cognizant for a long time.

A slight alteration in the gun-carriages and elevating mechanism would have added miles to the effective range, but even this comparatively easy and inexpensive alteration advised by experts was deemed "an unnecessary and inadvisable expense in time of peace."

And so, comfortably out of range, safe as if at target practice, the invader's ponderous machines of destruction had reduced the fortifications of New York to débris in pitifully short order and were now raining fire and death on the city itself. It was a salutary demonstration that any show of defense was worse than useless.

John, still running, panting, half-blinded by the swirl of sulphurous smoke that poured from an apartment-house just bursting into flames, stumbled over something on the pavement.

Pass on! Waste no time here! It was only a little child, somebody's golden-haired daughter, past your, or any other human, aid; horribly mangled, her white dress blackened by fire, and crimson with innocent, baby blood.

That horrible shape, writhing thru the choking flames, crawling painfully toward her and dragging his useless legs after him, was her father.

The air was full of sparks and the smell of burning débris. John was drawing near to his own home and, with agonized fear written on his face, turned the corner and looked upon the place he had called home ever since he was old enough to remember—the abode of loving-kindness—the roof that had sheltered and protected him. Now, alas! shattered and torn.

Half the upper story had disappeared, smoke was curling up thru the ruins, and tongues of flame were beginning to lick up the wreckage.

He stood bolt still, swaying for a brief, terrible instant, then started unsteadily forward and stumblingly climbed up the débris-littered steps that he had mounted so many, many times.

## Chapter X.

As John groped his way along the hall, the cacophony of discordant sound thru which he had been rushing seemed to have suddenly died down. There was an awful stillness, in which the thumping of his heart sounded like the beat of drums.

He leaned against the wall near the sitting-room door. Oh, ghastly silence! But of course! Why not? Charlie had been here before him and taken them both away.

Away where? Where could they go to escape the shrieking, crashing terror of the shells? They *must* have gone away or he would hear them—and all is quiet!

No! What was that? Some one moaning?

Ah! thank God! thank God! it is only little Toto, Alice's little, woolly, white dog. Poor fellow, they must have hurried away and left him behind.

John's hand was on the knob—the door was hard to open; there was something heavy against it. Toto heard him and was whimpering piteously. He could stand it no longer. A sudden, frenzied fear gripped his heart, and, with the strength of a madman, he burst open the door and entered.

In one wall of the familiar room was a great, ragged, gaping hole, thru which he could see the house next door. Smoke was curling in queer little spirals thru the opening.

His mother and Alice? Yes, they had gone away, but Charlie had not taken them.

John did not even think of Charlie now. He could think of nothing, nobody but that sweet, gray-haired mother.

She was lying in the middle of the wreckage-strewn room, and near her, with her fair young face ground into the dust and one arm thrown over her head, lay Alice. Little Toto was pathetically licking her hand and

whining softly, and Dick, the canary, was hopping about in his cage, chirping excitedly.

Yes, he knew this was to be—he had felt it like a leaden weight on his heart as he ran thru the inferno outside—and now it had come!

Numb with dazed horror, he staggered across the room, reeled to that still figure, and, kneeling beside it with stiff, dumb lips that could frame no word of grief, he gazed in deathly silence around the familiar room—the "living-room," she always called it—and, as his eyes wandered in mute grief from his mother's inert form to the little, white dog sitting huddled close to its gentle mistress, and then to Dick, the canary, swinging on his perch, he could almost have laughed at the strange anomaly that these two useless, fragile creatures should be the only living things in this room of death.

Back again the stunned eyes traveled from the torn hole in the wall to his father's portrait, hanging askew on the opposite side; then to that heart-rending, huddled little figure, the face hidden by a mass of dark curls, one soft, round arm stretched above the head as tho trying to shield the delicate countenance from the scorching blast of death—his little sister, sweet Alice, dear, sunny, lovable little Sis.

Only this morning he had seen the light of life and love dancing in her bright eyes, had pressed her warm hands and kist her smooth cheek.

SHE WAS LYING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM NEAR ALICE

What would Charlie say? "Little Brother" she had called him ever since she was three years old, when it was "Buddy" at first, and then "Little Brother" as she grew older, and he had always been "Little Brother" to her, even when he grew to be bigger than she.

What was it mother had said when he had left that morning—something she wanted him to remember? Funny he couldn't call it to mind—he——

Footsteps in the hall, hurried, un-

steady—the panting, gasping breath of one who was spent with running, whose throat was dry with exhaustion and fear.

Charlie, breathless and disheveled, rushed in thru the open door and came to a sudden stop, frozen with horror at the piteous sight.

Only for a moment—the next he had Alice in his arms, her head tenderly nestled against his breast, frantically calling to her, "Alice! Alice! Little sister!"

Aye! call louder, Little Brother, call as loudly as the roaring of the guns, yet she will not hear you. All the brother-love in your heart will not rouse one answering throb in hers—the innocent heart is still—she is dead.

THE STRONG ARMS OF HER FIRST-BORN RAISED AND ENCIRCLED HER

Oh, heartless brother! How could you sit there so quietly? Brother's eyes met brother's; then John's dull gaze shifted to the form beside him. Alice was slipping from Charlie's nerveless arms; his eyes followed John's look. His voice — choked, hoarse, terrible to hear—cried in agony the one word, "Mother!"

Miracle of mother-love, the mother-heart heard the cry. There was a faint movement of the gray head, the eyelids fluttered, and in an instant the strong arms of her first-born had raised and encircled her, the loving hands of her youngest son were pressing and caressing hers.

Very tenderly they wiped the dust and blood from her forehead and lips. The dark eyes opened, turned from one to the other; the white lips moved. John bent close and caught the whispered question: "Alice?"

The mother-eyes read the answer in the brothers' faces. No need to question further—little Alice was quite safe from harm.

The mother-lips moved again and framed the words, "Kiss me, my sons."

Ah! how many times have they given that same, sweet command—how many times in health, happiness and joy those sons have kist that wrinkled brow and stroked that silver hair! And now, with bitter, scalding tears falling from Charlie's eyes, and with an unspeakable agony in John's breast, the last farewell kiss was given.

Again those loving eyes, now fast glazing in death, looked unutterable love; again the pale lips murmured in John's ear: "Look out for Buddy, John."

Then the mother-eyes closed; she smiled faintly and slept—the sleep that knoweth no waking.

To Charlie tears were mercifully given as he flung himself in an abandon of grief on his mother's breast and kist again and again the cold lips.

But to John, holding in his arms the dead body of that mother who bore him, came nothing to assuage the pangs of a silent, stony grief, too deep for human utterance.

## Chapter XI.

In front of the newspaper offices uptown crowds of sullen, defiant men stood spellbound, watching the fateful bulletins being posted up:

Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook entirely destroyed. Enemy's submarines coming up the East River—are known to have sunk three American dreadnoughts as they were steaming out of the Navy Yard.

Wild-eyed and hysterical women clutched their little children to their breasts, and strong men called on God to help them—a little too late for that appeal now!

Fresh bulletins were posted:

All our available naval forces from Hampton Roads have put to sea and are rapidly approaching New York. The fleet consists of—

12 Battleships from active fleet.
6 Battleships from reserve fleet, imperfectly equipped and with partial crews.
20 Destroyers.
8 Submarines.

The following fleet of the enemy has been sighted steaming south to engage the U. S. fleet:

24 Battleships.
6 Battle-cruisers.
12 Scout-cruisers.
30 Destroyers.
10 Sea-going submarines.
20 Hydro-aeroplanes.

The greatest fears are felt concerning the result of the naval engagement now imminent. Our fleet is outnumbered and possesses no battle-cruisers, no swift scout-cruisers, nor aeroplanes for reconnoitering.

A great moan, the cry of futile discernment, went up from the crowd. It was like some wounded animal brooding over its injuries. And in the intervals between the announcements the distant boom of the invader's great guns held the watchers in the thrall of fascinated silence.

The pelt of pitiless bulletins continued:

Shells are devastating buildings in the downtown district. The Municipal Building is destroyed. Entire blocks are burning—the loss of life is fearful—thousands of men, women and children are dead and wounded.

The people of Greater New York are warned to leave the city immediately and go inland, out of range of the enemy's guns——

A savage roar from the crowd as it eagerly spelled out the first part of the bulletin was followed by a blind, unreasoning panic as the significance of the warning dawned upon their dulled wits: "Go inland out of range of the enemy's guns——" Away from the shrieking, blasting shells, the horror of sudden death coming out of the sky, without mercy, without warning.

As if to emphasize the necessity of flight, a deafening explosion, followed by a pandemonium of shrieks and groans, impinged on the ears of the horrified multitude.

The warships were moving up the bay, nearer to the city, and shells were beginning to fall further uptown.

In Longacre Square, Herald Square and other populous centers scenes of unbelievable devastation were wrought in the twinkling of an eye. A massive office building was seen in all its apparently solid reality; the next instant, with a roar like the crack of doom, it was disemboweled, torn asunder and collapsed in a burst of vitriolic flame and hellish smoke.

Death and destruction stalked forth unhindered, and panic and terror held sway over the doomed city. The streets were congested with a mass of fleeing humanity—on foot, on horseback, bicycles, motorcycles, wagons, automobiles, every conceivable mode of locomotion.

Here a laborer with all his worldly possessions on a wheelbarrow, his wife and children clinging closely to him, pushed his way thru the dense mass side by side with a splendid limousine and a coal-wagon, loaded now not with

coal, but with human beings fleeing for their lives; all of them—rich, poor, strong, weak, young, old, craven or brave—all with one wild, feverish desire to get away from the horror of the Invisible Death.

Lower Broadway and City Hall Park saw scenes too frightful to be described. Tremendous explosions tore great holes in the streets, hurling fragments of human beings, huge stones and twisted ironwork high into the air, to fall and kill, blocks distant, other unfortunates in the packed streets.

The entrances to the subways were choked with fear-crazed people, fighting their way down and meeting a more frenzied crowd struggling to get up, for the power plant had been destroyed and no trains were running. The Grand Central and Pennsylvania terminals had been scientifically marked by the enemy's aviators and promptly destroyed as the range was found by the ships. All main arteries of travel from the city were cut off.

All over the city police did splendid work, saving thousands of lives, striving heroically to bring order out of chaos, but as well try to stem the current of Niagara as to quell and guide several millions of people gone mad with fear and horror.

And those who suffered the most cruelly were the ones who least deserved such a fate—the women and the little children.

Always in war, it is the same, whether they stay at home and hunger and suffer, or whether the war is brought to their very doors—always it is the women and children who suffer the most and pay the heaviest penalty.

In the suburbs, looking back at the city, what a sight for American eyes to behold! Surely this was not the land of the free, the land of security, of immunity from such horrible things as one had been reading about in the papers.

Overhanging the city was a smoke-filled sky, rolling and billowing, poisonous-looking and dreadful, in some places black as pitch. At times it seemed a velvet-like pall; again, a greenish yellow flecked with swirling sparks and tinged on the underside with a red glare, or suddenly flashing into ghastly relief as the flames from some new conflagration licked with angry tongues the low, rolling clouds.

Fifty miles from the city, off the low-lying Jersey coast, waves of dense smoke, like funeral pyres, scudded from sea to land. In the murky light great tongues of flame leapt from the muzzles of the guns. One towering sea-fighter was on fire, crippled and slowly making for the beach. Four had surrendered and lay silent, with their decks and turrets a shamble of wounded and dead. In the foreground, her flag flying, her band playing "America," a dreadnought was slowly sinking.

Outranged, outmaneuvered, outnumbered! With inferior ships and hopelessly lacking in submarines and fast battle-cruisers, the closing scene was being enacted for our defending fleet.

With this as a background, what a picture in the foreground for the brush of a Doré or a Verestchagin!

The people of New York—citizens, residents, prosperous millionaires, idle rich and slaving poor—all under the same stress of hysterical fear—all with but one end in view, to get away!

All under one classification now—refugees! Many homeless, helpless, penniless; some with push-carts, wagons and conveyances of every description.

Some, not so fortunate, carried on their backs children, bundles and luggage; but all, with one accord, joined in the colossal stampede—the pitiful flight that was to go down in history as a greater holocaust than the retreat from Moscow—a greater horror than the San Francisco earthquake. The most infamous crime ever perpetrated since the beginning of the world! A veritable "Massacre of the Innocents"! The Exodus from Greater New York!

**To be continued in the December number of the "Motion Picture Classic" on sale at all newsstands on and after November 15**

# DIARY OF MOTION PICTURE PROGRESS

By ROBERT GRAU

1861–1870. Following the first experiments by Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, resulting in the patenting of a "stereoscopic cabinet," Henry Heyl, also of Philadelphia, invented a "Phasmatrope," with which a series of glass-plate positives were projected on a screen before an audience in 1870. The principle of this projection was the same as that of the modern movies—each picture was absolutely still when flashed on the screen, and a shutter cut off the light during the shift to the picture following. The illusion of motion is based on the retention of each image by the retina of the eye during the necessary fraction of a second. That is to say, the images overlap on the retina. They are, of course, quite separated on the screen.

1871–72. Edward Muybridge begins his experiments to determine whether a racing horse has one foot on the ground when trotting very fast.

At the solicitation of Governor Leland Stanford, of Oakland, Cal., Muybridge makes countless snapshots of the Governor's mare, "Occident," the first horse to trot a mile in 2¼ minutes. Stretching a score of cameras at a yard's length on the racetrack and attaching a silk thread to the spring of each camera, the mare came along, severing the threads; thus making countless negatives which, when attached to cardboards, were riffled with the photographer's thumb, revealing the mare in motion with one foot always on the ground.

1875–76. Meissonier, the great military painter, sees the Muybridge experiments in demonstration in France. The two inventors plan improvements.

1876. "Zoetrope," or the magic wheel, crude pioneer of motion photography with optical illusion, attracts all Europe.

1876. Praxinoscope—an invention of the Frenchman Reynard, practically an adaptation of the "Zoetrope," but a cloth screen and a limelight apparatus were part of the equipment.

1877–81. All of the great photographic minds of Europe were now striving for improvements. In England, Acres, Greene, Paul, Evans, etc.; in France, Lumière Frères, Dr. E. J. Marey and others "got busy."

1882. Dr. Marey invents what he calls a "photographic gun," and with it studies the flight of birds. Dr. Marey's camera was undoubtedly the lead to the latter-day cameras. Sebert Soret (of Geneva) and Anschütz (of Berlin) improved upon it. Anschütz's improvement was called "The Tachyscope," and it was exhibited in London, on the Strand, for a short period to no profit.

1885. W. E. Greene had a public display of figures in motion, photographically, in a window of his store in Piccadilly, London. So great were the crowds attracted that the police were forced to stop the exhibition.

1885–87. In all these efforts to perfect motion photography the inventors were baffled by the necessary use of glass plates. Gelatine was tried, then grease-proof paper and a gelatine emulsion. George Eastman and his colleague, Walker, in 1885 evolved a flexible film which, years later, was utilized by Thomas A. Edison in his primitive Kinetoscope (a slot-machine device), which was, in fact, the first concrete exhibition of motion photography anywhere and was first shown in Chicago World's Fair year (1893).

1887. Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, of

SCENE FROM A LUBIN WAR-PLAY

the House of Prayer, Newark, N. J., appears on the scene, claiming the discovery of the much-prized secret. Twenty-seven years later, and long after he had passed on, the courts decided in his favor, forcing a financial settlement by which Goodwin's widow, aged eighty-six, emerges from a condition of near poverty to one of great affluence. The widow has since also passed away, leaving the Ansco Film Company, of Binghamton, N. Y., the possession of all rights, tho the Eastman Kodak Company, by its financial settlement, is now permitted to utilize the Goodwin invention, as it has done all these years.

1893. Advent of the Edison Kinetoscope in Chicago (World's Fair), a slot-machine device later used in penny arcades all over the country.

1894. Alexander Black, magazine writer, presents "Miss Jenny," the first picture play—a sort of "slow movie" wherein the principles of the photoplay of today were realized in "still" photographs projected less rapidly than now; an interesting entertainment which, with the "illustrated song" and "the animated song sheet," contributed to hasten the day when public entertaining was to be wholly revolutionized.

1894–96. Two Greeks acquire in Chicago an Edison Kinetoscope, which, it is conceded, was utilized by Robert W. Paul and the Lumières for their Animatograph (later called Theatrograph) and the Cinematograph. Paul exhibited his Animatograph in London in 1895, showing a forty-foot film on a screen seven feet square.

In February, 1896, Paul gives a public exhibition of his Animatograph at the Technical College, Finsbury, England, and a week later in the library of the Royal Institution.

Advent of Lumière Cinematograph in London under the direction of Treuwé, the famous shadowgrapher, who had acquired the English rights.

This took place at Regent Street Polytechnic in April, 1896.

Meanwhile, Paul had achieved a popular success at the Olympia and Alhambra theaters under the direction of the late Sir Augustus Harris, but the Lumière Cinematograph created a furor, its fame reaching New York and attracting the interest of the vaudeville powers.

While Paul and the Lumières were exhibiting in London, Thomas A. Edison was not idle. In 1895, a year before the foreigners gave public exhibitions, the Edison Eidoloscope and Vitascope were exhibited in Philadelphia at Keith's Theater, and in New York at Koster and Bial's music-hall. Tho vastly superior to the Kinetoscope and unquestionably the first projection of Motion Pictures on a screen anywhere in public, no furor was created; in fact, the real history of Motion Pictures began to write itself in July, 1896, as the following will clearly reveal:

1896–97. The late B. F. Keith, having heard of the success of Paul and the Lumières just as he was sailing for London, saw both demonstrations there and acquired the New York rights for the Cinematograph, paying $350 a week royalty for each theater on his circuit. The premier took place at the Union Square Theater in July, 1896, scoring an immediate and unequivocal success. Receipts at box-office jump from $3,000 a week to $7,000. The press was highly eulogistic.

The subjects were principally military scenes from real life, with not a suggestion of fictional portrayal. The actor was not utilized; nevertheless the public was truly amazed at the wondrous spectacle of moving trains, auto races and the comical "chase." The simulation of "the actuality" was so perfect that a large percentage of the audiences believed that the men and women pictured on the screen were present in the flesh. Bets were made that a visit behind the scenes would reveal the personages present. Such was the illusion of the screen nineteen years ago.

The Cinematograph becomes the rage in the vaudeville theaters and is

SCENE FROM "LOGGING," AN ESSANAY EDUCATIONAL

quickly installed in the majority of the best "continuous" houses. For nearly six months the Keith theaters relied on the Lumière device as its principal attraction.

1897. The American Biograph succeeds the Cinematograph in Keith theaters, an invention of Herman Casler, of Canastota, N. Y., regarded as far superior to its predecessor. Immediately the Biograph becomes the basic attraction in nearly all of the vaudeville theaters of the country.

Now comes "The Vitagraph," started in a Nassau Street office building by Albert E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton, two erstwhile vaudeville and lyceum entertainers, who did all the acting themselves at the outset.

1898-99. William T. Rock, perhaps the very first to go about the country exhibiting Motion Pictures in stores and tents, having acquired wealth, comes to New York from New Orleans and purchases a third interest in the Vitagraph, contributing the capital for its earliest expansion.

An epidemic of 'graphs and 'scopes thruout the country. Showmen are awakened to the importance of the camera man, but are reluctant to pay the price for service—still hovering around $300 a week. Projecting machines of inferior caliber come on the market. If a manager's name is Jones, it is the Jonesgraph. If the theater is named the Bijou, it is the Bijouscope. A half-dozen new inventions are launched by men now regarded as pillars of the film industry.

1900. In the vaudeville theaters and museums the Moving Pictures are utilized as "a chaser" with which to create an exodus of the seated audience. The very sight of the now magic screen was the signal for exit.

SCENE FROM A KALEM SEA STORY

Vaudeville performers found wanting are relegated to "follow the pictures," a punishment so degrading that they became known as "supper actors."

1901. The year of awakening. When the famous "White Rats' strike" threatened to close all of the vaudeville theaters in the United States and Canada, the late George Fuller Golden "called out" all performers, demanding the abolition of the five per cent. deducted from their salaries by the managers.

Such theaters as were not forced

to close entirely were kept open solely thru the camera man. In not a few houses the entire entertainment consisted of films. Showmen are brought to a realization that an audience can be held for two hours without an actor appearing in the flesh.

1901–04. Stage folk begin to harken to the siren call of the screen. May Irwin, John C. Rice and Marshall P. Wilder pose before the

CHARLES RICHMAN AND NORMA TALMADGE IN A SCENE FROM "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE"

camera for Edison and Vitagraph without a penny of compensation. "It's great fun and a big advertisement," they were wont to explain. All three have since received fabulous salaries after a lapse of ten years.

Advent of Archie L. Shepard, pioneer exhibitor, who was first to prove that Motion Pictures could pack opera-houses and halls thruout the country. In as many as twenty cities simultaneously in New England alone, Shepard attracted the crowds, especially on Sundays, when he gave entertainments in half of New York City's best theaters, consisting of Motion Pictures and illustrated songs.

1905–07. Inauguration of the "Nickelodeon" movement. Tho there were desultory instances of nickel "store" theaters as far back as 1899, the real movement began in 1905-06, and was started in Pittsburgh, Pa., by Harry Davis, who scored such a success that showmen from all over the country went to Pittsburgh to study Davis' *modus operandi.*

The five-cent theater spreads its influence from Maine to California. Thousands of empty stores are converted into bijou auditoriums with attractive exteriors.

1907. The dawn of a new era. The discovery that stories of fact and fiction could be visualized on the screen influences a higher grade of screen productivity—the silent drama is born.

Stage folk, despite the threats of the theatrical powers to boycott actors who would dare bestow of their talent, commence to stampede the film studios.

The Biograph Company sets the pace of progress and development. Engages recognized players and stage directors, tho its policy was inviolably opposed to any publicity or revelation of their identity. The regulation price of $5 a day, irrespective of fame or ability, caused the better known players to hold back. The Biograph policy was approved and emulated by all of the producers; players were selected and paid as models are by artists. Not one in a hundred patrons knew the names of the actors and their faces were wholly unfamiliar.

1908. The year of organization. Advent of the Motion Picture Patents Company—often called "The Picture Trust"—composed of the Edison, Biograph, Vitagraph, Kalem, Méliès, Lubin, Selig, and Essanay companies, to which were added George Kleine, who represented the foreign producers, and Pathé Frères of Paris. This organization stands today but little changed, with no additions to its roster.

1908. A group of independents enter the field, composed of Kessel and Baumann, P. A. Powers, Carl Laemmle, Edwin Thanhouser, Mark Dittenfass, David Horsley, William H. Swanson, Edwin H. Porter, and others, who released various brands of film, which now are represented in two important organizations known as the Universal and Mutual Film corporations.

1909. The term *photoplay* is adopted by all of the producing companies, to conform with the now distinctly theatrical nature of the releases.

Theaters are erected of large capacity and palatial character, in which the entire entertainment consists of Motion Picture productivity.

1910. Advent of David Wark Griffith in the Biograph Company. Engaged at the regulation price of $5 a day, introduces many innovations and becomes the greatest factor on the artistic side of film productivity.

1910. Thomas H. Ince is engaged as an "extra" in a Western film studio; later advanced to a director's position. Makes good from the outset; now one of the strongest arms of the industry—the head of a mighty organization.

1911. Advent of the two-hour photoplay "Dante's Inferno," "Odyssey," later followed by "Quo Vadis?" —the first film production to be booked in the best theaters in the same manner as the spoken play.

1912-13. Inauguration of the theatrical movement in filmdom. Advent of the Famous Players Company—the idea of Adolph Zukor, erstwhile exhibitor. Daniel Frohman and Edwin H. Porter join Zukor in a comprehensive plan to "immortalize the actor." Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," the first Famous Players production, followed by James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Now comes an onrush of theatrical producers into the Motion Picture field! All theaterdom capitulates to the camera man.

1914. Inauguration of the Strand Theater in New York City, influencing an era of building palatial playhouses of enormous capacity, wherein photoplays are presented with adequate surroundings and a proper musical accompaniment.

1915. The two-dollar-a-seat picture-play a reality. Production of D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" at the Liberty Theater creates a sensation, and the spectacle of men and women standing in line to purchase seats at regular theater prices, days in advance, is daily in view.

Geraldine Farrar, grand opera diva, capitulates; goes to Los Angeles in a private car, with a retinue of artistic aids, to bestow of her art for the screen.

The great Pavlowa, Queen of Terpsichore, succumbs to the lure of the hour, to appear in a film version of Auber's "Masaniello," or the dumb girl of Portici.

"The cry is still they come! What will happen next?"

# THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS

BY · JAMES G · GABLE ·

**They Visit the Grocery Store**

MRS. LANNIGAN and Mrs. Brannigan were in the corner grocery store. Mrs. Lannigan had had rather a heated argument with the proprietor over the weight of some sugar. Finally, gathering up her groceries and preparing to depart, she asked, sweetly:

"Did ye see the emotion pitchers lasht night, Mr. Klostmyer? Sure they was fine! fine! I niver laughed so much since Mike Lannigan fell in the well an' had to take watther for the first time in his life."

"Vass id so very gomical?" queried the grocer with sudden interest, for he was very fond of comedy.

"Indade it was that," Mrs. Lannigan answered, emphatically. "'Twas very comical indade! A grocer was hanged for givin' short weight."

"It looks like rain, aint it?" said Mr. Klostmyer, quite abruptly changing the subject.

"It sure does," Mrs. Lannigan agreed readily. "An' it was rainin' when they hung him, too."

The grocer's face darkened.

"Sure that reminds me av a fillum I saw that the Bitagraft p'aple got

out,'' broke in Mrs. Brannigan, hurriedly, just in time to avert the rising storm. ''The poor gyurl was driven out in a blindin' rain by her crool father, an' she had such an illegant new hat on.

''Another time,'' went on Mrs. Brannigan, reflectively, ''I raymimber seein' wan got out by the Medison p'aple, tho it had nawthin' to do wid doctorin'. The poor gyurl was chased out in a blindin' snowstorm by her auld rip av a stepmother. She was so poor that a church mouse was

''Released signifies that they let go av it.''

''Well,'' Mrs. Brannigan contended, ''the polace let go av Mike Kelley.''

''Yes, but this is different,'' said Mrs. Lannigan, patiently. ''It manes that they gave thim out to the different theayters.''

''Then why didn't you say so?'' demanded Mrs. Brannigan, impatiently, as the grocer moved away to wait on some other customers. ''An' about this Jim—what did he do, an' how did he do it? Tell me all about it.''

THE POOR GIRL WAS CHASED OUT IN A BLINDING RAINSTORM

a millionaire by comparison. She was nearly starvin' yet she had all kinds av expensive rings on her fingers. I'd 'a' made a straight streak for the nearest pawnshop an' 'a' hocked ivry wan av thim.''

''Sure!'' agreed Mrs. Lannigan—''that was the thing to do. But ye should have seen 'Just Jim,' *released* by the Universalists.''

'' 'Tis wonderful what influence thim church p'aple have,'' commented Mrs. Brannigan. ''Whin Mike Kelley was sent up, Father Mulcahey got him released on prohibition.''

''It doesn't mane what you think it manes,'' Mrs. Lannigan explained.

'' 'Just Jim' was sure swell,'' Mrs. Lannigan declared. ''The scenery was by O. I. C. Land—some relation to Columbus, I suppose—an' the leadin' part was mistook by Harry Carry. An', bel'ave me, he was all the goods!''

''Well, I dinna,'' said Mrs. Brannigan, doubtfully. ''I saw Jane Scowl in the 'Garden av Flies,' an' 'twould be mighty hard to beat her!''

''It may be,'' admitted Mrs. Lannigan, slowly, ''but you should 'a' seen Rushmarry Tabby in 'The Prize Story'—that sure was great! Why, she an' Harry O'Myers had a sociable family row, an' threw the

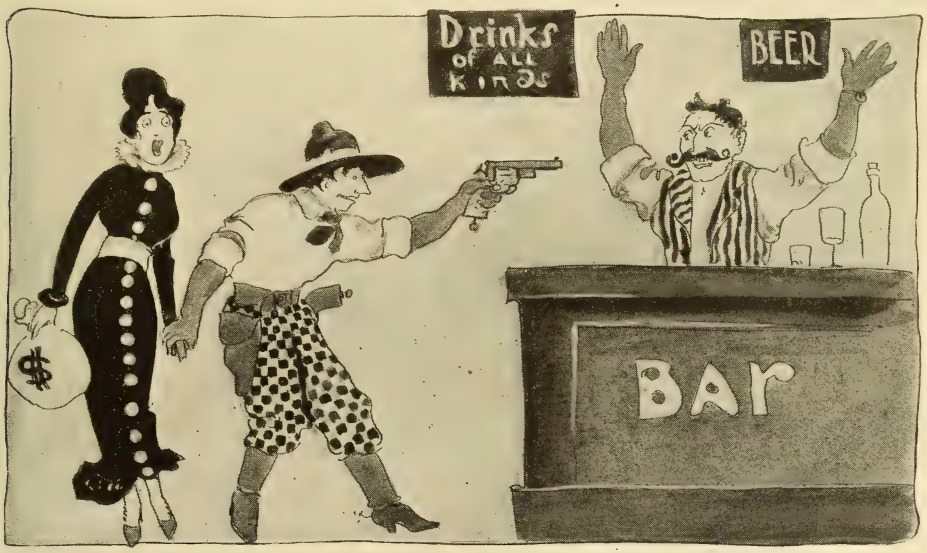
dishes at one another for all the world like me an' the old man. I caught meself hummin' 'Home, Sweet Home' while they was scrappin'. Afther the fight was over they burned up the house an' all the illegant barber-pole furniture."

"Well," said Mrs. Brannigan, sagely, "mebbe they'd bought it on the insolvent plan an' couldn't kape up the payments. But go on an' tell me about Jim. I had a swateheart wanst by that name an' mebbe 'twas the same wan at his thricks again."

Lowlife—is a rich scalawag who controls the Circle Shirt Company, a regular sweatshop. It is losin' money, tho, an' Garry has been oslerized at the club because he dont pay his debts.

"Adam Justice has an inthrust in the factory, but no wan knows it. He is a widower—his wife bein' dead—wid wan daughter, Ellen. Garry tries to make love to her, but she wont stand for it.

"The facthry is as rotten as some av our model tenements, an', while on a visit there, Justice falls down a stair




BUT HE AINT QUICK ENOUGH ON THE DRAW

"You see," explained Mrs. Lannigan, "he'd just got out av jail——"

"No," declared Mrs. Brannigan, decisively, "it isn't the same wan—he niver got out."

"Mebbe 'twas lucky for him," remarked Mrs. Lannigan, tartly—"he might have married ye."

"'Out av the Flames' is splendid," observed Mrs. Brannigan, ignoring the last remark. "I was prejaundiced agin' it at first, as it reminded me av having to get up an' make the fire winter marnin's. Addie Lame took the leadin' part. She is some swell. She reminds me so much av meself whin I was a gyurl!

"Charles Garry—that's Seemore whin a railin' gives way. Arnold Becker—played by Eddie Solomon—studjent in a medicinal cowledge, helps the auld man, an' falls in love wid Ellen. Havin' called in a rale docther, the auld man dies, an' later, wid no wan to warn thim, the two lovers marry.

"Afther they've married, they find that they're as poor as you or me, then they have an awful hard time av it—just like they do in real life.

"'Twas a mighty sweet piece, but awful sad. Sure, whin the wife—thinkin' she was dyin'—turned over all the money she had saved, so as to sind him to cowledge, you could hear

(*Continued on page* 164)

# Chats with the PLAYERS

## MARGUERITE COURTOT, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

WHEN she was four years old, she was adjudged the prettiest American-born child entered in a Beauty Contest, conducted by a New York newspaper. The prize was one hundred dollars, and, Mother Courtot being a wise woman, decided to invest it in her little daughter's future. She did so, having Marguerite taught dancing. She danced and posed "in a childish way," she confessed, with a grown-up air that, considering her (barely) seventeen years, was utterly charming, until she was twelve. She was sent abroad, to Lausanne, Switzerland, to be educated in a convent. When she returned to America, she posed for Harrison Fisher as the ideal young American girl. She also kept up her dancing, and in between whiles, when she wasn't studying with a governess, she was posing for children's frocks in a huge Fifth Avenue establishment.

"And one day," she said, when she told me about it, "Mr. Sanford said to mother, 'Why dont you put Marguerite in Motion Pictures? I think she'd do very nicely.' But mother didn't like the idea at first, and thought I'd better keep on going to school some more. But one day she decided that we might go over to the studio and see about it, anyway. So we went and had a talk with Mr. Buel. He seemed to like me (which isn't strange, is it? thought I), and offered me an engagement. But mother said I'd better go to school another year. So I did, but she let me join the company in June, and I was fifteen the next August. That was two years ago, and I love my work more every day."

"And you have never had any stage experience, Miss Courtot?" I asked.

"No," she returned, "and I cant say that I have any desire to try stage work. I prefer photoplay, for the outdoor work, the being at home with mother and Juliette, my sister. And if I were on the stage, perhaps I might have to go away and leave them for one whole season at a time. And then, work with Kalem is so pleasant at all times, and the people are lovely to work with."

I cant imagine any one being other than lovely to this girl, can you?

"How do you spend your evenings, Miss Courtot?" I pried, curious.

"Either at home reading (I love to read and my favorite books are those by Alexander Dumas) or dancing or at the photoplay. I love to dance. I guess that's my hobby, if I have one. Dancing and playing tennis—I like both so well. I guess it's a good thing I dont have to choose between them, but, you see, I can play tennis in the daytime and dance at night."

"What photoplays and players do you like best?" I pursued.

"Photoplays?" And she wrinkled her smooth, white forehead in perplexity. "Well, I suppose everybody likes 'Cabiria.' And then there's 'The Vengeance of Durand,' 'The Vampire,' 'Quo Vadis?' 'Germinal' and 'Les Miserables.' And I love some of the serials, too, and, among others, I'm waiting anxiously for 'The Scarlet Runner,' for it's a combination composed of some of my favorite players and written by one of my favorite novelists. I think the greatest photoplayers are Mary Fuller, Flor-

MARGUERITE COURTOT, OF THE KALEM PLAYERS

ence Turner, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Guy Coombs, Courtenay Foote and Henry Walthall."

"Where were you born, Miss Courtot? And when?" I ventured.

"Summit, New Jersey, August 20, 1897," she returned very promptly. "I was born of French parents and thru them has come my great love for France and its people. To me the 'Marseillaise' is the greatest and most powerful song ever written. Of course I love America, too," she added hastily, as if to forestall my disapproval.

She looked so sweet and eager as she said it that no one would have had the heart to disapprove of her. She looked like an illustration from a woman's prominent magazine on "How the Young Girl Should Dress." She wore a beautifully tailored black cloth skirt, with a soft black girdle. Her soft white blouse was the last word of fashion, and her auburn curls, that look like molten gold in the sunlight, were tied back with a wide, black bow. And she spoke with a faint lisp that is as unconscious as it is charming. Far from impeding her speech, it renders it the clearer and adds a quaint silveriness to her voice.

She is about five feet four inches in height and would weigh perhaps one hundred and twenty. I have already told you that she is just past seventeen years, yet she has a list of successes tacked to her name that would do credit to the most famous actress in "the business." Among these might be mentioned "The Girl and the Explorer," "The Green Rose," "The Vampire," "Thru the Flames" and "A Celebrated Case." "My first lead part," she mused reminiscently, while a little light glowed in her blue eyes, "was in 'The War Correspondent,' and I was so embarrassed at the first love-scene I had ever played. I wasn't quite sixteen, and it was a little confusing."

She laughed, a silvery tinkle of sound, at the memory.

From the first of January on, she confided, she has played nothing but leads under the direction of and opposite Tom Moore, until the latter left the Kalem Company. From now on we shall see her often and always in the parts that we like most to see her in, parts that were written especially for her, in which her talents will have full scope. She is now doing a serial.

I rose to go, admitting to her that I had had a lovely time.

"And so have I," she said cordially. "At first I dreaded an interview, but it has been very pleasant. I thank you for making it so."

All of which, being but human, I appreciated immensely.

And then I asked a question I had been holding in reserve.

"Do you find life worth living?" I ventured.

Her eyes, gray now in the sunlight, dilated as she drew in her breath quickly.

"Oh," she gasped quickly, "I should say it is. Why, I dont want to die for years and *years*. I want to live to be at least a hundred!"

And I am sure that we, her picture friends, to whom she sends her love and best wishes, echo that wish most heartily. ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

## WILLIAM FARNUM—SCREEN IDOL

IT was with a great deal of delight that I discovered that I was assigned to interview William Farnum, of the Fox Film Company. I powdered my nose, pinned a bunch of sweet-peas on my coat and started out, armed with my note-book and a rapidly beating heart.

I had no difficulty in discovering Mr. Farnum, who stood deep in conversation with his director, Mr. Edgar A. Lewis.

"An interview?" he repeated my humble request. "I think I have time before the next scene is called."

And we hunted up seats in a quiet corner of the huge studio and got down to business at once.

"How long were you on the stage?" I began, pencil poised above the virgin whiteness of my note-book.

"Only twenty-four years," he returned modestly, albeit with a twinkle lurking in the deep blueness of his eyes. "My favorite productions on the stage were 'Virginius,' 'Ben Hur' (in which I played for five years), 'The Prince of India,' and several classics. I find photoplaying a wonderfully interesting business—the more I see, the more I like it."

"Do you prefer photoplaying to stage playing?" I murmured as he stopped.

"I cant say that I do," he replied seriously. "They are so vastly different that I like them equally. Of course I was on the stage twenty-four years and have been in pictures only a year, so perhaps I'm not in position to state a preference. But I will say that Moving Picture acting is one of the most interesting things that I ever attempted, and I like it immensely."

"How many photoplays have you appeared in so far, Mr. Farnum?" I ventured, poising an expectant pencil.

"Only five that are finished. And we are right in the midst of one now, the releasing name of which I do not know. But the five are 'The Spoilers' for Selig, 'The Sign of the Cross' for Famous Players, 'Samson,' 'The Gilded Fool' and 'The Nigger' for the Fox Company. We release, you know, thru Box Office Attractions. And of the five I think I liked 'The Nigger' best of them all. We produced that in the South, you know."

I hadn't known, but I took heed, and, being a loyal daughter of Dixie, I ventured a question not on the lists.

"And what do you think of the South?" I asked.

"I think it is the most wonderful place in the world," he cried, with boyish exaggeration, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "The people were splendid to us, and the weather conditions were ideal. If what we saw of the South, in Augusta, Georgia, is a sample of the rest, then I want to see the whole South."

Then we sat and beamed at each other for a minute. His praise of my home country warmed the cockles of my heart—and, incidentally, almost made me forget what I had been sent out for—namely, the history of the life of one of the professional world's most famous men.

"Are you a Southerner?" I asked hopefully.

"No," he laughed, and I could detect no trace of regret, despite the enthusiasm of a moment since. "I was born in Boston, of American

parents, on the Fourth of July, 1876. So you can readily see what a good American I am—dyed-in-the-wool, and all that sort of thing," he added.

"Are you fond of reading?" came next.

"Decidedly, yes, if it is something strong and red-blooded. I dont care for sentimental novels or books. Kipling expresses all that is finest to me in literature—that is, such things as 'The Solid Muldoon,' 'Barrack-room Ballads,' and so on."

"What is your hobby?" I pursued relentlessly, bent on reaching the end of my list of questions.

"My hobby?" He drew his brows together as he thought for a moment. "I hardly know. Sailing, fishing, golfing, swimming, automobiling—in short, anything that can be done out-of-doors. I love the outdoors."

That last sentence expresses him better than anything I could have thought of. He is, above all, a son of the outdoors. One cant imagine him "playing to society," peddling small talk, gossiping away the hours; but he would be at his best against a background of foamy, green seas, on the deck of a tramp steamer, the crew crouched before him, growling, on the verge of mutiny—and over them all this man, his stern, blue eyes and quiet, forceful manner dominating them as one would a pack of curs. Aye, there would be a picture to stir the blood of the beholder!

But there, this is an interview, not a book on "Backgrounds for William Farnum," so let us on with the story.

I have found from numerous friends of Mr. Farnum that his nickname is Bill and that he is rated A-1 with the multitude of friends who have known him for years.

He is not a great picture fan and only goes occasionally, when he is sure of seeing something entirely worth while. During his own pictures he sits perfectly still, his eyes focused on the screen, never leaving it for an instant and saying not one word until the picture is over. Then he has discovered a multitude of things that should have been done differently. And these discoveries he tucks away in his capacious brain until some day when he will be able to use them to advantage.

And when he is watching himself on the screen, it is quite amusing to watch the shades of humor, dismay and often disgust that cross his mobile face, as, quite unaware of those around him, he criticises the work of "that fellow on the screen." And, as with all good artists who are really artists in the best sense of that abused word, he is never satisfied with his work, and he is always his own worst critic.

The other actors in his company adore him, from the humblest extra up to his director. And he is the same, always, to each of them—genial, frank and boyish; abounding in health, enthusiasm and a love of life and living.

He positively refused to express an opinion as to woman suffrage, and then looked a bit startled when I said that he need not mind me.

"I guess I'd better remain neutral on that subject," he insisted cautiously when I begged for an opinion.

For the rest—he is six feet "some" in height and weighs about two hundred well-distributed pounds (dont take this as final, for I'm no judge as to weight and I lacked the courage to ask—it seemed *such* an impertinent question to ask). His eyes are very blue, and his hair is very black, unmarred by even the tiniest thread of gray.

And—he isn't married. He said so himself, and, being the person most concerned, he certainly should know. Dont you agree with me?

PEARL GADDIS.

## MABEL TRUNNELLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

I HAD been warned that I might find Miss Trunnelle rather difficult to interview, and had gone out acknowledging some misgivings as to my reception at her charming apartment. But I need have felt no fear whatever,

for she is always charming, tho it is a well-known fact that she detests interviews.

I found her seated in a huge wing-chair that seemed to dwarf her to a tiny girl, so lost in its depths she seemed. And her tangle of black curls pinned high on her small head, her brown eyes full of latent mischief, her small, piquant face with its crimson lips, its arched brows, carried out the idea of little-girlhood.

She greeted me very cordially, and, as she rose to her full height of five feet four inches, she was like a small sister dressed in big sister's frocks, playing at being grown-up by entertaining the callers until mother finished dressing.

"How long have you been in Motion Pictures, Miss Trunnelle?" I began, as she proceeded to serve tea and delicious little cakes.

"Five years, with Edison first, then to Majestic and back to Edison," she answered, poising the cream-jug over my cup, and waiting for my decision as to lemon or cream.

"Cream, please. Were you on the stage before going into pictures?"

"Yes. How many lumps, please?" she said, laconically. And I could get nothing more out of her about her stage career, save what I had known before—that she had played the title rôle in "Polly of the Circus" for several very successful seasons.

"You see, Miss Courtlandt," she explained, as she settled back and stirred her tea, "I dont think the public is in the least interested in what we used to do on the stage, or how wonderful we were several years ago. It is what we are and do *now* that interest them. So why should I bore people stiff by telling all about my stage experience?"

"Well, then," I smiled, "tell them about your favorite characters in photoplays in which you have played."

"That's easy," she cried, enthusiastically. "You mean those that I have enjoyed working in the most? As Betty Carew in 'The Two Van Revels,' 'The Everlasting Triangle,' 'The Wrong Woman,' 'His Convert.' That covers about the whole list of recent releases that I have enjoyed working in."

This seemed a good beginning for another leading question, and I quickly took advantage of it.

"Which do you like best, Miss Trunnelle—the stage or photoplay?" I asked.

"Photoplay," she answered, laconically.

"Why?" I asked, meekly.

"Because," she returned, obstinately. And, being a woman myself, I recognized that answer as final and sufficient. So I sought another question.

"Were you born in New York, Miss Trunnelle?" I asked.

"Yes, and educated here. My parents were just plain American citizens, so I'm American clear thru."

'Are you interested in politics—or woman suffrage?"

"Not in the least. I know nothing whatever about it. Anyway, I dont think woman suffrage is necessary. I consider my husband quite capable of handling the political side of the question for this family," she said quietly, thus dealing a death-blow to the suffrage question, so far as she is concerned.

"I suppose you are fond of reading?" I persisted, a little desperately.

"Yes, indeed. Victor Hugo is my favorite novelist. I dont care very much for poetry, altho, I suppose, that's a disgraceful thing for me to admit. But it's true, so why shouldn't I say it?"

Why not, indeed? Her frankness was decidedly wholesome.

"And your favorite sport?" I asked next.

At last I had struck a question that interested her very much. Her brown eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and she sat forward, as she answered quickly:

"Motoring, by all means. I *adore* automobiles. My husband and I have a new car—a Chevrolet—that's quite nice, and we have the most glorious times ever in it. Every minute that we aren't at the studio we are in our car, out in the country somewhere. We dont dread the summer at all now. I'd as soon spend it in New York as in the mountains, or at the seashore. Hot weather holds no terrors for us now."

"Then life is worth living?" I asked, quickly.

"*I* think so," she responded promptly, in a voice whose simple earnestness carried conviction.

We were interrupted at this juncture by the entrance of a man, genial, good-looking, his whole being radiant with enthusiasm and the joy of living.

"Herbert, this is Miss Courtlandt, of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. My husband, Herbert Prior, Miss Courtlandt," Miss Trunnelle — or Mrs. Prior, I should say—introduced.

There wasn't any use of my asking Herbert Prior whether he found life worth living, for his face tells you that the moment you meet him.

And who wouldn't find life worth living, with such a wife as his?

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

## BRYANT WASHBURN, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

AFTER several years of indecision, the Essanay Company have decided to make Bryant Washburn a leading man. It has taken them exactly four years to see that he was a leading man and not the villain that they have made him assume. You see, up to the time that he went into the pictures he had never played anything else but leading parts. But at the time when Essanay called him they were in need of a "heavy" and not a lead, so it was—be a villain or nothing. But to go back to the original statement. The fact that the company had made Mr. Washburn a leading man was so interesting to me that I decided to have a little chat with this handsome young "villain."

At the studio they told me that I would find him in his dressing-room, and the young lady at the telephone told me confidentially that she expected that he was playing pinochle. So I wended my way to the dressing-room, and there I found him playing with two other heavies. They were Mr. Holmes and Mr. Roscoe. The former is

heavy physically, and the latter dramatically. Mr. Washburn seemed very glad to see me, and, when I told him my business, he said, "If you will wait a few minutes I will take you over to the house and give you some stuff that I have on myself."

And so, when the game was finished, which my hero won, we wended our way to his home. It is a delightful home, and Mrs. Washburn is a darling. That is the only word that I can think of that covers the situation at all. Also, there is a dog, Kewpie by name, that was most glad to see me and insisted on kissing me. Mr. Washburn said that he got that habit from his (Mr. Washburn's) wife. The entire flat is furnished in mahogany, and an enormous grand piano nearly filled the living-room. I cannot waste more paper describing the flat, but must go on to Mr. Washburn.

The stage experience of this young man and the film experience are about even. He has been in the films for about four years, and spent about the same length of time in the legitimate. He played in the Percy Haswell Stock Company at the Royal Alexandria Theater in Toronto and in a stock company in Wilmington, Delaware, for the first three seasons that he was on the stage, and then played in several plays with George Fawcett, the principal ones being "The Remittance Man," "The Great John Ganton" and "The Fighter." From these plays he joined the Essanay Company and has been with them ever since.

When I asked him his intentions and how long he expected to stay in the Motion Pictures, he said, "I intend to stay in the pictures as long as the standards of the film manufacturers are as high as they are at the present time. As soon as the pictures deteriorate, I shall go back to the legitimate. I do think that the films could be made better than they are if the actors had more time to study the scenario. At present the time allotted is often no more than an afternoon, and, of course, the result is on the order of a dress rehearsal. Some people think that the acting is not so good as that of a play. Often it isn't, but when you take into consideration the fact that the legitimate actor is giving a performance that he has had hours and hours of preparation on, while the movie actor has to be able to do the same thing in a few moments, I think that the film actors are by far the better artists."

Mr. Washburn has played parts that range in age from twenty to seventy years, and in disposition from good-looking hero to deep-dyed villain. He has stopped at nearly every stage in life for a few moments, and has been a son, a father, a husband, a brother, and uncle and grandfather. And the sincerity and naturalness of his work extend thru the entire range, for his youth is as sincere and real as his old age. In reality, he is only twenty-five years old, and was in the class of 1909 of the Lake View High School in Chicago.

In school he was a track man and somewhat of a sprinter, I hear. He has a dandy singing voice, probably due to the training he had on the Lake View High School Glee Club. His family had hopes that he would be a minister, perhaps because he was the nephew of D. L. Moody, the noted evangelist. He was born on a Sunday, which strengthened their hopes. He is of the opinion, tho, that as strong a sermon can be presented from the stage as can be spoken in a church. Perhaps that is the reason that he is on the stage, but I didn't think to ask him.

I haven't said anything about his personality, for I do not think that I could do it justice. Despite the many disagreeable parts that it is necessary for him to play, in private life he is one of the most pleasant fellows that I have chanced to meet. He fairly radiates good nature, no matter what the conditions are, and—well, you should see him sitting on the kitchen floor playing with his dog. Now, I think that I have said almost all there is to say, except that he has dark-brown hair and eyes, and that he is very fond of canoeing and horseback riding. PAUL G. HOBART.

VIOLET MERSEREAU, of the Universal Players

# AN AUGUST SCENARIO

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN

SCENE 1.

LOCATION—Courtyard of Edwin August's Studio.

*Atmosphere*—Actors and actresses lounging around on benches, tirelessly shredding reputations—Artists entering and exiting from studio door, some with portmanteaus, others with wardrobe, yet again a few empty-handed—Watchman's lodge at northwest end of yard, the appointed guard smoking on the best that five coppers can procure; the northeastern portion of the yard partly filled with motors, models of year one to the present time.

*Business*—Rather elderly, dignified gentleman enters yard; general appearance is that of an author: Prince Albert coat, brown felt hat, flowing hair, gray gaiters covering tops of aged shoes; hands to watchman a 2 x 4 block of pasteboard's best—Watchman, in reading same, shifts eyes from right to left, left to right, and, with an amazing sigh, exclaims: "The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?"—Interviewer chirps: "I would like to see in person Mr. Edwin August"—Watchman cries to call-boy, in pure German tones, to bring forth the occupant of the star dressing-room—Interviewer walks down to front line, adjusting tie—Watchman backs stage, snickering.

SCENE 2.

LOCATION—Exterior of Star's Dressing-room.

*Atmosphere*—A painted star on the means of access to Mr. August's dressing-room; redolent odor of Killarney roses; shrieks of laughter are heard in the distance.

*Business*—Call-boy enters, whistling "My Movie Girl"—A gentle tap on the door; door opens—Mr. August looks out from door—Call-boy tells him that a representative of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is in the court-

EDWIN AUGUST IN A DUAL RÔLE

yard with the intention of interviewing him — A bright smile gradually covers the face of the photoplayer.

LEADER — "AT LAST AN INTERVIEW."

*Back to scene*—They both exit happily across the scene.

SCENE 3.

LOCATION—Courtyard of Edwin August's Studio.

*Atmosphere*—Same as Scene 1.

*Business*—Edwin August enters scene, followed by call-boy; usual interviewer's greetings—Interviewer registers admiration and object of visit —Edwin August, with a knowing look, consents: "Fire as many questions as you may desire"—Interviewer takes out notebook, writes.

*Insert flashed on screen.*

Edwin August New York City

Personal descriptions — hair, dark shade of brown; eyes, green; complexion, very fair; height, rather tall; personality, charming, striking; wearing apparel, dark green, English-cut suit; russet shoes.

LEADER — "WILL YOU PLEASE ACCOMPANY ME TO MY DRESSING-ROOM?"

*Back to scene*—Interviewer registers, "I will"—They both exit.

SCENE 4.

LOCATION—Exterior of Star's Dressing-room.

*Atmosphere*—Same as Scene 2.

*Business*—Interviewer and Mr. August enter scene. Mr. August takes key from pocket, inserts same into lock on door, opens it. They both enter.

SCENE 5.

LOCATION — Interior of Star's Dressing-room.

*Atmosphere*—Dressing-room as spotless as a sanitary hospital ward; on the make-up table are leath-

er-bound copies of Byron's poems, Beethoven's sonatas and Shakespeare; walls partly covered with autographed photos of prominent film celebrities, a one-sheet of Edwin August—On floor are three large wardrobe trunks, one serving the purpose of a lunch-table in center of room; on the table is a small jar of orange marmalade, crackers, cheese, ham sandwiches and a pot of steaming hot tea.

*Business*—Mr. August beckons him to sit down—Interviewer complies—Mr. August gently pours into two cups some tea; beckons interviewer to participate in the luncheon; helps interviewer to sugar and milk, for which he thanks him very kindly—Mr. August sits down—Interviewer says:

LEADER—"HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO LEAVE THE STAGE TO ENTER INTO FILM RANKS?"

Interviewer registers leader—Mr. August puts down cup and registers:

LEADER—"THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED."

Scene dissolves out.

SCENE 6. Scene dissolves in.

LOCATION—Broadway and Forty-second Street.

*Atmosphere*—Crowds passing to and fro.

*Business*—Edwin August in foreground, lighting Henry Clay cigar; enter friend, greetings—Friend asks Mr. August what he is doing—Mr. August explains to friend: "I have just completed an engagement, and I am taking a short holiday"—Friend suggests: "Why dont you come with me to the Biograph studio and watch them film photoplays?"—August laughs; friend insists—August replies: "I will go"—They both exit from scene.

SCENE 7.

LOCATION—Exterior of Subway Station.

*Atmosphere*—Newsboy selling newspapers and magazines.

*Business*—August and friend enter; they exit into subway entrance.

SCENE 8.

LOCATION—Interior of Subway Station.

*Atmosphere*—People entering into subway trains—August and friend enter and exit into train; train leaves.

SCENE 9.

LOCATION—Exterior of Biograph Studio.

*Atmosphere*—Actors and actresses entering and exiting from studio door—August and friend enter scene and exit into studio.

LEADER—THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO.

SCENE 10.

LOCATION—Interior of Biograph studio.

*Atmosphere*—Actors and actresses in various make-ups; row of dressing-rooms.

*Business*—August and friend enter—Friend introduces August to one of the producers—They engage in conversation, while friend excuses himself to go to dressing-room to make up—Producer registers: "Would you like to appear in a scene in my present picture?"—August laughs at idea, thinks; he decides to comply with the producer's request, more for the fun of it—Producer explains to him; it is a stock exchange office—He enters on stage with producer, and there he is introduced to the various

characters whom he is to work with—Producer explains to them just what he wants and orders electrician to turn on the long Cooper Hewitt tube lights; orders camera man to take picture—They enact scene—Producer tells camera man to stop turning the crank on the camera—Scene is over—August exits off stage and mentally vows "Never again"—Producer comes over to him and tells him that he did very well and persuades him to try in another scene that he intends filming that afternoon.

SCENE 11.

LOCATION—Interior of Biograph Studio.

*Atmosphere*—Actors and actresses in various make-ups; row of dressing-rooms.

LEADER—THAT AFTERNOON.

*Business*—August enacts scene for producer—Studio manager enters, holds consultation with producer, and they decide to engage August to play leading rôles—They talk to August, and he, after due consideration, consents. Scene dissolves out.

SCENE 12. Scene dissolves in.

LOCATION—Interior of Star's Dressing-room.

*Atmosphere*—Same as Scene 5.

*Business*—August, in a somewhat enthusiastic manner, says:

LEADER—"I SOON LOST THE SENSE OF STRANGENESS AND BECAME GREATLY INTERESTED IN THE NEW WORK, AND FELT ASSURED THAT IT WAS THE COMING ART FOR AN ACTOR TO FOLLOW FROM AN ARTISTIC SENSE AS WELL AS A BUSINESS ONE."

Interviewer, with book in hand, writing; August speaks:

LEADER—"SINCE THEN IT HAS BEEN A LONG ROAD. I HAVE APPEARED IN PRODUCTIONS OF EDISON, LUBIN, UNIVERSAL, MY OWN COMPANY, KINETOPHOTO, HARRIS, SMALLWOOD, AND NOW TARRY WITH WORLD."

*Back to scene*—Knock is heard on door—August replies: "Come in"—Call-boy enters and announces: "Scene is ready"—August explains to interviewer that he must leave him, as the scene is waiting for him—August arises from table, tells interviewer to remain and finish luncheon—They bid one another a fond farewell, and August exits—Interviewer writes in book.

*Insert flashed on screen.*

Characteristics—Student of Shakespeare; enjoys his work; possessor of a chicken farm; is of the opinion that Motion Pictures will figure largely in the educational field—*Edwin August is compelling but migratory.*

Picture fades out.

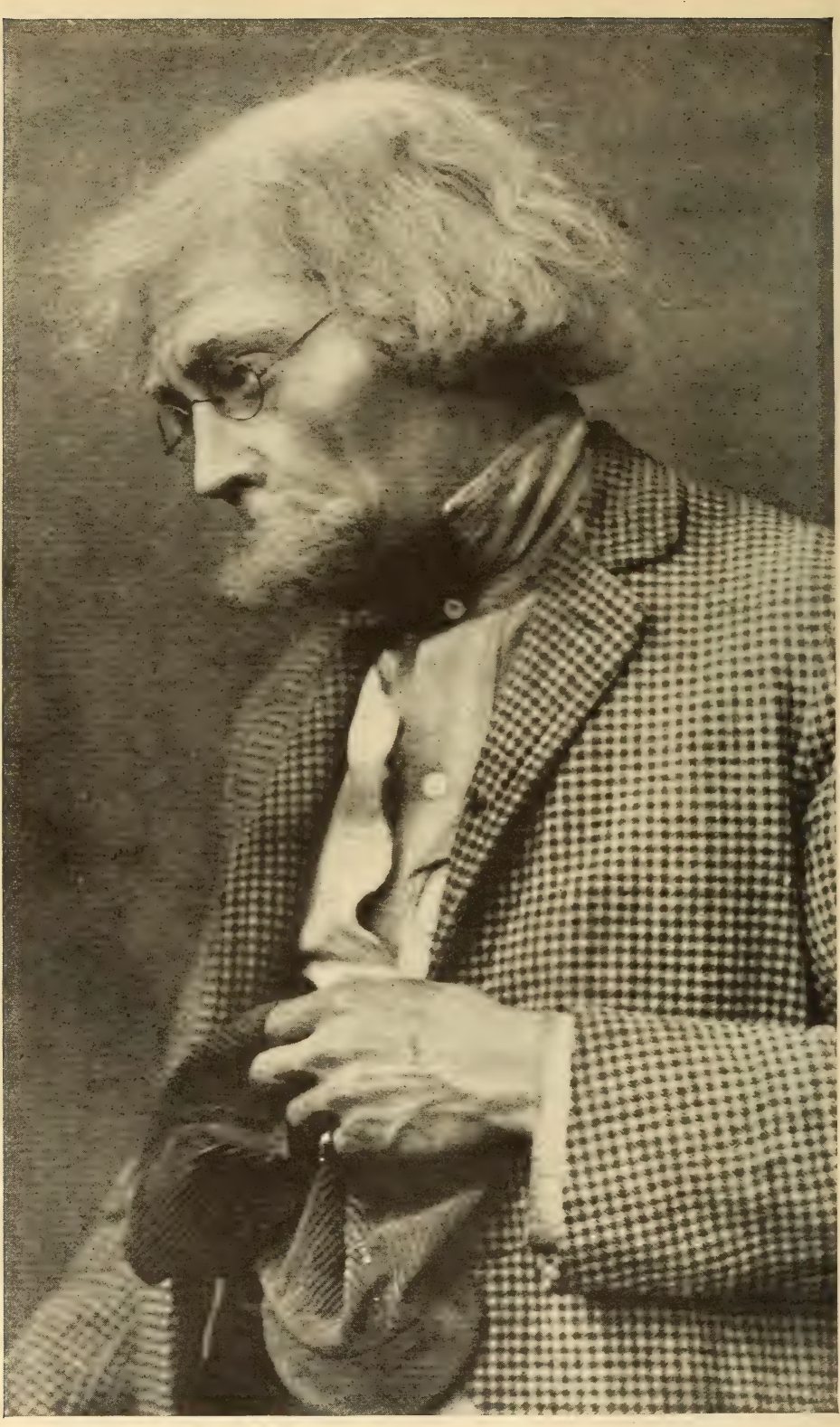
PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP.

## A Toast

By RAY FRUM NATHAN

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
Of fine and good intent,
Has set the pace a-going
With its baby *Supplement.*
May it live long and prosper,
As Jefferson would say,
This eugenic baby,
Which a million minds will sway.

Here's to its sturdy parent,
Here's to the infant new,
May it never know a rebuff
Under guidance true;
May it never trip or stumble,
God speed it on its way,
Progressive, unafraid and staunch,
Forever and a day!



Arthur Housman, in a favorite character study. Mr. Housman in real life is only a young man—in his early twenties

# Brief Biographies of Popular Players

## DOROTHY DAVENPORT

Miss Dorothy Davenport, popular young player of the Nestor Company, has been in training for the stage since she was five years old. At that time she had parts with her father and mother, both actors and from whom she inherited much dramatic ability, and her aunt was the famous Fanny Davenport.

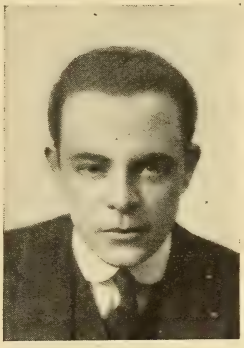
Miss Davenport, called "Dottie" by her fellow players, is most popular with them because of her charm of manner and sunny disposition.

This pretty, petite young lady is in private life Mrs. Wallace Reid, wife of the good-looking man she always plays opposite to in the Lasky Company.

## TOM FORMAN

Texas claims Tom Forman, the boyish-looking juvenile of the Lasky Feature Company; and his appearance does not belie his age, for he is only twenty-two. He spent his younger days riding the ranges, and later moved to California, where he continued his athletic sports, much to the detriment of his studies at school. Before he was twenty he headed his own road show; then joined the Nestor Company; later starred in the Kalem; became director of the Lubin, and is now with the Lasky Feature, where his work is attracting notable attention. Mr. Forman still enjoys the outdoors as he did when a boy, but now takes this pleasure in his automobile, and has time, too, for fishing and hunting.

## HARRY BEAUMONT



Mr. Harry Beaumont attained success on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville before becoming one of the popular members of the Edison Company.

He is enthusiastic about his work, and about everything except talking of himself. He says he has no views on religion nor politics to give to the public, and that the only remarkable thing about himself is that he was born in Abilene, Kan., and has reached the point where people want to know something about him.

Mr. Beaumont's parents were of French origin, the name properly being De Beau.

He has written some photoplays and short stories, and many of his evenings are spent in this way.

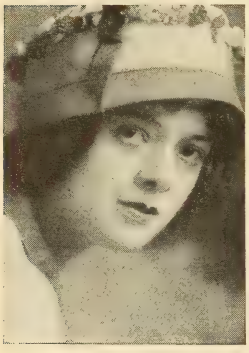
## BILLIE BURKE

Miss Billie Burke, the well-known actress, who will now pose for the pictures, will be paid the highest salary ever paid to a Motion Picture artist; and, to further induce her to remain in this work, attentions such as a queen would envy will be showered upon this popular actress during her stay in California.

Mr. Ince, in whose productions Miss Burke will act, begins his pretentious entertainment of this star with a private car to California. While in the West, a magnificent yacht will be at her disposal for the trips from the luxurious bungalow, that has been prepared for her, to the studio.

At Inceville are elaborate quarters to serve as the dressing-room for Miss Burke. Here she will be cooled by the breezes from the ocean, and, should she desire a dip in the sea, a special private bath-house has been built for her use.

## ELIZABETH BURBRIDGE



The stage career of Miss Elizabeth Burbridge, the pretty and charming ingénue of the Ince forces, has been one of continual successes since her first appearance with the Biograph Company, when she was fifteen years old. After a few years she went into vaudeville, but later returned to the Motion Pictures, where her exquisite interpretation of graceful, dainty parts, and her deep feeling in the emotional rôles, have won her the admiration of all.

In life she is as charming as in the pictures, but, tho the idol of her parents and friends, by whom she is affectionately known as "Tommy," she is not at all spoiled.

She loves the outdoors, and every day, accompanied by her faithful Scotch collie, takes a dip in the brine at Venice, Cal., where she lives with her parents.

## CHARLES CLARY

Mr. Charles Clary is a Western man, having been born in Charleston, Ill. His first appearance on the stage was in Kansas City in an amateur performance, the success of which he says was due to influence with the press. But the stage-bug stayed with him, and he went from amateur work to the legitimate stage, and his many talents brought him to his Broadway triumph, playing opposite Mrs. Leslie Carter. Then a tempting offer was made to him to join the Motion Picture ranks, and, realizing their future, he accepted, and has continued to be a most popular star.

Few articles have been written about Mr. Clary, for he shuns publicity; but he is very popular, having a straightforward way that makes him liked by all.

His fondness for athletics brings him out early in the morning for his daily five-mile run, and then, after a shower and rub-down and hearty breakfast, he is ready to enjoy a good cigar, one of his several hobbies.

At eight o'clock he is ready for his work at the Mutual studio.

# STORIES THAT ARE TRUE

## THE SUBMERGED ISLAND

By ETHEL CLAYTON

TRUTHFULLY, I can say the most thrilling incident which happened during my career as a photoplayer occurred last summer while I was engaged "making scenes" for the Lubin Company at Portland, Maine.

I was cast as leading lady in a "Romance of the Coast," portraying the part of a fishermaid who was supposed to be stranded upon a desert island far out at sea. But in that particular instance the island proved to be a mere rock—a submerged island.

Immediately after I arrived on that isolated rock and had cast my small boat, in which I rowed there, adrift, the waves, lashed into a fury by the high wind and swift tide, beat furiously against my retreat. The sea swelled till, in a few minutes, I was knee-deep in water.

Cautiously and with much difficulty I made my way up those wet, slippery rocks to the highest promontory, where I believed I would be safe and dry. But even up there the spray drenched me to the skin, and I was compelled to cling to a ledge for support or drop into the angry, surging water twenty feet below.

Harry Myers, my hero in that particular scene, was to row out to the island in a small boat and rescue me. He started as soon as I arrived, but the rough sea and the dangerous rocks, which were being covered by the incoming tide, made his work a tedious, laborious task indeed. He realized my predicament, and, being a real film artist, he understood that two lives were at stake and made every effort to reach me as expeditiously as consistent with the elements.

When he came within distance my cries warned him that I was almost exhausted. My situation on those rocks and my hero's frantic efforts to reach me made a very realistic scene. In the meantime, the sea had risen surprisingly fast; only my head and shoulders were visible as I clung desperately to that ledge and battled bravely against the strong tide and drenching spray which at times engulfed me entirely.

The rescue was a daring one, and it made a romantic scene. After repeated trials to get his boat close enough to the rock to take me off, Mr. Myers clasped me in his arms as his boat swung past my refuge on the swell of a wave.

Of course all of our work is not all roses. I did suffer from a few scratches and bruises and a nervous shock, but—well, it all comes to every one of us picture players in a day's work, in our efforts to please our audience, the public.

## THE BOOBY-HATCH

By HOWARD MITCHELL

LIFE in a cell, even for a night, is not an envious habitation. That fact was proven to me the night I went to the police station to study types of criminals for a picture that was being made. I expected to enjoy

the experience and accepted the job eagerly.

My letter from the director obtained permission from the assistant chief to look around. A lot of poor

derelicts were waiting to be assigned the numbers of their rooms for the night. The watch at the desk changed while I waited and studied characters.

Presently a couple of patrolmen took charge of the guests and ordered them to line up. I dropped into the row, and, without any apprehension, permitted myself to be pushed into a cell with another vagrant.

"What did you do?" questioned my companion.

"Nothing!" I replied.

"Dat's me, too," volunteered the vagrant. "I aint done nothin'. Them cops is too fresh pickin' up men like me an' youse—they's lookin' fer a record!"

After an hour in that cell, I believed I had seen enough, and decided to get back to the hotel. I called for the "night watch," but no one answered. Another hour passed and still there was no sign of my being released. Finally I did manage to secure the attention of a good-natured policeman, to whom I stated my case. Presently I was taken to the desk, and the night clerk phoned Mr. Lubin, and a serious talk ensued, after which I was released.

It was not until the next day at the studio that I learnt it was all a joke arranged by my companion players.

## INNOCENCE

By HERBERT RAWLINSON

SOME years ago I was stage manager with a road attraction, and the management booked a few one-night stands. We came to a small town in Kansas, where the opera-house manager was the "bill poster, janitor, constable"—in fact, "all there is I am."

We discovered our scenery was too long for the small stage. Turning to the manager, I asked: "What is your proscenium opening here?"

The gentleman in question emitted a brown fluid out over the extreme

edge of the proverbial chin-piece, and replied: "Oh, about seven-thirty!"

*(To be continued by Ruth Roland, Maurice Costello, Marguerite Clayton, Harry Truesdell, and others.)*

# MORE CENSORSHIP NEEDED! MORE! MORE!!

By HECTOR AMES

INSTEAD of putting the words "Passed by the Board of Censorship" on every film, why not really assure the audience that the picture is all right in every way? Make it necessary to put the following on every film, for the audience to read:

Approved by the following censors:

| | |
|---|---|
| INTERNATIONAL. | PROHIBITION. |
| NATIONAL. | CHURCH. |
| STATE. | POLITICAL. |
| COUNTY. | COMMERCIAL. |
| CITY OR TOWN. | JUVENILE. |
| WOMAN SUFFRAGE | HIGHBROW. |

That's only a dozen boards. While it may not cover the ground as thoroly as we would like to do when we become more advanced, it will serve for this rather raw and uncivilized period.

Of course there ought to be a medical board, to make sure it is not a picture that will hurt one physically, such as shattering nerves, creating depression, ennui, etc., etc.

Then a board of oculists should pass on every film, to make sure it's jiggly enough to boom their business.

But all these may come later. Start with an international board, to make sure that no nationality in the world is shown in any demeaning part, or in any way that would make fun of them or belittle them.

Then the national board should see to it that the United States is boomed above all things.

And the county board of censors must make sure that no picture shows any other district more alluring than the county in which it is shown.

The city or town board will make sure that nothing is shown that would in any way harm the boom of that place or show any of the town's poorer streets, slums, etc.

Woman Suffrage censorships would make sure that their cause was always foremost, that woman always won out in the plots, and that man got, not his just deserts, but the worst of it.

The Prohibition censors would see to it that *water* was the plot of every picture. No liquor or drinking could be shown. Every picture would have Sahara looking like the Atlantic Ocean.

The church censors would probably insist on using Bible scenes, but not all of them, also dramatizing "Little Rollo," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and a few others. There could be neither hate, nor sin, nor robbery, nor anything else that goes to make up the present-day plots in the pictures.

Politically, every picture would have to be in accordance with the party in power. This would make it rather hard under a Democratic administration if the picture were to be shown in a Republican county, in a city that is strongly Progressive.

Commercially, no one product, nor business, nor anything of that sort, could be played above another. One could not have a certain make of automobile, or piano, or talking-machine, nor anything manufactured, show in the play, or else it would have to be disguised.

The juvenile censors would demand only screamingly funny farces, or fairy stories and pirate pictures.

The highbrows' share would be to see that only Shakespearian, or other old, classic stuff, was produced.

Of course there ought to be a lot more censors, but what's the use? By the time these got thru, the films would consist of only the two blank ends, pasted together, the censors having clipped out all the other stuff.

# The Seven Ages of Motion Play Patrons

By HARVEY PEAKE

(*With Apologies to William Shakespeare*)

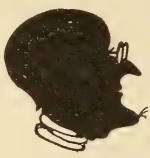
All the world's a Motion Picture Show,
And all the men and women merely spectators;
They have their comings and their goings,
And each man, in his time, sees many films,
His attendance at the theater representing seven ages.

At first the infant, in the arms of the mother
Who cannot stay away; and then the eager
Schoolboy, with his satchel, hurrying into
The nearest Picture Playhouse on his way
Home from school; then the lover with his lass,

Who cannot take his eyes from her face
Long enough to look at the pictures;
Then a soldier, expecting to be gone
To a no-picture land for a long time,
And so drinking his fill while he has the chance;

Then the justice, in fair, round belly
With good capon lined, with eyes severe
And beard of formal cut,
Who has been looking forward thruout
The day's trials to the time when he could
Taste of the joys of the new five-reeler;
The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon.

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
Who totters up to the ticket window
And pays the price of the happiest hours
Of his day; last scene of all,



That ends this strange, eventful chronicle,
Is second childishness, but not oblivion,
For tho sans teeth, sans eyes and sans taste,
He is not sans appreciation of the Motion Play.

# Applauding Our Screen Idols

## Do You Do It?

By ERNEST A. DENCH

EVERY photoplayer who wins fame and fortune misses the one thing which should be such an incentive to his or her work. It is applause. Before a cold, unemotional, unerring camera, helped on by a businesslike director, the actor's one performance is done. There is no chance to improve. Once done, it is done for all time, to make or to mar the photoplayer's fame.

The next stage the player faces with considerable anxiety. That is the showing of the produced play in a private cinema, or projection-room, before a hypercritical audience headed by the principals of the firm. If the player has not "put across" the appeal in his rôle, he is sure to hear of it. Even then one element is still absent. The constant aim of the photoplayer is to please the great Motion Picture-going public, but he or she does not know whether the efforts recorded on the roll of celluloid have earned its portrayer public praise or censure for months afterwards.

Place yourself in the position of the disinterested spectator at the average Motion Picture theater. What do you see? Half a moment, please. A rattling good two-reel drama has just been run off with two well-known players in the leading parts. Save, perhaps, for the efforts of a few small boys in the front rows, no applause nor protest comes from the audience. They remain as stoical as a tribe of Red Indians. As a movie fan, you may well say that the players do not hear it; so why worry?

But do you ever consider the problem of the exhibitor trying to suit the needs of his patrons? Were you to signify your approval by hearty handclapping, or your disapproval by remaining silent, he could judge better, and perhaps you would obtain more pictures to your liking. On the other hand, from your lead he may take it into his head to write to the producer of the film which richly earned your applause, and the actors would undoubtedly benefit from such communications.

At present all the player gets is a bunch of letters, straggling along six months after his work is finished and commenting on his work in such and such a picture. It is true that the limited number of seasoned criticisms that can be found room for in the Motion Picture publications vastly help and encourage the average photoplayer. Contests, too, in the latter do much to spur him on to greater effort, but paper, ink and pen are, at their best, a cold and distant means of approbation.

You really cannot appreciate what the hearing of hundreds of handclaps means to your idol. An actor's work is, or should be, all sentiment and feeling, and immediate applause is a sure stimulant for his or her spent energies. This is often his motive for making a tour of the photoplay theaters in different parts of the country at intervals and so getting in close touch with his audiences, who, strange to say, are not slow to applaud at seeing him in the flesh.

It is also responsible for a photoplayer having an occasional fling at vaudeville or the legitimate. There are no other known ways for a movie star to satisfy what, after all, is his natural craving.

You, as a fan, should do your best when visiting your favorite theater to be not so reserved. If you help to make the custom of applauding screen performers a common one, it will serve to make your evening more pleasant, will add zest to the show, will encourage your exhibitor's efforts to please you, and your partiality will be of incalculable benefit to your inaccessible friends, the players.

# Aint It Funny What A Difference Just A Few Years Make?

(APOLOGIES TO RAYMOND HITCHCOCK)

I'LL GIVE YOU $5,000, MY COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE HUDSON, AND A MORTGAGE ON MY LIFE!
A FEW YEARS SINCE STAGE STARS SCORNED TO PLAY FOR FILMS
COME AROUND NEXT WEEK AND I CAN USE YOU IN A MOB SCENE!
BUT-- TIMES HAVE CHANGED!
AND AGAIN I SAY, BEWARE! BEWARE!
THE SERMON TONIGHT WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WITH MOTION PICTURES
THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH HAS SUFFERED AN ECLIPSE
A FEW YEARS AGO
TODAY
THE OLD PICTURE HOUSE WAS CONSIDERED A JOKE BY THE THEATRICAL PRODUCERS
MOVING PICTURES INSIDE ADMISSION 5¢
SOTHERN & MARLO
TOPLAYS 25 and 50¢
--BUT YOU WILL NOTE THAT NOW THEY ARE ALL BUYING UP PHOTO THEATRES!
THE GIRLY SHOW
CLOSED till FURTHER NOTICE
TUT! A MERE NOVELTY! IT CAN'T LAST LONG!
WE WILL HEREAFTER GIVE A FULL PAGE DAILY TO MOTION PICTURES
DONT LET ME HEAR OF YOU ATTENDING THOSE PLACES!
THIS AFTERNOON WE SHALL HAVE MOTION PICTURES OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE CONGO
--AND THERE ARE OTHERS WHOSE ATTITUDES TOWARD THE FILMS HAVE CHANGED!!
THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR of a FEW YEARS AGO and TODAY
THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S
CHANGE of FRONT
HELLO EVERYBODY !!!
MOTION PICTURE STORY
ONLY 7 YEARS AGO THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE MADE ITS INITIAL APPEARANCE
Review
MOTION PICTURE magazine
TODAY IT IS ONE OF THE NATIONALLY INFLUENTIAL MAGAZINES in the COUNTRY
WITH SUCH INCREDIBLE ADVANCEMENT IN SO SHORT A TIME, WHAT MAY NOT THE FUTURE HOLD IN STORE FOR THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, AS THE GREATEST POWER IN THE WORLD FOR EDUCATION, FOR MOLDING PUBLIC OPINION, FOR MORALITY, AND FOR AMUSEMENT!

# Popular Plays and Players

Conducted by GLADYS HALL

Mary Humphreys, 2016 Taylor Street, Richmond, Va., has paid an exceptional tribute to Clara Kimball Young. There is something of the minor note in the rhythmic charm of the verse. It is out of the ordinary and wins the prize this month:

TO CLARA.

Linger all the mysteries,
Clara, Clara, in your eyes,
  Shadow-haunted,
  Dream-enchanted,
That have thrilled the world with pain,
  Thru the golden noontide glimmer,
  'Neath the white moon's dim, sad shimmer,
Since the world began.

Do you see, O sad, sad eyes,
  Backward roaming,
  Thru the gloaming,
From the land of memories,
Ghosts all shadowy and wan?
  Broken-hearted they forever,
  Wailing: "Never! Never! Never!"
Since the world began.

Do you hear the ocean's call,
  Ever yearning,
  E'er returning
To the dear land's magic thrall?
Tide eternal, ebb and wane,
  With a weary, weird throbbing,
  Like a woman who's been sobbing,
Since the world began.

Clara, your sad eyes are deep,
  Witching as the phantom beams
Of a phantom moon that sleep
  Paints across a sky of dreams.

William De Ryee, Box 147, Alpine, Tex., has found "Tess" very real and very lovely. He gives the credit to "Little Mary":

TO "LITTLE MARY" AS "TESS."

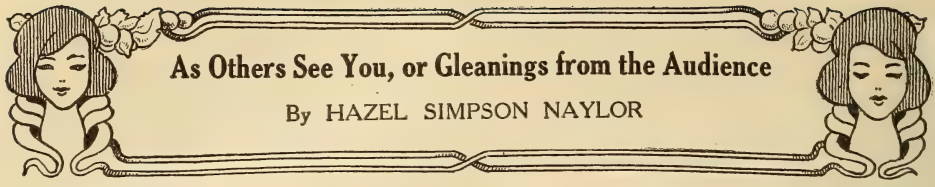
uch have I seen of beauty on this earth,
  And often have I met with purity,
But ne'er beheld the two combined with worth
  Until the day I found them all in thee!

'Twas then I gleaned what I had lost of yore,
  That truth must share in beauty's decoration;
That loveliness, to shine, must bow before
  Sincerity—'tis Heaven's dispensation.

Oh! where on this gray globe doth there exist
  Another face so fair, such starry eyes,
So sweet a nature, a lovelier optimist?
  Not any place, I ween, save Paradise.

From what empyrean region camest thou, Mary?
  Thou wast not born for dust, ethereal child!
Art thou an angel sent down, angel-fairy,
  To mitigate the sins of the defiled?

May thy life's path be near a silvery river,
  Meandering thru flower-laden scenes;
A pleasant clime, where love exists forever,
  And in this land thou be the queen of queens.



## As Others See You, or Gleanings from the Audience

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

THRILLS and raptures galore visited the movie audience seeing Donald Brian, that Beau Brummel of the speaking stage, in "The Voice in the Fog." Indeed, the coat of his evening clothes was of such a perfect fit that it amused us to see how he had to struggle to yank it off, while the "terrible" villain waited for him to beat him up.

Cissy Fitzgerald, if you persist in holding your eyes so grotesquely wide open, you will catch many a speck in them, *but* not a "speck" of our admiration.

"A Millionaire at Play" was the title of one scene in George Kleine's "The Money Master." Forthwith, we were regaled with a scene of business men and flighty women in evening clothes. A child in the audience innocently voiced aloud our thoughts when she said concerning one particularly décolletée "lady": "Oh, papa, see, she's just got a skirt on and no waist!"

Margot Williams, trudging thru the very real rain in "The Master of the House," tickled our jaded palates. One fellow remarked gleefully: "There's no fake about *that* rain!"

Clara Kimball Young seems to have a mortgage on most of the delightful photoplays. The remembrance of the tragic beauty of her "Trilby" still stirs us to the depths of our souls, and her comedy, "Marrying Money," was positively delicious—the cream of comedy, as 'twere.

Speaking of comedy, Edith Storey, as the Egyptian princess struggling into a pair of pajamas in "The Dust of Egypt," was the most excruciatingly funny sight ever. The more one sees Miss Storey the more one realizes how her art covers every range, stooping to the ridiculous only to rise to the sublime.

The Kleine Travel pictures are very instructive, but, as one sweet, young thing said, "Say, these sure are boring." It is almost like trying to make a schoolgirl appreciate Jane Austen or Thackeray when her heart turns to Robert Chambers, to offer dry travel pictures when the public desires something that throbs and burns and lives.

Olga Petrova, as the Vampire in Metro's "The Vampire," was so very attractive and appealing that, instead of disapproving of her, we fairly wished her happiness, while the good, little fiancée filled us with disgust; in fact, we agreed with the woman behind us, who said, "I hate that prig of a girl."

Praise, and then more praise, is due Robert Warwick and Frances Nelson for their truly heroic acting in "The Stolen Voice," a unique Moving Picture, inasmuch as it was a perfectly thrilling "movie" within a "movie."

Here are just a few photoplay stand-bys which we would like to taboo: the continual half-packing of suitcases; the girl who pleads with another woman for her erstwhile lover; the heroine who experiences nothing but trouble and dies in the end; the woman who throws herself from a cliff to escape the villain lover; the landlady who is always badgering the rent out of our poor, young hero.

Fearful, indeed, was the terrible splendor of the lumber scene in "Her Great Match." As a whole mass of logs was sent crashing over the falls directly upon the frail canoe paddled by the beauteous Gail Kane, a woman shuddered: "Oh, how horrible! Surely, surely, they will save her——" and then she looked around apprehensively to see if any one had noticed how she had displayed her emotions.

"Hazel Dawn—humph!—she's terribly tame," complained a girl as "The Fatal Card" was billed upon the screen.

(*Continued on page* 180)

On page 119 of the November issue we announced a new contest, and we give below the results up to the hour when this page goes to press.

This is something different from the usual "Popularity Contest," because popularity has nothing to do with this one. As a rule, that player who is handsome, or graceful, or charming, or pleasing in manner, becomes popular, and this popularity is not always based on skill and artistry. The villain, the character man, the adventuress, the "old woman," etc., seldom become popular, even if they rise to the greatest heights of the photoplay art; but here is a contest for all—a contest in which every kind of art will receive recognition. To win a place in the list below requires more than beauty and a pleasing personality; it requires art. Those who were fortunate enough to see George Beban in "An Alien," for instance, will probably be only too glad to honor him with their vote, altho he played the part of a lowly Italian laborer. We ask all our readers to vote once a month on the ballot which will be found on another page, and mail to "Editor Screen Masterpieces, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn," or enclose with other mail addressed to this Magazine. No player can be voted for twice on the same ballot for the same part. Once a week a force of five clerks, supervised by the Editor and the Answer Man, will classify and count the ballots, and the results will appear monthly in the Magazine until the close of the contest. We here give a list of those receiving the most votes up to noon, October 13th, and next month we shall add another page to this department:

1. Earle Williams in "The Christian" ..... 680
2. Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" ..... 510
3. Henry Walthall in "Birth of a Nation" ..... 340
4. Edith Storey in "The Christian". 290
5. Henry Walthall in "The Avenging Conscience" ..... 270
6. Anita Stewart in "A Million Bid" 260
7. William Farnum in "The Spoilers" ..... 240
8. Francis Bushman in "Graustark" 230
9. Mary Pickford in "Rags" ..... 230
10. Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was" ..... 260
11. Antonio Moreno in "The Island of Regeneration" ..... 240
12. Anita Stewart in "The Goddess" 230
13. Anita Stewart in "Sins of the Mothers" ..... 220
14. Edith Storey in "The Island of Regeneration" ..... 210
15. Earle Williams in "The Juggernaut" ..... 200
16. Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia" ..... 160
17. Warren Kerrigan in "Samson".. 150
18. Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda".. 140
19. Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower" 150
20. Mae Marsh in "Birth of a Nation" 140
21. William Farnum in "The Plunderer" ..... 130
22. Henry Walthall in "Ghosts".... 120
23. Viola Dana in "The Stoning".... 120
24. Francis Bushman in "The Silent Voice" ..... 120
25. George Beban in "An Alien"..... 120
26. Betty Nansen in "Should a Mother Tell?" ..... 110
27. Blanche Sweet in "The Case of Becky" ..... 110
28. Pearl White in "Romance of Elaine" ..... 110
29. Earle Williams in "Love's Sunset" 110
30. Marie Newton in "The Ring and the Book" ..... 100
31. Kathlyn Williams in "The Spoilers" ..... 100
32. Robert Warwick in "Alias Jimmie Valentine" ..... 90
33. Anita Stewart in "The Juggernaut" ..... 90
34. Marguerite Clark in "Gretna Green" ..... 80
35. Marguerite Clark in "Seven Sisters" ..... 80
36. Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City" ..... 70
37. Arnold Daly in "Exploits of Elaine" ..... 70
38. Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift" 60

# Reel Paris Fashions

On this Paige are shown styles appropriate to wear in a Karr —or Ford; others suitable for the Walker.

The extremely Little hat is most becoming to the Young. To the older woman it may prove almost a Bayne, until Fuller trimming makes it a creation over which she will re-Joyce.

These styles are vary smart in Gray, Brown, or Snow White.

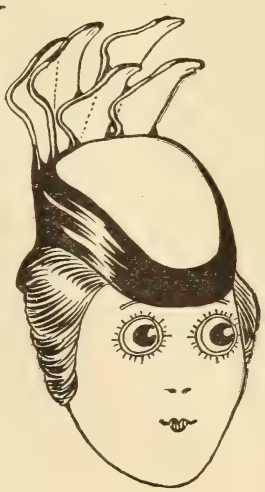
A "FIVE-PART FEATURE" BONNET

A "SPLIT-REEL" MODEL

THE "CUT-BACK" STYLE

A STARTLING "CLOSE-UP" TOQUE

These up-to-the-minute fashions, direct from Paree, are not patented, trade-marked or copyrighted, and permission is hereby given to all first-class milliners to duplicate these exclusive designs for Motion Picture people, provided full credit is given to the designers.



A "FIVE-FEET-OF-CELLULOID" TURBAN

THE "MIRROR-SCREEN" HAT

# Echoes of the Great Cast Contest

## The Winning Players Are Now Selecting Their Prizes

On September 7th the ballot-boxes closed on what was perhaps the most remarkable contest ever conducted. We offered over $2,000 worth of prizes to the winners, the first prize to go to the player receiving the largest number of votes for any one part. Mrs. Mary Maurice, having won first prize, promptly called at this office, at our request, and, after looking over the prizes, selected the $500 Columbia Grand Grafonola and $50 worth of records. We then telegraphed Charles Chaplin, who is in California, and he wired that he preferred the $100 gold watch and chain as a memento of his having won second prize. Next came little Bobby Connelly and his mother, and they decided that they preferred the $175 Columbia phonograph. Mr. W. Chrystie Miller was next notified, and "The Grand Old Man of the Movies" came in from the Actors' Home on Staten Island and selected the $75 gold watch and chain for the fourth prize. We next telegraphed Mabel Normand, who is in California, to select the fifth prize, but, up to the time of going to press (October 13th), we have not heard from Miss Normand. Perhaps she has not yet recovered from her recent illness, and therefore we and our readers, and the other eighteen winners, must await Miss Normand's selection before the other prizes can be awarded.

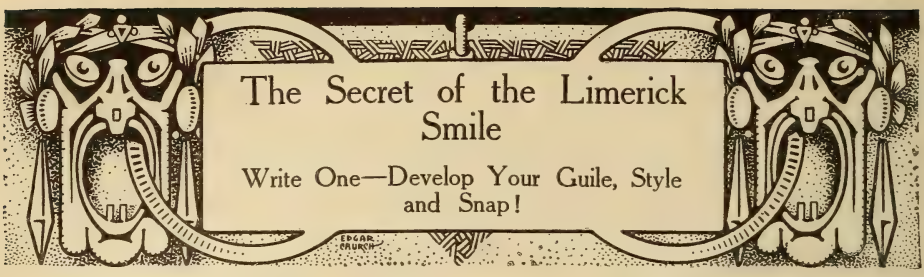
In subsequent issues we shall publish further news of the Great Cast Contest and also the notes of acknowledgment received from the winners. Lest we forget, here is the world's greatest photoplay cast, and also a list of the prize winners:

### THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHOTOPLAY CAST

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Leading Man<br>Earle Williams..... | 1,571,655 | 7. | Comedian (Male)<br>Charles Chaplin.... | 1,934,550 |
| 2. | Leading Woman<br>Mary Pickford..... | 1,615,160 | 8. | Comedian (Female)<br>Mabel Normand.... | 1,709,390 |
| 3. | Old Gentleman<br>W. Chrystie Miller. | 1,725,450 | 9. | Handsome Young Man<br>Antonio Moreno.... | 1,664,825 |
| 4. | Old Lady<br>Mary Maurice..... | 2,277,500 | 10. | Beautiful Young Woman<br>Anita Stewart..... | 1,523,990 |
| 5. | Character Man<br>Romaine Fielding... | 1,115,985 | 11. | Villain<br>Bryant Washburn.. | 1,455,605 |
| 6. | Character Woman<br>Norma Talmadge... | 1,201,070 | 12. | Child<br>Bobby Connelly.... | 1,732,710 |

### PRIZE WINNERS OF THE GREAT CAST CONTEST

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Mary Maurice..... | 2,277,500 | 13. | Jack Richardson..... | 1,445,450 |
| 2. | Charles Chaplin..... | 1,934,550 | 14. | Warren Kerrigan..... | 1,430,530 |
| 3. | Bobby Connelly..... | 1,732,710 | 15. | Helen Dunbar..... | 1,430,230 |
| 4. | W. Chrystie Miller... | 1,725,450 | 16. | Thomas Commerford.. | 1,427,050 |
| 5. | Mabel Normand..... | 1,709,390 | 17. | Ford Sterling..... | 1,396,325 |
| 6. | Antonio Moreno..... | 1,664,825 | 18. | Mary Anderson..... | 1,392,350 |
| 7. | Mary Pickford..... | 1,615,160 | 19. | Francis Bushman..... | 1,355,090 |
| 8. | Earle Williams..... | 1,571,655 | 20. | Helen Costello..... | 1,344,570 |
| 9. | Beverly Bayne..... | 1,524,330 | 21. | Norma Talmadge..... | 1,201,070 |
| 10. | Anita Stewart..... | 1,523,990 | 22. | Julia S. Gordon..... | 1,132,090 |
| 11. | Flora Finch..... | 1,469,070 | 23. | Romaine Fielding.... | 1,115,985 |
| 12. | Bryant Washburn.... | 1,455,605 | 24. | Harry Morey..... | 1,073,740 |




ANY one can smile—the next better thing is to pass the smile on to your friends. A limerick is the neatest folded smile ever done up in a five-line package. Try one; you'll smile at it yourself, anyway. Just to "fix" your smile long enough to be photographed, we offer $5, $3, $1 and $1 each month for the four best limericks submitted. Think of something too clever to keep all to yourself, and sit down and send it to the Limerick Editor. He made a solemn promise to read it—*and enjoy it!* The prizes for this month are awarded to the first four, in the first column, given below:

WORSE THAN TOLL-GATE SUE!

A movie fan cried, with regrette,
"I fear I shall soon go in debtte;
Every nickel that's mine
I must yield at the shrine
Of that beautiful Gladys Hulette!"

THOMAS LEVISH.
2821 N. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

The fifty-fifth floor was on fire,
When we saw thru the smoke Herbert Prior!
And he slid down the stream
That was played on the screen.
Now somebody call me a liar!

CHARLES H. TURNHILL.
819 Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BRYANT WASHBURN.

When Washburn erases his smile,
And covers his curls with a "tile,"
His good angel weeps,
And he gives us the "creeps,"
For his crimes combine horror and style.

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

IT'S HIS REGULAR DIET.

Said a cultured young creature from Boston,
Concerning the work of Jere Austin,
"He's one of the few
Thrillin' artists I've knew,
I betcha he finds it exhaustin'."

A. C. GALE.
10724 Fairchild Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

KING BAGGOT.

When Baggot across the screen goes,
There's a chorus of ah's and of oh's;
That lock of white hair
Has 'em going for fair,
And raving in verse and in prose.

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

AGAIN THOSE ABBREVIATED SKIRTS.

At the "Samson" J. Warren depicted
I wept; he was sadly afflicted.
But (excuse me, J., please!),
At that little chemise,
I quaked with the laugh I restricted.

MISS M. E. MAIN.
Westerly, R. I.

BEVERLY BAYNE.

I know a young lady, Miss Bayne,
Who always does give me a pain;
Sounds rude, I suppose?
But the pain really goes
Thru my heart, so she cannot complain.

Paris, Ky. WILLIAM H. TALBOT.

ODE TO ADVERTISING SLIDES.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"These ad. slides surely are bum dope."
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As toward the screen his eyes he turned,
And there beheld, "USE BUNKEM'S SOAP."

JOHN JESCO, JR.
938 Fourth St., Rensselaer, N. Y.

DID MARC WRITE THIS?

A hero so bold, Marc McDermott;
He's lived every life 'cept a hermit.
His work is his play,
And I've heard people say
He can steal, shoot and love sans a permit.

M. MCDERMOTT.
Sea Gate, N. Y. Harbor.

STEALING PEARL'S THUNDER.

Miss Pearl White, who's "Exploiting" for Pathé,
Now waxes exceedingly wrathé;
For a vaudeville turn
Uses that name of her'n—
Alas! Poor Pauline, she'll go daffé.

HAROLD R. COPE.
152 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Julia Dean is taking "Matrimony" seriously. She has a score of Fifth avenue modistes sewing on her dozen new creations.

John Noble, director of Rolfe-Metro Features, made "One Million Dollars" in less than three weeks. Sounds like "Electric Boat," doesn't it?

Returns of Vitagraph's fly-swatting contest are all in. Hughie Mack, with two and one-half swatted pounds, has been awarded the tin cup. Kate Price was in the lead until Hughie began sitting around, giving the flies a chance to light.

Think of Edna Aug giving up the stage to be "Only a Scrub-Girl" at the Universal! Reel melodrama, isn't it?

The American Company has said "Let there be light," and there is—and a little too much sometimes for the comfort of some of the characters.

"A Convict's Threat" will not keep George Anderson from showing "Suppressed Evidence."

Visitors were few and far between out at Universal City when scenes for "The Tiger-Woman" were being taken. Paul Bourgois' assurance that the animals were under his control was all right, but no one was taking any chances.

Robert Warwick, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is a "Man Who Found Himself" and came up to the "Dollar Mark" in the World Films.

Lois Meredith should have had that ugliest living dog, Michael, with her in Central Park when her make-up misled a masher; but Hamilton Revelle was the hero, who drove the bad man away.

Edward Earle thinks "there must be two of us." He is still with Edison, and wishes that camera man, who is in Arizona, would change his name.

Harry Bergman wants to be a reel reformer, but Metro wont let him. He says it is all right to be a villain once in a while, but there is such a thing as getting too much of it. Here's a chance for Al Jennings.

Cleo Madison is interested in "Liquid Dynamite," and will show you all about it soon.

Haven't you had a "Myrtle Stedman Special"? Every one out in Los Angeles is ordering them—all whipped cream and what not.

Friends of Miss Mabel Normand, the popular comedian, who has been near death, will be glad to hear that she is improving rapidly.

Helen Dunbar, the Metro mother, has bought a new home in Hollywood, Cal., and intends to be the head of that house the rest of her days.

Scenes were being taken for "The Diamond from the Sky." "Clarence" stole a banana. The fruit-man who had him arrested later relented and told the judge he didn't know the thief was a monkey. Was rather hard on the players, wasn't it?

Watch out for Vivian Rich and Alfred Vosburgh. They are going around in "Sheep's Clothing."

We have with us this evening: Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne (p. 26); James J. Jeffries, the former world's champion pugilist (p. 33); Helen Dunbar and Thomas Commerford (p. 35); Enid Markey and Dustin Farnum (p. 39); George Romaine, Jean Dumar, Marguerite Prussing, Johnnie Walker and Edward Earle (p. 73); Charles Mailes (p. 61); Jenny Lee, Blanche Sweet and Walter Miller (p. 63); Velma Whitman and L. C. Shumway (p. 51); Grace Eddy (p. 60); Evart Overton and Louise Beaudet (p. 79); Norma Talmadge and Charles Richman (p. 81); Rogers Lytton (p. 83); James Morrison and Mary Maurice (p. 86).

Hidden scandals of high society are coming to you "Via Wireless."

Bud Duncan says nineteenth century pictures for him after this. He lost fifteen pounds wearing those tin B. V. D.'s in "The Knaves and the Knight."

Our gold prizes for the best stories of this month will be announced in the next number of the Motion Picture Classic (formerly the Supplement), which will be out on Nov. 15. The author of "The Iron Strain" seems to have a mortgage on the first prize.

One of Kleine's "Bondswomen" is Maude Fealy, of the legitimate.

# GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Ned Finley is a frenzied financier—made 20,000% on a jewelry deal. A stick-pin that cost him eight cents he sold for twenty dollars—to a friend, of course. Who would take that advantage of a stranger?

Court has decided that Mutual can have "A House of Scandals" if they wish, but must not have a *thousand* scandals, which would be an infringement on "The House of a Thousand Candles."

Bruce Smith, Balboa, doesn't believe in bothering a horse with spurs. He would rather take his own time alighting.

Blanche Ring is a reel enthusiast. She was so anxious to be "A Yankee Girl" she did some speeding, but the judge acquitted her, her reason was so Paramount.

Those who defy the conventions must suffer. Florence LaBadie had been told that it was not the thing in New York to carry packages. Her five little bundles were four when she reached home. Some one got a lot of "stage jewelry."

It might have been a sad "Tale of the C" if Paul Panzer had not rescued his fellow player, Charles Slattery, out of the lower bay off Sandy Hook.

Over in England they are fining people now for accepting treats. "Fatty," otherwise known as Roscoe Arbuckle, wishes something like that would be started over here. He forgot he was using a connected 'phone when he called for "Police! help!"—and got it, a patrol wagonful. Of course Fatty had to do the right thing.

Smiling Billy Mason says: "I will be with the Universal 'By Return Male.' Who am I? Why, 'You know me, Al.'"

There is a dearth of gowns in the New York shops. Blanche Sweet has been buying all in sight. Well, it takes some when you have to be your own twin sister.

At the Vitagraph, Anita Stewart, Earle Williams and an all-star cast are busy with "My Lady's Slipper." Lillian Walker, Stanley Dark and others are getting ready "The Green Stockings." You're next, Wally Van.

'Most everything has been "cornered," but it was left to Miss Cissy Fitzgerald to get "The Corner on Cats."

You may see Charlie Chaplin in a Chinese comedy. Edna Purviance is anxious to show that kimona she received from an admirer in China.

The players of "The Song of a Wage Slave" said "Let's do it all over again." There were memories of that dinner at Edmund Breese's farm.

Albert Howson doesn't mind being Guy Coombs' rival in "My Madonna," but he does think Coombs could be a little less enthusiastic with those daggers. That last cut on his hand was a deep one.

Miss Valli Valli, musical comedy actress, is in "The High Road"—to success in the pictures.

Donald Crisp is going to take no chances with the costumes worn in "Ramona." He has fifty seamstresses sewing on them and is doing the directing himself.

Edith Thornton, Mutual star, is young, but have you noticed the size of "Miss Trilly's Feet"?

"The House with Nobody in It" had something in it, all right, and that was the company's cash-box. Using it for the hidden treasure didn't make much of a hit with the employees of the mechanical department—they had to wait three hours for their pay.

At Saranac Lake, New York, S. Rankin Drew is trying to get some views of "The Hunted Woman."

From the stage come Arlene Hackett and Ernest Maupain to Essanay; J. Frank Glendon to Rolfe; Adele Blood to Palace Players; Grace Gibson to David Horsley's; the English actress, Minnette Barret, to Lasky; Robert Edeson and Alexander Carlisle to the Equitable Motion Picture Company; Ralph Kellard to Fox, and George O'Donnell to Vitagraph.

Francis Ford enjoyed his birthday. He received your present. Oh, you didn't? Why, he got so many we thought everybody sent him one.

Perhaps it was Martha Hedman's "Boomerang" at the Belasco Theater that brought her into "Turmoil" at the Metro.

# GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Rupert Julian is going to show "The White Feather." Who would have thunk it of such a big, strong, handsome fellow?

The older members of the Vitagraph are rejoicing. At their ball they will dance to the strains of "Annie Rooney," "Maggie Murphy's Home" and "She's My Annie."

Helen Relyea, Mary Anderson's mother, has dropped "Relyea" and will be known as Helen Anderson.

Are you "Keeping Up with the Joneses"? The cartoonist says it is hard work —16 drawings to one foot and 300 feet to one week.

The Triangle Company are showing some wonderful programs at the Knickerbocker Theater, Broadway, New York City, at $2 a seat. Vitagraph's "The Battle Cry of Peace" and Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" are still doing big business in the same town at the same price.

A few you'll be interested in: Norma Talmadge, who played in "The Battle Cry of Peace," will be seen in two-reel Kriterion pictures; House Peters will be Lubin's rugged Westerner; Mutual's Western girl, Anna Little, has returned to them; Guy Coombs will make his Metro début in "My Madonna."

Mary Miles Minter was too good a shot to suit William Morse, the "deserter" in "Barbara Frietchie." The doctor attended his arm.

"Necessity is the mother of invention." Director Bertrain's graceful swaying motion at the camera has been adapted by the players into a new dancing step. They say it rivals the one-step.

Miss Vivian Wassell, "The Only Girl" at the Lyric, is now Kalem's "Dancing Doll."

Marriage licenses have been issued to: Frank Schade ("Keystone Fritz") and Frida Federson; Billy Gilbert and Norma Felicia, of the same company; Edward Brady and Lillian West, Balboa; and to William Courtleigh and Ethel Fleming, also Balboa. Cupid, have you forgotten the other companies?

If Henry Walthall ever gets tired of himself, he can walk away and leave himself. That's what he does in "The Raven."

Keeping track: Ray Clements, from Frontier, Joe King, from Selig, and Myrtle Gonzalez are with Universal; Mabel Van Buren, from Lasky, Leona Hutton, of the New York Motion Picture Company, and Marvel Spenser, of Eclair, have joined David Horsley's Company; Victor Potel with Universal; Gertrude McCoy has left Edison, and Fred Herne leaves that company; Marjorie Ellison has left Edison to join a Western coast company.

Stella Adams left the pictures when she was married, but has concluded that "home is a wonderful thing—after working hours."

Eventually "Mike" and "Lizzie" will have to be chloroformed. Well, those pet rats will persist in appearing unexpectedly, and the chandelier cant hold Kate Price many more times.

Billy Sherwood, juvenile from New Orleans, will be the lover in "Canavan, the Man Who Had His Way."

Leo Delaney was reading about "The Surprises of an Empty Hotel" when he got a few of his own. His chair started to slip, and he grabbed the table, which dumped its load of powder and grease-paint on him—and, incidentally, on Wally Van's new costume. Now Wally wants a dressing-room of his own.

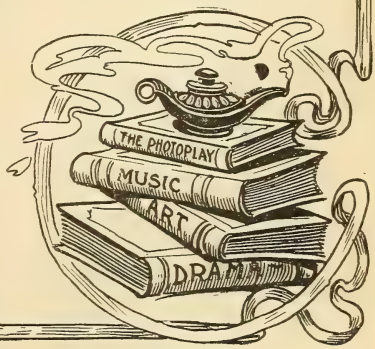
William D. Taylor, who has been director at the American, has accepted an engagement for the "Pallas Pictures."

Bigelow Cooper took a friend for an automobile trip. Those who arrived first on the scene found nothing whole but Cooper's good nature.

At "The Turn of the Road" you can see little Bobby Connelly.

Of Arizona's famous river it has been said that he who drinks of its water shall never afterward tell the truth. Now the American has decided to show us the reel "Spell of the Hassayampa."

Billy Quirk has gone to Harvard, where he will specialize in stars. Yes, he will direct, too, for that company, and they wont be "educationals."



RUTH ROLAND

GADEN

MILLARDE

FOSTER

BLANCHE SWEET CLARA WILLIAMS
(Sweet Williams)

BIGELOW COOPER

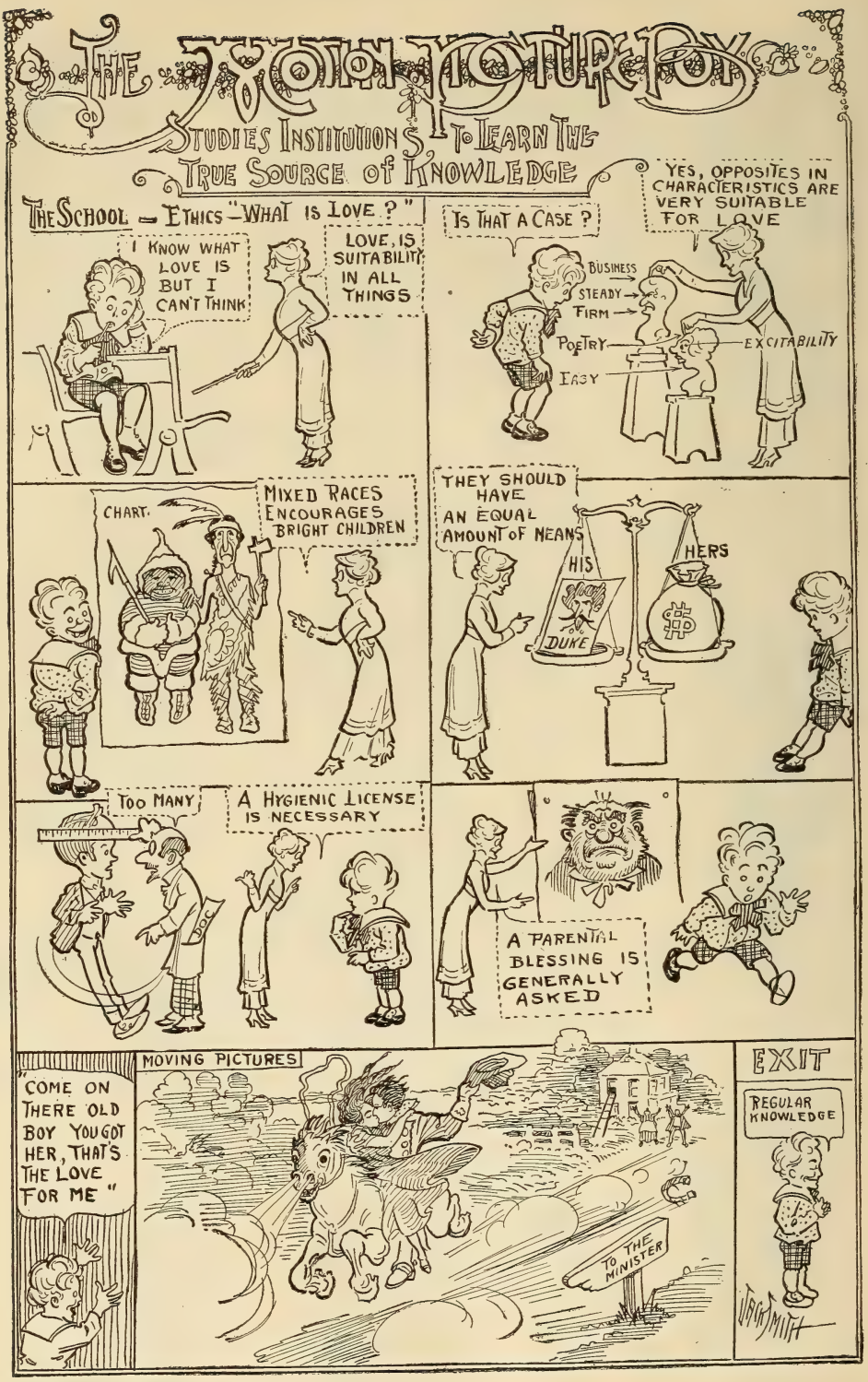
MORENO

HALL

"HAM"

COSTELLO

HELEN BADGELY


THE MOTION PICTURE BOY
STUDIES INSTITUTIONS TO LEARN THE TRUE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE
THE SCHOOL — ETHICS — "WHAT IS LOVE?"
I KNOW WHAT LOVE IS BUT I CAN'T THINK
LOVE, IS SUITABILITY IN ALL THINGS
IS THAT A CASE?
YES, OPPOSITES IN CHARACTERISTICS ARE VERY SUITABLE FOR LOVE
BUSINESS
STEADY
FIRM
POETRY
EASY
EXCITABILITY
CHART.
MIXED RACES ENCOURAGES BRIGHT CHILDREN
THEY SHOULD HAVE AN EQUAL AMOUNT OF MEANS
HIS
HERS
DUKE
TOO MANY
A HYGIENIC LICENSE IS NECESSARY
A PARENTAL BLESSING IS GENERALLY ASKED
"COME ON THERE OLD BOY YOU GOT HER, THAT'S THE LOVE FOR ME"
MOVING PICTURES
TO THE MINISTER
EXIT
REGULAR KNOWLEDGE
U. FRANK SMITH

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

THELMA.—There are all kinds of reports about the Supplement being so good. Glad to hear them, also your glowing one. We have had to change the name to "Classic," because the P. O. authorities will not give second-class entry to a "supplement."

IRENE W.—Jack Pickford was José in "Pretty Sister of José." Ollie Kirkley and Frank Jonassen in "The Riddle of the Rings." Yes; Great Britain rules the waves, but Germany waives the rules!

MARY ELLEN.—Robyn Adair was Blair in "The Girl from His Town." Lillian Drew and Richard Travers in "Jane of the Soil." Louise Vale and Franklin Ritchie in "File No. 113." Mr. Foxe and Adda Gleason in "Carmelita's Revenge" (Selig). You ask just a few too many.

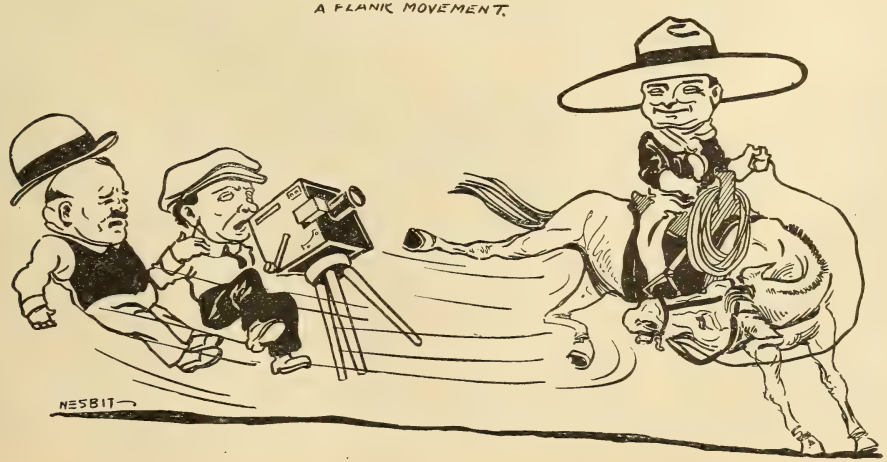
GERTIE. — Am still considering your proposition about the turtle and the cow. You see I have such a large family now to take care of that some of my older children must wait a bit. The babies require tender care, you know. "The Christian," "The Chalice of Courage," "The Island of Regeneration" and "A Price for Folly." I haven't seen "The Battle Cry of Peace" yet, but they tell me that it is a wonder, particularly as a preachment.

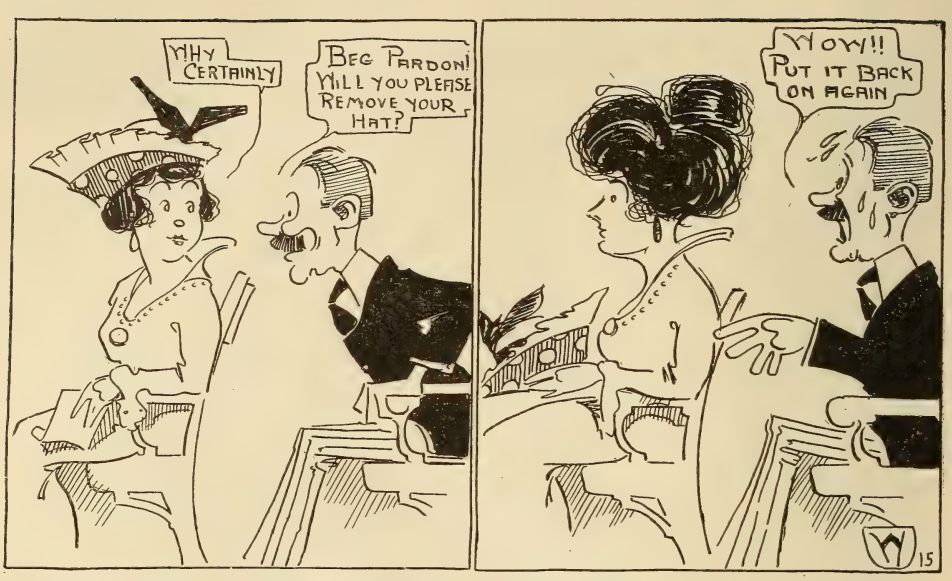
MAE GAFFNEY.—So you are in favor of an eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt have no other Answer Man before me." I write for no publications except the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. I thank you for your loyalty to me and to the Magazine. The Correspondence Club originated in the columns of this department, but I have no control over its members, but I believe that they are all friends of mine, of which fact I am very proud.

MISS ATLANTA.—Welcome to our city. New victims doubly welcome! Grace Darmond was Valerie in Selig's "Millionaire Baby." You ask who was the villainous old skirtmaker in "The Locked Door." Ethel Lloyd was Mabel, and Eulalie Jensen was the big brunette, and Edward Elkas was the bad man who set fire to the place. Take your choice. I am deeply moved by your compliments, and my head is already a size larger. I agree with all you say about the moves of the players. You see, they think that they must keep moving, and they are now doing it almost as fast as are the pictures.

BLANCHE H.—Thanks for the clipping. Greetings to thee, friend; come hither and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Follow me.

FRANK W.—Hattie Williams was the maid in "Glorianna's Getaway" (Falstaff). "The Goddess" completed by Vitagraph.






WHY NOT REMOVE SOME OF THE HAIR ALSO?

GRACE VAN LOON.—Call it inkitis of the digits, or typitis of the ego, as you please, your Grace, but I am simply and only the plain old Answer Man. If you enjoy writing to me half as much as I do the reading of your brilliant letters, which are as nectar to the gods, then you are as happy as a rat in a corn-crib. Do you know that I suspect that you are not a young girl, but an old man like myself.

VYRGYNYA.—So you have discovered that Earle Williams can laugh, and now you have joined his worshipers. You say that laughter is a sign of the higher development, and that animals dont laugh. But I have seen idiots laugh, and I have seen wise people laugh at idiots. If Mr. Williams has learnt to laugh to your satisfaction, it is a sign that he is developing, eh? You seem to like Kerrigan as Samson as well as Williams as John Storm! Very well, have your way about it.

MARGARET SCOTT.—You say that Helen Holmes was not leading lady of Poli's Stock, but of the Columbia Stock. We stand corrected. You ought to know.

B. BERN.—Vivian Reed was Daisy in "The Onion Patch" (Selig). She also was Annie in "Lives in the Jungles" (Selig). Most of the Biographs are taken in California.

WILLIAM H. H.—I think that we are soon going to see the best times that this country has ever had. All of the foreign nations will be ordering all kinds of war supplies from us even after the war is over, and we will be making them for ourselves, too. Even China is now ordering submarine "U" boats from us, but, since they are bought on credit, they should be called I. O. U. boats. The war is putting U.S. on top of the heap, commercially and financially. In California.

VIOLET C., CANADA.—Gertrude McCoy was the girl in "Thru Turbulent Waters." Anita Stewart was Josephine in "The Awakening." Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby still with Universal. Lester Cuneo was Prince Gabriel in "Graustark."

MARCELL P.—Yes; Kay-Bee stand for Kessell and Baumann. That Bosworth was taken in California. Majority of the pictures are produced in California. There is no exact time between the final taking of a picture until the first releasing. It varies greatly. Vitagraphs are sometimes six months ahead.

FRED A. A.—No truth in that rumor. You might write the letter—it can do no harm. "The Birth of a Nation" is in twelve reels, but they are not always all run. I do not care to predict how the vote on suffrage will come out. But since the women have won over the letter-carriers, they can count on the mail vote.

ABE, 99.—You say the director should not have had a Jewess play the part of Kathlyn Williams' sister in "The Rosary." Are you sure he did? Guess not. Courtney Foote was Gerald in "Caprices of Kitty."

LAWRENCE.—There are not many real train robberies in real life now, but there are still a few in reel life. The only train robbers left in real life are on the Pullmans. Ethelmary Oakland was Dorothy in "Always in the Way" (Metro).

PHOTO FAN.—Vivian Martin was Little Miss Brown in that play. Chester Barnett had the lead. Is it possible that you did not know Edith Storey and Earle Williams in "The Christian"?

SNEAT.—Muriel Ostriche was the blonde in "When It Strikes Home." Monroe Salisbury was opposite Marguerite Clarke in "The Goose-Girl." Kathlyn Williams was Cherry in "The Spoilers."

HAROLD F. P.—Eugene Pallette and Miriam Cooper in "The Story of a Story" (Majestic). Bliss Milford was the sister in "The Shattered Tree" (Edison). Bobby Dunn was the valet in "Hogan's Aristocratic Dream" (Keystone). Paul C. Hurst was Bat Dorgan in "The Tattooed Hand."

WILLYUM.—Welcome! Sight is a good thing, but insight is a better thing. Renée Noel was leading lady in "A Man Afraid."

HINEMOA.—Madeline Pardee was the adventuress in "The Square Triangle" (Balboa). Catherine Henry was the actress in "The Lost Lord Lovell." Gertrude McCoy in "On the Stroke of Twelve."

AUGUST R.—Yes; that is why I am so good—because I am old. As the saying goes, "At ten a child, at twenty wild; at thirty tame, if ever; at forty wise, at fifty rich, at sixty good or never." Most of the good die young, but I am one of the exceptions. Marshall Neilan opposite Mary Pickford in "Rags."

THE OLD MAID.—William Worthington was the professor in "The Black Box" (Universal). Arthur Donaldson was Blye in "Runaway June" series.

JAMAICA GINGER.—Regina Richards was Edith, and Nell Tarrin was Grace in "Wife for Wife" (Kalem). Rhea Mitchell and Richard Stanton in "The Phantom Extra" (Broncho).

MAY F. C.—That's right, dont be afraid, come right in. You dont see the familiar sign, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," hanging over my door, do you? I wont hurt you; come as often as you like. That was the wrong title, to begin with. Joe Smiley as the count in "The White Mask" (Lubin). Thanks for yours.

EMILY I. S.—Viola Dana and Pat O'Malley in "On Dangerous Paths" (Edison). George Beban and Blanche Schwed in "The Alien," now called "An Alien." Jack Standing and Ethel Clayton in "It Was to Be" (Lubin). Robert Edeson and Muriel Ostriche in "Mortmain."

M. E. W.—Thanks for all you say about this department. No, Anita Stewart does not do fancy work, and I believe it is because she does not fancy work. I mean that kind of work. Alice Joyce is great on dressmaking.

ABE, 99.—You here again? Bertha Brundage was the countess in "A Woman's Resurrection." Ethel Madison was the girl in "That Little Band of Gold" (Keystone). Yes, that little band of gold is the only band some girls are looking for. So you liked the story in our magazine of "The Alien." I really wept over that, and over the film, too.

HENRY L., KANSAS CITY.—Blanche Sweet, House and Page Peters in "The Captive" (Paramount). Cleo Ridgely and the above in "Stolen Goods." Marguerite Clark and Harold Lockwood in "Wildflower."

GLADYS C.—It seems that play has not been released as yet. Ask again, later.

HOWARD K. M.—I have forwarded your letter to Mary Anderson. Blanche Sweet and Walter Miller in "The Coming of Angelo."

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS
(If it had happened in 1915)

AXEL.—I enjoyed your letter very much. Sorry, but the mother was not cast in that Universal. The path of an Answer Man may not be strewn with flowers, but I am hoping that his memory will be.

MARION, 15.—Dont know the gentleman. Morris Foster was the detective in "The Game" (Thanhouser).

ROBERT H. R.—It seems Florence Turner Florence Barker and Gwendoline Pates are not playing at the present time. Mary Ruby was the daughter in "The Sob-sister" (Universal).

ROSETTA MCH.—You want to know how fast I work. Oh, about ten miles an hour. Virginia Kirtley was the girl in "Voice of Eva" (Selig).

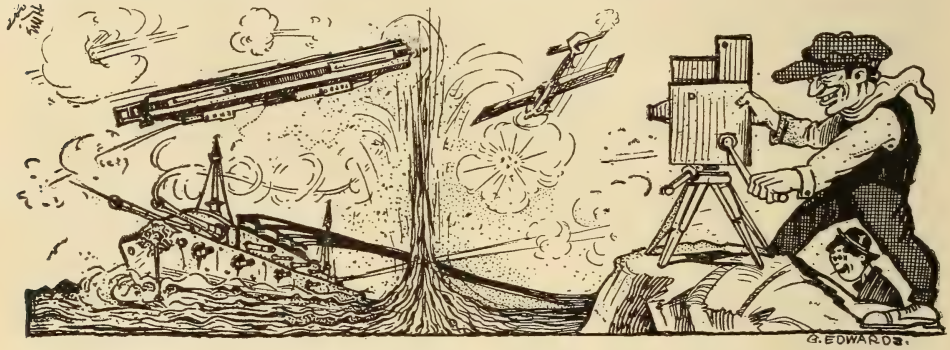
MALCOLM D.—So you are the only son of your father, and he has started a bank account for you. That's right; every father should start a fresh-heir fund for his first-born. Excuse it, please. "The Whirling Disk" was a Universal.

MARIE T.—Yours was good. You want me to give you a riddle. I have said this before, but can you say it? "If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, then Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son." All of which is perfectly grammatical, logical and true.

KATHERINE E.—You refer to Herbert Chesnut as the husband of Mary Maurice in the seventh chapter of "The Goddess." He is on our editorial staff. Carlton King was the guardian in "The Working of a Miracle." Lillian Hamilton and Robyn Adair in "Alice of the Lake." Marguerite Snow was She in "She."

J. W. P.—Edna Mayo was Countess Dagmar in "Graustark." Albert Roscoe was Harry. Only in that one picture did he play.

MAYME R.—So you miss the chats in the Supplement. They will come along in time. Sydney Nathan you refer to in "Seven Sisters."




THE TROUBLES OF A CAMERA MAN

LINCOLN, 17.—Mildred Bracken was with New York Motion Picture last. Dolores Cassinelli has joined Emerald.

LILLIAN R. C.—Billie Rhodes was the other girl in "Wanted, a Chaperon" (Nestor). Believe your others were answered.

COUNTRY LOVER.—Yours was old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. You ask when is Marguerite Snow going to appear on the cover. In cold weather and when we get a good photo from her.

KODAK.—Fred Mace is the original "One-Round O'Brien." I am sorry we refused your letter, but it was not the only one. You know there are a great many coming in with six cents due, and they are refused. We have to treat all alike, and we cant tell one from the other. Thanks for those clippings. Very interesting.

JULIA S.—Just put your foot on the soft pedal, and dont flare up so. Haven't seen that Essanay as yet.

NIG, 18.—M. K. Wilson was Frank in "Billie's Baby" (Universal). Edwin August still with Pyramid. Mignon Anderson was Madam Blanche in "Madam Blanche, Beauty Doctor."

LORETTA C. H.—Frank Bennett was Richard, and Gretchen Lederer was Paula in "Wolves of Society" (Rex). Frank Daniels was Crooky in "Crooky" (Vitagraph. Thomas Forman was Seadey in "Virtue Its Own Reward." Robert Walker was Singleton, Regina Richards was Edith in "Wife for Wife" (Kalem). Adele Lane in "A Modern Enoch Arden." Curtis Benton was Stanton in "The Pursuit Eternal" (Imp). Brinsley Shaw in "The Snow Girl." Hey! Put on your brake—you're violating the speed limit.

MAB.—Myrtle Gonzalez was Enid in "The Chalice of Courage." Thank you.

JACK FALSTAFF.—Chester Barnett in "Old Dutch." Maude Gilbert as Marie in "Samson." William Quinn was the attorney in "The Oyster Dredger" (Universal). I really cant tell how many Toledo correspondents I have. I do not keep records of such.

DORIS C.—James O'Neill was James Barrett in "The Heart of a Painted Woman" (Metro).

MRS. HOWARD W.—That chat with William Farnum is ready.

TRIXIE.—Lasky produced "The Arab." "The Chimes," with Tom Terris, produced by World. Also "The Pit." "The Running Fight" (Paramount). I have nothing to do with the finance or management of our publishing company, and do not know what the ultimate plans are; but I hear that the Supplement is selling unexpectedly well, and that if it continues and gets more popular than the magazine, they will, perhaps, make the magazine the same size and shape as the Supplement, then combine the two, and make it a "flat" semi-monthly magazine and retire the Supplement.

OLIVE, JR.—Accept my apology. Lillian Gish and Henry Walthall in that Griffith. Your friend, Wallace Reid, is with Lasky. Come soon again.

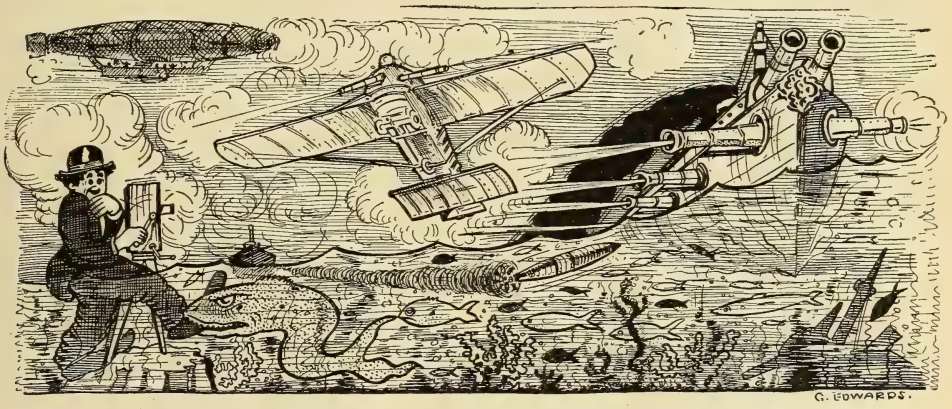
MELBA.—I believe Will T. Henderson is no longer a member of the club. Thanks for all you say.

DOROTHY P.—Conway Tearle was the count in "Seven Sisters." The best thing I know of is to dissolve a teaspoonful of salt into a half pint of water, and snuff a small handful up the nostrils every night and morning. It is perfectly harmless, and you will find that it will tend to keep the nose and throat free.

MISS T. C.—Ray Johnston was leading man in "Innocence at Monte Carlo." Edna Mayo was May in "The Quest of the Sacred Gem."

HARRY, MISSOURI.—You may often regret your speech, but never your silence. Hence, shut up, and keep shut up on matters that do not concern you. Kindly excuse my French, but I have to open up the throttle on somebody. Picture of James Cruze soon.

LAUREE W.—Nona Thomas was Ruth in "The Darkening Trail." Was glad to hear from you again.




CHARLIE, THE CAMERA MAN—Gee! it's just as bad down here as it is up above.

LENORE A. M.—Anna Laughlin was Dora in "Crooky" (Vitagraph). Thelma Salter was the child in "On the High Seas" (Kay-Bee). When you dont receive your magazine, please, please write to the circulation manager, Mr. Harrington, and not to me. You folks are trying to hurry me to my grave.

HELEN S.—I do not agree with you. I believe that most photoplays are good for children. I believe that they should be allowed to read "Gulliver's Travels," the "Arabian Nights," and fairy tales, because their imagination must be stimulated. I do not believe in crowding the child's mind with scientific lore, but in feeding its fancy with poetic and fictitious narrative.

LEAH F.—Billie West and Frank Bennett in "Bride of the Sea" (Reliance). Florence LaBadie was Mary in "Under False Colors" (Thanhouser).

HELEN E. L.—Lowell Sherman was Wilfred, and James Riley was Mr. Blake in "Always in the Way" (Metro).

OLIVE, JR.—You have been deceived. You are all wrong. I am a man, and an old one.

MAURICE H.—"Calamity Ann" is with American yet. You say I must have been wrong when I said that "The Island of Regeneration" was taken at Oyster Bay and Brooklyn, because the picture shows so much tropical country. The fact is that the tropical part was supplied by covering the trees with Spanish moss and by adding a few palms and tropical plants to the landscape. The cave scenes were done in the Vitagraph yard and tank. Most of these scenes were taken in zero weather, unfortunately, and Mr. Blackton had difficulty in preventing the vapor of the breath from registering when the players spoke the lines, for that would, of course, have spoiled the tropical effect. When the players spoke, they drew in their breaths instead of exhaling.

DORIS F.—Jay Hunt was David in "His Brother's Keeper." Thanks for the consideration.

ETHEL LOUISE.—William Courtleigh, Jr., was Audrea in "The Nightingale." Yes, I have seen the new Moving Picture magazine you speak of. I have also seen at least twenty others. They seem to spring up every day, from everywhere, like mushrooms.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, 17.—Helen Holmes was the girl in "His Nemesis" (Kalem). Sorry your newsdealer could not get a Supplement. You see, we printed only 100,000 copies, and that was not enough to go around. There are about 27,000 stands where our magazine is sold, and some of these sell as many as 300 copies a month. I suppose the American News Co. distributed the 100,000 Supplements among those stands which had been most successful in handling the magazine. But your dealer could have obtained one or more copies if he had ordered in time. Tell him to be sure to get in his order early next month. We are printing 205,000 for November.

C. V. M., 23.—George Periolat was Ren in "The Bolted Door" (Victor). Edward Mortimer was the duke. Donald Hall was Francis Drake in "As the Roses Fall" (Vitagraph). Yours was very fine, and I wish I could print it.

AMBITION.

BLYTHE C.—I enjoyed your letter. How kind of you, m'dear! Elizabeth Burbridge was Mary in "Mother Hulda" (Broncho).

BABY BUNTING.—Lillian Christy opposite Edward Coxen in "Lonesome Joe." Reggie Morris and Gertrude Selby in "Under the Table" (L-Ko). Glen White was John in "Wildfire."

W. T. H.—Glad that you have been commissioned to write a play for Little Mary Pickford. I feel certain that you can do it—and do it well. Glad, too, that you like our limericks. Why not take a hack at it yourself? Everybody can write such stuff, but only a mighty good man can capture one of the prizes. Your tribute to W. Chrystie Miller will be appreciated by him.

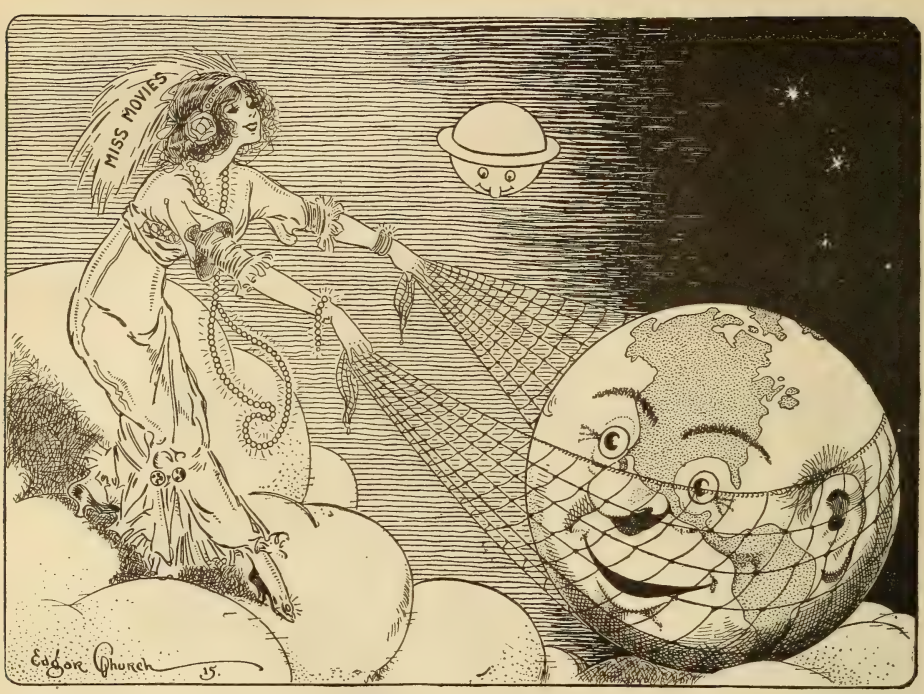
MILDRED G. C.—Albert Froom was Vroom in "Million-Dollar Mystery." Marguerite Loveridge was Tommy.

JOSEPHINE H.—You refer to Violet Mersereau. Religions are a good thing, even if partly false. I dont agree with those detractors. If our religion does not change us, then we had better change our religion.

GRACE M.—Raymond Hatton was the crook and Florence Dagmar was Alice in "Kindling" (Lasky).

THE PARSON—Well, my little man, why are you not in school today? Do you know what becomes of little boys that dont go to school?

THE BOY—Yes, sir. Dey go to de Movin' Pitcher show.




A WILLING CAPTIVE

ROSALIE.—Charles Perley and Linda Arvidson in "The Wife" (Biograph). Paul Doucet was Lucio in "The Devil's Daughter." Will tell the Editor you want a chat with Pearl White.

KEWPIE.—If I have made you think for yourself, I am very proud. The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave and a traitor to himself. Elmer Clifton was in "The Greaser" and "A Man for a' That."

WESTIE.—Ruth Bryan was Annette in "The Wolf" (Lubin). Millicent Evans was Alixe in "The Seats of the Mighty" (World). Sydney Armsworth was Vanille in "The Conflict" (Essanay). You should leave more space between your questions. I should have room to write the answers in from my office records.

ROSE WOOD.—It is impossible to answer your questions accurately, but out of 20,000 of our words 3,681 are of Anglo-Saxon and English origin, and about 200 from the German. Jane Gordon was Countess Olga in "Princess Romanoff."

MYRTLE G.—The pictures you enclosed were of Richard Travers. Old Warner was played by Edward Cecil in "A Daughter of the Earth."

LITTLE MARY.—No cast. Blanche Schwed in "The Alien," now "An Alien." Viola Dana and Pat O'Malley in "On Dangerous Paths." Jane Miller was Francesca in "The Devil's Daughter" (Fox). Jane Lee was the child.

IRISH ROSE.—You say that I will never be an angel because angels do not have beards. How do you know? I admit that I never saw an angel with a beard, but still I never saw an angel without one. I fear I am not an authority on angels, but I expect to be one some day. Yours was great. I am now seventy-four and feel forty-seven. I love my work and it agrees with me. "Blessed be the man who has found his work."

KERRIGAN FIEND.—Alec B. Francis was Frank in "After Dark." Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson in "The District Attorney" (American). Believe me when I say your letter was a little gem—neither too long nor too short.

HARRIET C.—"All for His Sake" (Edison) appeared in our March 1914 issue.

NADEAN.—Mildred Manning and Ray Johnston in "His I O U." We have several five- and ten-cent stores in Brooklyn, but I dont think any of them sell Ford cars yet.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Lewis Cody was Ames in "The Mating" (Mutual). Bessie Barriscale opposite. You ought to read Franklin's rules of health and long life. Modern doctors have not been able to improve on them much. You should also read "100 Helps to Live 100 Years."

BABY BUNTING.—Edythe Sterling was the daughter in "The Outlaw's Daughter" (Frontier). Arthur Allardt opposite her. Walter Rodgers and Mae Wells in "A Neighborly Quarrel." David Kirkland was the hypnotist in "Hypnotic Power."

ABY G.—Margaret Gibson in New York Motion Picture. David Powell in "The Dawn of Tomorrow." Lillian Drew in "Jane of the Soil." The player you mention was said to be very much attached to his wife, nevertheless he went to court and got detached.

THELMA, CHICAGO.—Evart Overton was Billy in "The Honeymoon Pact" (Vita).

MARGUERITE CLARK LOVER.—Marcellina Bianco was Cabiria. Gertrude Norman in "May Blossoms." But why ask my advice? It is a funny thing to me that when a woman fully makes up her mind about a thing she goes and asks a man's advice. "Dawn of a Tomorrow" was released on July 1, 1915.

GLADIOLA.—Ruth Elder and Charles Kraus in "Love and Money" (Thanhouser). Violet Hopson was Jeanie in "The Heart of Midlothian." Ethel Cooke was the girl in "His Guardian Auto" (Thanhouser). Albert Roscoe was Hugh in "The Conspiracy at the Château."

M. W., MCKEESPORT.—Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in "East of Pawtucket." You refer to Crane Wilbur in "Perils of Pauline." He is now with Horsley, released thru Mutual Program, but no connection with nightmares, race-tracks, etc.

NELLIE M.—Vivian Rich was Nell in "Taming of Sunnybrook Nell" (American). Vinnie Burns with Lubin.

MARIE B.—Edward Hoyt was Hilton in "The Magnet of Destruction" (Thanhouser). William Williams and Gladdie McDonald in "The Cliff Girl" (Reliance).

ELMER G.—Bessie Barriscale in "Rose of the Rancho" (Lasky). George Spencer and Gaston Bell and Lilie Leslie and Ethel Clayton in "The Lion and the Mouse."

MARY W.—True Boardman in "The Secret Code" (Kalem). Ethel Teare in "The Hypnotic Monkey" (Kalem). Robyn Adair was in "The Substitute Fireman."

MARIE T.—Thomas Meighan was Temple in "The Fighting Hope" (Lasky). The State of Virginia has produced seven Presidents. Dont know about others.

MADELINE D.—Ethelmary Oakland was Dorothy in "Always in the Way." That was his wife.

RUBY B.—John Doe is the fictitious plaintiff in ejectment suits, the defendant being Richard Doe. Kempton Greene was one of the leads in "The Regenerating Love" (Lubin). Clarissa Selwynne was the girl in "The Running Fight." Send for a list of film manufacturers.

ALICE E. S.—You tell Edward Cecil to send us some good photographs, and the Editor will no doubt be glad to use them.

INEZ N. M.—Edna Purviance in that Essanay. Yes, we issued new lists of manufacturers on September 10th. Ray Johnston was Fredi in "The Game" (Thanhouser). Leo Delaney in "The Return of Maurice Donnelly."

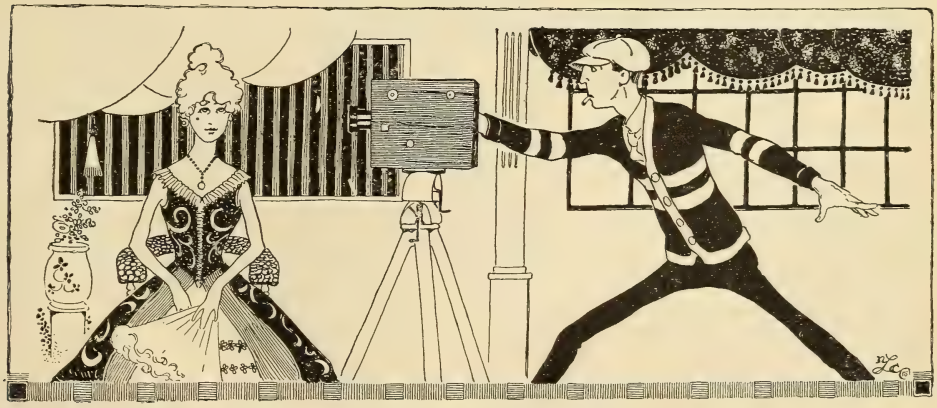
MAY H. S.—Donald Hall was Hammond in "Elsa's Brother" (Lubin). Jack Mower was Frank and Alfred Vosburgh was Leslie in "The Taming of Rita" (Vitagraph). You offer a penny for my thoughts. That is a big price to pay for some of them.

LESTER H. S.—Dot Gish and Gertrude Bambridge in "Liberty Belles." Robert Grey was Harry in "Jarad Fairfax's Millions." Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde in "The False Guardian."

GINGER.—There were no less than 902 new books classed as "Drama and Poetry" published in this country last year. William Garwood was Bill in "Copper."

BEN FORD.—Robyn Adair was Blair in "A Girl from His Town." That was no trick picture, "The Wreck." It was a real wreck and cost a lot of money.

I. R. CURIOUS.—The Editor has thought out the idea of using the cast at the beginning of each story, and he has reasons why this should not be done. David Wall and Ethel Wayne in "Captain Swift." Edmund Breese and Kathleen Adams in "The Shooting of Dan McGree."



A HINT TO ALL CELEBRITIES

CAMERA MAN—Dont be afraid to move, lady. This isn't going to be a time exposure.

BERKELEY F.—But you mustn't get mad. Anger is a mental process by which we punish ourselves for the wrongdoing of others. Robert Ellis was the doctor in "Prejudice."

LU DEMAREST, HARRINGTON PARK, N. J. —Simplest thing in the studio's whole bag of tricks. Legs are cut off innocent pedestrians by auto speed-demons, by stopping the camera, substituting a man with a wooden leg at the crucial moment, running over it (cruel, cruel!), and again stopping the camera to substitute the original, two-legged man. It reminds me of the dainty doggene!

JUNIOR FAN.—I have seen your writing before. Cant tell whether Vivian Martin went to Agnes Scott College at Atlanta, Ga. The screen is a mirror of life and of the human heart.

DANIEL B.—Edward Coxen was Andy in "Wanted, a Wife" (American). Francis Xavier Bushman is his full name.

CONNELL Y. L.—Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance in "The Tramp." Yes, I heard that that player beat his wife, but I dont believe all I hear. Perhaps she deserved it. Socrates and Milton both had cruel wives, but after Milton's deserted him he wrote "Paradise Lost." Did you see that nice picture of Carlyle Blackwell in the Supplement?

BLACK BEAUTY.—Gerda Holmes in "Ambushed." Dorothy Davenport and Gypsy Abbott had the leads in "Letters Entangled" (Selig).

BRAVE AND BOLD.—It depends upon the service they pay for. Some managers can choose the films they want and some take what they pay for. I advise you to stay at your twelve-dollar-a-week job. That's four dollars more'n I'm gettin'—*O tempora! O mores!* (meaning hard times, and more money would come in handy).

MARIE T.—I dont agree with Mr. Bryan. He is respectfully referred to Ovid, who says: "In war the olive-branch of peace is of no use."

L. J. G.—Conway Tearle was the count in "Seven Sisters" (Famous Players).

ETHELYN MAE.—Pall Mall is a street in London, also the name of a cigaret. I prefer the former. Champs Elysées, a promenade in Paris. Crane Wilbur with Horsley (MinA).

CAROLINE A.—"The Silent Plea" was released March 2, 1915. Write Famous Players for picture of Marguerite Clark, but I doubt if they are selling them now.

LILLIAN B.—Write to Earle Williams in care of Vitagraph. Napoleon Bonaparte was known as "The Little Corporal." I haven't seen "The Mysterious Woman."

CLIFFORD R. G.—You are away off. I saw "The Alien," and I felt as you did and wept bucketfuls of tears. I thoroly appreciate your kind words.

MURIEL A.—Antonio Moreno is your favorite. I was as happy as a clam at high tide when I got that package you sent me. I wont tell my readers what it contained.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

DIMPLES.—Frank Clark was Patsy in "Chip of the Flying U." Rita Starwood was Princess in "The Ghost Breaker." Helen Relyea Anderson was the mother of Freddie in "The Goddess." Bessie Wharton was Josephine in "Exploits of Elaine."

JULIETT W.—Jack Hopkins was leading man in "Her Wonderful Day." William Stowell in "The Millionaire Cabby."

TEXAS KID.—Excellent! You are improving. Marin Sais and Arthur Shirley in "The Vanishing Vases" (Kalem). Dont ask me what a soul-kiss is. All kisses should be. Ask one of the players and let me know. Roberta Hickman in "Nearly a Lady."

AMICUS.—Henry Walthall and Warda Howard in "Temper." Hal Forde was Neal in "Maker of Dreams" (Kalem).

THE MOVIE MITES MEET SOME OLD FRIENDS IN MOTION PICTURE LAND

DORIS K. G.—Alice Hollister played in "The Show Girl's Glove." Mary Charleson opposite James Morrison in "Honeymooners."

MOVIE LOVER.—Your letter was a gem. It was a little long, but interesting.

GLAD BAD.—If I had a brain as fertile as yours I would plant mushrooms. Yours was very interesting. So you didn't go back to school. Naughty!

RECTHA.—Maurice Costello and Leah Baird in "The Dawn of Understanding." Marin Sais and True Boardman in "A Double Identity." Really cant give you the nationalities of players.

BEATRICE W.—Thanks for the "last rose of summer." It was good of you to send it to me. Always glad to hear from you.

HAL J.—Helen Gardner and Marion Leonard are not playing now. Will let you know when Miss Gardner signs up.

ARLINE W. L.—The little boy in "The Rosary" is not on the cast. I will explain later why vehicle wheels in pictures appear to go backward. Helen Badgley and Leland Benham in "Two-Cent Mystery."

ELSIE T.—We will have a picture of Winnifred Greenwood as soon as we get a good one of her.

CLAIM No. 13.—E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stewart in "The Lost Millionaire." Margaret Thompson was the girl in "The Strike at Centipede Mine" (Broncho). Marguerite Clark and Conway Tearle in "Helene of the North" (Famous Players).

VERA A.—Zounds, gadzooks, and holy smoke! but your letter was awfully long. I read every line of it and then I fell asleep and had sweet dreams. Frank MacQuarrie was Craig in "The Black Box." Olive Drake was leading woman in "Lily of the Valley" (Selig).

BABY RUTH F.—Creighton Hale is still with Pathé. A corking good letter was yours. Do it some more.

VIOLET J.—Yes, that was Adelaide Lawrence and the other Florence Lawrence. They are not related. That was correct, because the Aztecs were a fierce, warlike race, and their religion was the most bloodthirsty the world has ever known. There is no authentic history of Mexico until the end of the sixth century. Milton Hamilton was Paul in "Three Weeks."

J. V. S., ELMWOOD.—That was Harry Gribbons as Baron Shoestring in "Blue Blood and Yellow Backs" (L-Ko).

E. SCOTT.—Milton Hamilton. I believe that Raphael's "Transfiguration" is called the first and greatest picture in the world.

RAYMOND H.—So you like the Supplement better than the Magazine. You dont expect a man to go into the Motion Picture business today and know all about it tomorrow, do you? I have been in it about five years and I am just getting my hand in. The writer you speak of is new yet. Give him time and he will probably come along nicely.

BABY BUNTING.—You here again? No card for that first, so I pass. Which company, Lubin or Majestic, for "The Runaways"? No Universal.

THOMAS C. D.—Henry Walthall was Strongheart in "Strongheart." To find the cubic inches in a ball, multiply cube of the diameter by .5236.

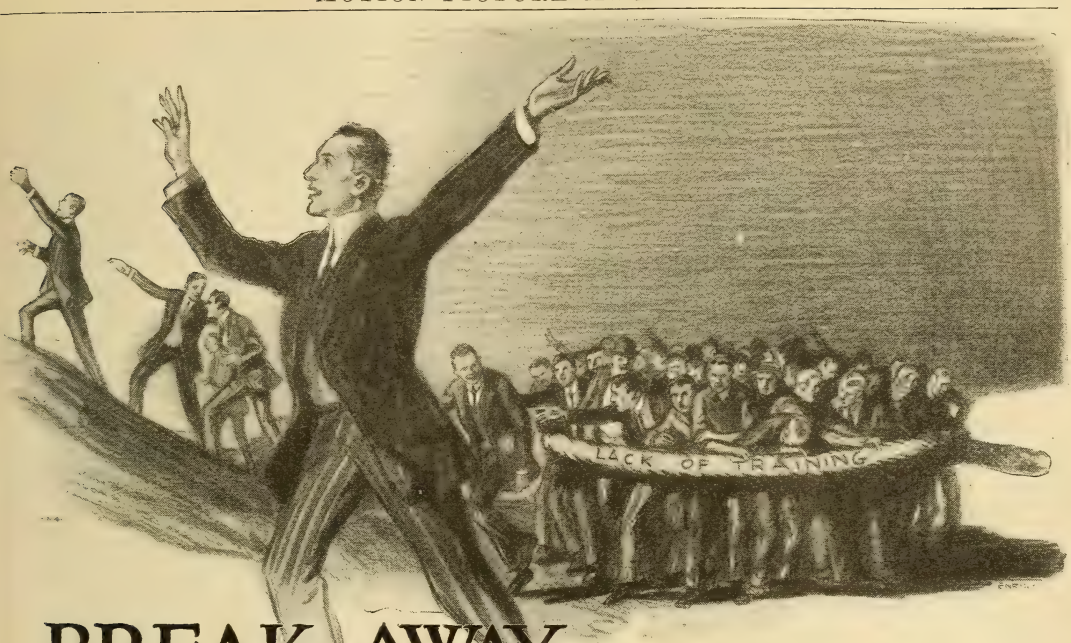
MARIE D.—Ormi Hawley is with Lubin. She does not care for publicity, and that is why you dont hear more of her.

RUTH W.—You might mean Antonio Moreno by A. M., or you might mean me. I am not sure who wrote the Shakespearean plays, but I am inclined to believe, as the Irishman said, that if they were not written by Shakespeare they were written by some other man of the same name.

LAWRENCE C.—Herbert Barrington was Blackhawk in "Under Two Flags." Miss Brownell was Eloise in "Jewel." Anna Walthall in "The Lost Receipt."

M. E. S.—The Thirty Years' War was between the Catholics and Protestants in Germany, 1618-1648. Sidney Bracey and Frank Farrington in "On the Brink of the Abyss" (Thanhouser). Lillian Russell and Glen White had the leads in "Wildfire." Holbrook Blinn and Alice Brady in "The Boss."

WILBUR T. N.—J. W. Johnston was Craig in "Where the Trail Divides." Winnifred Kingston the girl. Tom Forman was the lieutenant in "The Puppet Crown."

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Man, you have it in you to *get out* of this rut. The first step toward success is making up your mind to *be* a success.

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| ☐ Mechanical Drafting | ☐ BOOKKEEPING | | |
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Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

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JENNIE F.—Reliance produced "The Green Idol." Dorothy Gish in "Sands of Fate." Josie Sedgwick was opposite Romaine Fielding in "The Dreamer." Karin Norman, the maid in "Mother's Roses."

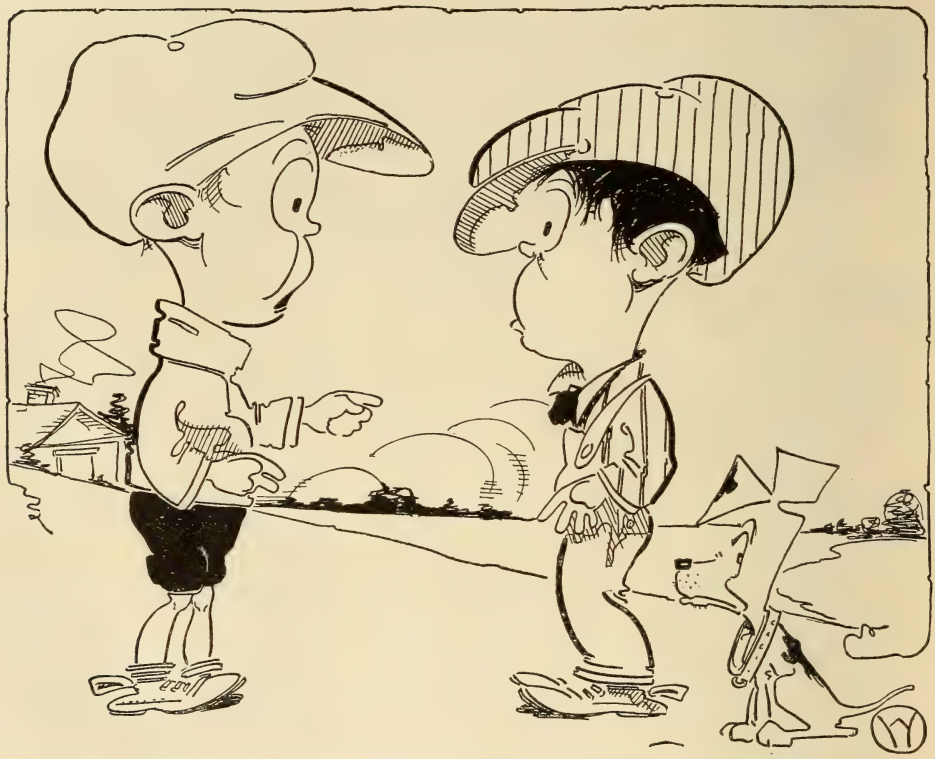
LORRAINE J. L., SALLY JINKS, BUBBLES, MILDRED S., LYDIA F., ETHEL C., WM. S. H., A. M., NELLIE L.—Your letters were very fine and I thank you cordially.

LITTLE SWEETHEART. — You evidently have a keen mind. Forest Stanley was Robert in "The Rugmaker's Daughter."

ESTHER S.—Write to World Film for Claude Flemming. Glad to hear from you. Warner Richmond was Mitchell in "The Seventh Commandment."

E. O. S.—Your letter was very fine. The best doctor I know of recommends rubbing vaseline or olive oil into the scalp every night for preventing the hair from falling out. Look at my picture and tell me if you are willing to take my advice on how to prevent baldness.

OPAL K.—Morgan Niblock was mayor in "His I O U." No, I am not superstitious, and have no admiration for the "matrons who toss the cup and see the grounds of fate in grounds of tea."



WILLIE—What d'yer think, Jimmie, dere aint no Movin' Pitchers in heaven!
JIMMIE—Gosh! Den you dont ketch me bein' good no more, an' dyin' young.

TOGO.—You ask what happened to Dorothy Hughes. Nothing, except she doesn't submit drawings any more. Your magazine was sent. Gladys Hulette was the girl in "The King of the Wire" (Edison).

BARBARA J.—Your letter was long—oh, so long, so long. Conway Tearle in that play. Never fear, the Russians will come back. You may think that they lost their punch when they lost their vodka, but liquor never yet made a man better in a fight or in anything else. You will find that the farther the Germans penetrate into temperance territory the less fierce will be their attack.

BERNICE M.—We have just had a nice big chat with Earle Williams for you.

GENE R. P.—James O'Neill in that play.

L. S., NEW ORLEANS.—You dont ask enough questions for mé to answer. I think that the reason why some women are in politics is because they like to protest or to find fault with something. I cant see where they have any great grievance to make such a fuss about.

LULU H.—Thanks for the package of plug tobacco, but since I never chew (tobacco) I put that in my pipe and smoked it. Jane and Katherine Lee in "Copper."

ROMAINNETTE.—Hank Mann, Vin Moore and May Emory in "A Tale of Twenty Stories" (L-Ko). Harry Fisher, Jay Dwiggins in "Whose Husband?" That Biograph is too old.

# THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

## A THING MORE DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE THAN THE KNACK OF WRITING ONE

### The Photoplay Clearing House Acts as Adviso., Friend and Agent in Setting You on the Right Road to Successful Scenario Writing

Established for over two years, with a record of hundreds of sales, over 13,000 manuscripts reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market, the Photoplay Clearing House has become the one authoritative and reliable agent for the handling of authors' product in the Moving Picture industry. We have received over 5,000 testimonial letters; we are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; our business is in intimate personal touch with all of the leading photoplay manufacturers, and our staff of editors, who personally pass upon all material, consists of the following well-known photoplaywrights: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, T. H. Chesnut, Gladys Hall and others. In order to qualify for our reading staff of editors, it is necessary that an editor be a successful scenario writer, a fair and able critic, and a good judge of market conditions and values.

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### Recent Letters from Patrons and Studios—5,000 Others on File.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I am in receipt of your letter of the 25th, enclosing check from Vitagraph for "The Demon," the sale of which you negotiated for me and for which I thank you.
I am enclosing my check for $3.42 covering your commission on this transaction. It is a real pleasure to write photoplays, but the serious business of marketing them is a task which I prefer to leave to you.
Hence I welcome your Clearing House as the middle-man in bringing the writer and the producer together, which saves time and money in the long run. I am more than glad to pay the slight fee for this service.
Hotel Mason, Jacksonville, Fla. J. M. SCHLOENBACH.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I herewith enclose the rewritten photoplay, "The Restored Heir." I have tried to make something of it and hope it will be salable. I think your criticisms are complete and to the point and are invaluable. You are certainly doing your part to put "class" in the movies. I will soon have three more scripts ready for the mail.
Lloyd Apartments, Spokane, Wash. GRANT N. TUTTLE.

Photoplay Clearing House:
We enclose our check for $35.00 in full payment for Moving Picture scenario entitled "Love's Caprice," by Wellesley R. Pattle, 701 27th St., Denver, Col.
Kindly have two persons witness author's signature after executing the enclosed assignment and return it to us promptly in the enclosed addressed and stamped envelope.
BIOGRAPH COMPANY.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I enclose signed copyright waivers for photoplay, "Mary's Victory," which you sold to the Biograph Co. for $35.00. Many thanks for sale of same.
Greenville, Pa. B. E. MOSSMAN, Jr.

Photoplay Clearing House:
I am delighted with the way you so ably treated my photoplay, "The Lure of Gold," and I hope to profit by your criticisms and revisions.
Wantagh, L. I., N. Y. JOHN O. GOODRICH.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Please allow the assurance of my sincere gratitude for your criticisms that have enabled me to take up the fascinating art of photoplay writing in a comparatively short time with a visible success, apt to spur me to more and better creations.
HENRY FORSTER.
St. Joseph's Academy, Prescott, Ariz.

Photoplay Clearing House:
In answer to your letter of the 24th inst., I would say that I have been quite successful during the past few months in marketing several photoplays, two of these to Vitagraph Co., and, with one exception, all comedies. The beginning of my experience as a photoplaywright started about a year ago, when I submitted my first script to you for criticism and marketing. After a slight revision you sold this play, and later others. I can say without hesitation that what little success I have attained as a photoplaywright I owe very largely to the very helpful advice and excellent training I received from the Photoplay Clearing House during the embryo stage of my experience. By carefully watching your criticisms, comparing them with my original script, then revising my plays to conform with these criticisms, I gradually became quite proficient in the art. I consider your criticisms as good as a course in photoplay writing and an invaluable aid to any one who contemplates taking up this profession. Thanking you most cordially for past favors and wishing you continued success, I beg to remain,
Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y. FREDERICK PIANO.

### THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, $1.00 per reel), but to readers of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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175 Duffield St., B'klyn. N. Y.

GEORGIA M.—In less than three months J. Warren Kerrigan produced seven pictures, and he played the lead in most of them and directed three. Busy boy is Warren. L. Shumway was the Reverend Paul Stoddard in "Dead Soul."

WILL T. H.—Shall I call you Wilhelm der Grocer? Heap much thanks for your edition de luxe of *Henderson's Monthly*. Shall take it and the others home for a good treat at my leisure. Am a wee bit behind with my summer work. Thanks also for that program. I see that they have deliberately copied answers from this department, including yours, and claimed them as original. This is pure thievery. Magazines have copied me as far as they dare, but this is the limit. I write for no other publication, except the Supplement.

LESLIE L. J.—Alphonse Ethier was the spy in "The Patriot and the Spy."

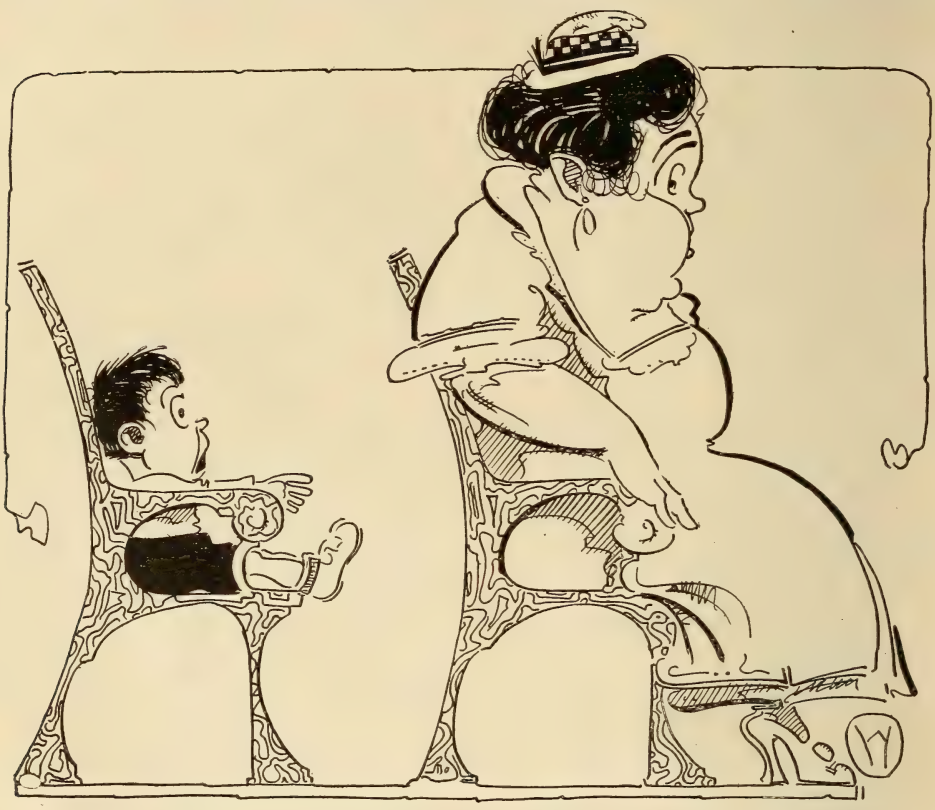
MRS. T. P. L.—Thanks for the pictures. Glad to get them. Leo Delaney was Charrock in "The Island of Regeneration" (Vitagraph). Marjorie Daw was Manette in "Secret Orchard" (Lasky).

MAE W.—Your comments were very true, but they should be presented to the Board of Censorship. Stuart Holmes was Vladimir in "Princess Romanoff" (Fox). George Anderson in "Little Pal." Yours was indeed fine. No, I have no small vices, but I have two or three big ones.

ANTHONY.—You liked Vera Sisson in "The Rehearsal" (Biograph). José Ruben was Cecil in that. So you have withdrawn from the club. Sorry to hear that, Marc. Better reconsider and come back.

CHAS. W. W.—Thanks very much for sending the pictures of James Cruze.

ELIZABETH S.—Florence LaBadie is playing right along. If you dont see her you ought to complain—bitterly complain.



"SAY, LADY, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE OFF YOUR HAT SO I CAN SEE THE PICTURES?"

QUIZZER.—We have no card for Vernon Steele. That was not Anita Stewart.

CHARLES D. O.—We do not give the private addresses of players. The expression "Brother Jonathan," as applied to the U. S., is similar to that of "John Bull" as applied to England. It originated when General Washington said: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject," referring to Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut.

MARIE D.—Laura Oakley was Laura in "The Black Box." Theda Bara was the vampire in "A Fool There Was." Harry Pollard was Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard with Equitable now.

# Remarkable Watch Sale

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How absolutely perfect these must be, and how sure we must be of the perfect satisfaction any one of them will give when we dare give them the backing of our unlimited life time guarantee! Moreover, we will keep any watch purchased of us in repair for all time.

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Any watch shown, either on this page or in our big watch catalog will be sent, all charges prepaid, without one cent in advance. Carry it for 30 days. If not satisfied that it is the watch you've long wanted, return at our expense. In fact, unless you are absolutely sure that it is exactly the watch you want, we would much rather not sell it to you. We prize your friendship and good will far more than we do your order for a watch.

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Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

ELEANOR O.—Jack Standing was Trevor in "It Was to Be." Thelma Salter was the daughter of Robert in "The Alien." George Eliot was thirty-nine when "Adam Bede" was written.

VIVIAN W.—Joseph Moore was the crook in "For High Stakes."

BROWNIE.—Beverly Bayne is with Quality films, released thru Metro. Jack Standing played in "Fanchon, the Cricket" (Famous Players). The "Cotton King" was released about September 1st. Madge Evans, Dorothea Camden, Georgia Fursman, Marguerite Clark and Jean Stewart were the seven sisters.

VYRGYNYA.—You certainly reel it off by the yard. It was so interesting that I have given it to the Editor to read. Glad you haven't forgotten me.

ALICE JOYCE ADMIRER.—Thanks for the clippings. Anita Stewart remains with Vitagraph. I would not be telling the truth if I told you the salaries of photo-players. Some you mention I know are wrong. You cant rely on what they say, because they deal in stage-money.

CAROL.—George Larkin was Tom in "The Orang-Outang." So you think I am so old that I have gone to seed. Perhaps so, but without seed how are you going to grow a new crop? I have no use for twin beds, but I could make use of one of them.

ANNA D.—Wheeler Oakman was Bruce in "The Rosary" (Selig). L. Shumway was Red Delvin in "The Telltale Star."

MAURICE H.—Blanche Sweet, Page Peters and Edward Mackay in "The Clue" (Lasky). Edwin August and Muriel Ostriche in "When It Strikes Home."

BETTY BELL.—All you can do is to address a letter in care of Lubin for Arthur Johnson and they will forward it, or you might try Screen Club, N. Y. City. Hazel Buckham and Barney Sherry in "The Lure of the Violin" (Broncho). Yes, the Supplement made a big hit. In other words, it "took," as the vaccinated say.

E. L. M., ONTARIO.—I know of no Ora Leonard in pictures. Who does?

ABE.—You want to take *Henderson's Weekly*. I just received an edition de luxe today. They are typewritten by W. T. H. himself. Write Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz. Edith Wynne Matthison in "The Governor's Lady" (Lasky). You ask why Alice Joyce and Tom Moore dont sign up with Vitagraph. Search me; not guilty; haven't the answer.

ROBIN W.—Lucille Lee was the vampire in "The Sins of the Mother" (Vitagraph). William S. Hart in "A Knight of the Trails." Edison produced "Charge of the Light Brigade."

DOROTHY, 16.—Natalie de Lonton was Louise in "Chalice of Courage." She had a good part and did it well. Florence Lawrence the lead in "The Closed Door."

RUBEVILLE
BULLITIN BOARD
NOTICE!
WILL THE GUY WHAT BROKE INTO CY. BILLINGS HOUSE LAST NIGHT & STOLE HIS MOTION PICHER MAGAZINE PLEASE RETURN SAME. A LIBEREL REWARD WILL BE SERRENDERED & NOO QUESTIONS ASKED.
(SIGNED) Cy Billings
MOTION PICTURES
Phelps

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BROADOX.—I am sorry, Broadox, but I dont remember your questions. You didn't care for "How Cissy Made Good"? Goodness gracious! Didn't you see *me?*

R. J. S.—Thanks for the cards. Your writing is very fine. I seldom tell how tricks in Moving Picture photography are done. It is not well for the public to be let in too much on the secrets. It spoils the illusion. We never enjoy a trick after we know how it is done. The only objection to trick photography is that when we see a *real* "stunt" we are inclined to believe it is a trick. See Albert Marple's long, illustrated article on "Deceptions," in October Supplement.

EDWARD A. M.—Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "The Girl of the Golden West." Lasky produced "The Circus Man."

# An Enlarged Framed Portrait (in Oil) from Your Most Prized Photograph

## FOR A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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Hunt up the photo you want enlarged, write your name and address on the back of it (state whether you want it in black and white or in natural colors. If in colors, give color of hair and eyes) then mail it together with the coupon below properly filled out. When the enlargement is ready, it will be delivered to you, all charges prepaid, and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be mailed to you promptly every month for one year.

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When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

IMPUDENCE.—Thanks for that clipping. Edison's "Vanity Fair" is an entirely different thing from Vitagraph's old one. Mrs. Fiske plays Becky Sharpe in Edison's and Helen Gardner played it in Vitagraph's. The latter is probably out of print now. Edison's will be released October 6th.

RUTH, UTICA.—I would advise you to get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House. They can be of more help to you than I can.

BETTY BELL.—I haven't any information as to Arthur Johnson now, and dont even know where Li'l' Arphur is.

MRS. H. M. A.—Yes; Mary Pickford was at Asbury Park. Thanks for your kind words. J. Warren Kerrigan is the handsome chap you refer to. As Emerson says, men are very much what their mothers make them, and this speaks well for Warren's ma.

JENNIE SAP. — Barbara Tennant and O. A. C. Lund in "M'Lisa." Anne Schaefer saves the canceled stamps for a Catholic school, I believe.

ISABEL, 16.—Marshall Neilan opposite Mary Pickford in "Rags." Marie Newton in "Love's Melody" (Biograph). A chat with Bobby Connelly very soon.

BEAU 1ST.—Frederick Perry had the lead in "Dr. Rameau." The Bowery is just a thorofare. It is not as you state. It is true that the "lower element" reside there.

ROMAINNETTE.—Wellington Playter and Marie Walcamp in "The Torrent" (Gold Seal). Ivan Christy and Mary Malatesta in "His Fatal Shot" (Biograph). No such play by the Great Northern. Violet Radcliffe and George Stone were the children in "The Ten-Cent Adventure" (Majestic). Ethel Teare was Caprice in "Ham in a Nut Factory" (Kalem).

HAZEL NUT.—"Island of Regeneration" was taken in Brooklyn and Oyster Bay. Yours was bright, and I have given it to the Editor.

KENNETH A. G.—I guess the Lubin leading woman is between Ormi Hawley and Ethel Clayton. Alexander the Great did not found Alexandria till about 332 B. C.

ROSE P.—Thanks for your prompt reply. I believe the Editor has your verse.

KEYSTONE FAN.—Bobby Dunn was the valet in "Hogan's Aristocratic Dream." Joy Lewis was the pretty girl in "From Patches to Plenty." No such character in that Essanay. Edwin Wallock was the lead in "The Fatal Note" (Selig). Florence Crawford, and Howard Gage was Jimson in "Miner's Peril" (Reliance).

W. G. R.—I dont know how to advise you, but the old saying is, "Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye." No answer on the twin sister in "Ambrose Sour Grapes" (Keystone).

PANSY, AUCKLAND.—Better give up the idea of going into the pictures. It has a hard entrance.

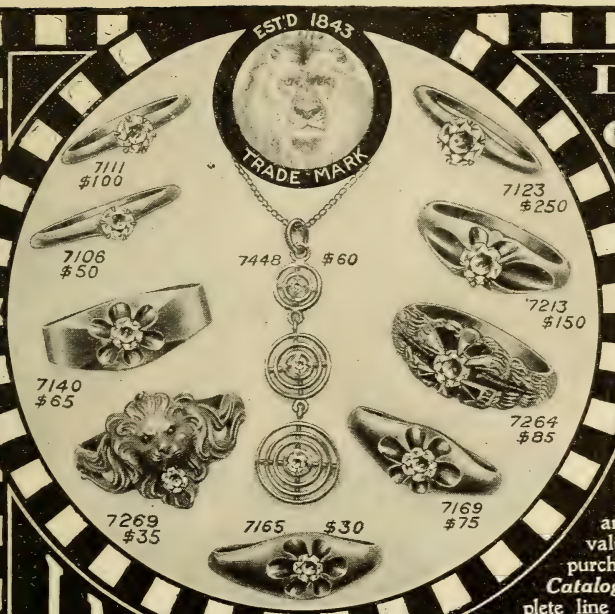
FLO H. — *Veni, vidi, vici* means I came, I saw, I conquered. This phrase was used by Julius Cæsar, announcing his victory at Zela. Sorry, but I can send you no pass admitting you to a studio. Margaret Edwards was Truth in "Hypocrites." I did not see it. So you dont know which of the two is the better vampire, Theda Bara or Olga Petrova. I'll have the same.

RUTH M. B.—Owen Moore opposite Elsie Janis in " 'Twas Ever Thus." Marion Swayne and Jack Hopkins in "The Adventures of Kitty Cobb."

JANET I. C.—"The Juggernaut" was taken in Brooklyn. Perhaps if you write to Crane Wilbur now he will answer you. Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds, but you cant hope to get such an one by correspondence.

AP.—The top of the marnin' to ye, me good Welsh friend. I hear good things about your script. If you are a friend of W. T. H., you are a friend of mine, and what's mine's your'n.

EVEN THE ANIMALS LIKE KERRIGAN, BUT STILL HE IS SAD. WHY?

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**By L. CASE RUSSELL**

WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80% of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

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LAWRENCE McCLOSKEY,
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Its subtle humor is delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.
CALDER JOHNSTONE,
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Pacific Coast Studios.

It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont list.
LOUELLA I. PARSONS,
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If "Here Lies" gets the circulation it certainly deserves, it should be a boon to writers and reconstructors who have to doctor up their work.
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Nellie, Montreal. — Dorothy Hughes does not submit drawings to us any more. She is studying art. There are 214 letters in the Chinese alphabet.

Enola B.—I would rather have given you those addresses thru the mail. Warren Kerrigan, Hollywood, Cal.; Crane Wilbur, Los Angeles, Cal.; Earle Williams, Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carlyle Blackwell, Hollywood, Cal., and Webster Campbell, Western Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal. Thanks.

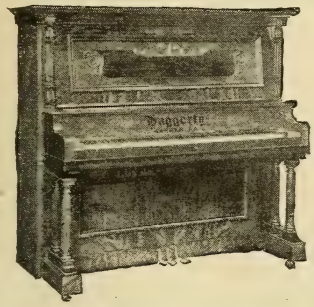
Lulu P.—You are not clear enough. What play did your friend play in, please? Thanks very much for the book.

Trilby, Kerora.—Flora Finch was interviewed in November 1913 issue. Justina Hanson was the girl in "Betty in Search of a Thrill."

WILL IT EVER COME TO THIS?

Hamlet—Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him well.

# ABSOLUTELY FREE



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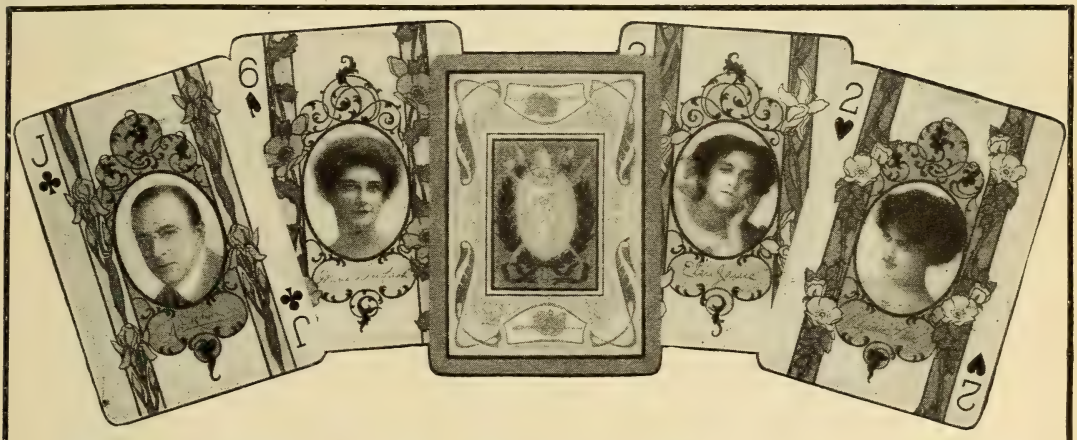

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Flower Drops in concentrated form in cut glass bottles with long glass stopper, holding 30 drops, put up in polished turned maple box. All odors $1.50 except Lily of the Valley, $1.75.

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THE WIMBROUGH COMPANY, 21 E. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.


MRS. M. F. M.—No answer on that Majestic. *Blanc* is French for white. Your letter made me seasick.

ALLETO S.—No answer to that first. Not an American, perhaps an old Kalem. If they all wrote such long ones as yours, I would have to give up the ghost and retire to a farm for worn-out preachers.

ANNA B.—Rene Detling was Kitty in "Sealed Valley" (Metro). Helen Leslie is playing opposite Warren Kerrigan now.

MELVA.—Adelaide Thurston was the girl in "The Shadows of a Great City" (Metro). Joseph Jefferson was her sweetheart. Nature and books and plays belong to the eyes that see them.

I. M. R. STING.—Of course I am glad to see you. We didn't get a bit of that storm here. Mignon Anderson and Harris Gordon in "Milestones of Life" (Thanhouser). Anita King was Fanny in "Chimmie Fadden." Howard Davis was Osman in "The Rugmaker's Daughter" (Bosworth). Perhaps I can help you locate them.

ALFRED D.—Agnes Copelin was the girl in "His New Job" (Sterling). Norma Nichols was the wife in 'The Angel of Spring" (Selig).

BOZO, EL PASO.—I am more fortunate than most men. The pathetic thing in the average man's life is that he lives just about long enough to acquire knowledge sufficient to acquaint himself with his ignorance and to gain experience sufficient to appreciate and regret his follies, and then he dies. Jane Cowl and William Russell in "The Garden of Lies" (Universal). Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in "The Genesis of Man" (Biograph). Claude Cooper was John in "Weighed in the Balance." Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "The Cheval Mystery" (Victor). Blanche Light and Jay Morley in "The Lamb" (Lubin). Olga Grey and Howard Gaye in "A Woman of Nerve" (Reliance). Margarita Fischer and Robyn Adair in "The Girl from His Town."

FRANK O.—Charles Chaplin denies all these reports that he is signing up with different companies for vaudeville. He intends to remain with Essanay.

LEAH C.—You must send your verses to the Editor and not to me. Have a heart. So you think I am cracked. If so, I hope the cracks are large enough to let out a whole lot of light on the world.

MELBA L. M.—If you get up a party, no doubt that studio will let you go thru. Send for a list of film manufacturers. Thanks very much. Address the players in care of the companies. According to the official census reports for last year, about 10,000,000 people in this country patronized Motion Picture theaters daily.

PECULAR.—Yours was fine. I will pass it on to the Editor. Amber is a fossil gum, tho it is called a mineral. It is found in the ground, and is a crystallized substance, centuries old. I use it to run smoke thru.

TOGO FARMER.—Glad you like my department. I fear I cannot give you much advice on the construction of your theater except to say that the balcony should not seat more than 33% of the total audience, and there should be exits from the balcony to the street so that in case of fire or panic the occupants will not pour down into the main corridor or room to collide with those on the ground floor. Films cost from $500 per 1,000 feet up to $5,000. It all depends.

JOS. A. M.—I cant conceive of such. If you work only when you have to, you will always have to work. Never watch the clock.

SIDNEY M. N.—Yes, there was a Pike's Peak Co. in Denver once. Just address Charles Chaplin in care of Essanay, Los Angeles, Cal.

RICA MCL.—Your letter was indeed interesting. I will say this much: They are not married—just good friends who understand each other. And their relations are perfectly proper, I believe, which reminds me of Robert Louis Stevenson: "In this world of imperfections we gladly welcome even partial intimacies. And if we find but one to whom we can speak out our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God."

TRIO, NEW MEXICO.—S. Miller Kent and Helen Case in "The Cowboy and the Lady" (Rolfe). Wallace Reid was Robert in "On the Ledge" (Reliance). George Beranger was Ben in "Bride of the Sea." Yours was some long; guess you were writing for each member of the trio.

BABE S. F.—Balboa dont answer our questions of information. Their publicity man is asleep at the switch. Cannot tell you where "Neal of the Navy" was taken. Write the companies for pictures of the players. You might submit them to the Editor. The fee was appreciated. Well, well!

K. M. L.—Those are V. L. S. E. features. Your theater can get them if they want to.

TRIXIE, 21.—Harry Mestayer was Glenarm in "The House of a Thousand Candles." I cant give you a reason for Mr. Bushman's changing companies. I guess you have me cornered. I once advised you to save your money and that prices were going up; and now you come back at me with the suggestion that it is foolish to save money when prices are going up, because the longer you save it the less you can buy with it.

CECILLE MAC.—No doubt you refer to the Ruth Stonehouse of Essanay. Conway Tearle was opposite Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North."

KEN.—Joyce Moore in "Beulah" opposite Henry Walthall. I am sure I cannot tell whether Earle Williams is a Mason or not, and I dont purpose asking him. He doesn't look like one.

# Oily skin and shiny nose

## *How to correct them*

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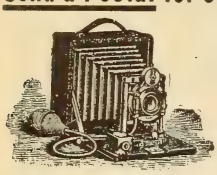

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MRS. R., GUTHRIE.—You have the wrong company on your question. No; I am not publishing my "Funny Sayings," altho I hear that somebody is collecting some of the alleged witty things that have appeared in these columns and that the Editor is going to publish them. It is none of my doings.

SIS AND STUDENT.—Sorry, but I cannot obtain that information from the World Film Co. They dont answer. Asleep at the switch also.

SCRANTON FAN.—Chester Barnett was Bud in "The Gentleman from Missippi." Will tell the Editor you want Arthur Cozine.

LOUISE, 12.—Maude O'Dell was the friend in "Gambler's Advocate." You cannot hope to grow intellectually if you are satisfied with your opinions and are content with your knowledge. You cant stand still—you must either advance or retreat.

REEL FRIEND.—Robert Ellis was the player in "The Inner Room" (Kalem). Betty Peterson was the little son. You ask me if I believe in prayer. Certainly I do, but I often think that my Creator knows more about things than I do and sometimes that it is foolish for me to try to get Him to change things around just because I want Him to.

AMELIA H.—Anna Nilsson was the lead in "In the Hands of the Jury." Augusta Anderson was Ann in "Fate's Protecting Arm." You know what Franklin says about eating too much—"They that study much ought not to eat so much as those that work hard, their digestion being not so good."

MARGARET C.—In other words, you want an interview with Earle Williams and Pearl White. So be it. I thank you, my pretty maid.

MRS. L.—Thanks for the clippings. Herbert Brenon was Pierre in "The Marriage of Kitty." Tom Forman was Jack in the same. Eleanor Barry was the mother in "It All Depends" (Lubin).

M. A. D.—You dont write as if you were M A D? "The Fascinating Sin" is writing long letters like yours was. Why is this thus? Thanks for the birthday greeting.

ANXIOUS.—No, that was the studio. Address Miss Hall in care of the studio. She is not related to our Gladys Hall. That was not his home address. Frank Borzage is playing opposite Neva Gerber, and Mae Marsh and Lionel Barrymore in "Brutality."

JOHN B. S.—I really dont know about his fortune. Mona Darkfeather with Centaur Features. Mirror Film is the latest company of importance that I know of. Cant tell you yet what the latest is when you read this, for there's a new one born every minute. Billy Quirk has gone to Harvard—not college, but Company.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Arthur Maude opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Devil" (N.Y.M.P.). Mae Marsh and Ralph Lewis, Lillian Gish as the Southern girl, Senator Stoneman, and Lillian Gish was Elsie. Yes; Helen Dunbar was the aunt in "Second Command" (Metro). Yes; Anne Schaefer was Mrs. Robert Maitland in 'Chalice of Courage." Claire Whitney was Georgia in "The Nigger" (Famous Players). Always enjoy yours.

CHARLES W.—William Clifford with the Famous Players. Anna Luther and Irene Wallace are no longer with Selig. The best way to get the Classic is to subscribe, altho it is on sale at all newsstands now. Just write to Mr. LaRoche about your scripts, this address.

KITTY B.—Joe King is directing Cleo Madison at Universal City. Wait until you see Henry Walthall in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," "Knocking, knocking at my chamber door." Louise Glaum was the girl in "The Conversion of Frosty Blake." Charles Ray was the minister in the same. Ethel Stewart was Helen in "Cora." Thanks.

ANTHONY.—Wait until you see Lillian Walker in "Green Stockings." I saw her, but she didn't see me. So you want Edward Gronkowski to write to you. I haven't heard from him.

O. S., WELLINGTON.—Thanks for yours. There are 30 chapters to "The Diamond from the Sky." Jack Drumier and A. C. Marston, Hector Sarno, Marie Newton and Alan Hale in "The Ring and the Book" (Biograph).

MOLLIE A.—Write to Florence LaBadie, Thanhouser Co., New Rochelle, N. Y. She will send you a picture. Florence Turner and Albert Chevalier appear in "My Old Dutch"; Universal bought the sole rights.

MISS BERNICE S.—Of course I like homemade candy. Yes; I liked Cyril Maude in "Peer Gynt," and it was a beautiful play, but I am not sure that Mr. Maude played true to the original type of character.

GLADYS N. N.—Perhaps you refer to Dorothy and Lillian Gish. You want me to name the greatest cartoonist in the world. Not counting our own, let us say Robert Carter, of the N. Y. *Evening Sun.*

RETTA ROMAINE.—Thanks very much for your picture. It was very handsome. Do you know that you are a very bright young woman? Well, you are!

BIRALEE, AUSTRALIA.—Yes; Sidney Bracey is in "Million-Dollar Mystery."

BABY BLUE EYES.—Charlotte Burton was Sunshine in "The Moonlight" (American). Jack Devereaux was Dempsey in "The Man on the Case." My humble thanks for the large fee. I can now pay my room rent in advance and buy a Ford with the change.

H. A., HAMILTON.—Tom Moore in "The Cabaret Dancer." Thanks.

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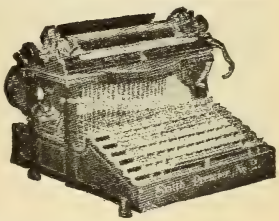

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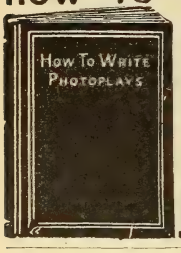


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The following statement was filed with the Brooklyn Postmaster on September 30th, and is here published, as required by law: STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY, at BROOKLYN, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Owners (if a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor and Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-fifth day of September, nineteen hundred and fifteen.—GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP, Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y. My commission expires March 30, 1916.
(Seal.)

MYRTLE T.—Your letter was very interesting, and was quite chatty. Hope to hear from you again.

AILENE.—Much thanks for your kindness in sending the Franklin Anniversary booklet.

MARGARET THOMPSON, Pres't, ALLENE TERRY, Vice-Pres't, and the eight others of the M. P. Club of Atlanta who signed the letter.—The Editor desires that I thank you for your much appreciated letter, and that I announce that he will gladly comply with your request to publish a good picture of Tom Forman in our Gallery.

MELVA, PORTLAND, ORE.—I am getting a very warm heart for you. And who could blame me? Lest other readers misunderstand me, I am going to quote some of your letter: "Dearest Daddy—Do you know I struck a perfect gold mine when I found you? I've been asking questions all my life, and generally all the answer I received was a request not to ask so many questions. And now I can ask questions by the hour or day if I want to and always get a sensible, interesting answer. My daddy dear, I surely would be a nuisance if I lived near you. I'd camp out on your doorstep and acquire knowledge. I wish I was where you could wrap me in a bundle and take me home with you, because I have a thousand or so things I'd like to know, and I'm sure you know the answer to every one. Why, if you'd suddenly drop out of sight some day I would want to drop, too. And to think that once upon a time I thought you were a woman! Surely I owe you an apology." 'Deed you do. Yes. W. T. H. does not belong to the Correspondence Club, but I believe he should be made to join again.

JOHN A. FINE.—You seem to have a sharp eye for details. You say that Helen Holmes does not do all the perilous stunts in those railroad pictures, and that she has a young man who doubles for her, taking all the risks, and disguising himself as Helen. And you even noticed that his legs were not the same size and shape as Helen's. Bad boy, you are too observing!

MAE GRIFFIN.—Your request for a good picture of Jack Richardson is granted, provided you can get the handsome villain to send the Editor a good picture.

JOHN W. DENNYCE, HAMILTON, ONT.—So you are a great admirer of "The Goddess," only you think that Earle Williams was not at his best in it. Well, he had nothing to do but walk around and look pretty, did he? And you wont have anybody talk against Alice Joyce. And Charles Chaplin is the greatest comedian we have ever had in spite of his vulgarity. May be all true, but the surest thing you said is that "For good stories, real pictures of the players, and the splendid Answer Man department, no other magazine can be classed with the M. P. M." For them kind woids, John, t'anks.

BEATRICE FISHER.—You say that you would die for me if I will get Clara Young's picture in the Classic Gallery, and also Robert Warwick's. Well, then you must die, for it shall be did. The Editor has promised. Tell the other girls at Bristol Seminary the good news. I do not write Greenroom Jottings, but I sometimes contribute one or two. Natalie de Lontan was Louise Newbold in "Chalice of Courage." Too bad she was kilt off so early, wasn't it?

ROBERT SHERRILL.—You want the players to know how much you think of them. Well, I will give their names, but you will have to write them your respects. Your favorites are Clara Young, Mae Marsh, Marguerite Courtot, Mary Maurice, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, Lillian Gish, Harry Morey and Rose Tapley.

ANNTONYO.—William Shay was Chevalier de Vandrew in "Two Orphans" (Fox). Harry Beaumont was the conductor in "The Stoning." Yes; I agree with you. By the way, what has become of the man who was always telling us that we should train our diplomats like the Europeans do? Viva la Dumba!

VIOLET, 16.—Cecil Stanton is Crane Wilbur's leading woman in the Horsley plays.

BOZO, EL PASO.—Thanks very much for the foreign money. Frank Jonassen and Marin Sais had the leads in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Kalem). Alan Hale and Isabel Rea in "Among Those Killed" (Biograph). George Harris and Winnifred Kingston had the leads in "The Road to Fame." Your next instalment later.

I. M. A. B.—Yale Boss is with Famous Players now. No, m'dear, I am far from being pro-German, but I think that all the world can take a good lesson from the German system of efficiency, which I consider wonderful. Carlyle Blackwell is still with Lasky.

JEANNE B.—No; Mrs. Owen Bronson is only an authoress. You will see an article about her in an early issue.

LEAH C.—I am sorry, but I cannot tell you when "The Battle Cry of Peace" will appear in the city of Columbus, O. I enjoyed yours.

ADELAIDE.—Dont know the young lady. You seem to think that Mr. Bushman was supreme in "Graustark." So do the public. Yours was fine, too.

D. C. G., 24.—No; I cannot tell you why you dont see more of Crane Wilbur. Watch for him on the Mutual program. Lowell Sherman was Wilfred in "Always in the Way" (Metro). Thanks.

CLIO.—I am sure her name is Rea. Lubin are at 20th St. and Indiana Ave., Philadelphia. Should be glad to hear from you again.

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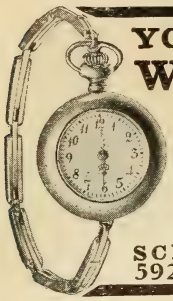

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OLGA.—At last, at last! I have met and spoken with the great William Tell Henderson. He is a fine chap, and we got on fine together. Yes, the suffragets are gaining all the time, but they will never be able to win over the great moving van vote. Why? Because when women can vote they wont move, for fear of losing their vote. See?

ROBERT G. T.—That was not Gladys Hall's fault. She wrote the play, "Shorty's Ranch," from a brief synopsis that the company furnished us, so you can see why it differed from the play. We cant always procure copies of the scenarios. Thanks for your comments.

LULU A. D.—You must write to Earle Williams about that. No; I was neither of them. Yes, on the Russian frontier the Germans seem to have dug in, and the Russians seem to have dug out.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Thanks for your very nice letter. That Famous Players was taken in New York. Helen Badgley was the child in "Milestones of Life" (Thanhouser). Lillian Loraine is from the stage. Yes, a picture of Edna Purviance soon. Your letter was dated Oct. 7th, and you get your answer on the first of November. That's the best I can do. This is only for those who enclose a fee. If no fee is enclosed, all letters must await their turn. A fee, however small, entitles a letter to a preference.

CHAPLIN CRAZY.—You might write to Charles Chaplin. Francis Bushman, Beverly Bayne and Marguerite Snow are all in New York, taking pictures.

KITTY B.—Yes, Fall is here, but it is not at Constantinople. There's a case where three kings are beaten by a straight. (*Sotto voce:* Isn't that brilliant?) Poker players, please note. Tell your grandma to come in and see me some time.

NELLIE.—No; I never was Answer Man for any other magazine. Never will be, either. Webster Campbell now opposite Mary Anderson in Western Vitagraph.

T. C. H., MEMPHIS.—Marguerite Risser is with Lubin. Kathlyn Williams had 532,600 votes as leading woman in the Great Cast Contest. Yours was very bright, and I hope all your diffugalties will be straightened out.

BARY A. B.—Yes, education has advanced in this country with enormous strides, but I am not sure that morality has. Cardinal Gibbons says that it does not appear that vice recedes in the United States in proportion as education advances. It requires more than book knowledge to make the world good. Mrs. Chrisman and Tom Mix in "Her Slight Mistake" (Selig). Constance and Norma Talmadge with Griffith.

TYLLYE, NEW YORK.—You are improving wonderfully. Norma Talmadge did play in "The Battle Cry of Peace." Glad you have a good position.

NELLIE.—Whoa, there! You're coming too often. Edna Holland was Madame Barastoff in "The Confession of Madame Barastoff." Yes, we know that the photos of Webster Campbell and Frank Borzage were mixed in the Supplement and Magazine "Brief Biographies." Webster is not Frank, and Frank is not Webster. Sorry the mistake occurred.

CORA D. C.—That King Baggot play, "Shadows," was released September 28, 1914. Thanks.

J. G. G.—Donald Crisp, Robert Harron, Lillian Gish and Owen Moore in "The Battle of Sexes."

HERMAN.—Yes, in spite of the loss of a leg, due to an operation, Sarah Bernhardt is going to make another Motion Picture. She says, "One's art does not depend on one's pedal power."

BERT B.—Your letter, with the two drawings, was very clever. Your conception of the Answer Man is shocking.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE.—No; I cannot send you one of the interesting letters I receive. That would be telling. Yes, that was a queer coincidence of John Bunny. We printed the picture of him entitled "I Want to be an Angel."

VYRGYNYA.—My dear child, calm yourself. I have handed yours to the Editor. He will no doubt print it. Always welcome.

EDNA K., 18.—One is Madame Petrova and the other Madame Pavlowa. House Peters is playing in "The Great Divide," opposite Ethel Clayton. They have gone to Arizona to take it.

CONSUELO.—Wallace Reid had the lead in "The Yankee from the West" (Majestic). I am glad to hear that Romaine Fielding introduced you to our Magazine, and I am glad you like it. Both you and I are indebted to him. I certainly enjoyed yours.

ESTELLE L. B.—J. P. McGowan was Trow in "The Broken Rail."

HAZEL R.—George Stone was the little boy in "For the Love of Mary Ellen." Harry Morey was Crane and Gladden James was Bream in "To Cherish and Protect."

E. M. B.—There were several complications in the book that could not be shown in pictures. You say it was Lincoln who first gave us the real war oratory. Do you refer to Abraham or to Lincoln, Nebraska?

WILL K. A.—Yes, Méliès are producing in New York now under the Knickerbocker brand.

B. J. W.—I really dont know what chance you would have. You will have to apply in person. Yes, I think President Wilson is first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and has a good chance of being elected again, but I think that his present cabinet might be stronger and that its weakness weakens the President.

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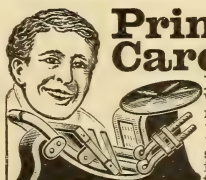


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**PROF. H. W. TITUS**
56-58 Cooper Sq. Dept. 249 New York City

(*Continued from page* 97)

me sobs all over the place. I haven't enjoyed meself so much since I wint to Paddy Flaherty's wake.

"Some av the p'aple that go to the movies, tho," complained Mrs. Brannigan, "have no manners at all, at all. While me an' Mrs. Kelley was a-lookin' at the fixtures, an' a-talkin' to aich other about our naybors an' the acthors an' acthoresses in a sociable sort av a way, p'aple we didn't know an' had niver been inthroduced to kep' tellin' us to kape quiet. What else have ye seen?"

"I saw wan av Paddy's fillums, yesterday, that was sure a hot wan," said Mrs. Lannigan. "'The Rim av the Dessert,' 'twas called. There was a brute that was as low-down as Mike Lannigan, or Pat Brannigan——"

"Mrs. Lannigan," broke in Mrs. Brannigan, indignantly, "I'd like to have ye understand I've got a model husband."

"Sure, I know," replied the former, indulgently; "dont I tell ivry wan the same lie meself? Well, to rasume, which is Frinch for commence—me daughter bein' a schooltaycher, I get lots av information, which sets me above me neighbors, tho I'm too polite to mintion the fact—the brute is a gambler an' saloonkayper an' his own best customer. Wan day a man cooms in an' wins every dollar in the house playin' poker.

"Afther the man has won iverything in the house, he sees the saloonkayper's wife for the first time, an' offers to stake all on her. They play. The man has four av a kind. The gambler has a gun. But he aint quick enough on the draw an' the man makes his getaway wid the pile an' the woman. They go out in the dessert together. The husband follows an' attacks the man as he's slapin', b'atin' him up almost as bad as if he was a polaceman an' a privileged character. Then he goes in s'arch av the woman, but he cant find her, an' he gets lost. Then he sees a marriage—not the kind of a marriage we both see, tho both kinds are lies. The kind av marriage I mane is where ye look at somethin' you dont really see, tho ye're lampin' it all the time. 'Tis the same way wid real marriage—'tis pleasant from a distance, but there's nothin' to it.

"Well, the play ends up fine: the villyun dies; the woman nurses the other fellow back to health; they're united in the holy bunc av mattermony an' live happy ever aftherwards till the divoorce court do them part."

"My, but it must have been fine! fine!" said Mrs. Brannigan, with a wistful sigh.

"It sure was!" Mrs. Lannigan retorted, emphatically. "Are ye goin' to see the pitchers tonight?"

"No," replied Mrs. Brannigan, the wistful note in her voice deepening. "They do say they're not much good today."

"Yis, I know," Mrs. Lannigan answered tartly—"I'm broke, too. But we'll invite Mrs. Grogan to go wid us. She always has money. We'll pretend we've forgotten our purses, an' she'll have to pay our way in. 'Twill be addin' to her account in heaven to make her do wan good deed here below."


# SCREEN MASTERPIECES

**MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

I desire to vote for the following as the best screen masterpieces of acting that I have seen:

| | NAME OF PLAYER | | NAME OF PLAY |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | ..... | in | ..... |
| 2. | ..... | in | ..... |
| 3. | ..... | in | ..... |
| 4. | ..... | in | ..... |
| 5. | ..... | in | ..... |

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We have received two more long and very interesting letters from P. F. Leahy, whose communication in our July number stirred up quite a hornets' nest about his devoted head. As it will be impossible to publish Mr. Leahy's present letters in full, we give some interesting excerpts:

I thank you very much for forwarding me the letter you received from K. E. T., Brooklyn, in regard to my letter you published in your July magazine. I am very glad he (or she) enjoyed it, and, as to writing others about other players, pictures, and so on, why, I could spend the greater majority of my waking hours doing that. It is a subject of great interest to me. I should be glad to receive a personal letter from him and do a little long-distance "arguing."

Realism in photoplays is a subject of much discussion now, and it seems that this discussion has already had a good effect on most of the companies. It must be extremely hard to keep track of the multitude of details involved in the taking of each picture, but, nevertheless, one or two minor mistakes in a picture detract from its impression on the fans. In a recent Broadway star feature of the Vitagraph, "The Year of Famine" I think it was, James Morrison sallied forth to cross the snow-covered North, dressed in nothing heavier than a knitted cap, a muffler, mackinaw, mittens and high boots that came up over ordinary trousers. Personally, I should hate to start on such an undertaking similarly clad. In the Essanay's "Graustark," Mr. Bushman left the train wearing a business suit and traveling cap. The train pulled out and left him behind. He rushed into the telegraph office with a heavy balmacaan on. Now, where did he get it? Perhaps a small matter, but doesn't it look queer?

Now I'm going to voice my first and only criticism of your magazine. I notice that several of the stories of the pictures you use do not follow the picture exactly, and, sometimes, where we read the story first, we are somewhat disappointed in the picture, and *vice versa*. To state a specific case, the story of "The Year of Famine," before mentioned, and published in the July number, spoke of Jan burning the plague-ridden cabins where death had claimed its victims. In the picture there was no sign of such an action on his part. Perhaps the pictures are trimmed a bit before they reach this far, and, if so, kindly overlook this "kick."

In another letter I mentioned several of my particular favorites, but they are so numerous that I overlooked a great many of them.


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I like Ruth Stonehouse very much, and wish the Essanay would feature her oftener. She plays particularly well with Richard Travers, whom, I must confess, I didn't used to like, but who has now become one of my stand-bys. They are a clever team. Lillian Drew, of the same

(*Continued on page* 167)

**PENNINGTON'S CHOICE**

(*Continued from page* 35)

her mythical sister and the credulity Pennington had displayed. "Why, you even thought the poor thing was falling in love with you, *didn't* you?" she laughed. "You never guessed that I was Marie, did you?"

Robert blushed. "Well—I—sort of—liked Marie—how could I help it?—she was so much like you!"

Eugenie lifted her eyes to his; she drew near him. "Well, she *was,*" she whispered. "Alas, Marie, she *was!*"

Roland and Louis, standing awkwardly by one of the windows, suddenly straightened up. "Land officers!" they exclaimed; "what can they want here?"

The master of Blondean turned gray. "The grant!" he exclaimed in turn; "can it concern the old Blondean grant?"

Pennington, deaf to all but Eugenie, blind to all but her glowing eyes, paid little heed to the excitement, until he saw the master of Blondean sink into his chair and heard one of the strangers say that the claim had not been filed, that the notification had been duly sent, and that the grant had expired.

"Oh—here!" cried Pennington; and, producing the confiscated letter, he explained the conspiracy and his saving part in it.

They said good-night under the stars that night—stars riding high in a sable sky. Eugenie laid her head on his broad chest and smiled up at him. Then she quoted softly:

Men of the High North, fierce mountains love you;
Proud rivers leap when you ride on their breast.
See, the austere sky, pensive above you,
Dons all her jewels to smile on your rest.

(*Continued from page* 166)

company, is also very good, and little Miss Mayo is a dainty, attractive figure whenever she appears. She was very good in "My Lady of the Snows," with Mr. Travers. E. H. Calvert is a manly figure and always fills his rôles to perfection.

Dorothy Kelly, of the Vitagraph, is becoming more and more clever. In each succeeding picture I like her better and her work seems more finished. James Morrison is also a sterling actor, who always lives up, or down, as the case may be, to his parts. Miss Kelly just misses being beautiful, but makes up for it by her personality, which is developing along with her ability to act.

Donald Hall is another powerful actor, and one of the most courteous and polished of them all. It is always a pleasure to watch him work, especially as in "The Christian" and "The Wreck."

In "The Awakening," a recent Vitagraph release, there appeared a new face, and the owner of it did such fine work with a comparatively small part that I sat thru a Keystone and an educational again just to find out what his name was. It was a trial, but it was worth it to find that the name was William Dangman, and I sincerely hope he will remain with them and be favored with larger and better parts. He surely deserves them, as he is so wonderfully natural.

I saw a Mutual the other evening that was very good, in at least one respect. That was the acting of Eugene Pallette. He played the part of a cabaret piano player, and, incidentally, an opium fiend, and he was very, very good. I read just the other day that he had joined either the Selig or Essanay, and I shall watch for him with anticipation of a good picture.

Stern, crafty, jocular, pompous, cruel—all those apply to Theodore Roberts in his various moods, as do many others. He, with Rogers Lytton, is the best character man and "villain" in the business. His mastery of the art of make-up is little short of marvelous. Much as I used to enjoy his acting on the speaking stage, I really believe he is at his best in pictures, for the expressions of his wonderful face are shown to better advantage.

Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of Tomorrow" was more like her old self and seemed to be getting away from the simpering, affected mannerisms she has displayed lately. I sincerely hope this is the case, for she can be very entrancing when she wishes to. Of late there has been too much posing and showing of pouts and curls and not enough of real acting. In her support in the above was a man, Forrest Robinson I think his name was, who was the most clever person in the cast. I hope to see more of him in future. Da-


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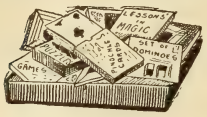

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vid Powell was good, but not up to Harold Lockwood, her former leading man.

I want to ask a question, too, if I may. I noticed in this issue that you announce a story to begin soon, and, as I understand it, to run as a serial. Is this true? If it is, I'd like to say that it seems to me it will detract from your magazine to put anything in it that is not strictly of the Moving Picture field. We buy it because it is all about pictures, companies and players, and its chief interest lies in its exclusion of anything not included under these heads. However, I may have misread it, and, if so, hope you will pardon this seeming criticism. Far be it from me to criticise a publication so full of interest and entertainment as yours.

By the way, that reminds me of a suggestion I would like to make. Would it be practical to run a department of pictures of players on their vacations? We like the photographs of them in the Gallery, but little, intimate snapshots that they would send you would prove interesting to us fans. Is it a good or bad suggestion?

Evelyn Stesch, 2241 Victor Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, has some breezy things to say about Charlie Chaplin. She takes exception to the remarks of some of Charlie's more staid critics and voices the opinion of the father of the "little nipper," in Albert Chevalier's famous coster song: "It isn't what he says, but the narsty way he says it." Of course this is figuratively speaking, for Miss Evelyn claims that Charlie isn't a bit "narsty"—only original:

This is my first offense, so please be lenient. Certainly your magazine is worthy of the highest praise. Each department in itself cannot be compared with or to another.

I think the idea of the revival of old photoplays and players is quite a good one, such as Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce, etc. There are many very good plays, that, on account of a "short run" in the different cities, are considerably overlooked, and I am looking forward with pleasure to many "old" revivals.

I read with interest the article in your magazine, "Chaplinitis." It was great! People do rave about him and people do not. "He is vulgar," they say. Well, I say, "Not on your life." Of course, I do admit that some of the things he does would hardly look well in the court of the King of England, but, nevertheless, those very same people will laugh, I dare say, harder than those who are ardent admirers of Chaplin. "There is good in the worst of us and bad in the best of

us," and those people make me sick (pardon the expression) who go into a playhouse to find the greatest number of faults. And, I think, after sifting the matter out, it really isn't the things he does. We laugh when he hits some unfortunate on the head with a mallet, but we know that he really doesn't hurt the poor fellow; and it isn't the action at which we laugh, it's the *way* he does things. I overheard a gentleman say one evening, "I'd give ten dollars to see him whistle as he did in 'The Jitney Elopement' beneath his sweetheart's window." Again I say, not *what* he does, but *how* he does it.

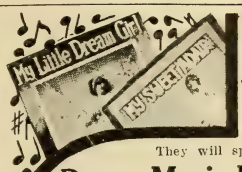
Of course Mary Pickford is popular (not in my estimation, however). But why shouldn't she be? The company certainly do advertise her enough. What's the matter with Vitagraph, my old standby. It ranks among my best companies. Notice *my!* If Norma Talmadge and Richard Travers (Essanay), Carlyle Blackwell (Lasky), and a few other stars would receive advertisement, I dare say "Little Mary" would have to keep a strict eye on her laurels. I was very much astonished recently to see an Essanay picture featuring Ruth Stonehouse and Richard Travers, and—would you believe it?—they never "introduced" Travers at all, such as they do the other players! And he is worthy of more consideration than even an "introduction." I am pleased to note in your Answer Department that others are also "rooting" for him. He is not the only one; there are others.

I will not say "The last number of your magazine was the best yet." Each number in turn is so good one can hardly say which really is the best. If more success can come to it, it is my sincerest wish that it will receive its rightful dues.

Miss Ethel Hilton, 226 Main street, Melrose, Mass., is as enthusiastic a "Bushmanite" as her sister is a "Wilburite":

In the November number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE you printed a letter by Alma Hilton, in which she scores Francis X. Bushman severely. So I hope you will print my letter that all may know why we Bushmanites consider our favorite "great" and that he has "personal charm." He has *more* than that. He has a *wonderful* personality—a personality whose bigness and fineness and cleanness grips one in spite of himself. And added to this "charm" is the easy, graceful manner of the *true* gentleman.

Miss Hilton states that Mr. Bushman "first, last and always plays Francis X. Bushman." He seldom plays anything but the big, clean American man, and, being big and clean and fine himself, how can he help putting some of himself into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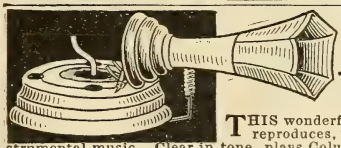

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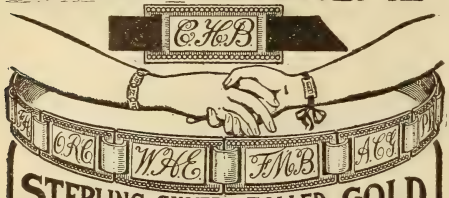


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his parts? However, if he "always plays Francis X. Bushman," his characterizations would all be *exactly alike.* Very well; show me any two parts he has played that are the same. It cant be done!

I know a tiny theater 'way off from "nowhere" which seats about four hundred. Its audience is the coldest, most critical, fault-finding crowd I have ever seen. They never applaud a picture—not even a Williams feature. But listen! I have heard them cheer Francis X. Bushman until the house shook. I have seen them laugh and cry with him. And let me tell you that people do not cheer a lead who has only "physical and personal charm." People do not *weep* at surface acting. No, "we" love Francis X. Bushman because he is *real!* Yet Miss Hilton claims he never does "any *real acting.*"

I think Miss Hilton would like Mr. Bushman's acting better if she would wake up and see that it isn't mostly *acting,* but a *part of the man himself.* Without certain mannerisms peculiarly his own—mannerisms Miss Hilton calls surface acting—he wouldn't be Francis X. Bushman. I'll leave it to any "rabid Bushmanite" if I am not right.

Yes, Alma is my younger sister. We never fight except about this one thing.

Miss Faustina Hall agrees and disagrees with Miss Hilton, and also has something to say about her favorites, Grace Cunard and Francis Ford:

I would like to shake hands with Miss Alma E. Hilton for having so ably, albeit unintentionally, said, with regard to Mr. Bushman and the present influx of *passe* stage stars to the screen, just what I have long wanted to say.

The speaking stage does indeed seem to have been undergoing a thoro housecleaning, and the Universal has evidently been the busiest digger in the scrap-heap. That sounds cruel, but I am quite certain there are many others who, like myself, would rather condone the crudities of a girl of sixteen, young and beautiful, full of enthusiasm and eager to learn, than be forced to watch a former stage actress of forty, supercilious, jaded and disillusioned, playing a girl's part.

I disagree with Miss Hilton as to Mr. Bushman's being the handsomest man on the screen. He most certainly is not. In the first place, he is too fat (yes, I said *fat*), and that seraphic smile he continually wears would, in my opinion, spoil the attractiveness of Apollo himself were he here in the flesh. Place Francis Ford's strong face, with its clean-cut beauty of feature, beside that of either Francis Bushman or J. Warren Kerrigan, and the insipid good looks of those much-worshiped idols appear in contrast about

as wholesome and invigorating as the buckets of striped candy in the country stores. (Whee-ee! *Listen* to 'em howl!)

In the one Francis Ford interview that has appeared in your Magazine there were several references to his lack of good looks. I rise to protest. There is no handsomer man on the screen. His good looks are not merely a matter of curly hair, long-lashed eyes and dimples, but the really worthwhile attractiveness of a man who gives one at once the impression that he is clean-minded, sane and wholesome, intolerant of all small meannesses, petty pretense and hypocrisy. As to his acting—well, he doesn't do love scenes (I wager if he did they'd be worth seeing); he leaves those to the milk-fed youths who cant do anything else, but the things he does do he does with a finish and vigor that it's a joy to behold.

The only reason that the multitude of feminine fans who are pouring their worship at the feet of the actors who are heading the popularity contests are not "adoring" Mr. Ford is that certain Motion Picture journals say he is married, while the adored ones are said to be single. Announce their marriage, and their popularity would melt "like snow upon the desert's dusty face." Your Answer Man says the matrimonial state of the players shouldn't make any difference or be of any interest to the public. Correct, Answer Man, but it does make a difference—to some people.

I cannot recall ever having seen Francis Ford and Grace Cunard classed among the great screen artists, yet both possess what Miss Hilton says are the first requisites of good acting. Their plays are not great plays, perhaps, but certainly the naturalness and sincerity of their acting cannot be questioned. Never for one moment or by one movement do they ever thrust upon the minds of their audience a consciousness of the fact that they are actors working for a salary—which is more than I can say for a number of others. I think there is no more beautiful or talented actress on the screen than Anita Stewart; I like Crane Wilbur, dimple and all; I like Carlyle Blackwell (now, there, Miss Hilton, is the handsomest man on the screen); I admire Mary Pickford extravagantly, also Marguerite Clark, Lois Meredith and Viola Dana, but Grace Cunard and Francis Ford will always be my favorites, they are so human, so sincere and lovable.

Will some one kindly enlighten me as to why Blanche Sweet is considered a wonderful actress? I have given her a fair and impartial trial, I think, and the more I see her the more I am moved to wonder how it is possible for any one to admire her work—or, rather, lack of it. She plays her parts wrapped in such

(*Continued on page* 174)

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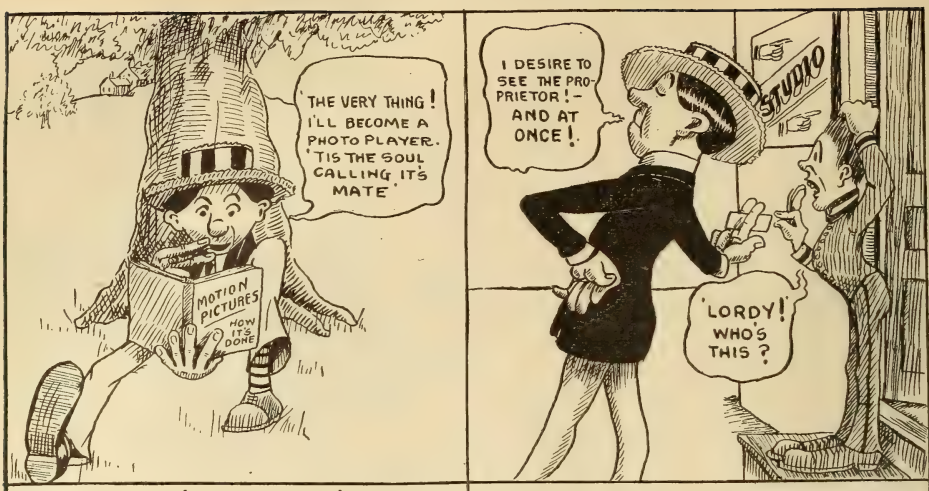
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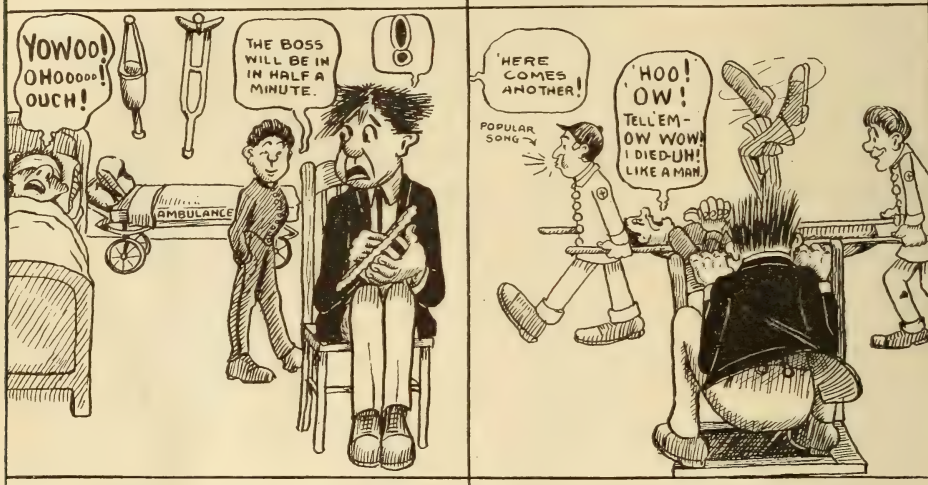
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(*Continued from page* 171)

dreamy absorption and meets the most tragic situations with such bored lack of interest that the only emotion she has ever aroused in me is an overwhelming desire to see if a good, healthy shaking would waken her to any semblance of life and action. Now, please tell me wherein lies the marvel of her acting. I, too, am willing to be convinced.

You see, we do not "dare print" your letter, Four Leaf Clover Club, 563 Springfield Avenue, Newark, N. J. We want criticism as well as praise. You call the Vitagraph our players; we wish they were, but, unfortunately, cant lay claim. Half the letters that come in criticize us for neglecting these same players. To be as fair as possible is our aim, but we cant suit every one at the same time. Do you really feel so bitterly toward the poor old Answer Man?

We are a club of girls and young women who admire your Magazine, but there are certain thing which we do not like, and we have a complaint to make. Of course, I could not write the complaint of all the girls, for there are one hundred and fifty club members.

I read an article in your Magazine at one time saying that the readers should write to the Editor their opinions of plays and players, etc.

First, I see a much better actor in Henry Walthall than in Earle Williams. There's many an actor who, if they were given the chance and lots of advertising, and all such stuph (stuff), as the Answer Man wrote it, would be even greater than the best actor on the screen.

I bet there is many a letter that knocks your players—meaning Vitagraph—that you dont even print, but if they knock other companies and their players you are there right on the job to print them. I think it is a shame the way your magazine is full of bad things against Mr. Bushman this month. That Miss Alma E. Hilton, of 226 Main St., Melrose, Mass., is either sick or Mr. Bushman did not answer her letter when she wrote to him. There is a screw loose. I consider Mr. Bushman a much better actor than Earle Williams. Of course, there are worse than Mr. Williams.

How is it that your Magazine always brags about Vitagraph players? I will admit they are good, but bragging about Anita Stewart—my, my! I would put her all over the world—I mean her photo—on trains, any kind, even box trains or skirt trains.

And in the Cast Contest, it is some wonder you would not put all Vitagraph players in that first cast. I bet if I were there counting votes, Earle Williams would never be first, not that I would cheat, the opposite—I would be honest.

And the Answer Man. With his chance he can insult some readers wonderfully. He shows his character so plainly. He is very clever in some of his answers, but a child of three sometimes says a clever thing, and the mother or father is so proud. It is a wonder you wouldn't put his right picture in the Magazine.

You ought to give Norma Talmadge some credit. You never did, not even when she was with your company. There are different ways of actresses having pulls —'nough said. And I dare, dare you to print this. We are the Four Leaf Clover Club.

Here is a surprise for us all from our irrepressible friend, P. F. Leahy, of San Francisco, Cal.:

Oh, mercy me! What hornets' nest have I brought down upon my poor, defenseless head now by my remarks in favor of my friends of the screen, and what seem to be—and no doubt are—derogatory to those who do not meet with favor in my sight. Miss Carez certainly doesn't seem to entirely agree (?) with me.

Just the same, I dont take back one word I said. I meant it all, and I'll let all the things she said of me and my opinions pass, with the exception of the actress with "a smile not forced to show dimples." That was Norma Talmadge, and I will, at any time or in any place, rush to her defense. She is the Alpha and Omega of the photoplayer's art, and, if I remember correctly, I used the above quoted expression at the very last of my letter, where I summed up the little things that attracted. I eulogized her in the first part of my letter, I think, for her cleverness, mastery of the art of make-up and all the rest that combine to make her the *greatest Motion Picture actress in the world.*

And now her last paragraph forces me to make a disclosure. If she hadn't said I was jealous of Mr. Bushman, I would have let her remain in ignorance of the fact that I "am not what I seem." In fact, I have the perfect right to place a "Mrs." before the P. F. in my name. In other words, I am only a poor female like herself. Therefore her jealousy theory is exploded.

Come again, Miss Carez. It gives me great pleasure to stand by my favorites and to have some one else do the same for theirs. We are all entitled to our own opinions, and they usually are interesting to others as well as to ourselves.

(*Continued on page* 176)

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*(Continued from page 174)*

Womanlike, I must have the last word. Miss Fuller is conceited, at least she always appears so to me, and that is practically the same thing for a fan.

This letter from S. King Russell, University of California, voices the feelings of many of our correspondents, who long for the return of the one-reel pictures.

Oh, where, oh, where is the one-reel film? As we stroll down Movie Row, where the cheery lights of photodom dispel the dark shadows of night, we find no trace of our once honored friend. The hand of progress has not dealt kindly with him, and the one-reel film has been relegated to ignominious obscurity. Alas! that it should be so.

We watch winsome Marguerite Clark dance her way thru five reels of comedy-drama, and we are justly pleased; yet at times we wonder if she would not have clasped her soul-mate just as happily—and as logically—at the end of two reels, or three. And if we chance to enter the haven of silent drama at say nine o'clock p. m. instead of at eight or eight-thirty, we are left wondering where Mary Pickford, as Tessibel Skinner, got the baby, and whether Harold Lockwood is her brother, since he is spending the night with her, or whether the other intruder is the father of her child or merely an acquaintance. Or, if it is "The Clansman" that we have watched in breathless suspense, our eyes relax their vigilance at the end of two and a half hours and our abused limbs protest at the prolonged strain upon them. And as for serials—well, in the last stage of development we witnessed in "The Goddess," Earle Williams was taking a prolonged bath in a forest pond, with his clothes stolen—and, for all we know, he may have been chilled to death in the same spot, or mayhap he is still waiting for some good Samaritan with a portable clothing store to rescue him. (We went out of town for a few weeks after that installment and have seen nothing of brave Earle since.)

What patriarchal fan who has watched the photoplay grow from its infancy does not remember with pleasure the day of the one-reel film? With a thrill of joy we watched Jack Standing foil Romaine Fielding in the single-reeler, "The Mexican." With bated breath our eyes followed Broncho Billy in his mad flight on horseback over the plains after the hold-up—1910 model. In the same evening, on the same program, we might have seen Carlyle Blackwell succumb to the charms of the seductive Alice Joyce in "The Wasp," and after watching Mary Pickford in a Griffith war drama protect

Walter Miller from the Union troops for five breathless minutes, we might have closed the evening with a contented sigh, watching Harry Myers, at the end of the dilemma, press one of those lingering, settle-the-question kisses on the willing, rosebud lips of May Buckley. All this on one five-reel program—once upon a time.

So while undoubtedly expectancy is mixed with admiration in our welcome of the era of the feature film, we hoary fans may be forgiven if sometimes we long to shed a tear for the one-reeler of old, the unit of many a bygone dream which has flickered and fled.

Several of our correspondents have been criticizing the English players in American plays. Now, Willie Gordon-Macfarlane, 2493 Rue St. Dominique, Montreal, thinks there is just as much criticism due the American players in English plays:

As most of your correspondents appear to be American, they, naturally, uphold plays depicting scenes and events of American life, but often, it seems to me, their criticism of European players betrays a want of good taste and a lack of knowledge of the subject they discuss so glibly.

One of your lady correspondents did not like European players acting the Indian, "as they had never seen one, therefore couldn't act the part of one." I have never seen an European company feature an Indian play, so cannot say how they would conduct themselves. But about three years ago I saw an American company in "Scenes from the Life of Mary Queen of Scots," with either Mary Pickford or Mary Fuller in the title rôle. It was in a little town called Linlithgow, which also happens to be the birthplace of Mary of Scotland. That day we visited the palace where Mary was born, so we were quite in the right mood to appreciate an intelligent representation of scenes from Mary's life. Mary herself was "a daughter of the gods—divinely tall and most divinely fair"—a woman of incomparable beauty—a gentlewoman. Judge, then, our surprise at the travesty on history we were to witness. A small actress was bad enough, but "the worst was yet to come." In the garden scene Mary began to coquette and to flirt with

(*Continued on page* 178)

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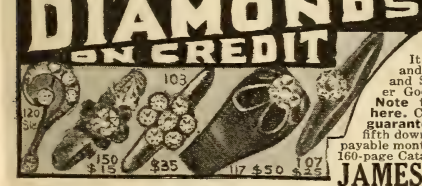


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(*Continued from page* 177)

Rizzio. Hisses were going strong, and it would have fared ill with any of the company had they been there in person that night. Can you wonder at our resentment and that we, too, forgot for the moment it was only a movie show and joined in the hissing?

In last month's Magazine one of your correspondents "ached" because she couldn't describe Beverly Bayne. Last week I saw this very mediocre actress in a play entitled "Love and Mrs. Urmy," or some such title. If Miss Bayne has any good looks, then the screen is her inveterate enemy. Instead of a beautiful woman, what I saw was a woman whose walk was a stride and whose gestures were amateurish and outré. How she ever came to be a star is a mystery to me and many others.

Mr. Bushman plays the part of Lord Chilminster well, as he invariably plays all his parts. As a stage lover Mr. Bushman is, to my mind, unequaled. There is none of the inane mush in his acting that is so common with others.

In the October issue of your Magazine there is a story entitled "Shadows from the Past," and begins, "Mary, Lady Lester," as the story unfolds she is called "Lady Mary Lester." Being neither a widow nor the daughter of a peer she has no right to either title, but as the wife of a peer and the daughter of a commoner she is simply "Lady Lester."

As your correspondents give old country actors some hard knocks, I often felt like having a bit of my own back, so if we dont know much about Indians, I guess Americans know little more about the peerage, even if some of them sell themselves to enter it.

Another writer that "got my goat" was a person named Lottie Briscoe. Who or what Lottie is I know not, but she is certainly strong in the possessive case. In a contemporary she wrote: "Perhaps *my readers* are not aware that in England they believe Indians still parade Fifth avenue, and all Americans chew gum and say darn." This may not be word for word, but it is the gist of her article—God save the mark! The woman who writes such trash and the editor who publishes it must have a very poor idea of American intelligence. I never was in England, but lived many years in Scotland and met countless English people, who always struck me as being quite as intelligent as their neighbors, and, altho none of them were over-fond of Americans, I never heard one of them say that "Indians paraded Fifth avenue." What we really believed about Indians was that they lived chiefly on reservations and were slowly dying out, owing to leading a more confined life. Every one in America does not play baseball, neither

does every one chew gum, still any honest American will admit they are the two national pastimes. Regarding the "darn," I haven't met an American yet who didn't use the word; moreover, I think it a nice little word, second only as a relief word to our "damn."

Now that I have hit you "good and hard," as you say, let me tell you how I like the Americans. I am just back from my first trip to the States, and have had a lovely time, and liked you all so much I am going back at Christmas.

I think American movie actors are the best of their type, but the actresses are mostly always poor portrayers of their art. The best I have seen so far are Ella Hall, an easy first, Marguerite Clarke and Mary Pickford. Lately I saw Miss Hall in a problem play. I cannot recall the name, but it was all about heredity. I enjoyed it very much. A young actor who played the part of Guy Melton has wonderfully improved since last I saw him about a year ago. I think his name is Forrest. He was a real treat—no pun.

Most of the plays are poor stuff and would make good advertisements for furniture and clothes stores. I never witness a serial movie if I can avoid it. "The Million-Dollar Mystery" and "The Exploits of Elaine" do not appeal to me, nor do plays of that type, as I always associate them with "penny dreadfuls." But, bad as they are, surely the latest sick fancy of Morris' "Goddess" is the limit. A man who can imagine such stuff wants to see a doctor.

I enjoyed Mr. Kelley's letter very much, but Retta Romaine's was nearly all Greek to me.

Before I close let me say my favorite movie actors are Warren Kerrigan, for his acting is most expressive and easily understood. Some of your correspondents accuse him of being conceited, but I dont think he is. Francis Xavier Bushman is one of the manliest actors America has, also one of the most artistic; he is beautiful without being effeminate. Paul McAllister is also a favorite of mine; also Bob Leonard in certain rôles which do not demand evening dress. And last but not least is the actor who took the part of Guy Melton. His laughing was a work of art. I haven't seen any really funny actors, but so far I award Eddie Lyons the palm. The Charlie Chaplin stunts I witnessed years ago in a circus attached to the Scottish Zoo at Glasgow.

With best wishes for the continued success of your very entertaining Magazine.

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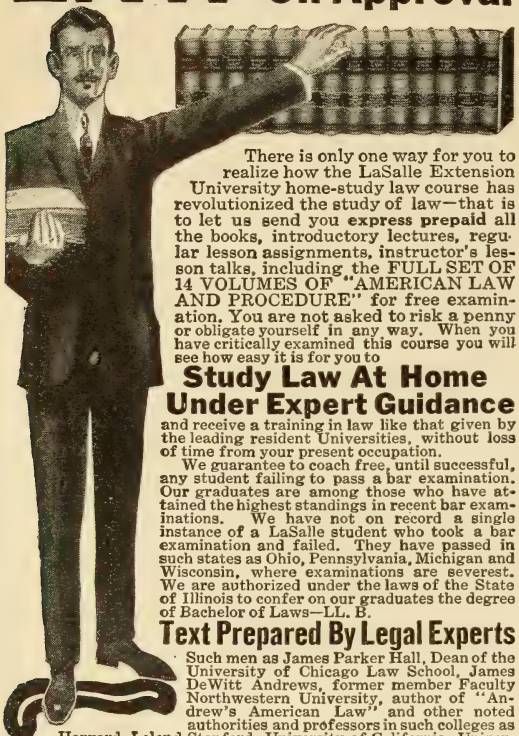

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## AS OTHERS SEE YOU, OR GLEANINGS FROM THE AUDIENCE

(*Continued from page* 122)

A man of the masses proclaimed, loudly, while watching "The Right of Way": "These here English plays are 'punk'—they drag so"; but the distinctive acting of William Faversham made it distinctly worth while, in my sight.

Said a woman on my right, as a particularly crooked pair of teeth was revealed by the merciless power of the camera: "There ought to be a special movie dentist—every defect shows up so plainly."

The Animated Universal Weekly gave us a glimpse of Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman playing King and Queen at the San Diego Fair. Immediately, every Motion Picture fan shouted either aloud, or in spirit: "Hurrah! Isn't it great they're together again?"

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## MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

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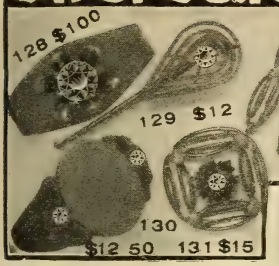


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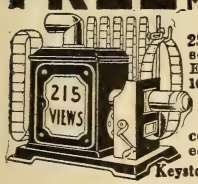


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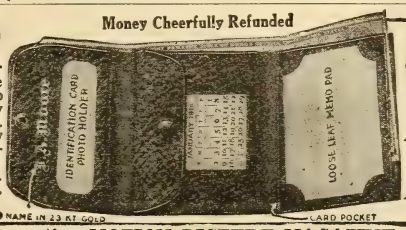


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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. T. W. Gilmer, Chief of Division, Treasury Department, Washington, thinks that the casts should describe the characters:

Your Answer Man has assisted the fan to identify hundreds of players, thereby adding greatly to the interest in Motion Pictures. In asking for identifications, it is usually impossible for the inquirer to give the cast name or *play* name (as I call it) of the player asked about. When one player might have fifty of these play names in the course of a year, it is impossible to remember them. But he can *describe* the person as "the hero," "the villain," "the preacher," "the doctor," "the burglar," "the mother-in-law," "the old maid," "the widow," etc. Now, I am writing to ask you to have the manufacturers *make their casts describe the characters* as indicated above, so as to facilitate inquiries. For example, the cast of "Mortmain" should read (*as amended*)

Mortmain, *the hero*.....Robert Edeson
Russell, *the polished villain*..Donald Hall
Flaggs, *the murderer*.....Edward Elkas
Bella, *the leading lady*...Muriel Ostriche
Etc. Etc. Etc.

Now I have the Vitagraph cast before me. The cast gives the play name and the real name without descriptions. With the cast as I have changed it, an inquirer could easily ask for the name of the murderer in "Mortmain." He could easily remember the description, but could not give your Answer Man the play name.

One of the little fans, Emily Lorry, of New York, has her favorites, too, and tells us about them:

Altho I'm only a little girl, I feel that I must write to you and tell you how lovely I think the movies and the movie magazine are. Every Saturday afternoon I go to the movies with my little brother Bobbie and his nurse. I just love it when we see Alice Joyce. I think she's a darling. Dont you? I dont like pictures with Charlie Chaplin very much, because they aren't exciting. Bobbie likes them tho, but I think Nurse Helen agrees with me.

Mary Pickford is a dear. She reminds me of my doll, Grace Maud. I think Audrey Berry is too cute for anything. Such a dear!

Daddy lets me read certain stories in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. He reads some things to me—nice things about certain players. I just love to hear about them.

Well, I must close this letter now with good wishes to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. P. S.—I named my new doll, which I got last week, Alice Joyce Lorry.

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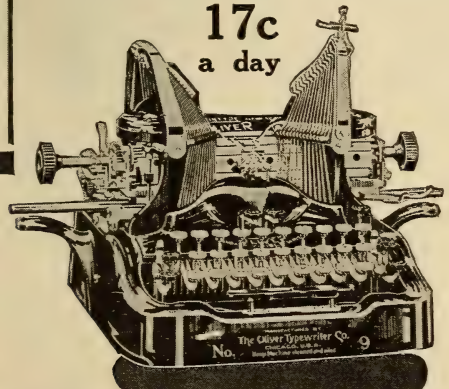


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(PERHAPS OF YOURS, ALSO)

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## It Now Has "A Place in the Sun"

DEC 1 1915


# MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

(TRADEMARK REGISTERED)

VOL. X NO. 12


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## MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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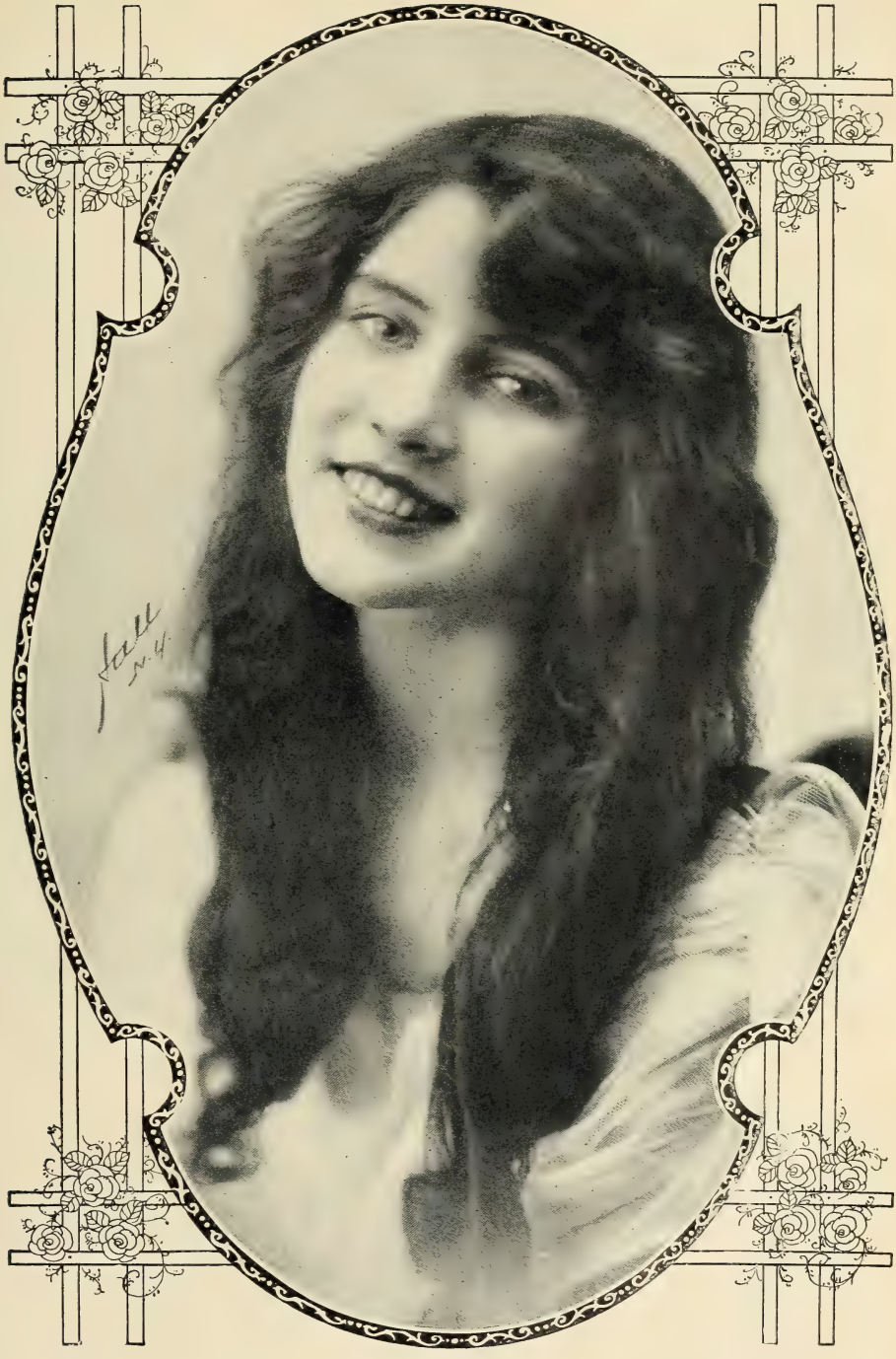

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Vol. X JANUARY, 1916 No. 12

# The Scarlet Band

(Triangle)

By ROBERT J. SHORES

WINTHROP CLAVERING, chemist, mechanic and writer of detective stories, read the item in his morning paper a third time, as was his habit. He regulated his life by the rule of three. Three soft-boiled eggs and three cups of coffee for breakfast; one cup of tea at three in the afternoon; three lamb-chops for his dinner: this was his daily diet. He went thru his physical culture exercises three times a day and made three drafts of each one of his stories.

"You see," he would explain, "when you do anything three times, you are pretty sure to hit it right at least once. You are always liable to get one bad egg for breakfast, especially if you board, and to get two is not unheard of; but I never in my life got three bad eggs at one time. It is the same with tough chops or poor coffee.

"When I take my exercises in the morning, I am feeling fresh and strong and may go thru them too hurriedly, and at night I am likely to be sleepy and slow, but at noon I do them properly. When you read anything for the first time, you receive merely a suggestion; the second time you get a fair idea of what it is about; but the third time it registers and you understand it thoroly."

So having read the item three times, he folded the newspaper and exchanged his skull-cap for his felt telescope hat and prepared to pay a visit to his friend, Bartholomew Thompson, on the top floor of the lodging-house. For tho unconventional in many things and eccentric in his dress, Clavering had never been able to shake off the feeling, common to all men, that a man in a public hall without his hat is, and ought to be, an object of suspicion. Closing his own door carefully, he mounted the stairs, three steps at a time, and rapped three times on the door of Thompson's apartment.

This was on the fourth floor and consisted of four rooms—Thompson's bedroom, that of his daughter, the living-room and the laboratory, for Thompson was an inventor who already had to his credit the invention of a wireless control apparatus and who hoped to perfect even greater inventions in the near future.

Thompson, who opened the door in response to Clavering's triple knock, was a tall man, spare and clean-shaven, with the deep-set, keen eyes of the scientific worker.

"Ha, Clavering!" he barked cordially, in his almost telegraphic manner of speech; "glad to see you!

Hardly expected to see you so early. Thought you were engaged on 'The Mystery of the Disappearing Hairpin' —or was it 'The Disappearing Collar-button'?"

"No," responded Clavering, solemnly, "it was 'The Curious Case of the Mad Inventor.'"

"Ha, so you've taken me for a hero at last! Well, I expected it. Come in. If you dont mind, I'll keep on with my work. It's the automatic fire-extinguisher—elusive thing, too. You see, I——"

"Just a minute!" Clavering followed him into the laboratory. "I do mind; I want to read you something —something more important than all the fire-extinguishers you ever thought of. Listen!"

He pushed Thompson down in a chair and read:

A FORTUNE FOR INVENTORS.

National Scientists Board
Offers $2,000,000
For Aerial Torpedo Plans.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 1, 1921.

At a meeting of the National Scientists Board in Washington, following the breaking off of our diplomatic relations with the governments of Teutonia and Slavonia, the two powerful states which achieved their independence following the European war of 1915, upon the motion of Hudson Maxim, the well-known inventor of smokeless powder, the Board determined to offer a prize of $2,000,000 for a practical working model of an aerial torpedo.

In case a declaration of war follows the severing of diplomatic relations with the two countries above-mentioned, as now seems extremely likely, the state of our National Defense will indeed be deplorable unless some invention of this sort can be perfected by an American inventor. The dreadnoughts *Houston, Manhattan, Nome, Hilo, Manila* and *Sulu,* all built between 1915 and 1917, are now hopelessly out-of-date and, in the opinion of experts, would not be able to cope with the combined fleets of Slavonia and Teutonia. We have about two hundred submarines of the modern type, but these are rendered practically obsolete and ineffective in dealing with the *Omnipotent* type of battleship, equipped with the submarine-detecting device. Our National Guard, thanks to the almost universal enlistment following the campaign of the National Security League, and despite the propaganda of the Peace-At-Any-Price Society, is in excellent shape and should be able to put 800,000 well-armed and well-drilled men in the field on a week's notice. The regular army, as always, is insufficient, the mobile forces numbering less than 160,000 enlisted men, and of these only 18,000 are available for immediate service at any given point. The rest are scattered about in the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, Porto Rico and the Canal Zone. We have a fair complement of 18-inch guns, but our coast defenses are by no means what they ought to be.

Major-General Allerton, of Governor's Island, in an interview yesterday, stated that we could not hold off invaders for more than two weeks, which will not give our Pacific Fleet, which is now cruising in the Mediterranean, time to return home.

"Now," asked Clavering, carefully folding his newspaper into a three-cornered cocked hat, "what do you think of that?"

"It looks bad for us. There isn't a scientist in the country who could work out such a proposition in the time we have at our disposal."

"You're wrong," said Clavering, calmly; "there is just one man in the United States who is clever enough to conceive of such an invention and quick enough to perfect it in time."

"And he is——"

"Our mutual friend, Bartholomew Thompson. My friend, it's up to you."

"To me? I cannot do it! I am busy with my automatic extinguisher. Moreover, I haven't the necessary money to carry the thing thru. I cant even repay you what you loaned me to use in perfecting the wireless control apparatus."

"Never mind that—the wireless control will bring you a fortune. But let me ask you one question—are you a patriot?"

Thompson flushed indignantly.

"Now see here, Clavering; it's all very well for you to go spy-mad like the rest of them, but when you begin to suspect me——"

"I dont suspect you. I simply ask you if you are a patriot. Because, if you are, you will not hesitate a moment to undertake this, if you never invent another thing in your life.

"THE OUTLAW WOMAN" PLOTS WITH HER CHIEF

The fate of your country depends upon it. It must be done.

"As for money, I will stake you for all you need. I have a little cottage out in Flushing. You will go there and fit up a laboratory. You will take Haverman with you, and I will come there to see you and see what progress you make. When the invention is ready, I will accompany you to Washington and lay the plans before the National Scientists Board."

"But why go to Flushing? I can work here."

"Yes, but you must not. If the secret comes into the hands of the enemy, it is worthless. The Scarlet Band will be after it the moment they learn you have completed it, and you may be sure they will learn."

"Clavering, you *are* spy-mad! The Scarlet Band! Scarlet fiddlesticks! You talk like a Conan Doyle novel. I always knew that writing thrillers would turn your brain some day."

Clavering smiled imperturbably.

"Perhaps it has, but in this instance I know what I'm talking of."

"Do you mean to say there is such a band with that absurd name? And if there is, who are they?"

"There is; they are an association of international crooks. As to *who* they are, nobody knows, for the police have never been able to land them. There are five of them altogether, and one of them is a woman—'The Outlaw Woman' they call her in diplomatic circles. The business of the band is to steal war secrets and inventions of this kind. You may be sure that when a thing of this sort is going forward they are not far away."

Clavering pushed a desk-bell. Three sharp rings sounded in the adjoining living-room, and William Haverman, Thompson's assistant, entered.

"Tell Miss Adelaide that her father is removing to Flushing immediately and she had better begin packing at once."

William's face gave every evidence of astonishment. "Is Miss Adelaide going, too?"

"She is."

William's face fell. He was in love with Adelaide and she with him, but if she moved to Flushing she might—

"And so are you," added Clavering, smiling dryly as William's face brightened; "so get ready at once."

It was Adelaide herself who opened the door of the Flushing cottage in response to Clavering's triple knock one morning some five weeks later. Hers was the first happy face he had seen that morning, and small wonder.

"THEY ALL WORE MASKS"

Much had happened in those few weeks. Teutonia and Slavonia had declared war upon the United States. The Allies had been defeated off the Atlantic Coast, but had escaped serious injury to their ships. They had failed in an attempt to land troops in Oregon, but had succeeded in landing a force in Southern California. The invasion of America had begun.

If Adelaide felt any fear for the future of her country, she showed none. She looked radiantly happy.

"Good-morning, Mr. Clavering," she cried brightly. "Come in. Father has some great news for you. Oh, father, here is Mr. Clavering."

Thompson came out of the workshop, followed by William. Both were beaming. Thompson held a roll of papers in his hand. He handed it to Clavering. "These are the plans."

Clavering examined them closely thru his square glasses. Three times he went over each line and angle. Then he extended his hand.

"I congratulate you," he said simply. "You have saved our country."

"The model is in the workshop; I will show it to you," said Thompson, leading the way.

As they gathered about the table, Clavering turned slyly to William. "You look as happy as tho you had done this yourself," he said.

"I helped," replied William, proudly; "and Mr. Thompson says he will give half of whatever the Government pays him for it."

"Of what is left when I have repaid Clavering," corrected Thompson, tightening a screw in the model.

"So now William and I can be married," added Adelaide, blushing and dimpling adorably.

"Which is much more important than the mere matter of saving the country."

Clavering was not above teasing her now and then.

He turned now to Thompson. "You and I and Miss Adelaide will go to Washington with the plans tonight. It is not safe to take the model.

"MR. THOMPSON IS DEAD!"

It is safe enough here, for no one knows of it, and in any case, William is here. We will lay the plans before the Board, and when they have accepted them, as they certainly will, they can come here and view the model."

He glanced at his watch. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I almost forgot my midday exercises!" And so saying he solemnly went thru them three times.

The trip to Washington was successful in every respect. The members of the Board were much impressed with the plans and agreed to come post-haste to Flushing to view the model.

William was waiting at the Flushing station when the three travelers returned.

"My God, man! What has happened?" exclaimed the inventor, noting the woebegone look on his assistant's face.

"They—they stole the model!" stammered the miserable youth.

"Who has stolen the model?" demanded Thompson, sharply.

"The Scarlet Band," replied Clavering; "I might have known they would find us out. How did it happen?"

"Well," said William, "I went out to get some chemicals, and while I was gone they came and carried off the model."

"Did any one see them—any of the neighbors?"

"Yes—the widow who lives across the way. She said there were four men. She looked out when they drove up in an automobile. They all wore masks. Before she could give the alarm they were gone. She has no telephone."

"All of our work gone for nothing!" groaned Thompson. "Did you notify the police?"

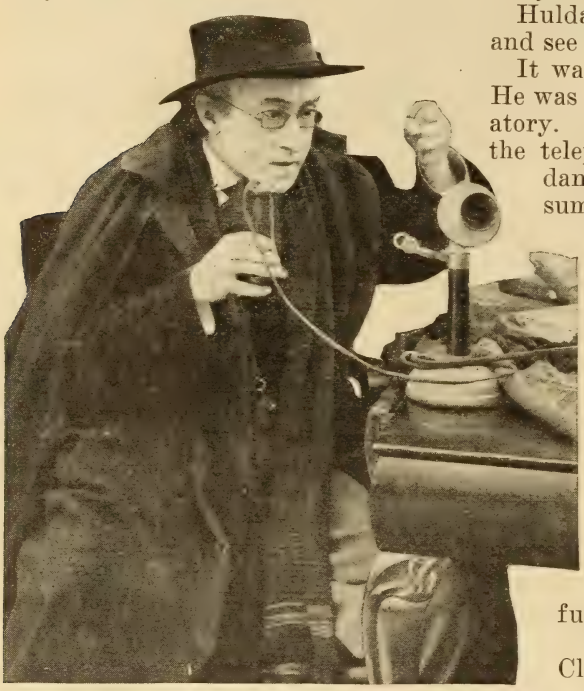
"I didn't dare. You told me not to mention the model to any one."

"Quite right, William," said Clavering. "The police could not help us, and they might spoil everything. I will remain at the cottage. You can begin on a new model, Thompson. You still have the plans. I will give out information that you have started on a new model. That will serve to keep the Band from leaving this vicinity. We must recover that model before it is too late. I will look around and see if I cannot locate their rendezvous."

The National Scientists Board was skeptical when informed that the model was not yet ready to be shown. They dismissed the Thompson torpedo as the dream of a visionary and went on with their work. Thompson, meanwhile, now thoroly aroused, began making his second model.

A few days after their return from Washington, Hulda, the Swedish

maid, knocked timidly at Clavering's door. She was an ardent admirer of Clavering's detective stories, and now that he had turned detective himself, she almost worshiped him. Hulda had hopes of some day being known as "Hulda, the Girl Detective," and she prepared for that day by searching the waste-basket for "clues." Today, to her almost incredible joy, she had found one. Clavering read it carefully three times:



HE FOUND A FRAGMENT OF A CAPSULE

MR. THOMPSON—You are for war, but I am for peace; you invent things to murder men. If you do not cease work on your torpedo, I will remove you for the good of humanity.

A LOVER OF PEACE.

"You found this in Mr. Thompson's waste-basket?" asked Clavering.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, keep your eyes open. If another letter like this comes, let me know."

Hulda blushed with pleasure. She was now really and truly "Hulda, the Girl Detective"!

Hard as she tried to find clues, however, no more letters came. But on the morning of the fourth day she raced up to Clavering's room with news more exciting than any clue.

"Mr. Thompson is dead!" she burst out without preface. "Murdered!" she added, with an eye to dramatic effect — "foully done to death by his enemies!"

Clavering's mouth puckered in a silent whistle of astonishment. "Girl, are you fooling?" he demanded.

Hulda plucked at his sleeve. "Come and see for yourself."

It was true—Thompson was dead! He was sitting by a table in the laboratory. He had evidently been using the telephone, for the receiver hung dangling. A physician, hurriedly summoned, pronounced the death due to heart failure; but when the doctor had gone Clavering made a discovery. With his usual instinct for orderliness, he started to replace the receiver, but decided that he would first examine the instrument carefully. On the third examination he found a fragment of a capsule wedged between the receiver and the instrument. This he thrust into his pocket for future reference.

When the reporters arrived, Clavering announced that Haverman would continue to carry on the work of the late Mr. Thompson. He meant this information for the Scarlet Band, and he knew that it would reach them.

Remaining upon guard the next day, he was not surprised when a policeman put in an appearance. The officer stated that, as a matter of form, he was obliged to investigate any case of sudden death occurring on his beat. Clavering had written enough detective stories to know that this was no part of a patrolman's duty, but he said nothing. The policeman entered the laboratory. After making a perfunctory examination, he picked up the table telephone.

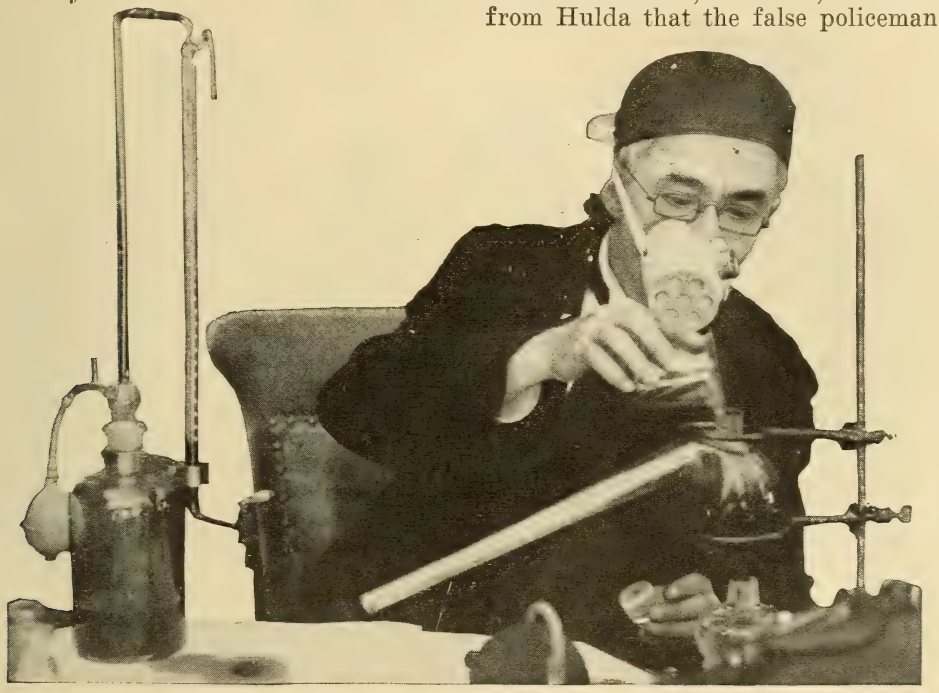
"So this was the phone Mr.

Thompson was using when he died?'' he inquired.

''Yes,'' answered William, going on with his work.

After asking a few more questions, the officer left. In less than fifteen minutes the telephone bell rang. William reached for the receiver, but Clavering caught his arm.

''Dont touch that—it is death!'' he shouted. ''Come outside and I will show you.''



CLAVERING PREPARES FOR A LITTLE EXPERIMENT ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT

The wondering William followed Clavering around to the rear of the house. Standing outside the window of the laboratory, Clavering attempted to raise the telephone receiver off the hook with his stick. With the third attempt, he succeeded. There was a sharp, snapping sound.

''If you were inside,'' explained Clavering, ''you would be dead. It was that which killed Thompson. The villains inserted a capsule filled with asphyxiating gas between the receiver and the telephone, so that when the receiver was lifted the hook was released and crushed the capsule, releasing the deadly gas. The man who was here just now, posing as a policeman, planted this one for you.''

''Good God! Where has he gone?''

''I dont know,'' said Clavering, as they returned to the front of the house; ''but Hulda does, and she will tell us. Here she comes.''

The attempt upon the life of Haverman convinced Clavering that no time should be lost in rounding up the Band. When, therefore, he learnt from Hulda that the false policeman had gone to a drug-store only five blocks distant, upon one of the business streets of the village, he lost no time in renting an office in a building upon the opposite side of the street—one with windows overlooking the entrance to the rendezvous. There he had painted upon his window, ''Theodore Barker, M.D.,'' and, crossing the street, proceeded to make the acquaintance of the druggist.

It was at once apparent to Clavering that the drug-store was conducted as a blind to shield the meeting-place of the Scarlet Band. Being a chemist himself, however, he was not long in

ascertaining the fact that the druggist was actually an apothecary and chemist—probably a new member of the Band and, not improbably, the originator of the deadly gas capsule.

When Clavering returned to the cottage that night, he did not go to bed, but conducted a little experiment in the laboratory upon his own account. When he went to his office the next morning his right coat pocket bulged a little more than ordinarily.

HE KNEW IT WOULD REACH THEM

Toward dusk, Clavering saw four men come out of the drug-store, and among them recognized the man who had masqueraded as a policeman. When they were gone, Clavering crossed the street and presented a prescription. While the druggist was behind the screen, compounding it, Clavering peered thru the key-hole of the door leading to the retreat of the Band. A woman was moving about the room.

"The Outlaw Woman," muttered Clavering, as he felt in his right coat pocket and produced a curious instrument, consisting of a large bulb and a glass tube. The tube he thrust into the key-hole, at the same time pressing the bulb. He had taken a leaf out of the Band's own book and was making use of an asphyxiating gas.

Slipping back to the counter, he was waiting patiently when the druggist returned with his package. Clavering paid for his prescription and went back to his office.

It was not long before some one knocked loudly on his door. It was the druggist.

"Come quickly, doctor; a young woman has fainted in my place, and I cannot bring her to!"

Clavering followed the excited man across the street. They were scarcely in the door when Hulda entered, exhibiting an eye which was very much inflamed. She demanded immediate attention.

"You attend to this young woman, and I will attend to the other," said Clavering—"where is she?"

"You will find her in the back room, doctor," answered the druggist.

Clavering found her without difficulty, but paid no attention to her. He knew that she would soon recover

from the effects of the gas, and for the present it was just as well that she should remain unconscious. He wanted to look about.

A hasty inventory of the contents of the room showed him that while there were several models of other inventions in the way of projectiles and the like, and many maps and plans, the particular model which he sought was not there. He opened the door of a closet and gave a grunt of satisfaction as he came upon the model of the aerial torpedo.

His satisfaction was short-lived, however, for he felt the cold muzzle of a revolver thrust against his neck, and before he could protest he was thrust into the closet and the door was shut and locked.

Hulda had held the druggist as long as she could; but at last his curiosity got the better of his politeness, and he rushed off into the back room, only to find Clavering in a position which left no room for doubt that his suspicions were well founded.

The druggist had just succeeded in bringing the woman member of the Band around to consciousness, when the four men entered, bearing William Haverman in their midst, as tho he were an injured man supported by his friends. And he was injured, if a bad beating is to be considered as an injury.

"We've got him," announced the leader, a big fellow weighing well over two hundred pounds, "tho he put up a good fight and we had to tie the girl."

"And I've got the other one," announced the druggist, with some pride.

"Where?"

"In that closet."

In three strides the big man reached the closet door and jerked it open. Then he jumped back suddenly. Clavering had sprung out with his arm raised above his head in a threatening attitude.

"Keep your distance!" he shouted —"keep your distance or I'll drop this bomb and blow us all to eternity."

Casting one look at the round, black object in his hand, the gang made a rush for the door, only to be met by a squad of police with drawn clubs. "Hulda, the Girl Detective," had done what all really good detectives do in case of trouble—she had called the police.

CLAVERING PAID FOR HIS PRESCRIPTION

For a few moments every one was so busy that nobody missed Clavering. When, at last, the members of the Band were subdued, the famous author of three hundred detective stories was found seated on top of a book-case.

"That was a good fight, boys; you ought to be at the front," he informed them cheerfully. "I stood them off pretty well myself."

"How did you do it?" asked the inspector in charge of the squad.

Clavering threw up his hand.

"I told them I would throw this bomb!"

(*Continued on page* 172)

Biograph

# The TIDES of

A CROWD had gathered about the door of Jim Carpenter's workshop when the noise of the explosion was heard, and now it was dispersing, singly and in pairs. On each and every face there was an honest grief—a sympathy that sprang undoubtedly from that great well—the heart. In the midst of the confusion a man slipped out from the shop, cast a quick look about him and disappeared. His face was not pleasant to see.

In front of Jim Carpenter's cottage stood old Doctor Bisbee's buggy, and inside the shop was utter silence.

"It's a real shame," Mrs. Latimer was saying to Mrs. Forman, in the suppressed tones one employs in a sick-room or at a funeral. "Dear me, it's *terrible.* Why, Nell and Jim's been bankin' on that engine ever since their weddin' day. He's worked at that till he's sweated all the flesh off his bones. And it's all been for Nell. There never was a lovinger couple this side o' Jordan. An' their whole dream's been—Europe. They've scrimped and scrouged and saved and denied just to make that trip. My! I can hear Nell tellin' me 'bout it now. Them poor, blind eyes—blind! Teresa Forman, *can* you realize that Nell's *blind?*"

"Oh, *dont,* Mrs. Latimer!" Mrs. Forman gave an hysterical scream. "It's just *awful!*" she groaned.

"I think I'll see it till my dyin' day," declared Mrs. Latimer. "Nell ran in this mornin' to tell me that the great test was to be made this afternoon. Jim's had that feller, Larkin, workin' for him, and they'd finished it up ahead o' time. I told her I'd run in, and afterwards we was all goin' in to have a cup o' tea with 'em—sort of a jubilee. My! there was Jim—that big boy face o' his all eager and shinin'—and Nell lookin' at him so proud and confi-

# RETRIBUTION

by GLADYS HALL

dent, and that Larkin standin' by ready to start it up at Jim's word; then the explosion, like the back-fire of an auter, and Nellie screamin', 'My eyes—oh, God! my eyes!' ''

''What — what did you *do?*'' Mrs. Forman glanced nervously at the Carpenter cottage.

''I ran for Doctor Bisbee. Jim was holdin' Nellie, and Larkin looked turned to stone——''

''Perhaps she'll recover her eyesight,'' ventured Mrs. Forman; ''and Jim may invent another engine——''

''A man's only got one heart and soul, Mrs. Forman,'' affirmed Mrs. Latimer, ''and Jim Carpenter's is in that no-good machine.''

Inside the Carpenter cottage, after the doctor had gone, Jim was kneeling by Nellie's bed. His big arms crushed her slender body with a mother-tenderness and his voice crooned over her yearningly.

''Dont you go to fretting now, honey,'' he was saying. ''The old engine's no good—the plans have been stolen—and it's hurt your darling eyes; but we'll go to Europe, my girl, and get those sweet eyes back again. And we've got each other, haven't we?''

Nell's arms groped for his head and drew it down to her. From underneath the bandage over the burnt eyes two bitter tears crept down—slow, cruel tears from the innermost depths of pain. ''Oh, Jimmy,'' she sobbed from her aching throat, ''I'm afraid it's all over for us——''

When one has been born and raised in a village that would be flattered by the term suburban, one cannot be expected to have a perspective or a sense of values. One cannot, in reason, be expected to judge character, to distinguish

between fake and true. And when one is young, and pretty, and palpitant, and famished for all youth's warm, sweet rights, one cannot be judged too sternly for lack of stern denial.

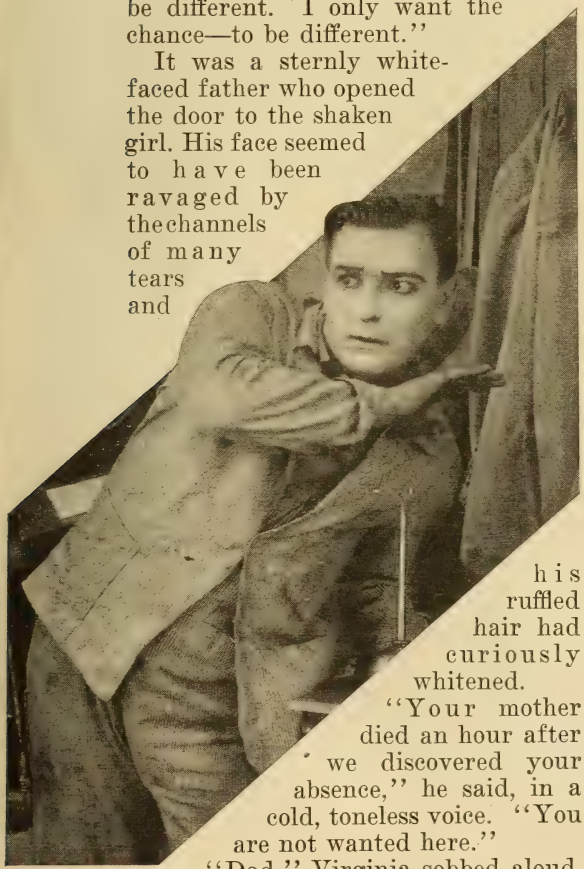
Virginia Shirley was such an one. In a healthy, glowing young body there lodged a soul still snugly sleeping in its soft cocoon and a crude, unfinished mind insufficiently nourished and modernly ignorant—with the ignorance that masquerades so flimsily as innocence—innocence, which should be Truth, holding her white torch-light aloft to a blinking, short-sighted world——

Virginia's parents kept a small boarding-house in Meadowville and were content with their lot in life. They did not even fill that small lot well, being inefficient, more or less slatternly, and the mother very much of an invalid. Virginia was discontented. She chewed gum, ate much cheap candy, walked four miles to the nearest vaudeville theater, wore cheap lace waists and overtrimmed hats, and was, in brief, ready-made for the devil. The devil appeared upon the scene in the big person of Edward Fenner. Virginia had never before beheld a counterpart of Edward Fenner. She believed thoroly and absolutely that he was the only one of his kind extant. She was blinded, dazed and befogged by his clothes, his swagger, his easy-going manner. And when he kist her the first night they walked together, all her ripe young senses leaped and quivered at his touch. She marshaled forth, in glittering array, all the heroes of all the fiction she had ever consumed—and her indolent days had been full of it. All very glamorous, very alluring and very false! And behold! in each and every hero there walked Edward Fenner. She saw him thru triple-plated rose-colored spectacles, and no living soul could have torn the scales from her ardent eyes. She leaned to him as some honey-freighted flower leans to a wanton wind, spilling forth life-fragrance with a reckless disregard. And only one in the small village sensed her danger. Only one took the true measure of the man. That one was her father.

Many years ago—before there had been any Virginia—Mr. Shirley had not been a small-town man. He had been in and of a larger world, and he had brought from it a knowledge of men and things that had been blurred, tho not obliterated, by the shiftless, coarsening years. He saw the furtive eyes; the sensual, cruel mouth; the stubby, ill-kept hands of the man. He disliked the way that he loafed by day and worked secretly, stealthily in his room by night. He caught him various times blundering over his own name, and he became convinced that here was a man who had left behind him not only an unsavory past, but the right to bear his name. To such a man Virginia was but a toy, to be broken and cast aside. However low Roderick Shirley had sunk, he had still enough of manhood to protect his daughter's honor and to value it as he valued nothing else on earth. He therefore requested Fenner to leave. And Virginia left with him the same night. Deep down in the murky waters of Virginia's harmlessly trashy mind there was a freshet of clean, sane reason. It needed sharp upheaval to bring

JIM LOSES AND NELL

it to the surface. That one night spent in Fenner's company was the upheaval. She left her father's home with him, a young, blind thing, poignantly in love—ardent, implicitly trustful. She put her life into his hands with the magnificent surrender of perfect faith—she returned a woman grown. The faith had gone, and in her eyes knowledge had sprung to birth—knowledge of men and the ways of men; knowledge of evil and trampled good—ideals crushed under ruthless heels; love that is soiled and stained and shamed. Stumbling back home in the dirty gray of the morning, many things came to her—the murk and the fog cleared away; the false became false, and the true became true. "If dad and mother 'll take me back," she sobbed brokenly, "I'll be different. I only want the chance—to be different."



HIS ENGINE HER EYESIGHT

It was a sternly white-faced father who opened the door to the shaken girl. His face seemed to have been ravaged by the channels of many tears and his ruffled hair had curiously whitened.

"Your mother died an hour after we discovered your absence," he said, in a cold, toneless voice. "You are not wanted here."

"Dad," Virginia sobbed aloud, grief and shock and pleading urgent in her eyes, "oh, dad—help me—please believe me. I am just as innocent as I was when I left, except I *know* more. You can ask the clerk at the Oak Tree Hotel, dad. We went there and—and Edward promised to get a minister at once. He—he *didn't*, and somehow I saw what he was. I rang for the clerk, and I told him and begged him to help me. He—did. Dad—please——"

But the door was closed. The grief-stricken man had neither warmth nor compassion for the gentle exercise of justice. That which he believed to be beyond price in his daughter was despoiled and his wife was dead——

The bond uniting fellow-voyagers on the high sea is a much exploited one. A tiny handful of all the peoples of the earth can be flung together—each one a separate unit, each living a widely different life in a widely different way—and find that a common thread may bind them all. After all, under the infinitely multiple exteriors there persists the common strain that *is* humanity—the link that makes for the tribal instinct and always has and always will.

Madame Lavernes, wandering aimlessly about the deck or reclining in her deck-chair, watched, with a growing interest and not a little wistfulness, a couple in the steerage.

They were not a couple to stimulate envy certainly, and yet there was that about them that made the lonely heart of the popular music-hall star ache. The man was bent, as from a burden too great for his strength, and his hair was prematurely gray. His eyes held a hunted, stricken look, and his mouth was twisted by the laughter that is wrung up heroically from God only knows what desolation; yet as he bent over the fragile, drooping figure of the blind woman beside him, the mantle of a king would have seemed too poor a thing. "To be loved like that!" Madame Lavernes whispered, as she watched them. And into her dark, flashing eyes there sprang hot, sorry tears. "Oh, I'd be *glad* to be blind," she thought—"glad—glad—glad—— What is eyesight if one can

love and be loved like that? For me—why, I am even glad to *know* that such love *is*. I had thought——" And her mind went back to the wild, fair girl-creature that had been herself, leaving her father's home in answer to what she had believed to be the call of her mate; and on to the pitiful, wide-eyed woman who had slunk back in the dirty dawn, shameful for the hurt to her young faith rather than hurt to herself. She had traveled a long way since then—a long road and a hard one. And on the hard rungs of work and ambition, under the chill auspices of virtue and circumspection, she had risen to the height of popularity in the London music-halls. And she was on her way home now for the first time since she had been driven from it, to try her father once again. Perhaps he would see in the woman what he had not seen in the girl—a purity that had been bruised only in spirit, not in letter. Deep in her heart she craved for those things she had once despised—the slovenly, ill-kept boarding-house; the equally ill-kept boarders who drifted in, transiently, from all kinds of corners of the earth; the coarse linen; the assorted food. Somehow or other it was all real. It represented those youth-days when dreams had gilded all things; when heroes could come to life in the person of a Fenner. She had gone a long, *long* way since then — such a long way that she was able to dissemble and quite conceal her identity from this same Fenner, who was occupying the stateroom de luxe on the palatial transatlantic liner and who was disporting himself in a most lavish and conspicuous manner. She had little fear that he would recognize in the well-groomed, finished, much-applauded Violetta Lavernes the gauche, hysterical little country girl he had abandoned in a backwater of the world so many years ago. She had even forgot her old-time thirst for revenge. Why should she

BY THE TIME THAT VIRGINIA SECURED AN
SUCCUMBED AT ONCE

bother? After all, perhaps it had been for the best. Faith dethroned and youth abortively aged are no offenses with which to charge a Fenner. And so she watched his activities indolently, almost amusedly, and wondered idly what justice there was in permitting such a man to succeed. She had heard something about his having made his million on an invention or something, and wondered whether it could have been that invention that he was working on in his room in her father's house in the dead of night. From what she could recall of his mental equipment it hadn't seemed very brilliant, but then she had not been qualified to judge. Well, he was a factor in her life—nothing more. And she turned her attention again to the couple who sat so patiently in the steerage. The blind woman seemed paler the third day out, and the man hovered about her with an increased solicitude. Virginia acted on impulse. She made her way to the steerage, got into conversation with the couple and ended by asking the blind woman to share her cabin.

INTRODUCTION HE WAS EASY PREY . . . FENNER TO VIRGINIA'S WILES

That night, after she had made her guest comfortable, Virginia sat on the edge of the bed and took the worn, thin hand, on which the wedding-band seemed to glow with a certain splendor.

"Will you think I'm *very* impertinent," she begged, "if I ask your story? That you have one, I *know*."

It was simple enough, the blind woman said. And she told how she and Jim Carpenter had married ten years before; how patiently and tirelessly he had worked on a machine that he was inventing; how she had toiled and saved and denied herself, and all that they might travel in Europe. "It always had been our dream," she explained deprecatingly. "Jimsy dreamed about it when he was a mite of a kid; he used to play he was over there — in Italy — or London — or in Paris. And I did, too. Then we met

"I RANG FOR THE HOTEL CLERK AND I TOLD HIM AND BEGGED HIM TO HELP ME"

and found that our dreams were the same. Well, Jimsy got a hired man named Larkin to finish up his machine with him, and the day they tried it out it all went wrong. There was a back-fire explosion—and I lost my sight. The plans had been stolen, and Jimsy knew that Larkin must have stolen them. We have never heard a trace of him since."

"But Europe," ventured Virginia, tentatively; "how did you happen—"

"Oh," Nellie Carpenter smiled wistfully, "Jimsy thought some of the big surgeons over here might do something for my eyes," she explained. "He thought that over here anything was possible. But our money gave out—and we had to work to live instead of paying for surgeons. We didn't ever have our dream, but we've had each other, and we know that that is best. But now——" the brave voice choked, and she drew her roughened hand across her sightless eyes.

"Yes—now?"

"We'll have to separate, I guess. Jimsy's got to get on his feet, and I'd—I'd only be a burden. I'm going in an—institution for a while—just for a spell. But I *will* miss Jimsy."

Virginia was thinking rapidly—or, rather, some instinct was working within her. "What—did your man—Larkin—look like?" she queried irrelevantly.

"Larkin? Oh, I dont know's I remember rightly. Sorter tall and dark, and eyes that didn't look quite square. I never liked Larkin myself, but Jimsy—well, Jimsy likes every one, and he's never done mean by any one. Not even having his plans stolen, and his work of years wrong, soured him. Only my eyes floored him. He couldn't bear it for me. For the rest of it—well, he just said something like Mr. Kipling—

If you can see the things you've given your life to, broken,
And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools—

that's Jimsy."

Long after Nellie Carpenter was sleeping soundly in the unwonted luxury of her surroundings, Virginia was lying awake. "I dont know why," she kept thinking—"I cant *imagine* why, but Fenner and Larkin are one and the same. I know it—I know it——"

The following day, after making Nellie comfortable in her chair and reporting to Jim that all was well with her, Virginia set about meeting Edward Fenner. Her position made that easy—he himself made the rest easy. When she first located him he

was buying multitudinous drinks in the café saloon, and by the time that Virginia secured an introduction he was easy prey. Weak, enormously vain, maudlin and impressionable, Fenner succumbed at once to Virginia's only too obvious wiles and seductions.

"Y' know," he babbled into her ear confidentially, "y' remind me 'f l'il girl I used to—k-know. Damfine l'il girl—pre' 's pikshur. But d—n prude——"

"Well, I'm not," whispered back Virginia, daringly; "I'm not a prude, Edward——"

"You're a—you're a good kid," sputtered Fenner, effusively. "I'm—hic—gone on *you*. Have an'thin' 've got——"

"Your stateroom?" came back from Virginia, wheedlingly. "Let me use your stateroom, Edward?"

Fenner handed her the key, and, with a low laugh, Virginia disappeared.

Ten minutes later, the second officer answered a summons from the stateroom de luxe. He was confronted by Madame Lavernes and Edward Fenner's valet. Between them stood an open trunk. "Officer," began Madame Lavernes, tersely, "I have had reason to suspect Mr. Fenner for some time, having had the pleasure of his acquaintance in the past. Down in the steerage there are a man and his wife who have also known this Fenner, then going under the name of Larkin. By the mere chance of

VIOLETTA DISCOVERS JIM CARPENTER'S PLANS IN FENNER'S TRUNK

FENNER FACED A REVOLVER IN

coincidence and some instinct, I connected these two men. Larkin stole this man Carpenter's plans, perfected an invention that cost Carpenter the best years of his life, and made a million out of it. Incidentally, he so fixed the original machine that it exploded the day it was tested and cost Mrs. Carpenter her eyesight. Never mind how I am here, but there are the stolen plans in the trunk Mr. Fenner's valet has opened up for me. Ah, here is Mr. Fenner himself."

Fenner reeled on the threshold, then seemed to crumple inertly as he faced a revolver in the second officer's hand and sensed the import of the situation. Virginia held his eye unflinchingly, and his loose mouth contorted into a snarl. "So it's you, is it?" he snarled. "Trying to drag me into the gutter with you——"

"Write the truth of this, Fenner," the second officer commanded, "or you'll never get the chance."

Fenner essayed a sickly smile. His grayish face turned grayer. With a sort of a whine, he dropped into a chair by the desk and wrote the truth—his tampering with Jim Carpenter's machine; his theft of the plans; his escape, and his ultimate fortune thru the perfected machine. When it was finished, the second officer handed it to Virginia and signaled that she leave them.

The harbor lights of New York Bay were glowing mistily thru the fog as the great liner neared the home shore. On the upper deck Jim Carpenter stood, with his arm around Nellie and his lips set in a calm smile. "We've chased the dream half round the world, my girl," he said, "and, after all, I think we're going to find it—home. There's a glad tomorrow dawning for you and me, sweetheart——"

"I'll see again," breathed Nellie, rapturously; "with our money, I can have that operation—and——"

THE SECOND OFFICER'S HAND

"What did you say, dear?"

"I whispered to myself, 'And see your face again.' Oh, Jimsy, all the world can go for all I care. That's everything I want to see, my dear — your kind, beloved face."

A little apart, Virginia Shirley watched them wistfully. Then she smiled softly. "Anyway," she reflected happily, "I can believe in them again — heroes — and dreams—and loves that are big and lasting; I can be glad of that——"

And upstairs in the officer's cabin, handcuffed, crouched Edward Fenner. His loose mouth dragged flabbily; his blood-shot eyes brooded sullenly, and the muscles in his grayish face twitched spasmodically. Over his soul rolled the turbid waters of retribution, and the taste in his mouth was bitterer than gall.

## Dispelling the Gloom

By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

War is raging over Europe,
On the land and on the sea
("There is something I must tell you," said his wife).
Just how long will it continue?
That's the thing that bothers me
("I saw it in the papers," said his wife).
Nation decimating nation,
Chaos crashing thru creation
("It's a special two-reel feature," said his wife).

Yes, the strife may reach to Egypt,
And the Orient be rent
("It's an all-star cast, as usual," said his wife),
And the cannons' peal, like thunder,
Shakes the trembling continent
("Say, now, 'reelly' it is thrilling," said his wife).
Why, I'm terribly agitated;
Tell me, how can I abate it?
("Why, we'll catch the second show, dear," said his wife).

THE VERY LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF SARAH BERNHARDT

# "THE DIVINE SARAH"

## The Great Bernhardt, Greatest of All Actresses, in "Jeanne Doré"

(Universal)

By H. H. VAN LOAN

Of the powerful influence the noted actors and actresses of the past exerted over their contemporaries, we have no direct nor persuasive record. Future generations will not be able to say this of the histrionic artists of our present day, for the films will be the means of perpetuation.

An actress whose facial expression and mode of gesture and pose fascinate her audience is the famous Sarah Bernhardt. Her acting in the Universal picture, "Jeanne Doré," from the play by Tristan Bernard, enables us to make a study of everything, except the voice, that appertains to the method and fascination of the Rachel of her age. She herself has spoken of the power of the eye. "The eye," she says, "is the mirror of the brain, and the cinema has given to eye-play an infinitely greater scope, power and importance. A true artist needs no audience to assist her art."

THE DEATH OF JEANNE'S HUSBAND

"Jeanne Doré" was the play in which this great actress was appearing at the Sarah Bernhardt Theater in Paris when she was compelled to undergo her recent operation. She considers this story her favorite of recent years, in that it offers her the fullest possible scope for the projection of her own individuality. In this picture can be studied the wonderful subtlety of expression which is her greatest attribute.

Cable advices from Europe state that the film was shown privately in Paris, simultaneously with the recent private exhibition in New York. "The Divine Sarah" witnessed the Paris exhibition

JEANNE'S SON, JACQUES, BECOMES THE APPLE OF HER EYE

of her art and was more than pleased with the picture.

"I am convinced that Sarah Bernhardt will never be seen in the flesh on the stage again," says President Carl Laemmle, of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

"This is the first acting she has done since the operation that brought her to death's door last summer, and while she appears a trifle older in the pictures perhaps than on her last visit here, it is surprising that she does not look aged, considering the severe pain she suffered while enacting the rôle of Jeanne Doré.

"The thing that surprised us most was that a woman of her advanced age—she was seventy-one recently—should evidence such vitality and energy. She was always in a happy frame of mind, and she seemed to enjoy her work in this picture as much as she did in the original production.

"Her contemplated trip to the United States is beset with hazards. Aside from her proving an excellent prize of war for the kaiser, if she were caught, it would probably affect her physically. The kaiser, some time ago, offered a handsome reward for her capture, and the announcement of her departure would probably result

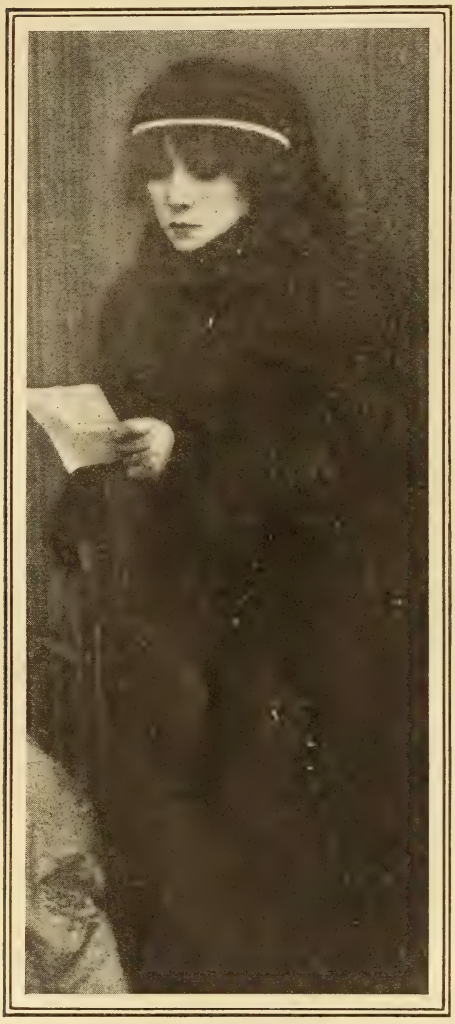
in an international dispute—for there is little doubt that the German submarines would be on the alert as soon as they learnt of the ship she was crossing in."

Madame Bernhardt appears in over a hundred scenes in this production and took the greatest possible interest in all the details. This picture was taken since the operation, and, owing to her inability to walk with her artificial leg, all of the scenes show her either sitting or standing. It is the first production in which she has been seen since the operation; in fact, it is said that she went direct from the hospital to the film studio.

The principal artists who appear in "Jeanne Doré" were with her in the original production at the Sarah

JEANNE'S HUSBAND CONFESSES THAT HE HAS LOST ALL HIS MONEY AT GAMBLING

Bernhardt Theater. Mlle. Seylor again assumes the rôle of Mme. Tissot; Mlle. Costa plays the part of Louise, and



AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND

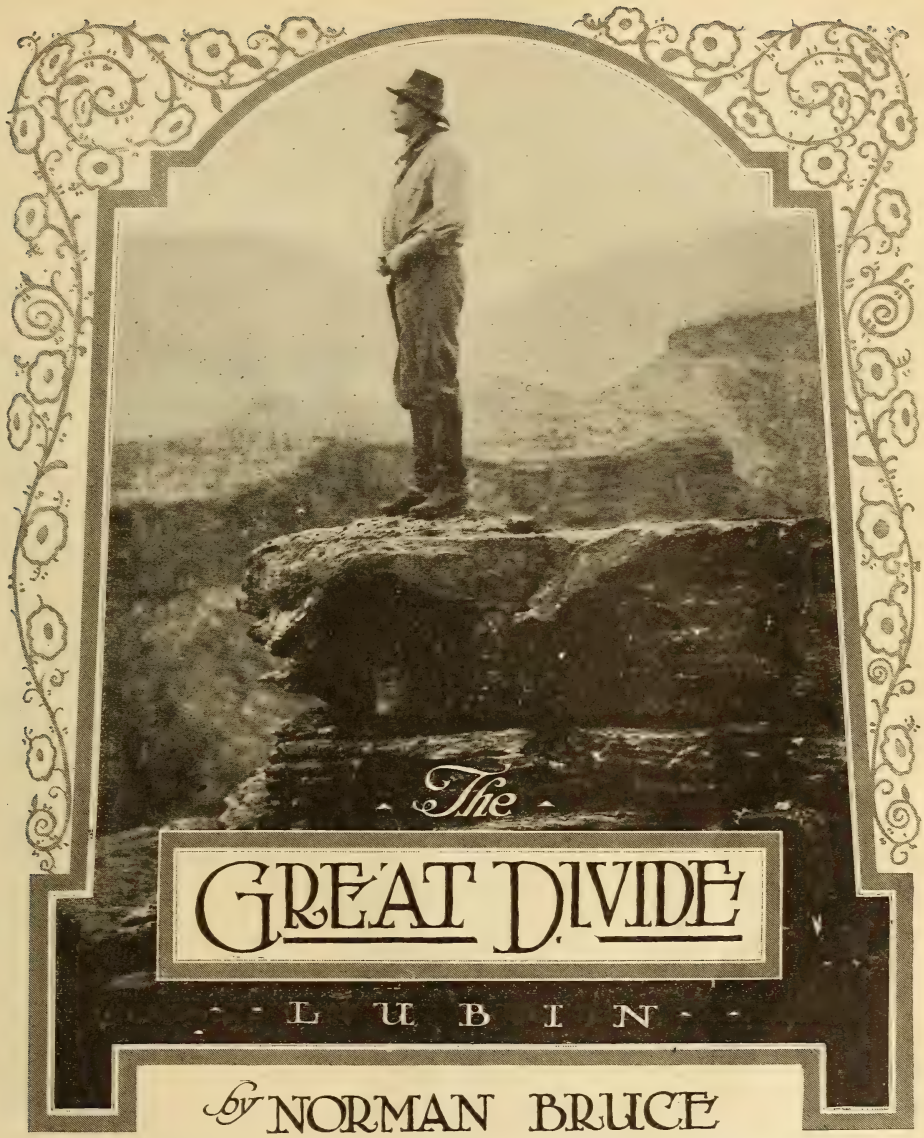
M. Raymond Bernard also plays his old part of Jacques Doré.

In an interview with the great actress, Madame had some interesting views to disclose on Moving Pictures. She likes them for several reasons. She finds it of distinct help to act with real scenery. In Moving Pictures, when she has occasion to go shopping, she buys real articles in a real shop. Another phase which appeals strongly to her is the shortness of each scene, which means that the faculties can be concentrated to much higher degree than on the stage. She says Moving Pictures call for most acute concentration of mind on the work in hand.

"Another feature about Moving Pictures which strikes me favorably," says Madame Bernhardt, "is that once a scene has been acted and taken, repetition is unnecessary. After having repeated performances many hundreds of times I find the variety and change of Moving Picture acting an excellent mental stimulant."

JEANNE DORÉ MAKES ONE LAST APPEAL TO HER SON'S SWEETHEART

**A complete story of "Jeanne Dore" will appear in the January number of the *Motion Picture Classic*, for sale at all newsstands on and after December 15. This is a remarkable story and it is superbly illustrated with wonderful pictures of Madame Bernhardt that have never before been published.**




# by NORMAN BRUCE

This story was adapted from the Play of ANTHONY P. KELLY

RUTH JORDAN hung the dish-towel on its nail, smoothed back her curls with a little, weary woman-gesture and sank down on the hard pine chair by the window, hugging the unwonted sense of aloneness to her soul.

"Polly and Phil are dears," she murmured, sighing, "and Winthrop is a dear, too, but they're awfully wearing to live up to. They're like kid gloves and tight shoes—they *pinch,* somehow."

She looked out of the window into the velvety blue night that lay so wide and low across the flat prairie, fathomless, heart-lifting, and her breath caught in her throat. Ten months of it had not dimmed the wonder of the West to Ruth Jordan—its distances that called, and mountains that lifted, and the mystery and might of its silent strength. Something primitive in her—an unguessed, starved, hungry thing—answered the wildness and roughness of this new, young country and filled her days with vague, restless delights, and her nights—the

coyotes howling across the dark—with baffling dreams.

Polly, her pretty sister-in-law, lamented openly the good times they were missing at home, and wept forlorn tears because there were only her husband and Winthrop Newberry to admire the butterfly frocks she had brought with her.

"And Winthrop has no eyes for any woman but you, Ruth," she complained. "If it weren't for Phil's lungs, I'd go home tomorrow—this *afternoon!* But, of course, as long as this wretched, lonesome, stupid desert is doing him so much good, I suppose I shall stay and let my complexion run to seed like a Piute squaw's! And as long as you stay, Winthrop will stay."

"I wish he—wouldn't!" Ruth had murmured distressfully, bringing upon herself the young matron's horrified reproach.

"Ruthie! If you *dare* to refuse him! One of our best families, educated, handsome—you cant deny *that,* Ruth—and with the best prospects of any young doctor in Boston. For pity's sake, what *do* you expect? Why, he looks as handsome as a—as a *movie actor* in evening clothes!"

"I'd rather have a man who looked well in a flannel shirt and corduroy trousers"—but Ruth had only thought this to herself, dreading Polly's derision. Now, remembering, she smiled into the friendly darkness. Half an hour ago a hurry-call from a neighboring ranch had sent Winthrop away in the middle of a proposal, the supreme question pleasantly delayed for the moment. What her family and friends, and even the lover himself, expected the answer to be she was well aware, but, tho ten months before she would have said "yes," confidently, in some unromantic Boston conservatory, now she was not so sure.

"He is so—*finished,*" she thought, vaguely; "twenty-five, and his character and his manners and his career all formed, and nothing more to be done to him——"

Sunk in her luxury of reflection, she did not hear, until they were at the very door, the footsteps that sent the blood flying from her cheeks. What had her brother warned her?—to lock the doors and have the revolver close to her hand if she were left alone at night, and she had forgotten, in her mad schoolgirl romancing. With the blood pounding in her ears, she got to her feet and drew back into the most shadowy corner of the room, staring toward the moon-etched square of window with distended eyes.

"They will go away," she told herself; 'they will go away when they see the house is dark."

She strained her ears to catch the rough sound of the voices, and shuddered as her instinct sensed the drunken slurring and slide of them.

"Nob'dy home, eh?" said one, a guttural, foreign-sounding tone that Ruth knew at once for that of Pedro, a half-breed Mexican who had often helped her brother on the ranch. "C'me on, boys; le's sasshay on t' Jake's place, eh?"

"Dondt pe in sooch a tam hurry," objected a second voice, in greasy Dutch accents; "we haf some vun first alretty yet."

"Sure; we'll leave our calling-cards like they do in sassiety," boomed a third; "show th' Eastern dudes we know manners. Ready, boys—let 'er go!"

Without warning, three bullets splintered thru the panel of the door and whined by Ruth's head. Her scream was purely reflex, but the instant it left her lips she knew she had betrayed herself to the lawless men outside.

"A woman!" gloated Pedro, with a hiccough of delight—"a woman! A lode strike! What luck!"

A flannel-clad shoulder rubbed the door; a heavy body jarred it open with a crash. Ruth shrank back against the wall, hands clasped across her wildly beating heart. The foremost of the invaders flung a pine-knot on the drowsing fire, waking it into cruel blaze, and in its light the girl and the three men saw one another plainly.

"Gott!" leered Dutch, running his tongue over his thick lips, "aind she pooty? Don' pe scared, leetle gal—let's kiss und pe friends!"

"Hol' on—nos so fas'!" objected Pedro; "she aint yours—not by lon' shot. She's mine—aint you, sweetheart, aint you?"

He thrust his congested face so close to Ruth's that the girl covered her cheeks with her hands; but her eyes blazed out on the group like the eyes of some hunted animal at bay. The third trespasser, a powerfully built man with handsome, reckless features, who had been staring at her silently, now suddenly swung Pedro away with a shove of one mighty shoulder.

"Come now," he growled—"fair play. We'll shake the dice for her—the highest throw wins."

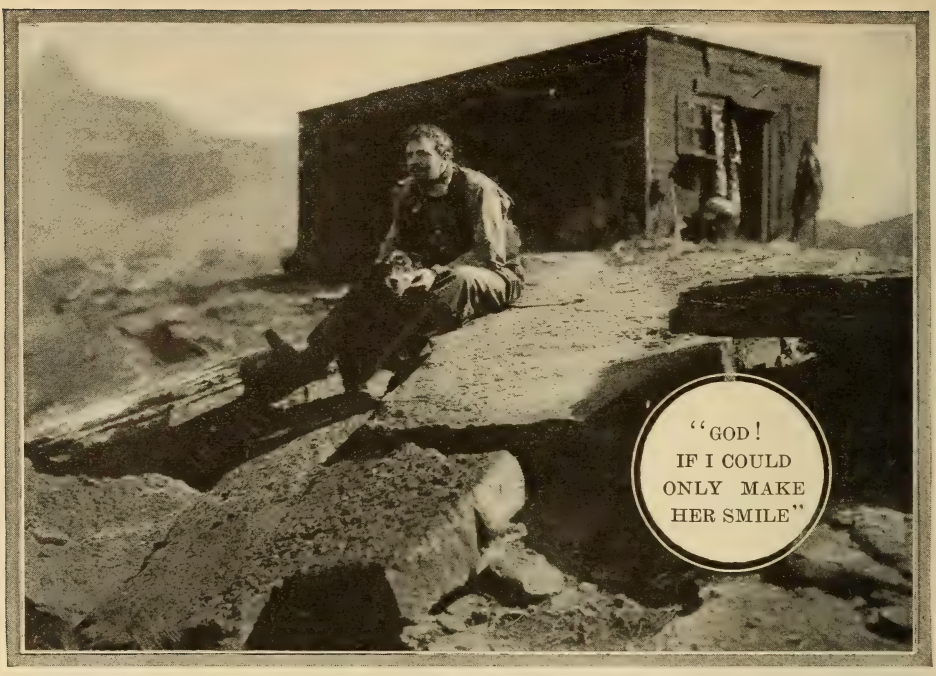
Ruth's woman intuition told her that here was a man less drunken, or less affected by his drink, than the other two. As the foreigners drew together over the dice-box, she made up her mind to a desperate play. Here was no refined situation that could be handled by tact and argument—it was one woman-thing in the merciless grip of three males. She stepped forward. "What is your name?" she said, very low.

"Stephen Gent."

Ruth flung one glance at the two wolf-faces beyond and drew a long, hard breath. There was no time for argument or pleading. She must speak now more simply than words.

"Dont let them get me," she said. "I shall kill myself if you do, and I do not want to die. Get rid of them, and then—I will go with you, Stephen

THE THIRD MAN, POWERFUL AND RECKLESS, STARED AT HER HARD




Gent—if you will take me under the law."

The murk of whisky struggled to clear in the man's eyes. Wonder touched his gaze. She was very beautiful, this gallant girl-person, with her golden hair and blue eyes blazing in her white face. The beauty of her and the bravery pierced the fog of drink for a moment, touching the rough, unsounded places of his soul.

"Under the law?" he repeated, slowly. "Is that straight? Is it, girl?"

Her eyes did not flinch from his face. "That's straight."

Stephen Gent thrust a hand into the breast of his flannel shirt, and, drawing out a string of nuggets, tossed it into Pedro's greedy hands.

"I'll buy your chance of you," he said; "now, vamoose, you Mexican half-breed son-of-a-gun!"

He turned to Dutch. "Another like that for you tomorrow," he told him, briefly; "you beat it, too."

"Und if I dond?" Dutch's tone was ugly. His hand crept to his pistol. "If I dond, eh?"

"Come outside," said Stephen Gent, grimly. "If you want trouble, I'm willing."

It seemed years to Ruth, waiting in the cabin, before two shots rang out and feet came back toward the door. By their dragging she believed it was Dutch, and faintness swept her; then, thru the swaying of the world, she saw Stephen Gent standing in the door.

"You'll have no trouble from him," he said slowly; "now, get on your hat and come with me."

It was on the girl's tongue to plead for mercy, to beg and cajole, but the look of the great figure towering in the doorway closed her lips. She had made her bargain and she would fulfill it. Without a word, she got her hat and pinned it on.

"I must leave—a note." For the first time, her voice faltered. Tears clogged her eyes as she bent over the paper. How safe and dear and familiar they seemed, and how far away! Her thoughts leaped to Winthrop Newberry with a wave of remorse for the safe, well-cared-for, pleasant life that he would never give her now. Then, with cold, steady fingers, she wrote, rapidly:

DEAR PHIL—I have gone with my lover to be married. He is Stephen Gent and I have known him a long while. Dont be angry with me for my romantic elopement, and as soon as I can I will write

you where you are to come and visit me.
RUTH.

She folded the note, placed it on the table, and turned to the man, silently waiting.

"Remember," she said, "it was to be under the law. Is there a—minister near?"

"Over on Sunk Creek." Sudden passion leapt into his tone—"I suppose you hate me, dont you?"

She met his gaze steadily. Strange emotion filled her, but she shook her head.

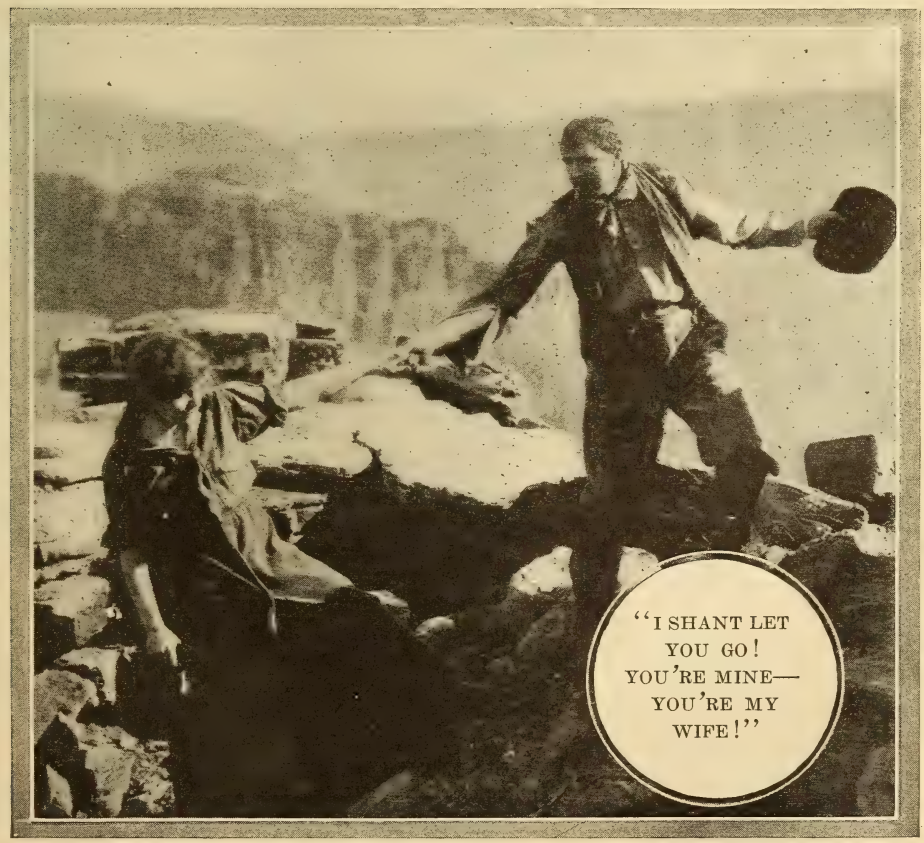
"No, I dont hate you," she told him; "but—cant you see—there can be no happiness for us in this? We are as far apart as two worlds. Will you not free me from my promise?"

"No!" he cried out roughly, "no!"

"Then"—her voice was very quiet—"then let us go."

The tiny cabin, perched on the mountainside, seemed to overlook the world. From its two windows Ruth could look away to the sunrise and the sunset across the sheer peaks that they of the West called the Great Divide. Such colors as she had never dreamed of were there in mountainside and rock and rich sky. The air was fluid gold, and on days when the sun folded the small cabin in its warm arms, and clouds surged like a sea about the lower mountains below, it seemed that she was very near the sky. Far down in the valley she could hear the rasp of her husband's pick, as he followed the golden vein in his claim; but, sitting on the rocks in front of the cabin, with only the big half-breed dog as her companion, Ruth never lowered her somber gaze toward the sound.

Day by day she moved among her household duties silently, saying little to the big, humble man—to whom fate had so strangely given her—remote,



grave, kind. On his part, Gent strove by every simple means within his power to make her happy. He brought her flowers and bright-colored bits of quartz, and sometimes woven Indian baskets, or gay Navaho rugs from the trading station; he did the roughest of the housework, and at night, over his pipe, he told her strange man-tales of the mountains and the life he had lived in the wilds.

Since that first night he had never returned to her otherwise than sober, tho only God and his guardian angel knew how hard it was for him to leave the liquor alone.

"But I done her harm enough when I married her," he told himself, doggedly. "She was right. I aint her kind—but God! if I could only make her smile!"

It became a passion with him to win a curve to her set lips, or to lighten the dull gaze of her eyes. But she watched his humble efforts as from a vast remoteness of soul. The shock of that terrible night had dulled her brain to all but one thought that hammered ceaselessly night and day. And, at last, because she must silence it or go mad, she began, clumsily at first and then with increasing skill, to fashion baskets and sell them in the town.

So, in heartache on the man's part and apathy on the woman's, the months slipped away, and still Ruth did not write her brother to come to her.

"Not till I have earned enough to pay him," she told herself, feverishly; "then I can ask Phil to take me away. Oh, and I must hurry—hurry. I cannot stand this much longer."

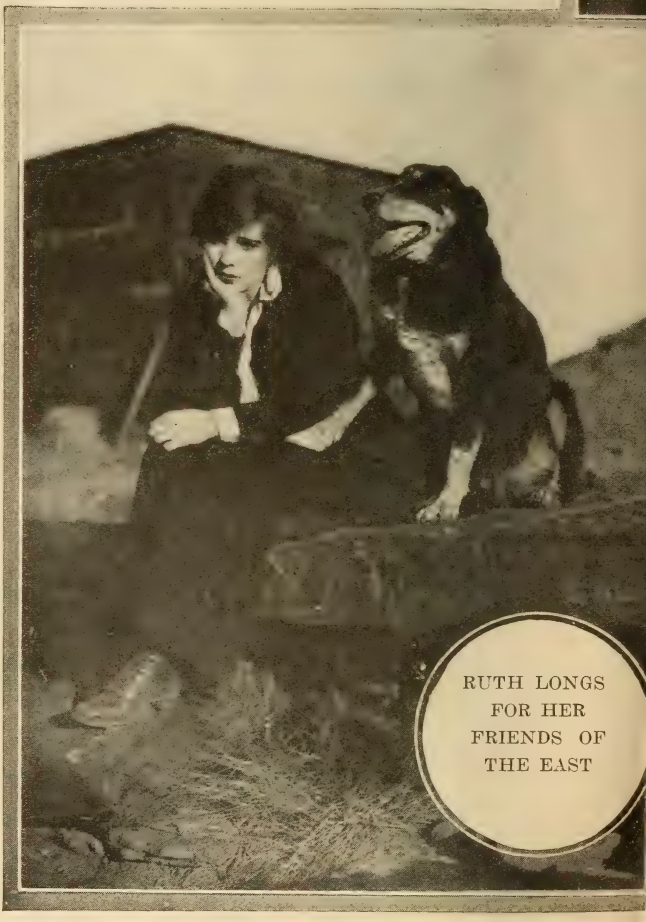
She did not know what she wanted of life after she had attained her one purpose; but, when she did think of it, she thought of the staid Eastern city with its tight little conventions and pleasures, and believed it a City Beautiful. As the money grew in her hoard, the color came back to her cheeks and a light to her eyes.

One night Stephen came up the trail, to find her waiting in the doorway as if for his coming. The sweetness of her there, and the home blessedness that he had never known in his lonely days before she came, sent his feet pounding toward her, a smile to his bearded lips.

"Ruth!" he cried, awkward with his hope, "Ruth! I got a surprise for you, my girl. Come int' the cabin where I can lay the papers out for you to see."

He pulled her within, happy as a boy, and unrolled before her puzzled gaze a great roll of formidable blueprints and figures.

"Plans for our house!" he chuckled; "you didn't know, mebbe, that your husband was a rich man.



RUTH LONGS FOR HER FRIENDS OF THE EAST

but I reckon there aren't many little million-dollar shacks on Fifth Av'noo that'll pan out better'n this one. I told th' feller that drew up the plans not to go easy on the money end, and he didn't. Look here, honey—library, drawing-room, dining-room, five bedrooms——"

RUTH BUYS BACK THE NUGGETS FROM PEDRO

Absorbed in his eager planning, he did not see the incredulity of her eyes. His big, blunt finger traveled across the paper, pausing, almost shyly, on a room on the second floor.

"It's got the sun all day. I thought mebbe—byme-by we might want to use it for a—for a—nursery, girl—"

The color flamed across her rigid, white face, and he looked up, startled at her gasp.

"You think—you imagine that I am going to live in that with *you?*"

The question burned his cheeks. The pain of a sick dog was in the gaze he turned on her, but she was too sunken in her own misery to notice or care.

"Listen to me!" she said, rapidly; "it may as well come now as any time. When I can save enough money to pay you back my purchase price, I am going away—back to my own people—back where I belong. I am sorry, but I cannot keep my end of the bargain—I *cannot*. So I am going to buy back the nuggets you gave the Mexican for me, and then we shall be square, and I can go!"

She was fairly panting. The paper crumpled from Gent's big, trembling hands to the floor between them.

"I didn't know you—felt that-aways," he said slowly. "O' course I'm not your kind, but I sort o' hoped mebbe you'd forgiven me an' kind o' gotten used to me. You see—I guess you dont understand—I—I love you, girl, so almighty hard!"

She gave a sharp cry and flung out protesting hands. "Dont use that word! It isn't fair!" she moaned. "It's a business question between us. You bought me of the other men, and you paid for me. And I'm going to buy myself back." She buried her face in her hands, hysterically. "I shall have the money soon—soon—soon!"

He turned from her, gazing out of the window with unseeing eyes. Presently, in a dry voice, he spoke:

"There's nothin' to pay! 'Less you

want to kill me, you wont talk so. If you hate me as much as that you c'n go now."

"Not till I own myself again!" she moaned. "On the day I can bring you the string of nuggets I shall go to Phil."

The subject was buried between them from that time on. But, tho Gent was as humble and tender of her as before, he spoke little and sat for long hours by himself, looking away into the sky, his dog's head on his knee. And then, one afternoon, she came up the trail from a trip to town and silently laid the string of nuggets in his hands.

With an oath, he flung it down below among the rocks, and faced her, furiously.

"I shan't let you go! You're mine—you're my wife!" he told her, roughly. "You belong to me! Money cant separate a man and his woman. Love me or hate me, I'll keep my own!"

"I shall go," she said quietly—"I shall go."

The rage went from him, leaving him older by ten years. He buried his working face in his hands.

"Dont leave me, girl," he begged; "I—seems tho I couldn't bear it, now, without you. Stay an' hate me if you must, but stay. All my life I been dreaming o' just such a one as you, an' when I saw you that night it wasn't all the drink made me act as I did. 'You've found her,' I thought; 'you'll be a fool to lose her.' I'll keep out o' your way, dear; I wont bother you, but *stay* with me. Oh, God! please——"

She looked at him as from a great distance.

"I haven't told you," she said, tonelessly, "but there is another reason why I must go. There is to be—a child."

The quiet word seemed to fill the universe. Stephen Gent bowed his head on his hard-wrung hands.

"It is bad for the child for me to hate you," the woman said wearily. "I must be happy; I must have peace and rest."

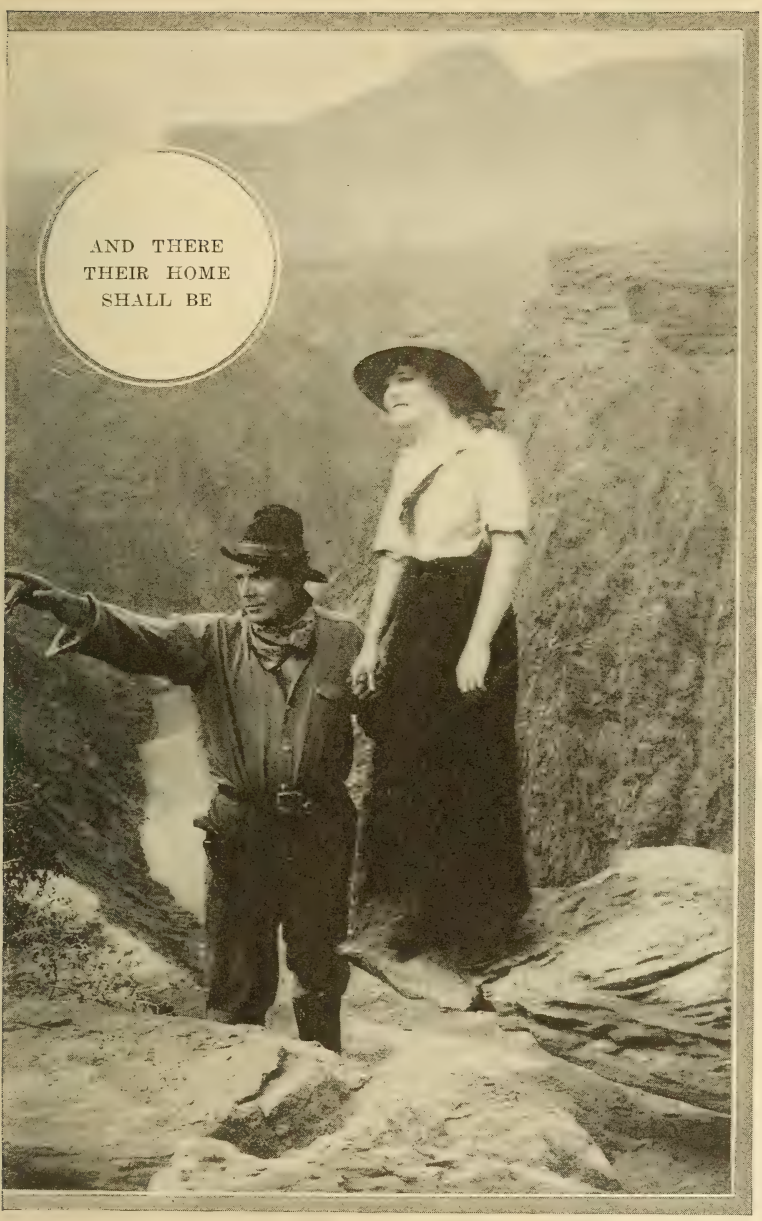
He sat quietly where she left him, motionless, till her footsteps came once more down the path from the cabin; then he lifted his head. She wore the shabby suit she had come in, and carried a small bag.

"Good-by," she said, palely—"good-by. I've left enough cooked for a week. The liniment is on the kitchen shelf if you catch cold."

"Good-by." His lips formed the words. He sat and watched her until she was out of sight, then lifted his face to the sky.

"A child," he said. "Ours—hers an' mine—a little feller, maybe—a *son*——"

He was still sitting there when, some moments later, he heard the rumble that is full of menace and meaning to mountain ears. He




sprang up, peering keenly down the trail, and gave a hoarse cry. A rock on the ridge had started from its bed and was rolling playfully down the slope. In great leaps and bounds, he began to run down the steep pathway. Half-way to the bottom he saw Ruth's hurrying figure, and sent a cry ringing before him to her ears.

"Why—what——"

"Dont talk—*run!*" He was dragging her from the path among great boulders, up, up. "There's a slide coming—you'll be safe on that tableland yonder."

With a last effort of strength, he picked her up bodily and swung her high above his head to safety, just as the landslide swept upon him in a roaring torrent of sound.

Hours later, Stephen Gent crept back to reluctant life and opened difficult eyes. They rested on the face of his wife, bending over his pillow with a look for him that he had never seen before.

"Where——"

She laid her hand across his lips.

"Dont talk. You are safe in the hotel in town," she told him. "The rescue party found you and brought you here. You're pretty badly broken, Stephen, but the doctor says you're going to get well."

The joy in her voice dizzied him. He lifted the one hand they had left free, and managed, tho it was as heavy as a ton of ore, to lay it on hers.

"Dont—bother about—me," he whispered. "You dont belong—here. You belong — yonder — across the Great Divide."

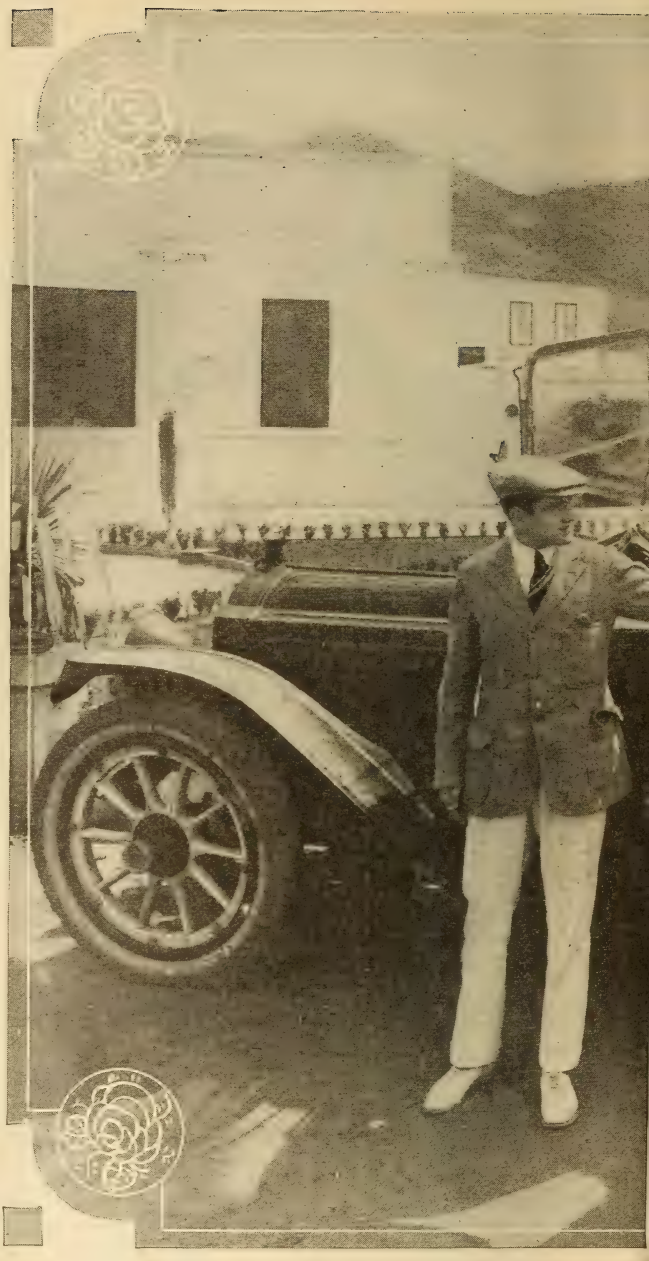
With a swift, gracious movement, she stooped and laid her cheek against his bandaged one. "Listen, Stephen," she whispered. "I was wrong, but thank God I found it out in time. I belong here—beside you—always."

He felt her tears. "And—you'll have to hurry and get well, Stephen, and build our house so that I can get the nursery ready, dear."

# The GUILDED SON

Gold Seal

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY



SOMETIMES youth would know if age would tell. "Old men are for counsel; young men for war"—so the proverb runs; but if the old men wont counsel, the young men must war in their own way.

Stuart Duncan had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and he had been biting on it pretty steadily ever since. He had never lacked anything on earth that was good for him, and in addition he had had the enjoyment, if such it may be called, of a lot of things that were distinctly bad. He had never done a day's work in his life; not because he was without energy, but because he had never been compelled to. With mistaken kindness, his father had never required him to work. That was partly his mother's fault, of course. She doted on him, as mothers have a habit of doing in the case of only sons. He was not naturally lazy—quite the reverse. The superabundant energy that might have done something useful was expended in the pursuit of pleasure. Natural sweetness of disposition and much innate refinement kept him from the degrading excesses into which so many youths are plunged.

EDITORIAL NOTE: In justice to Dr. Brady, it would seem no more than fair to state that the title and plot of this play and story are not Dr. Brady's, nor our own. To quote his own words, "I have done my best. Angels could do no more, and I do not believe that even Kipling, or Dickens, or Jack London, or Rex Beach, or Mrs. Wharton, or all of them could have made anything satisfactory out of this. As to the title, whether it is 'Guilded' or 'Gilded,' you will have to say. But, if you use the word 'Guilded,' please put a footnote saying that the author of this story does not know what the word is or how it is applied." The Editor confesses the same ignorance, but the original title is preserved.

He was by way of being something of a restraint to the more extravagant of his companions. Some things they reveled in he did simply to be in with them. He drank like the rest, but he did not care for it. They used to ridicule him sometimes as he looked thoughtfully at the glass. He played, but never heavily. He did not spend his father's money that way. Like Falstaff, he had heard the chimes at midnight and considerably later in the night or early in the morning. But he was a pretty good sort, after all.

The only thing really bad about him was his father's money. It came to him easily, and it went from him in the same way. It came to his father hard and continually harder. He might have cut down his son's allowance. He might have disclosed the fact that his business was becoming less and less profitable. He might have appealed to him to moderate his

expenditures. He might even have urged him to go to work, but he was a proud man who could not bear to acknowledge defeat or even a check, and so he struggled on, as many an American man does, ministering to the pleasure of his wife and son with undiminishing generosity, altho he was ruining himself in the process.

Striving desperately to coin his heart's blood into drachmas, finally he entered the speculative field in order to recoup his failing fortunes. He was a man of iron nerve, and not even his wife had any suspicions of the strain under which he was laboring until he chose to confide to her the seriousness of his condition. He had strained every nerve, thrown into the maelstrom every resource, exhausted his credit, appealed to every friend. He was on the verge of ruin. The mother and the son, while not wholly responsible for his impending failure, were largely concerned with it.

The only thing he could think of was a rich marriage for his son. Mrs. Duncan, horrified at the situation, grasped eagerly at that idea. Catherine Forrest exactly filled the bill. Coming into the State a poor man twenty years before, by the boldness and audacity and ingenuity of his operations her father had become one of the financial magnates of the Pacific Coast. His wealth ran into many millions, and Catherine was his only daughter. Duncan belonged to the oldest and most exclusive set in California. They had looked down upon wealth, mere money, as a qualification for social success. Now they would fain look up to it for salvation.

It was a beautiful scheme. All that was necessary was to persuade the son and heir to play his part.

"You will have to tell him frankly what the circumstances are," said Mrs. Duncan.

"I cant do it," answered her husband; "I cant put it that brutal and blunt way."

He was a man of fine feelings and high qualities. The idea of barter and sale was repugnant to him.

"I think we can bring it out by indirection. So far as you know, Stuart is not in love with any girl yet?"

"He's in love with them all, I think," said Mrs. Duncan.

"Well, this is a case where there is safety in numbers. We will give some sort of social function and bring them together."

"That will be fine. The girl is said to be beautiful."

"The daughter of fifty millions is always beautiful in the newspapers," returned the husband, cynically.

"After they have met and perhaps taken a liking to each other it will be far easier," continued Mr. Duncan, "altho there is always the possibility that Stuart might not like Miss Forrest."

"He is certain to be attracted by a pretty girl," said his mother, who knew him well.

THE DUNCANS GIVE A

And further discussion was stopped by the advent of Stuart himself.

"Dad," he said affectionately—the two always got along well together—"it's the last week in the month, and all my allowance is gone. I am taking some of my friends down to Universal City in the car; by the way, one of them is Miss Forrest, whom I met

last night at a dance. We are going to do the Moving Pictures today; cant you come across with another hundred?''

If it had not been for that allusion to Miss Forrest the father might have found courage for the first time in his life to refuse the boy. As it was, from a sadly depleted purse he handed him the necessary money.

''It couldn't work better,'' said the delighted mother, as they went out.

''It seems like the hand of Providence,'' added the father.

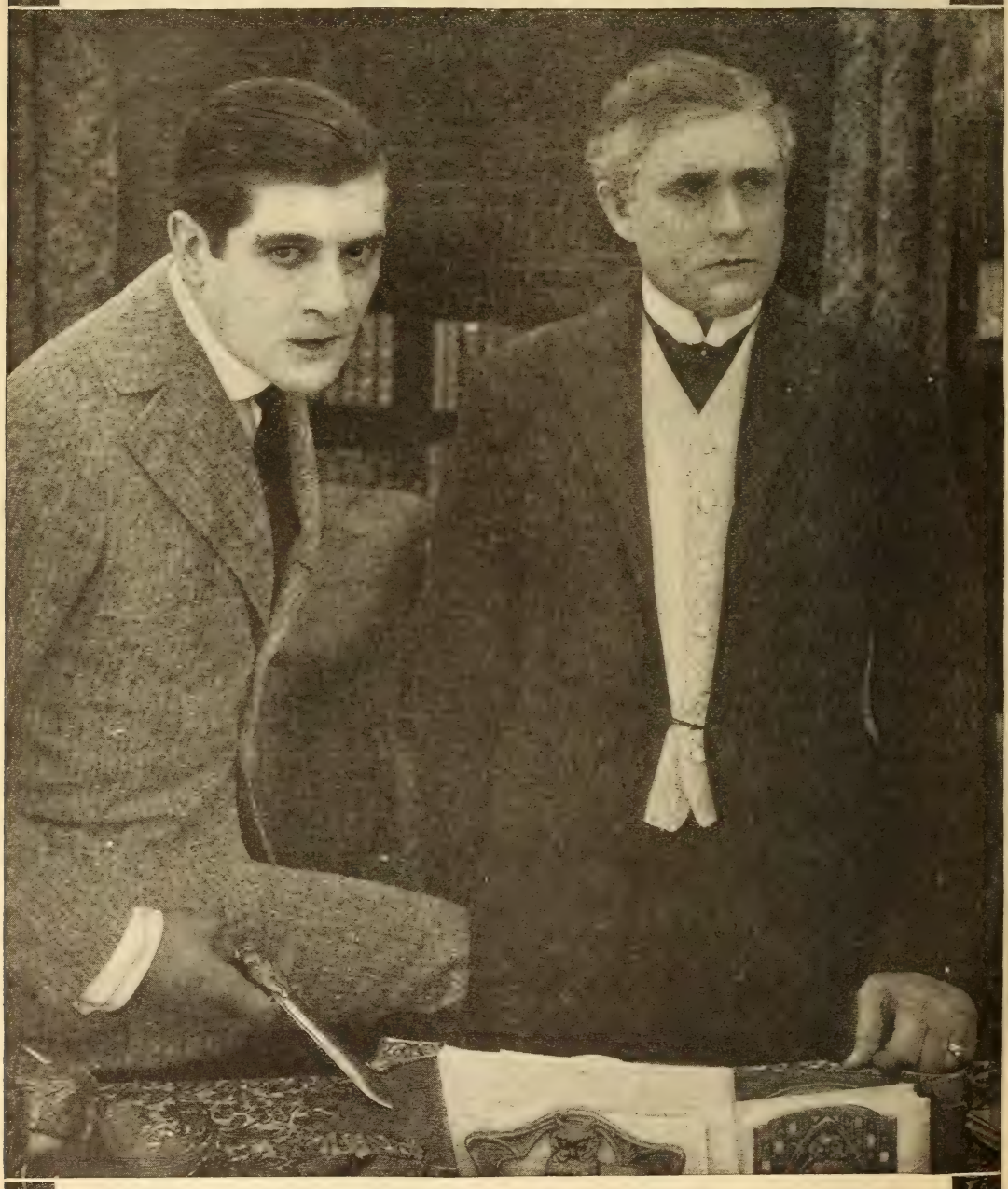
Universal City, which has been described as the place of a thousand beauties and a million wonders, afforded excellent entertainment for the sightseers. They were welcomed as befitted their rank and station and were escorted everywhere. They were deeply interested in the mimic presentations of life, under the leadership of the skillful directors, in which the clever actors took part.

They lingered before the studio in which a certain Miss Dixie Coday was taking the leading part. Miss Forrest was a tall, handsome woman of great distinction. The indescribable Miss Coday was delicious. Stuart Duncan had been very much impressed by

RECEPTION, HOPING TO INTEREST THEIR SON IN MISS FORREST, THE HEIRESS

Miss Forrest—to do him justice, without a thought of her money—but one look at Miss Coday made him forget the heiress. He sought an introduction to her, and she was equally charmed with the big, handsome, distinguished young man. Only the exigencies of the director kept them apart. Miss Forrest was somewhat piqued at his absorption in the little movie girl. He shrewdly suspected it, and on the return journey he redoubled his attentions to her and chased the frowns away from her brow.

That was not his last visit to Uni-



STUART DUNCAN TELLS HIS FATHER AND MOTHER THAT HE CANNOT

versal City, and the acquaintance there begun was carried on in Dixie's home, presided over by her widowed mother, who was as refined and well-bred as his own mother, Duncan discovered. The young American was hard hit; the attraction ripened into affection; the affection developed into a grand passion. He did not absent himself from society. He was seen a good deal with Miss Forrest, but his heart was given wholly and solely to little Dixie.

COMPLY WITH THEIR WISHES

On her part she found him equally irresistible. Altho it was with the greatest difficulty that he did so, his father increased his monthly allowance by half, and Duncan took advantage of the possession of so much wealth to give an extravagant supper at one of the most famous of the Coast restaurants. The party went there in motor-cars. They were all young people, except his father and mother and old Mr. Forrest. The supper was really given for Dixie Coday, but social exigencies demanded that she be relegated to the foot of the table, while the place of honor among the young people was filled by Catherine Forrest. Miss Coday's gentle, refined and delicate beauty was lost among the more striking guests. The Duncans knew nothing of her. She was only one among many, and they had no eyes for the forget-me-not when the American Beauty was blooming. Mr. Duncan did not even meet the girl.

That was Stuart Duncan's final plunge in society. The next day he astonished his father by asking the privilege of going into his father's office and going to work. The mother weakly objected, but the son overbore her remonstrances and achieved his end. He achieved more than he imagined, for he very soon found out that the affairs of the firm were in a desperate condition, altho, with native shrewdness, he thought he also saw ways to meet and surmount the crisis.

A great ball given by Mr. Forrest completed his illumination, for as they were seated in the library after they reached home the elder Duncan broached the subject.

"My son," he said, "your mother and I were greatly pleased to find you standing so high in the good graces of Catherine Forrest."

"She is a fine woman," replied Stuart, laughingly, "and she does rather seem to like me."

"We think it is time now to speak

frankly to you," continued the father. "You must have learnt the state of my affairs. Only my reputation keeps me from being thrown into bankruptcy."

"You have been a bully old dad to me," said the young man, enthusiastically. "I've never done a thing in my life, and I'll work my fingers to the bone for you."

"You wont have to do that," said the mother. "There is a simpler and easier way."

"What is that?"

"Marry Catherine Forrest."

"What?"

"If I can read a woman's heart in her eyes I am sure she is yours for the asking."

"I dont love her."

"Surely you can."

"I might, but I dont."

"And she is the sole heiress of fifty millions," interposed the father.

"Fifty millions wont buy me."

"But for your mother's sake, for the sake of our position, our standing, for your own comfort."

"It is useless," said the son, "to argue any further."

"Aren't you amenable to argument?"

"Yes, but in this case it is impossible, because I am in love with some one else."

The father started to burst into angry denunciation, but the mother checked him, hoping against hope.

"Let him think it over," she said. "My boy, we meant to keep it from you, but we are giving a supper tomorrow night—your birthday, you know—as a surprise. Miss Forrest will be here. Let me announce your engagement then?"

"No——"

"Dont shake your head; dont say anything," she added quickly, as

UNSUCCESSFUL AND DISCOURAGED,

Stuart strove to speak. "Wait until tomorrow. The night brings counsel." She kist him. "For your old mother's sake and for your generous father's," she said. "Good-night."

She caught her husband by the arm, and the parents left the young man alone.

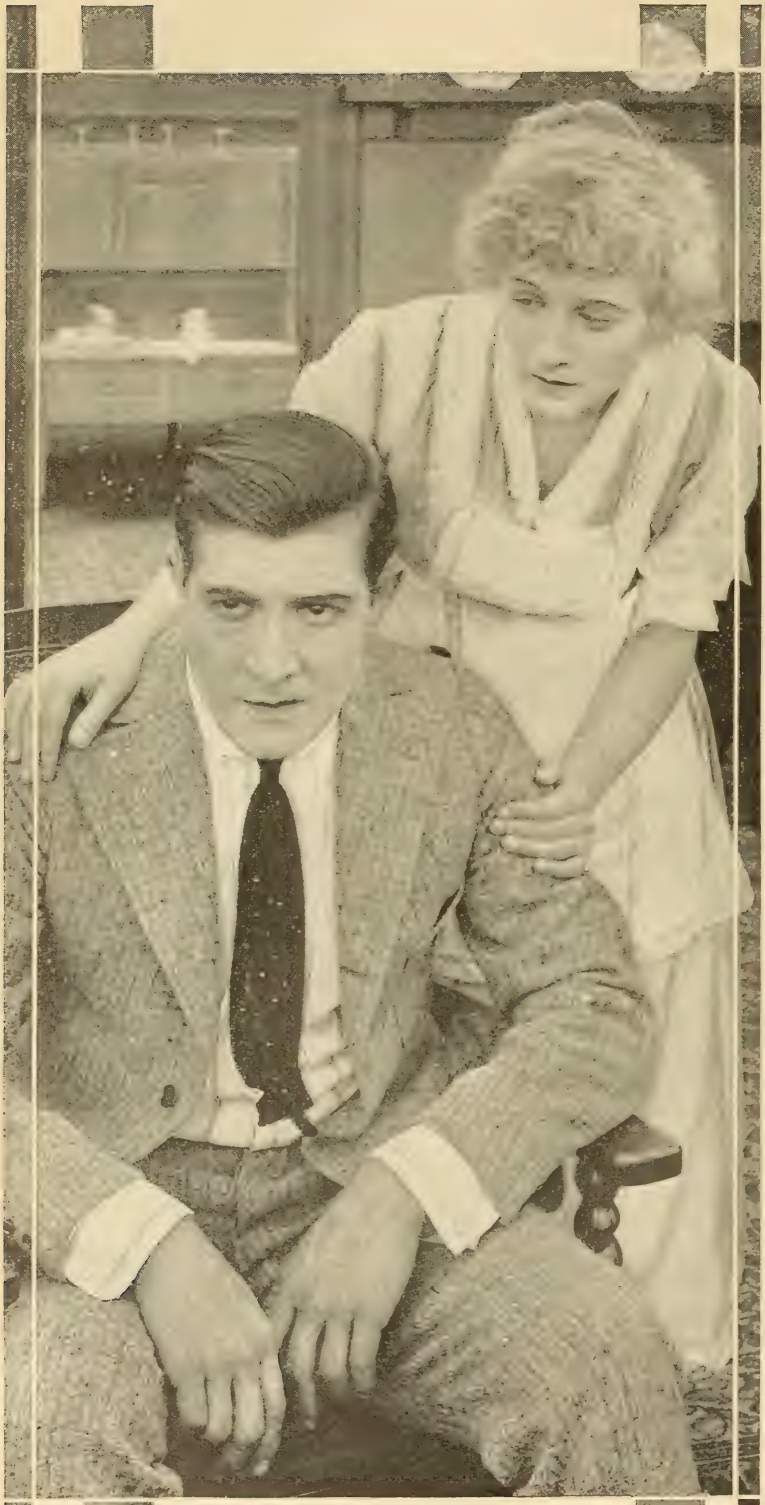
To do him justice he did think it over. Were it not for Dixie he might have been persuaded. That he was not

STUART RETURNS TO HIS OLD FRIENDS AND HIS OLD HAUNTS

was evidenced by a note which the butler handed to his mother when she came down to luncheon, which took the place of breakfast the next day. The note ran:

I have thought it over, dear mother. I cannot do it. When you are reading this I shall have been married to Miss Dixie Coday. She was at that dinner I gave. You wont remember her, but perhaps you may have seen her name in the theatrical advertisements. She is a Moving Picture actress and is as sweet as she is pretty. Dont worry—I will find some way to keep you and father from want.

What is done is done; altho Mrs.



DIXIE PERSUADES STUART TO RETURN TO HIS PARENTS

Duncan was heartbroken and Mr. Duncan so furious that he forbade his son the house and dismissed him from his place in the firm, the matter might not be mended. Man proposes, but business sometimes disposes. With the remains of his allowance and by the sale of some extravagant jewelry, Stuart and Dixie lived as happily as the proverbial married couple for a month, while Stuart vainly tried to find work. No one would have him. His accomplishments, which were many and varied, were not commercial. Poverty entered in at the door, but, fortunately, love did not fly out of the window.

Dixie had given up her work for her young husband, proof positive of her affection, for she was one of the most popular of the younger film stars and not far away from great promotion. She noticed, with growing tenderness and sorrow, her husband's humiliation and shame. Finally, when the larder

was empty and the pocketbook likewise, she went back to Universal City, which welcomed her gladly and with open arms. She made a great contract. Absence had made the hearts of the directors grow fonder. They realized what she was when she had been no longer there. When she came back with the news, Stuart was horrified, and then angry, and then grateful.

"You will get something," she said confidently. "You've got it in you; meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile," he cried, "I'll die rather than live off my wife's earnings. I'll go back to father and ask him to give me my place again. I wasn't there very long, but I think I see where new methods will make a revolution. Will you give up film work when I am able to provide for you?"

"I'll do anything you want me to do," said the girl. "Meanwhile, go to your father."

And back to his father he went. The old man had already repented him of his anger. He had had some opportunity of noticing Stuart's capacity. The boy had made several suggestions which the old man had carried out in part, and things were looking brighter. It did not need much pleading on the part of the mother for him to receive his son and put him back in his old place, but he positively refused to have anything to do with his son's wife. It required all of Dixie's influence to get Stuart to remain with his father, but he had hope for a better day. It came.

Critics say many hard things about Moving Pictures. Here is one instance in which they played a part. In spite of the fact that the idea that she was working galled him and furious jealousies filled his dreams, Duncan never failed to see the pictures in which his wife appeared. One evening without telling them he persuaded his father and his mother to go with him. They arrived a little late. He had timed their entrance quite accurately so that they did not see the cast of characters on the screen. They only saw the play.

Stuart had chosen the play for them to see with one end in view. It was a story of filial affection, self-sacrifice for a mother and father. The daughter was presented with such fineness of touch, with such delicacy of feeling, with such fidelity and beauty that the simple story left the house in tears.

"How beautifully that girl acted," said Mrs. Duncan, after they reached home. "She put her soul into it."

"It was fine," said the father; "as good a piece as work as I have ever seen."

"I think," said Stuart, rising, "she can do it so well because she is that kind of a girl."

"You know her?" asked the father.

"I do."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Stuart Duncan," was the astonishing answer, not less amazing because it was so quietly made and so utterly unexpected.

The older Duncan looked at his wife. She nodded at him thru her tears.

"She must be as good and sweet as she is pretty and capable," whispered the woman.

"My boy," said the father. "You have saved the business. I think we will tide over the difficulty, and I am grateful. Will you take your mother and me to call on your wife in the morning?"

## No Occasion to Murmur

By W. HERBERT DRENNING

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Why should you melancholy be?
Why, every cloud's a silver lining
When Moving Pictures you can see!

# The Prince and the Pauper

(Famous Players)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Novel of MARK TWAIN

ADOWN the smiling road that led from smoky, crooked London Town to the green reaches of Charing Village idled Tom Chanty, the beggar boy, awonder at the cleanness and the greenness of the world beyond the city gates. The sky was blue instead of the smutty gray that hung above his garret home, and budding branches, sweet with May, were blown across it gaily. In the pinched, starved heart of the lad was holiday. Yesterday, with its hunger and blows and beggary, lay far behind, and tomorrow's griefs were shadowy before. Today was his, twelve golden hours—sure a treasure fit for a king.

"And who knows, perchance I may see the King," thought Tom, with fast-beating heart. "Yonder turrets and bastions are Westminster, where he abideth. If I might but see him just once in his gold doublet and white plumes!"

You see, Tom Chanty, altho he lived in a dark hole in Pudding Lane and was beaten every day by his thief father, knew all about princes. Had not good Father Jerome, the priest, taught him to read and write and told him wonderful tales of angels and elves and princes? Sometimes, when his small bones ached with blows and his small stomach clamored for bread and cheese, Tom would lie on his straw all night and pretend that he was stretched on a soft, purple-hung bed, with tall guards, in bright armor, at the doors of his chamber, and fine linen and purple silken hose and a white satin doublet waiting for him on a chair beside the bed.

And now perhaps he would see a real Prince at last! In his excitement Tom began to run. He was almost at the gates of the palace, when a rude hand, in iron gauntlet, fell on his thin little shoulders and sent him spinning into the leering crowd of gawks and tradesmen and town idlers.

"ART THOU THE LAD WOULDST SEE THE PRINCE?" HE ASKED, KINDLY

"Not so fast, thou young beggar!" rang the voice of one of the men-at-arms in his ears.

"I crave your worship's pardon!" faltered poor Tom, with a humble obeisance. "I did mean no ill, but only wished to see the Prince——"

"And see the Prince thou shalt!" cried a voice from within the gates. "How durst thou lay a finger on the meanest of my father's kingdom? Open the gates, pardi! and let him in."

"The Prince of Wales!" went up the cry from the crowd around the gates—"long live the Prince of Wales!"

And with the cheers of the multitude dinning in his dizzy ears, Tom Chanty found himself passing between long rows of shining men-at-arms and into the palace grounds. And there before him stood a boy of his own age, clad all in wondrous satins and jewels, with red heels to his buskins and a jaunty hat of crimson nodding with plumes.

"Art thou the lad wouldst see the Prince?" asked he, kindly. "Then look thy longest, for I am Edward, Prince of Wales. Nay, come thou with me to my cabinet where we can talk in peace, for truly I never saw a lad like thee before."'

Tom Chanty pinched himself as he followed the Prince up marble stairs, by blooming flowers and smiling fountains and into the great palace that seemed to him half as high and wide as London Town. In a small room hung with broidered tapestries and full of soft cushions and gold furniture, the Prince bade the servants bring food and wine, and then, while Tom ate, he sat near-by and questioned him.

He learnt his name and the place he lived, whereof the Prince had never heard before, and of the cruel father who beat him when he had not begged well, and Nance and Bet, the two kind-hearted, tattered sisters, and the cross old grandame, and the poor mother who saved him crusts of bread from her own store. And he learnt, too, of the freedom of a world where there were no servants to watch one, and where a lad could run barefoot with his fellows and strive with the cudgel in the fashion of apprentices,

"WHAT HO! VARLET, UNBAR THE GATES!" CRIED THE PRINCE

and swim in the Thames, riding the waves that followed in the barges' wake.

"Marry! 'twould be worth my father's kingdom but to know those revels!" sighed the Prince at last, with flashing eyes. "If that I could but clothe me in raiment like to thine with none to say me nay!"

"And I," sighed Tom, "if I could wear just once thy splendors——"

"And prithee why not?" cried the Prince, clapping his hands. "Doff thy tatters, lad, and don my purple and gold. It will be rare sport for a Prince and a pauper to change places, if it be but for the nonce."

In the twinkling of an eye it was done, and side by side the two lads peered into the tall mirror on the wall. And then both cried out on one breath: "Marry! a miracle!"

For there seemed not to have been any change made at all! Tom, the beggar, looked, in feature and stature, a royal Prince, and Edward of Wales was the image of the beggar lad of Pudding Lane.

"An we fared forth naked none would know which was born to the crown!" cried the Prince—"eyes, hair, form, we are one—save—hold! Where gottest thou that bruise upon thy hand? Was it the man-at-arms that gave it thee?"

The little Prince stamped his bare foot. "Shameful and cruel, but he shall be punished, and that right quickly. Stay thou here till I return."

Forgotten the borrowed rags and transferred splendors. Out of the door and over the palace grounds flew the Prince and beat upon the gate.

"What ho! varlet, unbar the gates!"

The man-at-arms that had mistreated Tom obeyed, and, as the furious little form burst thru the portal, fetched him a sounding box upon the ear.

"Take that, thou beggar imp!" he cried angrily, "and be off before I break thy crown for thee!"

Amazed, the Prince picked himself from the mud and drew himself up proudly.

"How durst thou!" he cried. "Know thou I am the Prince of Wales and wilt have thee hanged!"

With jeers and cat-calls the motley rabble about the gates closed in upon the ragged youngster and hustled him adown the road, hooting his royal rage. Behind, in the strange splendor of the palace, Tom Chanty sat patiently on his purple cushions, wait-

THE PRINCE BECOMES A PAUPER AND LIES DOWN WITH THE CALF

ing, in his borrowed gauds, the Prince's return.

Night, rolling in over London Town, saw two weary lads sleeping beneath strange roofs. Worn and footsore, the Prince lay on a pile of foul straw in a garret in Pudding Lane and tried to count the aches and pains of his small frame. Here was where the mob had flung a stone at him; there where the dogs had torn his rags; and his shoulders yet burned with the blows of Jack Chanty, when the thief had discovered nought of money in his pockets to show for the day.

"Swine! when the morrow cometh I will build thee a gibbet!" the Prince had flung at him fiercely. "I tell thee once again I am no son of thine! Take me to the palace, and the King, my father, will make thee rich beyond thy dreams!"

"Gone mad!" Jack Chanty had muttered—"mad as any Tom o' Bedlam. A pretty Prince thou! Thy reading hath stole thy wit away, but mad or no, thou'rt a lazy beggar and needest thy hide tanned!"

In vain the poor mother had interposed her own person to shelter the lad from the thief's blows. Thrusting her grandly aside, the Prince had taken the beating in scornful silence, as befitted the son of a King. And now, aching in every bone, that same King's son lay on his hard bed and stared into the darkness with despairing eyes.

Not much happier Tom in his soft bed in the palace. Protest as he might that he was not the Prince, but only Tom Chanty, the beggar boy, no one had listened to him with belief, not even King Henry the Eighth himself.

Thru the palace had gone the whispered word that the Prince had lost his memory from overstudy and knew not who he was. Then close upon the nudges and rumors had come a herald from the King proclaiming death to any who dared to refer or speak of the malady of the heir apparent. The Lord of Hertford, equerry to Henry, had brought the King's commands to poor little Tom.

"Thy royal father commandeth that thy grace shall hide this passing infirmity of the memory as best thou canst till thou art well again and deny to no one that thou art the Prince, nor speak to any of the lowly life thy malady hath brought to thy imaginings."

"The King shall be obeyed," said poor Tom, miserably, "but i' sooth, your worship, I know not the custom nor the usage of the court. It is a great bother to be a Prince, meseems."

And he lay all night staring into the darkness, among his downy cushions, and longing for the old

pallet of straw and the coarse crusts and the sound of his mother's voice.

Followed a maze of weeks strange indeed to the Prince and the pauper. Pudding Lane and the tangle of crooked streets and lanes of London were as bewildering to the Prince as could well be. Day by day he roved among them, seeking desolately to find his way to the palace and telling his story to all who would listen. But those who heard the meanly clad beggar boy's claims of royalty jeered at him and clouted him rudely upon the shoulders, crying:

"Ha! ha! a merry jest! A Prince of rags and tags!"

Jack Chanty in particular was irritated beyond measure at his son's obstinacy in refusing to beg or steal.

"Good-for-nought!" he growled one afternoon, as he stumbled out of an ale-house and seized the lad roughly by the arm, "not a ha'penny to-day! If pounding thy bones to a jelly will teach thee thy duty, thou shalt learn it, pardi!"

A tall man, in shabby doublet and hose, passing, paused at the rough sound of the man's words and the lad's hopeless face.

"Hold, friend," he said; "thou art rough, meseems. What is the lad to thee?"

"He is my son," answered Chanty, with an oath. The Prince's eyes flashed fire.

"'Tis a scurvy lie!" he cried. "I am the Prince of Wales, good sir, an thou wilt take me from this man and restore me to my father, the King, thou shalt not lack reward."

"Beshrew me if Miles Hendon ever passed by a child or woman in distress!" cried the newcomer, laying his hand on his sword-hilt. "Belike thy small head-piece is cracked, lad, but I'll take thee with me, never fear. As for thee, thou scurvy ruffian, I'll spit thee like a goose an thou but touchest him!"

Muttering threats and curses, Chanty moved away into the crowd, and the little Prince followed his new-found protector to the attic where he lodged.

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW ROGUES,

"Good sir," he said grandly, "thou hast done right nobly and shalt receive thy reward."

He drew Hendon's sword from its sheath and, rising on tiptoe, touched

the shoulders of the man's shabby coat with the flat of the blade.

"I dub thee knight," he said gravely. "While England stands and my crown remains thou and thy heirs are noble and may sit in the presence of the King. And now, prithee, Sir Miles, make haste and spread the table, for I am ahunger and athirst."

"Marry!" thought Hendon, amusedly, "the little beggar hath brave airs and graces! Well, I will be his friend—I a new-made Knight o' the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows, and he a Prince of Wandering Brain!"

For some days the twain lived contentedly enough in the poor attic, Hendon humoring his little ward's vagaries and waiting on his will with patient kindness. And then one morning he awoke to find the lad gone from his cot in the next room.

A stammering pasty-cook's apprentice who lived below confessed to carrying a message to the boy from a

SEEST THOU NOT WE HAVE WITH US A ROYAL GUEST?"

rough-looking man who waited beyond the city gates. The silver reward of his errantry clattered in his fingers as he faced Miles' anger.

"I' sooth 'twas a harmless enough message," he stammered dismally, "that his father, the King, awaited him across the bridge o' London—"

"Dolt!" shouted Miles Hendon, despairingly, "the lad is crack-brained. It was his true father who sent for him—the veriest rascal unhung! The lad is in evil hands by now!"

And he spoke truly. At that very moment the poor little Prince stood in a wood lying beyond the gate of London, in a motley company of tattered gutter-scum and ruffians, among whom he recognized, with a sinking heart, John Chanty's evil countenance wreathed in smiles.

"So, my princely son, we meet again," he grinned. "Friends and fellow rogues, seest thou not we have with us a royal guest? 'Troth, 'tis Foo-Foo the First, King o' the Moon-Calves!"

The vagrants burst into a roaring shout of laughter thru which the small Prince's voice had much ado to make itself heard.

"Mannerless vagabonds!" he cried fiercely, "is it thus ye salute your King?"

"Doff thy fine airs, crack-brain," snarled Chanty, as the rabble cheered anew. "Here we have no use for kings. 'Tis a milk-faced beggar lad we want whose girl-looks can draw the pennies from wayfarers' pockets. We shall have work for thee anon."

"I'll do no filthy work of thine," said the little Prince, proudly. "Have done with thy prating. It wearieth me."

Chanty struck him a smart clip on the ear and gripped him firmly by one arm.

"Have on, good friends," he cried impatiently; "we but waste daylight. I shall find the means to make a rare thief o' this addle-pate yet."

With beating and oaths the Prince was well served in the following days, yet he refused steadfastly to rob kitchens or ask for alms as the tramps moved from town to town, and day by day he looked for the opportunity to make his escape from the motley crew. One afternoon, in company with a beggar lad named Hugo, he

IN THE MEANTIME THE

was strolling in a village lane. A woman approached, carrying a small, pink pig in a market-basket.

"A juicy morsel!" gloated Hugo, and before the Prince could halt him he was after the woman and had snatched the porker from her arm. In

an instant the hue and cry was raised and a crowd sped after the two lads. Hugo thrust the stolen pig into the Prince's arms, dodged into a hedge and disappeared. The clamoring crowd gathered about the Prince, who

CORONATION DAY OF PRINCE EDWARD DAWNED CLEAR AND SUN-KIST

flung the pig contemptuously to the ground.

"Unhand me, fools!" he commanded. "I am the Prince of Wales!"

As usual when he spoke these words he was greeted with jeers and insults. A brawny-armed blacksmith made a long reach for him, when a new voice was added to the group, and the Prince beheld Miles Hendon at his side.

"Ah! thou hast lagged sorely, Sir Miles," he exclaimed eagerly, "but thou comest in good season now."

Hendon drew a handful of money from his pockets and scattered largess among the crowd, which promptly melted away. Then joyfully he clapped the boy's shoulders.

"Well met," he cried; "I have sought thee long. But now at length there is comfort in sight for both of us. Those tall towers rising above the trees mark the estate of my father. I have been a wanderer these twelve years, but I doubt not there will be welcome for me now and fair linen and a pheasant roasted whole."

But disappointment awaited them. Hugh, Miles' younger brother, had inherited the estate on his father's death and was loath to give it over. So he refused to recognize the newcomer and had him seized and thrust into the stocks as a vagrant. The Prince followed his protector to prison, and a dismal two days passed between them.

"Tomorrow we shall give good-den to this hole," exulted a pasty-faced thief to a brother miscreant chained near-by. "There is a jail delivery for that the new King will be crowned at Westminster."

"The *new* King!" cried the Prince, violently; "I' the name of Heaven, *what* King?"

"Why, young Edward, the Prince," they told him; "since King Henry is dead who should be the King but he?"

Now, indeed, despair filled the Prince's heart. Must he languish here helpless whilst an impostor—perhaps the very beggar boy he had changed clothes with—was crowned? But he had not reckoned on the jail delivery. Late that evening the gates of the prison were opened, and Miles Hendon and his charge were free.

"And now," said the elder, kindly, "whither wouldst thou, lad?"

"To London," said the Prince, sternly, "before the dawn."

The coronation day of Prince Edward dawned clean and sun-kist, with a wind that set the city's thousand silken banners awave. As the royal entourage swept stately by with plumed horses and golden chariot of state, many remarked on the sad face of the young King.

"They say he hath not been cured of his strange delusions," whispered one to another, "but 'tis a winning lad and hath already shown himself kindly and humane toward his people. Long live Edward the King!"

In Westminster the solemn ceremony went on. The Archbishop, in his golden robes, had just raised the jeweled crown of the realm above the head of the boy who knelt before him, when an ill-clad beggar boy sprang, breathless, up the great aisle. As the amazed assembly held its breath at the sacrilegious interruption, the boy lifted his hand in a royal gesture that ill comported with his garments.

"Hold!" he cried, "I forbid you to set the crown of England on a forfeited head. *I* am the King!"

A murmur of indignation swept the crowd; but before hands could be laid on the newcomer, Tom Chanty, all in his regal vestments, made a step forward and cried out ringingly:

"Forbear to touch him. He *is* the King!"

And as the two lads, so strangely alike in face and form, stood side by side above the multitude, Tom told, in swift words, the whole amazing tale of the changed robes. At the end, as the people burst into cheers for the true King, Tom turned to the Prince and handed him the crown and robe.

"And glad I am, my master, to yield them thee," he sighed, "for truly 'tis a heavy task to be a king, and I have not seen my mother for three months agone."

"Thou hast done well," said the Prince, graciously. "Henceforth and forever thou shalt be the King's ward and be honored by all my realm."

In his rainbow-flashing crown and carrying the diamonded scepter in his lifted hands, the new King faced his people in sooth right royally.

"Men and women of England," he cried, "thru strange happenings I have come unto this day. Those who befriended me, the pauper, shall have their reward, and they who worked evil shall feel my hand. God helping me, Edward VI shall be called not alone the King of the great and happy, the nobles and the proud, but the King of the sinful and the hungry and those who have great need."

# The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE

BY COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON

This story was begun in the November number of the Motion Picture Magazine, and was written from the Photoplay of the same author

## CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER locking the treacherous governess in the library closet, Virginia's first thought was of her mother. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Vandergriff was just reviving and attempting to rise as her daughter ran in.

"Your father," she asked faintly—"oh, Virginia, where is he?" Looking at the girl's drawn face, she noticed the horror in her eyes and the direction of her gaze. Virginia gestured toward the window hopelessly.

"They took father and John away," she said, with a flash of hatred, "and left me with *him*."

For the first time the mother's numbed faculties cleared a little, and she perceived the spy lying on the floor. Weak and dazed, she looked at her daughter inquiringly.

"Yes, I killed him!"

There came a silence, broken by her harsh sobbing. At the same instant, in the street below, young Vandergriff and Charlie Harrison, running from different directions, had met outside the door, the panels of which were splintered and battered in. The two young men entered the house together, and in another moment the mother was clasped in the son's arms, and hasty explanations followed.

Father and brother—both taken! As Virginia was telling, hurriedly, the part Emanon had played in the terrible events just passed, a terrific explosion rocked the house, and the next room burst into flames, which began to lick their way thru the double doorway, catching the portières and consuming them in an instant.

The invaders were evidently encountering some unexpected resistance in this particular section of the city, and a flock of aeroplanes had been dispatched to spread further terror and destruction.

It was one of these incendiary bombs which had set the house on fire, and, as the young men hurriedly took the others out thru the smoke-filled hall and thence to the street, Virginia glanced back into the room and saw the ungainly form of Emanon sprawled on the drawing-room floor. The fire was slowly creeping towards him, while in the room beyond, now a roaring furnace, his fellow-spy, locked securely in the closet, was paying the penalty of her duplicity.

Truly had retribution, swift and pitiless, followed and caught these two who so richly deserved it.

Rushing out, the fugitives looked fearfully up and down the street, and, as the smoke began to pour from the door and windows of their doomed house, young Vandergriff led them to their garage in the rear, pushed them hastily into the big touring-car, and, with himself at the wheel, and Charlie beside him, they dashed out thru the blinding smoke, around the corner and up tenantless Fifth Avenue.

Everywhere, as they sped on, the streets, so recently crowded with fleeing people, were now silent and deserted, save for dead bodies here and there, and anon some poor, wretched being, grievously wounded, piteously begging for aid they had not the power to give.

A mile further uptown they encountered a lone policeman pacing his beat, still held to his post by a sense of duty, and, to their eager questioning about the group of prisoners that had passed his way, he pointed si-

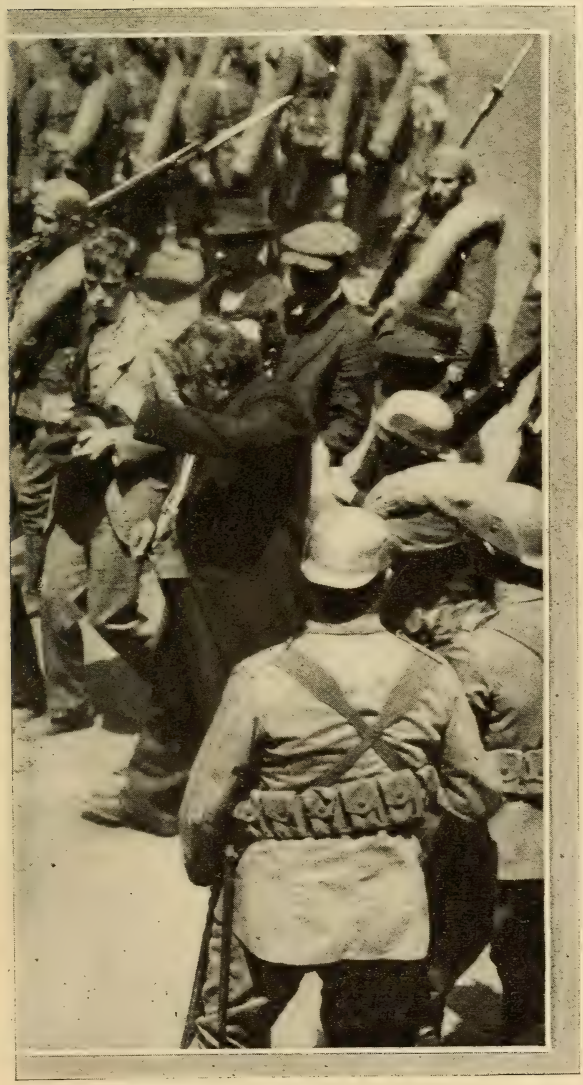
JOHN HARRISON AND MR. VANDERGRIFF

lently to the fatal courtyard in the middle of the block. With a horrible fear clutching at his heart, young Vandergriff slowed up and turned into the place where the grim tragedy had just been enacted.

"God in heaven!" cried Charlie, piteously. "Turn back—dont take them in there!"

Too late! They had seen!

The mother arose, then covered her eyes, and fell back. Virginia, frantic, started to get out. The boys tried to prevent her. She would not be denied. Mother, too, needs must follow her daughter.



MARCHING TO THEIR DOOM

They alighted and went, tremblingly, fearfully, towards that dread, still pile of victims, the son forcing the horrified little Dorothy back into the car, and ordering her to stay there.

The martyrs of unpreparedness lay stark and staring, their pitiful faces crying to Heaven for vengeance. Some of these poor men had objected because the hand of crimson lust had been laid on trembling wife or daughter. Some had striven to prevent their homes from being sacked and pillaged and their children slaughtered. Some of them, as we know, had been accused of "carrying arms and firing from ambush." A veritable "leading of lambs to the slaughter."

Virginia was the first to discover her father's body.

She stood stock-still, incapable of motion, her lips trembling, her hands working convulsively. Past her swiftly brushed a figure, and, with a heartrending cry, flung itself upon the still figure.

Oh! faithful, loving wife, thou hast found thy husband, but he cannot answer thy frantic words of endearment, cannot hear thy choking sobs, cannot feel thy tender caresses.

Daughter and son knelt beside their stricken mother, in dumb grief. Charlie passed on, searching for that which he dreaded to find. Virginia took one of her father's cold hands and held it protectingly to her warm breast. Alas! poor, little daughter, all the warmth of life pulsing in thy vigorous young body will not warm that cold clay.

## Chapter XVII.

Little Dorothy was standing up in the tonneau, straining her eyes to see thru her tear-swollen lids. A look of horror transfixed the childish face. She sprang out of the car, and, with a cry of "My father!" rushed across the intervening space and threw herself on his body in an access of wild, hysterical grief.

A few feet away, Charlie was stand-

THE DOOMED MAN TURNS UPON HIS ASSAILANTS

ing with clenched hands and grief-torn face. He had found his brother!

The hand unclenched, the tension relaxed, and he dropped to his knees, crying, "John! John! My brother!" Virginia heard the cry. She looked around dully, then, keeping her eyes in the direction of where John was lying, she gently placed her father's hand across his breast and followed the call of her lover's brother.

She found Charlie raising John in his arms and calling him by name, over and over again. He was hardly conscious of Virginia's presence, as she knelt beside him and took John's head in her lap, tenderly wiping the blood from his forehead.

For a moment they remained in silence—mother and son, brother and sweetheart—mourning their dead.

Suddenly Virginia's body grew tense and rigid; her breath was indrawn sharply. She clutched Charlie's arm.

"Look! Look!"

Ah! there was a faint flutter of John's eyelids, a sighing breath, then the brave, true eyes opened and looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"Charlie! Virginia!" he called, in sudden recognition.

Oh! Thank God in His mercy for this one sweet in all the bitter cup! John lives!

Swift upon this thanksgiving came the thought of recurring danger. If they should come back and find him alive?

The girl's face was that of a tigress defending her wounded mate. Her protecting arms were about him. Furtively they looked around the empty court. There was none there but themselves, their family, and the dead.

The son touched his mother's arm. She nodded and, indicating the little girl, motioned for him to take her away.

Twice he gently took Dorothy's hands and attempted to lead her to the car. Twice the heartbroken child tore herself from him and clung to her beloved father, twining her slight arms around his neck and refusing to leave him.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, her big brother finally picked her up in his strong arms and, with a heart nigh breaking with grief, carried her forcibly to the auto, where she sank down on the floor, her little frame shaken with great, shuddering sobs.

Taking her little coat, he returned to his mother's side, and gave her the

garment, then turned his back, unable to bear the sight of that sad farewell. The grief-stricken widow clasped the dead form in a last, passionate embrace, pressing kisses on the cold lips and brow, then, summoning all her fortitude, lowered his head gently to the ground, covered the poor, dead face with Dorothy's little coat, and, reaching out a hand to her son, who raised her to her feet and supported her, she tottered, almost in a stupor, to the waiting auto.

As the son steadied her into the back seat, he heard Charlie excitedly calling him, and, to his intense joy and surprise, saw John sitting up and talking. With a bound, he was at his side, and the three raised him to his feet. He stood unsteadily at first, but gained strength every moment. A scalp-wound, painful but not deep, had stunned him. Another bullet had passed thru the fleshy part of the forearm, and this wound Virginia quickly bound up with a handkerchief.

As his brain cleared, the whole ghastly drama repeated itself in his memory. He glanced quickly at Virginia.

"Your father," he asked—"where is he?" She mutely pointed to the quiet form a few feet away, the face covered by a little girl's coat. John gathered her in his arms, and, standing thus, looked around at the other shapeless things, which a few brief moments ago had been living, breathing human beings.

"These honored dead," he said, in a hushed, prophetic voice, "have consecrated this ground with their blood. My life, which has been miraculously spared, I hereby consecrate to the cause of Peace thru Power—Peace assured by Preparedness."

Staggering with weakness after this sudden strain of emotion, John was led to the car by the two young men.

Virginia followed and paused by her father, kneeling at his side. She closed her eyes, and her lips moved in prayer. Dry, bitter sobs shook her breast as she bent and kist the kind, loving hands, always so warm—now, alas! cold in death. Despite his mistaken ideas, his misguided beliefs, he had been a loving and devoted father. Composing herself with a tremendous effort, she entered the car, the door was shut, and slowly and reverently they passed out of the "Place of the Martyred Dead."

## Chapter XVIII.

Rolling meadows, fragrant with new-cut hay.

Fields of rich emerald-green, and banks of daisies snow-white.

Cattle, knee-deep in the sweet clover, and the sun in the west shedding its golden glory over a land of peace and plenty.

A few miles away the same sun was shining on blackened and ruined homes, on noble edifices blasted and shattered as if by the hand of a wrathful God.

As the occupants of the speeding motor-car looked on the flying panorama of beautiful Long Island farms and gardens, it seemed utterly incomprehensible that back there, in the great city, their loved ones—father, mother, sister, and the nearest and dearest of thousands of other so-called free Americans—were lying, with sightless eyes and mutilated bodies, under the same golden sunlight that was bathing these hills and valleys in its celestial radiance.

Speed on! Away from the black horror that lies behind! Away into the quiet, peaceful country. Behind lies dread devastation of fire and sword; ahead lies liberty, safety!

What was that cloud of dust? On went foot and emergency brakes with a jar. The huge car came to a sudden stop, its motor purring quietly.

"Cavalry!" muttered Charlie, with a stifled exclamation—"those murderous-looking round-caps again!" There was no mistaking them—once seen, they were never forgotten.

"Back up! Swing around!" cried John, hoarsely. "They have seen us, but we can outdistance their horses easily. Quick—crouch down! They may fire!"

Round swept the big Renault,

straightened up and fled. The horsemen were being dropped behind as if they were standing still. Just in front a cross-road intersected the main highway. Suddenly down this road, as if springing out of the very earth, came spinning a motorcycle squad, their staccato "put-put" rising in sharp crescendo as they increased their speed. Behind them a heavy cloud of dust, as another body of cavalry scouts broke into a gallop.

Trapped! The cracking exhausts of the motorcycles blended into a high-pitched hum as they whizzed along the short stretch of road that separated them from that down which young Vandergriff was urging his car with every ounce of power in the splendid motor.

If he could reach the turn first! Ten seconds more! The motorcyclists looked like a brown streak! The big car was hitting seventy miles an hour!

Hold fast! Now! Around on two wheels! A crash, as one of the motor-squad, a little in advance of the rest, unable to check his furious pace, was hit squarely by the hind wheels of the car as it skidded around the turn, and hurled, a crumpled mass, a hundred feet away.

On! on! Faster and faster.

Seventy-one, seventy-two, the speedometer registered, but faster still came those whirring devils. Inch by inch they crept up.

Virginia, raising her head for an instant and looking back, could see the whites of the foremost riders' eyes gleaming wickedly in their grimy, dust-covered faces.

Faster and yet faster! The speed was terrific! The big car swayed from side to side of the narrow road, and, try as they might, the cyclists could not pass, altho they were now so close behind that the sound was like the combined whirr of a hundred sewing-machines.

Suddenly the driver of the car sat up. The speed slackened. His face went haggard, hopeless—the look of a trapped animal. Coming down the road at a full trot, directly in front of them, was another detachment of the enemy's cavalry. The foremost motorcycles now shot ahead, the others drew up alongside, and, with a forty-five calibre automatic pointing at his head on either side, young Vandergriff had no choice but to slow down and come to a full stop.

The occupants of the car tried to conceal the fear that sickened their hearts and blanched their faces, as they were surrounded by the ferocious-looking cavalry scouts. An officer dismounted, swaggered across the road, with a sabre clanking at heel, and looked his captives over.

"This car is commandeered," he announced insolently. "Get out!"

There was naught else to do, oh, ye free Americans, but obey the invader's command. Slowly, sullenly, the two young men stepped down. John did the same, after a whispered word of encouragement to the terrified mother and girls.

The latter were following closely behind, when the officer's eyes met Virginia's. She stopped, frozen with fear. He appraised her with a sen-

sual leer, then waved her back again, bowing ironically.

"We will not inconvenience the ladies," he growled—"they go with the car."

He handed the reins of his horse to one of the troopers and put one foot on the running-board.

Virginia gave a cry of terror and

WITH A BOUND HE WAS AT HIS SIDE

alarm and tried to get out. The officer barred her way and pushed her roughly back. Almost simultaneously, all three Americans sprang at the brute. John was there first by the fraction of a second, his powerful hands gripping the invader. A heave of his massive shoulders whirled him from the car to the road, where, poising for a brief instant, John put all his weight and strength and hatred into one crashing, swinging blow full in the bestial, inflamed face before him. As the man fell, John hurled his two hundred pounds of bone, sinew and muscle upon him, sinking his fingers deep into his enemy's throat.

A dozen soldiers were off their horses in a second's time and sprang upon young Vandergriff and Charlie, who struggled with the strength of hopeless desperation until quickly overwhelmed by numbers.

Virginia, standing up in the tonneau, her finger-nails cutting into her palms, suffered at that moment the keenest agony of her life.

Over and over the combatants rolled, both powerful, big-muscled men. Now John was under, then again on top, dashing his heavy fist into the hateful face, gripping at the throat with fingers of steel.

Virginia's hand flew to her own soft throat; her heart seemed to have jumped up there and to be stifling her.

A savage-looking soldier stepped forward and affixed the bayonet to his rifle; then, following the rolling, struggling figures, he poised his weapon and coolly waited his chance.

Look not upon it! And yet, perhaps the actual horrible sight itself was not so heartrending, so pitiful as its reflection in the face of the girl upon whose innocent heart was laid the heavy burden, the unspeakable ordeal of seeing that cruel lunge, that cowardly stab in the back that robbed her of the man of her choice —the man she loved better than all the world.

Merciful unconsciousness drew a kindly veil over her outraged senses, even as the blow fell, and she did not see the officer rise painfully from the dust, fingering his throat, kicking and cursing the prostrate form, and then climb heavily onto the seat beside her, his bloodshot eyes glaring red and baleful; did not hear the guttural, snarling order from his swollen lips that meant the death-warrant of her big brother and Charlie; heard not the sharp volley that stilled their youthful hearts and sent their boyish

souls speeding after John's into the Great Unknown.

Luckily, mercifully, she heard and saw nothing until, miles away from those three heaps of clay that were once lover, brother, friend, she awoke, smiling, to feel her mother's arms about her, her mother's sad eyes gazing down into hers; then, turning, saw, feeding upon her with a bestial, hellish leer, the inflamed, bloodshot eyes of the conqueror.

HE POISED HIS WEAPON AN

## Chapter XIX.

The setting sun, low above the horizon, red as blood, crimsoning the window-panes, chimneys and gate-posts of a stately dwelling.

Heavy, iron-shod feet crushing down the flowers in the formal garden and stamping rudely over porches and thru halls.

The owner and his family had fled, abandoning their beautiful home to the brutal invaders, and only one trembling old servitor, who had tarried too long, remained of all the retinue of servants in the Belton household. Many, many times had the Vandergriffs motored over here from their own palatial country home, "The Oaks," for gay week-end parties, dances and dinners.

It seemed unbelievable! It must be a hideous nightmare, a foolish freakish trick of the brain! Why, only last Saturday they had driven over in this very car, and John had run out from New York in the train, and they had played tennis, with tea afterward, on this very same cool, green lawn.

"John!" His name brought back that awful scene seared into her brain, never to be effaced—the brutal soldier waiting with upraised blade and evil grin of malicious joy.

Then—a surge of red before her eyes, a suffocating faintness clutching at her heart, then blank nothingness.

Now, here, close beside her, his uniform touching her dress, the unwashed odor of his massive body and the stink of stale tobacco offending her delicate nostrils, was the beast whom John had grappled with and borne to the ground in that homeric struggle—that last mad but manly protest against the violation of American womanhood.

Ask not the patient, sorrowing mother to say with her lips that which her eyes told so pitifully. When Virginia looked at her, the question remained unasked. It was already answered by the mute agony in the mother's face.

Dead! All of them! Virginia read it in the quivering body of her little sister, torn with hysterical sobs that shuddered forth in long-drawn breaths of pain; read it in the mother's hopeless apathy; seemed to read it in the dying sun splashing with blood the familiar landscape.

COOLLY AWAITED HIS CHANCE

They had rolled up the drive and stopped at the entrance, in days gone by so hospitable, now housing grim terror within its portals.

"Get out!" the raucous voice commanded, and, hand-in-hand, brave mother first, Virginia second, and little Dorothy, shivering with fear, clinging tightly to her, the sad little procession—the last remnant of two happy families, on which that blood-tinged sun, now shedding its crimson rays, rose so blithely no longer ago than this morning—passed thru the entrance over which might well have been written, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

In the familiar sitting-room, now reeking with tobacco-smoke and noisy with discordant voices, the Beltons' faithful old butler, held trembling in the grip of two cavalrymen, was trying vainly to understand what they were demanding of him.

The entrance of the officer and his captives created a diversion, the men released the butler, and all eyes were fixed on the graceful young girls and their more mature, but still beautiful, mother.

"Drinks—wine, whisky!" ordered the officer, in broken English—"everything you have, quick!"

Opening the library door, he beckoned to the three pitiful figures standing huddled in the center of the room.

He paid no attention to Mrs. Vandergriff, nor Dorothy, but his eyes gleamed, and his nostrils dilated, as Virginia, striving to look brave, passed him, her chin in the air, hatred and contempt in every line of her face and figure.

Inside the library, Virginia, casting an involuntary look behind her, quivered with an unnamable fear as her eyes met those of the man gloating in the doorway. The blood rushed to her face, then receded, leaving a deathly pallor on brow and lips. She quickly averted her gaze, and, after a moment of breathless suspense that seemed interminable, heard the door close.

With a pulse beating wildly in her throat, she stole another furtive glance in the direction of their captor, and her heart leapt riotously as she saw that, for the present, he had gone and they were alone in the room.

Her mother crossed swiftly to the long French window leading to the vine-covered loggia, and opened it cautiously. Outside, like a statue, stood at attention a sentry, stern and impassive. She closed the window softly, then leaned against it, weak in body and sick at heart; but only for a moment, for she was a mother of mothers, the kind who protect their young.

She crossed to the door and listened. From the next room came the tinkle of glasses and the sound of loud, brutish laughter. She shuddered,

then softly turned the key in the lock, and, leaving the door, showed a brave, smiling face to the two girls.

"My children," she said, in an even, glad voice, "fear no more—all danger is past!"

Little Dorothy was in her arms in an instant, strong in her trust in the motherly protection that had never yet failed during all her little span of happy life—tight in her mother's arms, close to her mother's wildly beating heart. "There, there, sweet!" cooed the agonized woman; "mother will not let them harm her little girl. Sit in this big chair; cuddle down and keep, oh, so quiet!"

There was wonderment in the soft, childish eyes so like the elder woman's, and yet so unlike. The child's eyes clouded only with childish grief and present sorrow; the woman's were heavy with the unspeakable woe of a coming tragedy too frightful for thought or utterance. With the wonder in the child's eyes there was also faith, the unshaken faith in a mother's promise. Behind the promise in the mother's eyes lay the burden of a duty far more cruel than the sting of a thousand deaths.

"Fear no more—all danger is past." Virginia wondered at the words, too, and was searching her mother's face for some solution of the apparently impossible. The woman read the look and caught her to her heart, holding her crushed close to that throbbing breast that fed and nourished her when she was a wee, helpless little mite, nearly twenty years ago.

No more helpless then than now, poor little Virginia, but helpless as you may be, mother-love and mother-strength are just as potent to protect and to save you from harm as when you were a tiny soft bundle with pink, rose-leaf fingers plucking gently at the bosom that was now so cruelly torn with heart-rending agony.

"GET OUT!" THE

"Mother, mother, dearest," she pleaded, "tell me!"

There was a look in the mother's eyes that had never been there before—a look of dumb agony, of self-sacrifice and sacrifice of more than self—the look of a lost soul passing thru the Valley of the Shadow. Virginia's eyes widened in slow-growing deathly horror—what was it her mother was whispering with white lips?

"No, no, mother," she cried—"not that!"

The inexorable look turned toward the big chair wherein was huddled a little girl. The inexorable whisper

RAUCOUS VOICE COMMANDED

fell on Virginia's heart like clods on a coffin:

"It is the only way."

From the bosom of her dress Virginia, with shaking fingers, a tremulous, brave smile on her lips, drew forth the pistol which had sounded the death-warrant of her father and her lover, that had removed Emanon from the face of the earth, and which still contained two unused cartridges.

## Chapter XX.

Thru the window a sinister bar of red sunlight splashed on the door leading into the next room. A brass-and-mahogany Empire clock on the mantel ticked monotonously. The only other sound in the quiet library was an occasional dry sob shaking the forlorn little figure in the great leather chair. In spite of mother's comforting assurance, the child's frightened eyes darted frequent, apprehensive glances toward the adjoining room.

Courage, little daughter! In the bloody war into which America has been plunged, many deeds of heroism will be done, countless acts of bravery and chivalry accomplished, but none so highly heroic, so splendidly courageous as the sublime sacrifice now taking place behind your chair!

Sweet Virginia, girlish, delicately nurtured, accustomed to elegance and luxury, unused to the harsh contact of the outside world; yet in this supreme moment she was living all the traditions of her race of strong, brave, virtuous American womanhood.

The look of horror had passed away from the girl's face, just as her girlishness had dropped like a mantle, revealing the woman beneath. The droop had gone from her shoulders; she stood erect, calm, inspired. Looking fearlessly, lovingly into her mother's eyes, she placed the weapon of death in the outstretched hand.

As the mother's fingers closed upon it a flash of madness crept into her eyes; then, holding herself under control with a mighty effort, she steadied for the final ordeal and, hiding the revolver behind her, advanced with firm step toward little Dorothy.

She looked so small in that big chair, so pitifully childish, and the dark eyes were so tragic, so appealing and so trustful.

"Ah, God! this cannot be! Dear God! Thou canst not, in Thy justice and mercy, permit this!"

The child started in nervous terror as she became conscious of the soft footfall behind her; then the pathetic little face lit up with a flash of her old sweet smile as she saw it was her mother bending over her.

Oh, mothers of Sparta! Your sorrows were never so frightful as the sufferings of this mother of America. Oh, Father Abraham! thou didst not approximate her agony when thou madest ready to sacrifice thy son Isaac, for thy heart, tho overflowing with a father's love, could not know the depth and power and strength and tenderness of the most sublime, unselfish thing in all creation—mother-love!

The soft little hand reached up so appealingly.

"Mother dear," she asked, smiling, "they will not hurt us?"

"No, no, my darling; they shall not touch you."

The fragile fingers were pressed to mother's dry lips. With her free hand she stroked for the last time the soft, glossy hair, and at the sweet contact the flood-gates of her agony were opened and hot, blinding tears rained down her face and fell on the dark, graceful head crushed close to her breaking heart.

"Oh, God in Heaven!" she prayed, "prevent this monstrous thing! Show me some other way——"

Thru the heavy paneled oaken door muffled shouts of coarse laughter, snatches of song in a hateful language and the thick-tongued growls of human animals inflamed and grown bestial with desire and drink and laxed discipline, fell upon the tortured, quivering nerves of the listening woman.

"Quick, there is no time to lose! Now—now, while some shreds of reason and strength and sanity remain——"

"Good-by, child of my heart, my baby girl! Come closer, closer—shut your eyes—nothing shall ever harm you again——" The handle of the

door rattled. "Quick, quick, it must be now!"

Virginia, turned to stone, every fiber of her body strained and tense to the breaking point, her great eyes glaring black out of a white, drawn face, her mouth opened to shriek but without the power, suddenly whirled away as she covered her horrified eyes. The soft, firm hand with the weapon was slowly coming into view.

Brutish faces leered drunkenly at each other, glasses were raised.

"Come away from that door, comrade! First a toast to the ladies—a toast to our fair captives: 'Wine, Woman and Song—Huzzah!'"

A muffled shot, a stifled scream, another shot, then silence.

*(To be concluded in the January number of the* Motion Picture Classic, *on sale at all newsstands on and after December 15th.)*

# WHAT LEADING CITIZENS SAY ABOUT CENSORSHIP

A Discussion by Prominent Citizens of the Issues Involved in a Wise and Broad-Minded Censorship of Moving Picture Films

With a view to determining the general attitude toward the subject of censorship, the Editor has addressed a letter to a number of prominent citizens in all walks of life, and herewith presents their opinions, without comment:

### Necessity for Law of Control

By John Wanamaker

I believe that, if the control of powder magazines is necessary to protect the bodies of human beings, there is a necessity for a law to control anything that affects the minds and souls of human beings—that they shall not be, thru their eyes or ears, led to communications with evil.

### Subdivision of Authority

By Roland G. Usher

I believe that the multitude of films to be passed upon makes it difficult for a single committee to function effectively, and, from an administrative point of view, I can see advantages from the subdivision of authority—closer scrutiny, less perfunctory judging, etc.

On the whole, I think subjects should be barred from the screen which rouse the passion rather than educate the intelligence, but I think that the dense, popular ignorance of sex matters—white slavery, etc.—can be corrected to advantage, and many people warned who might otherwise not be reached by literature, doctors, etc. How to determine the degree which arouses and contradistinguish it from information which helps is a difficult matter which I think only time and experience can settle. I do not believe any rule or theory can be devised by outsiders for the work of inspection which would not be likely to prove fallible.

### Censorship Bodies of Petrified Old Women Condemned

By Ellis Parker Butler

In my opinion a national censorship is preferable to any local censorship for two reasons: first, a national censorship gets the matter settled once and for all, avoiding unnecessary local interference with a matter of trade, which sometimes suffers from delay; secondly, a local censorship, in connection with lax or lacking censorships in other localities, is a source of advertising for improper plays. I may instance such ill-advised censoring as that done in certain book and picture matters by Anthony Comstock in New York, the effect being booms for the matters he suppressed. Local bodies are apt to differ vastly in their ideas of propriety, as they are composed of petrified old women in some places and of liberally-minded persons in others. Any censorship should be so general, and have such well-understood principles, that a Motion Picture manufacturer might be able to know in advance whether the play he proposed to produce would be approved or not. This is impossible with local censorship, varying in each locality. Local censorships, therefore, tend to degrade the art, suggesting an ultra safe dead level of inanity.

In my opinion, neither race antagonism, sex subjects, suicide, murder, drunkenness, nor gambling, are in themselves improper subjects for pictures. If they were improper by

nature, what would be needed would not be a censorship, but a law forbidding their use in pictures. I may instance "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Scarlet Letter," Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," any of Thackeray's novels, and several of Bret Harte's classics as instances, respectively, of proper uses of the mentioned themes. There are some so-called actresses in the Motion Picture business who would make the poor, saddened wearer of the scarlet letter a tenderloin rip. I dont think we can lump subjects and call one lump moral and another immoral. One actress will disrobe on the screen and get into bed, and the audience will feel its tears arise at sight of the chaste, immaculate purity of the woman portrayed; and in another scenario the disrobing act would be viciously degrading.

In my opinion, a useful censorship would not be one that would throw all of any type of picture or motif into the fire. Lopokova dances, and so does Little Egypt. Little Egypt herself dances the muscle dance, and also a whirling, dervish dance that is innocent and delightful. (Or she did; she may be dead now.) I can hardly imagine a subject that is not suitable for the screen, if properly introduced and properly portrayed. Such a question as "Should women carouse on the screen?" is manifestly misleading. Women, of course, should never carouse, but they do. Neither should villains pursue, nor heroes have to save maidens; but all these things happen in life and must be permitted to happen in romance, or there is no romance. The context and the mode of presentation are what make a reel permissible or objectionable. It is the old story of the boy who asked his mother if "coffer-dam" was a naughty word, and, when assured that it was not, said, "Well, our old cow just swallered a turnip, and I thought she'd coffer-dam head off." A censorship of Motion Pictures should not forbid mention of running water, or cows, or coffer-dams, but should see that, when coffer-dams are mentioned, they are used in connection with running water and not in connection with cows that have swallowed turnips.

### Uniform Censorship

By Dr. Anna Howard Shaw

I can say, in regard to one or two points of your communication, I see no more reason for prohibiting the carousing of women on the screen than for prohibiting the carousing of men. I think the carousing of either men or women is disgusting and vicious, as much in one case as in the other. Since men profess to be superior to women mentally, physically, and in all ways, I cannot see why it is not just as wrong for superior persons to carouse on screens as it is for inferior persons such as most men think women are.

But, considering the whole question, I believe there should be uniform censorship of photoplays and that they should not be left to local communities, because I know so much of the political situation of local communities that I can very readily see influences which might be brought to bear upon officials, which would permit the exhibition of subjects wholly undesirable. A uniform censorship body should be appointed by the National Committee, and on that committee there should be women as well as men. Subjects of race antagonism, suicide, murder, drunkenness and gambling, should all be eliminated.

While I agree that there should be a National Committee, it should be very carefully selected. It should not be composed of people who would be influenced by religious views, or who, in any way, would be incapable of distinguishing between the artistic and the vulgar, the educational films and the films which degrade and deprave. I personally think that photoplays, and exhibitions of all sorts, by this method could be made most useful and educational, but, as conducted at present, I do not feel that they are really helpful to our morals.

*(To be continued in the February issue)*

# A Silent Interview with Mary Pickford

By HOMER DUNNE

IT was at a semi-private entertainment in aid of a fund to send little kiddies of the poor for a two-weeks' summer outing, held recently at the most delightful suburban home of a New York lawyer, that my silent interview with little Mary Pickford occurred.

Miss Pickford, together with

SCENE WITH HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN "TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY"

During the interview Miss Pickford did not speak a word to me, nor I to her. Indeed, it is quite probable that she was totally unaware of my presence.

I had the rare good fortune to be present in my professional capacity as reporter for a local newspaper. George M. Cohan, Clifton Crawford and others prominent in the theatrical profession, had generously offered to appear and contribute something to the program.

Anything about Mary Pickford must necessarily be interesting, because Mary Pickford is a most intensely interesting person. So I thought the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, especially those who have never seen Miss Pickford personally, would be pleased to hear something about her from one who has enjoyed the privilege of quietly observing her from a new angle.

Mary Pickford is even more win-

some in person than when seen on the screen, which hardly seems possible—does it? In the pictures, in which so many hundreds of thousands of her admirers have eagerly and appreciatively watched her, one quite, or at least in large measure, misses the charm of the real Mary Pickford; there is lacking in the pictures the magnetism of her sunny, captivating personality.

As she appeared upon this occasion —a radiant vision of girlish beauty— she was irresistible. While she was admittedly somewhat nervous at being called upon to speak, she acquitted herself admirably. She immediately achieved, beyond question, a secure position in the affections of every one—a position from which she will, I know, never be dislodged. To see her face to face is to love her.

"I am here, and my heart is beating," said Miss Pickford, with a pretty hint of confusion in her voice and manner. She clasped her hands upon her heart and paused for a moment. Then she recovered her composure and proceeded without further hesitation.

Touching briefly upon her love for her work and her intense interest in Motion Pictures, Miss Pickford told of her first attempt at scenario writing. This was a picture the title of which was "Lena and the Geese," in which Miss Pickford took the part of Lena. The picture was shown later in the evening.

At the conclusion of the entertainment there was general dancing. It was while she was dancing that I saw a flash of the Mary Pickford with whom the public is so well acquainted. With a sudden sweeping swing of the arm and a roguish toss of the head, she removed her hat. It was done in an instant, yet in that instant the scene before me faded and there was a cutback to, say, "Fanchon the Cricket."

Again I saw that gay little, sad little, rollicking, romping, human will-o'-the-wisp, plunging pell-mell in headlong flight from the curious yet half-awed country-lad whom she set out to tease and learnt to love.

As I mused thus—the real Mary Pickford gliding at intervals before my eyes; her phantom prototype, elusive and tantalizing, fluttering before my mental vision—I realized, as never before, why it is that those who see her on the screen adore her, while those who have the happy privilege of knowing her personally cannot help but love her. Mary Pickford on the screen is mostly herself.

## History from the Screen

By OLIVER E. BEHYMER

The future historian who writes of our times,
Our social endeavors, our foibles and crimes,
Will find ready-made the material he needs
To interpret the motives that prompted the deeds.
'Tis simple: thru pictures the past lives again;
What he sees with his eye, he records with his pen.

The kangaroo walk and the new spineless pose;
All the late innovations in dances and clothes;
The hats and the coiffures milady prefers;
All the feminine charms inexpressibly hers,
Will be there for the writer who seeks to portray
A living account of the life of today.

Time shall not crumble our age at a breath;
We shall live with a spirit that's stronger than death;
And the men of tomorrow shall have handed down
A pageant of deeds and a wealth of renown—
Thru the god who resides in a perfect Machine,
We shall live as we are in the Soul of the Screen.

# Gets Her Photoplay Plots from the Bible

By WM. L. STIDGER

No wonder Mrs. Nell B. Bronson knows the heart of youth and has been able during the past year to give to the movie fans over forty of the most remarkable picture plays that have been produced. No wonder is it that she knows the heart of youth; no wonder she can catch the spirit of mischief and romance and love and tragedy that there is in college life, for was she not known to thousands of Stanford students for several years not as Mrs. Nell Bronson, the popular writer of unusual photoplays such as "Good-by, Summer," "The Barefoot Boy," "The Ways of Death," "Regeneration," "The Understudy," "The Wiles of a Siren," "The Potter and the Clay" and "Love's Sunset," but to them she was the genial, happy, pleasant assistant for many years in the post-office at Palo Alta and Stanford. And there she was known as Nell Booth Poole. Sounds like a theatrical name, doesn't it? And indeed Mrs. Bronson does trace her ancestry in a direct line back to the famous Booth family of actors.

NELL B. BRONSON

"Otherwise," she says, "I could never account for the fact that in a year's time, for some reason or other that neither myself nor my husband can quite fathom, the editors of the picture companies have accepted more than forty of my plays, most of them on presentation."

"Did you ever have any special training?" I asked Mrs. Bronson.

"No; only such as the picture editors themselves have been kind enough to give me in letters. Evidently they saw something in my stuff and nearly always they are willing to give me suggestions."

"Was your first play accepted?" was my next question. I knew how many thousands of aspiring authors would have asked her this very question if they had had the pleasure of spending an afternoon as I did, and so I asked for them, and

quick as a shot the answer came back, "It was!"

"What was your first scenario?"

"'Good-by, Summer.'" I had seen it, but when I saw it about a year ago I certainly thought that Mrs. Bronson had written it only after years of experience.

"Why did you get interested in writing scenarios?"

"Well, I was at a picture-show with my husband, and we just happened to run into a poor picture. I was disgusted, and when I came home I said to him: 'Why, I could write a better scenario than that thing we saw this evening.'"

"Well?" I questioned, waiting.

"And I did; for when I sent 'Good-by, Summer' away an acceptance came immediately, and since then I have been kept so busy that I haven't had a chance to talk with my husband for a month. So to get even with me he has written two plays himself, and has sold them both, also the first two he ever wrote."

"Where do you get your ideas?" I asked another question that any of the thousand-and-one fans would have asked next.

"Nearly all of them from the Bible," she replied.

I was surprised at this. Then she went on:

"Of course some of them dont sound like it when they get on the screen—nor look like it, either, For instance, one of the tragedies of my short life as a picture writer was when I wrote a play founded on the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, sold it to a prominent producing company, told my friends to go see it, and when I went myself, to my utter astonishment, they had turned a play founded on the Twenty-third Psalm into 'The Wiles of a Siren.' I cried all night when I got home, but I've gotten used to that now."

Lincoln is Mrs. Bronson's favorite character, and she has every book, every bust, every photograph, bronze, and plaster cast available, and her room is a perfect Lincoln memorial.

The photograph shows what Mrs. Bronson looks like. She might just have stepped out of her own picture, "Love's Sunset," as it is played by Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams, of the Vitagraph Company, or from——

But the picture speaks for itself. Yes, she was born. Even photoplay writers have to be born. In Menlo Park was the lucky place. She wouldn't tell me when; and I couldn't understand why, for if I were to meet her on the street I would take her for some young picture star. The only thing she would admit was that she has been married four years and that she expects to keep young forever by writing stories of the romance and love that come to youth.

And did I forget to tell you that her home is in San Francisco—462 Fourth Avenue? A good many picture stars and fans have found that out already, judging by the stacks of delightful letters that she receives every week about her plays.

## Lest We Forget

By HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON

Lest we forget that God is in His heaven,
Lest we forget that He will have His way,
Lest we forget to do as we'd be done by—
Heed to the message of the Photoplay.

Lest we forget to keep the Ten Commandments,
Lest we forget to act the Golden Rule,
Lest we forget to count our many blessings—
Hark to the teachings of the Movie School.

Lest we forget that Good will ever triumph,
Lest we forget that Right will win o'er Wrong,
Lest we forget in Life the best that's in it—
List to the Motion Picture camera's song.

# GUESS WHO THIS IS!

No, it is not Lillian Walker, altho it looks like that young lady will probably look two or three years from now——

No, it is not Lillian Walker, but it is her sister, Karin Walker Norman, of the Vitagraph Company, who is usually cast under the name of Karin Norman

# FAVORITE SCENES FROM FAVORITE PLAYS

By MABEL WARREN

SCENE FROM

MARY FULLER, a favorite because of her sweet personality and her finished work on the screen, is alert, full of vivacity and yet able to stir the emotions and cause a tug at the heart-strings if the occasion may require. In her letter to us in regard to her favorite scene, she sends her compliments for the excellent reproductions of her that have appeared in the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC and hopes, as do we, that her choice of scenes will please her "fans." To choose her favorite scene she found a difficult task, for, as she says, she tries to give all her characters an individual color and interest, and it was hard to choose between her beloved heroines. Of her first choice, shown on this and the following page, Miss Fuller writes:

"The scene of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, on her way to execution—a situation dramatic, tragic, powerful, poignant, tense, pathetic, requiring breadth of conception as well as delicacy of playing—is my first choice. It was a rôle heroic and lofty, and a moment big enough to move about in, a suspenseful moment of tragic antecedents and more tragic outlook, the depiction of a soul who has long passed the primer issues of life—the rudimentary bickerings of bread-winnings—and is interwoven with higher problems.

"While tragic rôles appeal to me most, I like a variety. The light, the humorous, the fantastic, the sinister, the bizarre, the mystic, the wholesomely conventional, all appeal to my imagination. Little Elise, in 'The Forester's Daughter,' was a favorite of mine, and I made her a mischievous, capricious, gay little flirt, in a fur skirt and tattered tunic, riding an ox down the mountainside to drive the cows home at sunset. And Eva Angelica in 'A Woodland Paradise,' who had never seen a man and was kist and married on the same day, I liked for her Greek dress and lack of sophistication. As for the bizarre type, I hugely enjoyed playing the Sphinx in 'A Daughter of the Nile.'"

From "The Heart of a Mermaid" is the scene at the top of a following page. Miss Fuller has been waiting five years to play a mermaid and hopes her screen friends will like this new film, for, as she says:

"It has caused me a bit of trouble, designing and having executed the tail, stripping and putting it on under a blanket, while hosts of Gloucester, Massachusetts, summer visitors looked on with absorbed interest and immunity from the promptings of meal-times, sunstroke or pleasure engagements. It nearly cost me my life when, during a scene on a surf-bound ledge, I was buffeted by

MARY FULLER

"MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS" (EDISON)

three large rollers, buried under tons of water and nearly washed into the deep—tail, wig and all. It caused me much exposure to the winds of heaven and elicited much choking and sputtering when I swam and flirted in the tail."

If this talented actress has tried to make this, her latest part, a success, we may be assured that it will be. Her interest in her work is unflagging, and her energy toward artistic betterment is boundless. These two very important facts will assist her in her endeavors to keep doing bigger and better things.

Success, in her opinion, comes from unalterable courage and the cultivation of one's natural gifts. She says:

"I think that the public wish to see in their theaters not only youth, beauty and talent, but also forceful ideas that will help them in their lives.

"The actor or business man who wishes to progress in his work, must offer to the public not only what it wants, but something a little better than his competitor. Those who choose the life of an artist must not waste their life on anything trivial or ignoble. I always try, in selecting a film for myself, to look at it from the point of view of the audience—which should be that of the artist. I try to give them something that will seem somewhat different to their jaded appetites."

That most of her parts have been heroines in "heart dramas"—girls of love rather than of daring—is, Miss Fuller says, because she is tender-hearted and broad in her sympathies.

MARY FULLER

SCENE FROM "THE HEART OF A MERMAID"

HENRY WALTHALL

EDGAR ALLAN POE IS EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE
SCENE FROM "THE RAVEN" (ESSANAY)

# UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

As It Looked to the People of Squaretown

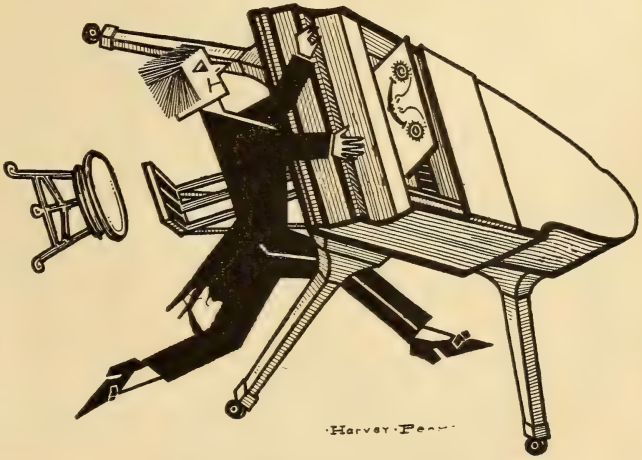
UNCLE TOM

SIMON LEGREE

ELIZA AND THE BLOODHOUNDS

TOPSY

LITTLE EVA




ANIMATED MUSIC IN THE ORCHESTRA
WHILE ELIZA IS BEING PURSUED

# The Dancing Girl of the Movies

By GRAHAM BAKER

SOME months ago the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was the scene of a gold-and-white breakfast, at which a number of New York's exclusive set gathered to be entertained by music, dancing and a repast.

It was announced that Miss Jewell Hunt would give an exhibition in dancing. To the strains of the dreamy tango out on the floor glided a couple, swaying with perfect rhythm thru the sensuous measures of the Argentine dance. To say that the girl created a sensation would be putting it mildly, for it was not until she had bowed and retired that they awoke from the spell of her dancing and personality and gave her the applause she so well deserved.

Commodore Blackton was one of those to fall under the sway of her charm and watched every movement and expression that proclaimed her an exceptional artist. Himself a poet and artist, he realized the remarkable ability of the girl before him. After the dance there was a universal expression of regret that such a performance could not be perpetuated.

"Why, it can easily be done," said Commodore Blackton, who had forgotten for the moment that he was one of the controlling factors in the Vitagraph Company.

Now thoroly alive to the interests of his company, he placed a proposition before the girl. She accepted, and in this manner did Jewell Hunt become one of the Vitagraph stock company. She reported at the studio in Flatbush, and altho the silent drama was entirely new to her, she quickly became "camera wise" and displayed such an understanding of the rôles in which she was cast that she required but little rehearsing and prompting.

Miss Hunt possesses every attribute that a successful Motion Picture actress should have, and no small part of her value to the films is her unusual type of beauty. So many players with undoubted good looks lose their individuality thru their resemblance to some other star. Not so with Jewell Hunt, however. One cannot say of her that "She looks like some one I've seen," or that "She reminds me of somebody or other."

Her unstudied naturalness is an added asset to the personality Miss Hunt owns—that intangible something which makes her spectators laugh when she laughs, cry when she cries, and causes them to forget that the dainty little girl before their eyes is merely a photographic image on the screen.

Dancing has always been her passion. She was one of the first to properly interpret the modern dances, and, under the patronage of a well-known society woman, she conducted the Dolly Varden Studio, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, Manhattan, where she numbered among her clientele some of the exclusive set. The Dolly Varden

(*Continued on page* 170)

# Motion Pictures in Australia

By WILLIAM WAREHAM

THE CINEMA, as an amusement in Australia, has come to stay. There can be no two opinions as to the veracity of the above statement. Picture shows are everywhere, and, what is more, they are no mere marquee slip-shod arrangements, but substantial buildings erected specially for cinematograph purposes. The very small outback towns are certainly still in the "tent" stage as regards the cinema show, but every town of any pretense has a much superior class of building.

It should be distinctly borne in mind that all Motion Picture growth in this country has been a matter of the last few years only. Prior to that the whole industry seemed to hang fire, and it is only since 1910 that the "boom" has started. In that year there were but two or three evening shows in Sydney, for instance, whereas now, in the same city, there are close on twenty continuous shows alone. Before going any further it would perhaps be as well to mention that the "continuous" (or 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.) performance is comparatively a recent innovation. Even now it is only the city shows that put on a continuous screening. In the suburbs the old order (8 P. M. to 10.30 P. M. or thereabouts) still holds good.

We have many fine picture theaters in Australia. Taking those of Sydney and suburbs as an example, there will be found, among other fine shows, the following: the Grand, Globe and Majestic, controlled by Waddington's, Ltd.; the Crystal Palace, Lyric, Empress and Colonial, under the direction of the Greater J. D. Williams Amusement Company, Ltd., and the Strand, controlled by Strand Pictures, Ltd. These theaters are all in the city itself, but there are many excellent shows in the suburbs.

The region of film producing, releasing and importing is entered by several firms in Australia. In Sydney, for instance, there are Australian Feature Films, Ltd., and Clement Mason, Ltd., among others. Latterly several films depicting the landing of the Australian troops at Gallipoli, interwoven with a strong dramatic interest, have been produced and released by firms in this country.

The taste of the picture-loving section of the Australian public runs to clean, powerful dramas and comedies free from coarseness and not too overdrawn. One of the most gratifying features of recent years has been the distinct improvement manifested in the moral tone of the films imported into this country from oversea. The vast bulk of picture audiences have no morbid craving after the suggestive, and films which tend to display any tendency toward such are far better left off the program.

Serial films are having a great run of popularity in Australia at present.

Coming to the players themselves, we find one man, as far as popularity is concerned, head and shoulders above his fellows, both male and female. That man is Charles Chaplin, who makes Australia laugh day and night. It is no exaggeration to say that at present there is a Chaplin craze on this continent. No other comedian, not even excepting the late lamented John Bunny, has ever approached Chaplin in ability to make audiences laugh; in that respect he stands alone.

Other popular actors are Earle Williams, Marc MacDermott and "Fatty" Arbuckle, whilst among the ladies who are picture actresses Mary Pickford holds pride of place in the hearts of Australian cinema audiences.

In conclusion, it might be added that the vast majority of the Australian picture theaters are exceedingly well patronized by the public. It is no uncommon sight to see crowds of people patiently waiting their turn

to enter a show which is already packed to the doors. Such excellent patronage as this undoubtedly goes to show the wonderful attraction that the cinematograph has for Australians. Apart altogether from actual attendance at the shows, however, there are numerous evidences of the grip of the movies on young and old alike. Visit any Australian home and ere you have been there half an hour you are sure to hear some conversation relating to "the pictures," as they are almost universally termed in this country. Incidentally, you will hear nothing but what is good said of them as regards their instructive and entertaining and wholesome attributes.

A MOVING PICTURE IN THREE SCENES
(Fill in the missing scenes with your imagination)

## BESSIE EYTON, OF THE SELIG COMPANY

PERHAPS some day a comprehensive history will be written of the formative years of the Motion Picture drama, and then there will be one chapter which will stand out in full contrast with all the rest of the world's performances which have made the photodrama both great and popular.

The eccentric figure that will do all that is none other than Miss Bessie Eyton, a woman with a different biography. Her success has been the triumph of individuality; her progress has been made in spite of the traditional training which seems to be essential. She is a leading woman of the Selig Company, who is yet a mere girl in years. She entered photodrama without any former stage training. In fact, she just "grew up" in the great outdoors of California without any knowledge of the big city till she came in "off the range" to act before the camera. She is the "redhead" in pictures and to her companions just "Philosophical Bess."

She is one of the most accomplished actresses on the screen today. She is natural always, and, like the great artists, she carries that quality of naturalness and simplicity thruout her daily life. She is an "outdoor" woman from the ground up; a native of that wonderful California. The sunshine of that beautiful land seems to have burned her hair to a luxuriant Titian red. She was born in that quaint town of Santa Barbara, where the atmosphere lingers; and our Bess can ride and swim equally well.

During her childhood Miss Bessie built up a wonderful constitution and acquired an ability to do stunts of all kinds which probably have seldom been equaled by other picture artists. As a swimmer her prowess is known the length of the Pacific Coast. She is as fearless and as graceful as a seal either in or under the water. She has dived from the masts of ocean steamers, rescued near-perishing actors from the pound-

ing surf and brought jewels from the briny depths.

Miss Bessie delights to perform with wild animals. In daring she is at ease in wild and picturesque characters and in performing physical feats necessary to make those parts impressive. Stunts and wild-animal melodramas are not the height of Miss Eyton's ambition, however. Emotional leads of the more refined type and character studies which bring out the compelling femininity of her own nature are her favorites. And it is on those she is building up her lasting artistic fame.

Miss Eyton entered pictures in an unusual way. She never had previous education in the profession, or travel which ripens a knowledge for the stage work. She simply drifted into a picture show and later became an "extra" there. That was six years ago, and she has never worked under other than the original Selig trademark.

One of the most startling stunts ever performed by a woman in Moving Pictures was accomplished by Miss Eyton in the story "Lavinia." In a scene she fell backward from a second-story window of a burning house. She escaped uninjured.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Miss Eyton, despite her youth and lack of contact with the world at large, is probably the most married woman in the United States. Her popularity in romantic rôles has led her into alliances with at least a few hundred husbands—camera husbands, all of them. ALBERT LEVIN ROAT.

## MARGUERITE CLAYTON, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

A FAINT speck on the horizon developed into the figures of a man and a woman astride racing steeds. Soon I recognized both of them—who wouldn't?—the world renowned "Broncho Billy" and Miss Marguerite Clayton, the Broncho Girl of the Essanay Company.

Miss Clayton dismounted in true Western fashion and greeted me cordially. She did not betray the slightest fatigue, altho she had just finished a five-hour grind of nerve-racking, hair-breadth, scene-making episodes for a "Broncho" picture which later would please hosts of admirers the world over. Miss Marguerite smiled bewitchingly and spun a strand of golden brown hair round a chubby finger. Yes; Miss Marguerite is plump, but her one hundred and twenty-seven pounds are well distributed over her five foot three inches of youthful winsomeness.

"Well," she began, in her usual hearty manner, "you warned me that you were coming to Niles for an interview, and you have kept your word."

We strolled up the path which led to the studio, the Far Western home of the Essanay Company. It is situated in a fertile valley circumscribed by lofty mountains. The scenery, climate and topographi-

cal area are indeed ideal for the background of the "Broncho Billy" pictures.

The walls of Miss Clayton's dainty room at the studio are literally covered with photographs of her favorite movie players. Everything is attractively arranged, which is another proof of her painstaking thoroness—the keynote of her success.

"Tired?" she repeated inquiringly. "Why, no—I never get fatigued making pictures. I love to work them out. That's why I am a movie player."

And so she does love her work. Her earnest, blue eyes proved her assertion beyond a doubt. Miss Clayton's naturalness on the screen is merely her true self as she is in everyday life.

"How long have I been in pictures? About eighteen months. No; I never apprenticed on the legitimate stage. You see, I began my career in pictures, and since, guided by the masterful directorship of Mr. Anderson, who writes all the 'Broncho Billy' stories himself, I have developed into a real leading lady."

"What is your real incentive for picture work, Miss Clayton?"

"Well," she smiled, "I love the characters that I portray. I love the great outdoors, nature, my pony, and the excitement of the everyday experience."

"But how about emotions, heart-throbs, risks—do you have them, too, Miss Clayton?"

"Oh, yes, lots of them almost every day! Surely you understand they are necessary to make a picture real and its moral true. Realism is the *reel* feature always. We must appear real and natural to convince the audience. Besides, you must remember, please, that my profession is indeed a serious business with me. There are many requisites absolutely demanded to depict a part faithfully. It is all acting—depicting a character true to life. Never does a picture artist get the opportunity to distract the audience with a single word to cover up a defect somewhere else."

"What do you consider the true essentials for a picture-player's success, and do you believe the photo-drama offers every woman with talent a livelihood?"

"Truthfully, it does not give every woman the opportunity she desires." And Miss Clayton's tone was convincing. "First of all, a woman must be prepared to endure hardships not demanded in other vocations, and she must 'get away with' them gracefully. She must possess personality. Of course I dont mean great beauty, but

a personal charm and attractiveness of manner capable of magnetizing her audience and making them love her. Personal charm spells success. Then, too, she must have talent that can be developed—some natural ability to do things in a true-to-life manner.

"Picture-players cannot hear their audience applaud their efforts to please, but we do get the benefit of the echo which measures our success or failure with our company. To win success on the screen, a woman must have talent to portray a character as a painter depicts a scene on canvas, in a convincing, forcible manner.

"Besides all that, she must possess ability—courage to attempt difficult feats that will make a scene real. Realism in pictures is demanded by the director and public alike. If a woman-artist cannot create a lasting impression on the minds of her audience, then she never can hope to attain any marked degree of success. It is the little characteristic mannerism of each individual that makes pictures enjoyable.

"Personally, I know there are many women working in offices, stores and factories who could 'make good' in pictures because they possess personality. Of course they must have a trial to show their qualities. After that they must persist to please the director, and try, and keep on trying, to perfect each scene. A woman must study every character to be portrayed and strive to make it lifelike always. She must obey rules and regulations as set forth by her director. She must act her part naturally and appear unconscious of the camera, yet remember that it registers every move and gesture. And, above all else, she must have the incentive to reach the top rung of the ladder of success."

Dr. A. L. Roat.

## BESSIE BARRISCALE, OF THE N. Y. M. P. CORPORATION

Do you remember that fine old English melodramatic classic, "The Lights o' London"?

I believe it was Wilson Barrett who first introduced to us the famous story of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jarvis, of "the temple of the legitimate"; their little son, Shakespeare; the "general utility" man who is always hungry, and the handsome hero who escapes from Portland Prison and is sheltered in the traveling caravan of the Jarvises. Delightful old play that thrilled us a decade ago and was, without doubt, one of the finest examples of melodrama extant and rivaled perhaps only by the equally dear old "Silver King."

I simply recall that English piece of thirty years ago for the reason that it was indirectly the cause of thousands of photoplay lovers being able to enjoy at the present day the splendid work of Miss Bessie Barriscale. This talented little lady's father came out to this country with the first London company presenting "The Lights o' London" in America. Then it so happened that several years later he joined the forces of the late James A. Hearne, whose famous "Shore Acres" was the vehicle thru which little Bessie made her initial bow on the stage.

It is rather interesting to note that at the age of fourteen Miss Barriscale actually understudied Katherine Kidder and acted many good rôles with Louis James—Shakespearean rôles at that. At fifteen she played leads and continued to do so until she forsook the speaking stage for the Motion Pictures. As an ingénue, her first leading man was that sterling actor, Russ Whytal, who once remarked, with a look of feigned despair: "Bessie Barriscale makes me feel very, very old." All the old-school actors of that day—Louis James, Russ Whytal, Charles Coghlan and James A. Hearne—simply loved the modest, unassuming young actress, and she could not have been associated with a finer lot of artists from whom to glean her early stage experience.

"Keep your eye on Bessie Barris-

cale. She is a most delightful and natural young actress."

Such was the admonition of Louis James one day, on meeting Richard Willis, of the New York Motion Picture Corporation. Naturally, Mr. Willis became interested and went to see the new star of the speaking stage, who was fast making a name for herself. As he watched Miss Barriscale's admirable work in "The Rose of the Rancho," he remembered Louis James' words and lost no opportunity of seeing the young star perform.

It was Cecil De Mille, however, who first induced Miss Barriscale to enter the Motion Picture field. He was extremely anxious for her to play her original rôle in "The Rose of the Rancho," and the artiste herself, delighted with the thought of playing in the old piece which she had come to love, consented. All who have seen her in this photoplay are well aware how quickly the stage star adapted herself to the screen. Then it came about that the astute Thomas H. Ince invited Miss Barriscale to join his forces at Santa Monica, and so the stage has lost, and the pictures have gained, something that both need badly—a painstaking actress of great natural ability, forceful and restrained as circumstances warrant, and withal an attractive personality. Bessie Barriscale possesses all of these—and much more.

Comparatively new to the pictures, Bessie Barriscale has already intrenched herself in the hearts of photoplay lovers, who have come almost to adore her. As for the company with which she is associated, the New York Motion Picture Corporation, they are said to have long ago recognized her extraordinary ability and to have shown particular foresight and acumen in securing her on a long and exceedingly generous contract.

Miss Barriscale is a welcome addition to the screen. There are stars without number who are good for a picture or two—some have never got beyond their first picture. Their stage reputations have made the ven-

BESSIE BARRISCALE

ture of placing them upon the screen worth while—that is, in many instances. But, unfortunately, there have been a deplorable number of failures upon the screen on the part of actors and actresses whose names have become a household word on the speaking stage. They have either been too dreadfully stagey, or else think so high-and-mightily of their own capabilities, that it is very difficult, in fact well nigh impossible, to make them understand that the methods of the speaking stage are not those of the screen. Bessie Barriscale has none of these undesirable ideas. She was a success in Motion Pictures from the very first, and her excellent work up to the present is a sure indication that as a prime favorite her vogue will continue to grow.

There are two photoplays in particular in which the artistic work of Miss Barriscale will live in the memories of picture-lovers for many a long day. I refer to "The Cup of Life" and "The Reward," both of which are superb vehicles for the display of this artiste's admirable acting. In the first-named she takes the rôle of a girl who loves the pleasant things of life and abhors the mean side of poverty and want. She gradually but easily takes the sunnier route which eventually ends in ruin. In this little photo-gem Miss Barriscale holds her audience enthralled from the happy beginning to the miserable end. Her acting is superb, and it is only fair to say that she is admirably supported by Mr. Arthur Maude, another well-known stage star who has "made good" in the pictures.

In "The Reward" we have a similar theme, with a different "twist." Miss Barriscale here takes the rôle of a girl of the chorus who is not like other chorus-girls, inasmuch as she dislikes the fast life she sees all around her and makes a noble effort to remain good in the midst of it all. Then a man-about-town (Mr. Arthur Maude) makes a wager with some of the girls of the chorus that he will win "the icicle" over to the "white lights" and the gayety of *his* world. He manages to take her to supper, where he begins his ignoble crusade, and where the beauty and innate goodness of the girl compel his admiration and respect and, moreover, completely alter his former cynical views of life—and women. He falls in love with her and decides to tell her that he is all wrong and that there is "one good woman in the world." But in the meantime our heroine is discharged by the stage-manager for being late, and, with no one else to turn to, she decides that the easy and roseate way is, after all, the only one possible. So she goes to the rooms of the man-about-town to give herself up to him, body and soul. Then it is that he realizes what it all means. "My God! what have I done!" he exclaims to himself in agony. He tries to dissuade her from her course, but her mind is made up. Then the innate nobleness of the man comes to the surface, and he decides to save her, if he can. In the meantime he has given the girl the key to his room, where, he reassures her, she will never be molested by him. She goes to the room, and in the corridor of the hotel is appealed to by a physician who is in attendance at the bedside of a woman in the next room who is about to become a mother. He begs her to sit with the woman. Our heroine gladly does so, and there, witnessing the glory and the uplift of "untainted motherhood," she goes back to the man-about town, gently takes him by the hand to a window looking into the next room and, with a face glorified by a new happiness, points to the happy mother and her babe. Then it is that he realizes the full extent of his great love for her and takes her in his arms and kisses her.

What a theme, and what splendid acting Bessie Barriscale puts into the gripping story! When the happy end comes, the audience, with eyes tear-bedimmed, rise with the full knowledge that they have seen a remarkable piece of acting. It is one of the best things Bessie Barriscale has ever done. ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

## FROM MY CAR WINDOW

By RUTH ROLAND

"WHAT do I like best?" Answered impulsively, it would be "flowers," but, on second thought, I would say: "Riding in my car among the flowers—the flowers of California."

If Van Dyke's boy, in his search for the Blue Flower of Happiness, had wandered thru the fields of California, I am sure he would have found both his wonderful Blue Flower and the Happiness he sought.

RUTH ROLAND

Surely the flowers of California are symbols of happiness, as are the blue skies and the wonderful, shining sun. Both of them, in my work, hold for me a charm undying. What could be more inviting, more inspiring than to start out early on a glorious morning with a radiant sun beaming down upon you and all nature shedding its benediction on you and your efforts?

Environment is recognized as an asset to work, whether it mar or make it, and truly one cannot but do his or her best work in that environment of wondrous beauty. Some one has called flowers "Smiles of God," and I love that name best for them.

My automobile is my inseparable friend. It takes me to those surroundings I love best—the green fields and flowers. But at other times, when I am waiting for a certain scene in my dressing-room at the studio, I have my books at hand, which bring me close to my beloved outdoors.

Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air" and his collection of stories under the title, "The Blue Flower," are bits that I admire. Also I read Service's poems. For more serious moments I enjoy Emerson's essays, which all combine with the great heart of nature to give the philosophy of life which, if followed, cannot but help bring true happiness — a freedom from narrowness of mind and a serenity of spirit.

From my car window I see other things besides flowers. Recently, while riding along Broadway — Broadway, Los Angeles — I saw something that proved to me very forcibly that the funny incidents of life are akin to pathos and that it is but a step from one to the other.

A small boy was standing on the sidewalk outside one of the large stores in the city. In his arms he held a cute little rabbit—an Easter bunny, for it was Easter-time.

"Here's where you get your Easter rabbit," he cried. But with each shrill call there came a look into that youngster's eyes that proved he hoped no one would heed his words.

As the passers-by sauntered along, the boy would gaze into the little creature's eyes, as much as to say: "They didn't hear me offer you for sale, and I still have you, bunny dear." Then he hugged his pet close to his breast.

And as I continued to gaze thru my

car window, I saw a small girl, accompanied by her mother, approach that youthful vendor. She heard his offer to sell the rabbit and paused and whispered into her mother's ear. The rabbit was purchased. Slowly the little chap handed his pet over to its new owner, and just as slowly he pocketed the money. Then, with longing eyes he watched the little girl walk proudly away with her pet—his pet. Presently he picked up his basket and, with a last glance, dropped his head, and his step was weary-like as he trudged on his way.

To me that incident seemed like a tragedy—a little one, of course, but, oh! so big to the heart that loved and cherished that Easter bunny. And yet to many of those pedestrians who saw that very same incident—the small boy offering his pet for sale because he wanted two bits for Easter spending—it was only a funny occurrence.

## THINGS AUDIENCES DONT KNOW

By FRED C. TRUESDELL

In a certain picture Jack Johnston and I were supposed to be mining partners. We were lost on the hot, dry desert and wandered about for several days, and I, being the weaker one, was almost exhausted from the long walk and nearly crazed from thirst. We were supposed to have sighted water in the distance, and Jack was assisting me along by main strength. Here the director wanted me to fall and say, "No, Jack, old pal, I can go no further. Leave me and save yourself."

Then Jack was to reply, "No, no, no! It is only a short distance to the water. Come on, cheer up and we'll soon be there," etc. Also he was to pick me up, throw his arm round me, and we were to struggle on past the camera. I was supposed to wear a pained expression because I was very near death's door.

Everything worked out satisfactorily till the director ordered the camera man to begin, and, as we neared the camera and I assumed my pained, woebegone expression and sank to the ground, Jack muttered under his breath:

"Come on, you big stiff; what do you think I am, anyway—a draught-horse? You big boob, you are as well as I am. Hey, lay off my back; do you want to break it?"

Instead of the expression the director most desired, I wore a fine, expansive grin that would have done very well for a comedy scene. A good cussing from the director, a retake,

FRED TRUESDELL

and Jack's innocent, baby-like face and his whispered voice murmured low so the director could not hear:

"For heaven's sake, Fred, dont do those things. Remember it costs money to eat up film like that. We *are* thirsting to death as far as the audience knows."

And I didn't have the heart to tell the director how it all happened, but after that I was "camera-wise," and Jack's fool remarks, as we fought unto the death or ran counter to each other over a pair of blue eyes, were passed up by me without a smile. If I smiled, it was only in my brain.

## A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By MAURICE COSTELLO

"My life," said Maurice Costello, the Vitagraph star, "has not been all roses. I began the business of life at an early age to help support the family. First I started as a printer's devil at small wages and no chance for advancement whatever. Fortunately, tho, I developed a desire to enter theatricals—the amateur ones. When I was twenty I had my first professional engagement with the Davis Stock Company.

MAURICE COSTELLO

"I continued on the legitimate stage till six years ago, when I began playing for the Vitagraph Company as extra. The crude cameras and projecting machines of that period and the style of Motion Pictures were annoying to the actor. But I evolved the 'slow motion' style of acting, which is now used by almost every pictorial star of importance.

"I enjoyed my work in those varied theatrical experiences. But I like pictures better. My strong facial features, inventive and constructive ability and that new style of slow acting won for me a reputation on the screen. I was, according to reports, the first international Motion Picture star. I am still with the Vitagraph Company and direct as well as act parts.

"It was in December of 1913 that I was chosen to head a company of players on a trip around the world. The tour required an entire year. Scenes were made in almost every country we visited. It was the most successful tour ever attempted by film producers. I desired to make good, and I used every means to gain that result.

"Yes, my repertoire numbers some three hundred dramatic plays and more than one thousand photoplays. During my association with the Vitagraph Company I have portrayed almost every character, from a servant to Christ. I appeared as the Savior in 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

"All my life I have loved athletic sports. Automobiling and boxing are two of the pleasures I enjoy most. I am what you can term a club man, because I keep up my membership in several organizations and clubs.

"My two daughters have appeared in pictures because I believe it is advisable to give them every opportunity I did not get, and to develop every bit of ability and ingenuity they possess for future use.

"Pictures have broadened in their scope of usefulness to the public. Their educational value is already assured. The cheap, meaningless pictures are being crowded out by the high-class variety that one sees upon the screen which teach a moral lesson, or instruct, elevate and delight."

## ONE EVENTFUL DAY

By MABEL TRUNNELLE

The finished "movie" picture does not always show all the incidents which occur while making up the scenes.

Last year, fourteen members of the Edison Company journeyed over the

Canadian Pacific on a special train made up of a sleeper, a diner, baggage, dressing-room and a drawing-room coach. We left Montreal for Victoria, stopping one or more days in different towns to "make scenes."

The particular day in question we ran onto a siding at Field, B. C. After we "made up" we got into automobiles and began a trip across the prairie for a two-thousand-head cattle-ranch to make some thrilling and realistic scenes for a round-up picture.

We worked diligently till noon. After lunch, as our party sat discussing ranch-life, I decided it would be great sport to take a ride on one of the horses. I had never been astride a horse in my life; I didn't know a blessed thing about them, but I determined to venture on one. Of course I had heard riders say "Whoa," and I believed that was all that was necessary to make them stop.

MABEL TRUNNELLE

No sooner had I decided to take a ride than I climbed upon the back of a meek-looking animal. He started straight for a bunch of cattle. As we neared those steers, I became panic-stricken and yelled "Whoa" at the top of my voice and tugged at the bridle frantically. Believe me, that pesky brute didn't even hesitate.

As my mount furrowed into the herd of cattle, my danger became more apparent and I screamed loudly for help. Of course my shouts excited the animal—he ran faster. However, I had the presence of mind to cling to the pommel of the saddle. But it seemed as tho "my time had *came*."

In the meantime, several cowboys, realizing my danger, sprang on horses and pursued my fleet-footed steed. They arrived just as my horse plunged into the midst of that angry, bellowing bunch of cattle. I shivered with nervous excitement as I clung to the man who had rescued and lifted me on his horse in true Western style.

Altho I was literally snatched from the jaws of death, more incidents were to follow that eventful day. When we left the ranch and began our return journey to the train, a storm overtook us, and soon every one of us was drenched to the skin. The water ran out of our shoes. The rain finally turned to hail. Those hailstones were the size of a hen's egg. They beat down upon us furiously, and, to protect our faces, we covered our heads with folded newspapers. When the hail subsided, forked tongues of lightning burst from the skies, and, striking the dry prairie grass within a hundred yards of our car, set it afire, despite its previous wetting.

The chauffeur, too, had his own troubles. The car skidded and turned in circles on that water-soaked sod. To make matters worse, one of the men in our party, who had previously been struck by lightning, lost the use of his arm. After a hasty debate, we decided to abandon the automobile, lest the lightning strike it and explode the gasoline. So we lay down upon our faces on the wet earth till the storm had spent its course.

We arrived at Field, at last, glad to quit the "great outdoors."

# LIMERICKS! LIMERICKS!!

You'll Be Saying These in Your Sleep!
Go to Bed with a Limerick—Better Than a Hot Brick
Take One at the Office—Better Than a Light Lunch

A CHICKEN once got a chest nut bur caught in its crop. Was it worried? Not so! It was envied by the whole feathered barnyard. Same with a limerick. Get one stuck in your brain and you'll cackle over it for a week. When you're quite thru having fun with it, send it to us and we will try to let others "in on it." "Parlor tricks" and "small talk" are out of date; when calling on your best girl, toss her a few bright limericks and she's yours for life. For the four best limericks about photoplays or players we offer $5, $3, $1, and $1 each month. The first four pull down the "velvet" this month:

## CLEVER FRUIT-TREE GRAFTING.

EDNA MAYO and Washburn, I do declare,
Are the best looking couple I've seen anywhere;
But it gets me that each
Can be such a *peach,*
While together they make such a *pair.*

LILLIAN CLOONEY.
1446 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## ALSO ORGAN AND BAGPIPE.

ED EARLE collects pipes, it is said—
Here's a question that bothers my head:
With joy I would shout,
Could I only find out
If they're gaspipe or stovepipe or lead.

JAMES J. BOYLAN, JR.
354 Wythe Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## PERHAPS IT'S THE "IRON STRAIN."

LEO WHITE, you are puzzling my brains
With a mystery nothing explains,
How you wallow thru miles
Of slap-sticky trials,
But the crease in your trousers remains!

ALMA E. HILTON.
226 Main St., Melrose, Mass.

## AN ENTRÉE FROM 'LYMPUS.

HERE's to the Goddess, Anita—
There's never a one who can bita.
We know by the way
The fans love her that they
Think she's so nice they could ita.

MRS. WALTER P. RATHELL.
Waco, Texas.

## AGAIN THOSE CHAPLIN FEET.

CHARLIE went into a shoe-store one day,
A pair of shoes to procure;
The salesman said, "I have not size eighteen,
But this shoe-box will fit you, I'm sure."

CONNIE MOSKOWITZ.
688 Broadview Ave., Toronto.

## A CARMEN LIMER"HIC."

WHEN Carmen was shown at Del Mar,
The marshal was there with his star—
"No smoking allowed,"
He solemnly vowed,
But she smoked just the same, did Farrar.

MAURICE ANDERSON.
Hayward, Calif.

# LIMERICKS! LIMERICKS!!

## A DECORATIVE SISTER.

Dorothy Gish was once heard to exclaim,
"How my dressing-room looks is a shame!"
So she got paint and brush,
Went to work with a rush—
And the painters are getting the blame.

Mrs. Will Baumgartner.
3643 Arkansas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## PROBABLY TWINS.

It must have caused some aching hearts,
For there outside on the picture charts,
In letters bold and colors bright,
Was billed the picture for the night:
"She lost her child—In two parts."

Reed R. Harrington.
437 W. Sixth Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

## HERBERT PRIOR.

There was a young actor called Prior,
A villainous Ed'son live wire,
From his toes to his grin,
He was six feet of sin,
And his presence cold chills did inspire.

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

## WE DONT BELIEVE IT!

A farmer who came to New York,
Went out one day for a walk.
He bought drink after drink,
Then he had a good think,
And into a Movie did stalk.
The place it was full—so was he;
But when he saw Mary Fuller, by gee!
He near had a fit,
And reckoned he'd quit,
So he nevermore went on a spree.

Cornelius Shea.
218 Fisher Ave., Tottenville, N. Y.

## CLARA'S DIGESTIBLE EYES.

A film actress named Clara K. Young,
Whose fame will reach to the sun;
She has wonderful eyes,
The size of mince pies,
And she knows how to use 'em, by gum!

J. E. McGowan.
516 No. 6th St., Richmond, Calif.

## THEY'RE STILL IN THE HALL OF FAME.

Where are the actors that used to be?
Costello, Anderson and Johnson, three?
They are the ones we all admired—
Are they acting yet, or were they fired?

Rose Carolan.
23 Lincoln St., Beacon, N. Y.

## ALWAYS ENGAGED.

To "F. X." we must give the credit,
When pathos is filmed, he can get it.
Of humor a few,
An athlete, too,
But the pace of love-making, *he* set it.

I. D. Hartnett.
4 Cottage St., E. Norwalk, Conn.

## "THE MISERIES OF MEG," Etc.

We are fond of the Pictures, no doubt,
At the Keystones we laugh and we shout,
But those "Serial Sillies"
Just give us the "Willies,"
Cut them out, my dear friends, cut them out!

Bessie R. Wing.
12 Middle St., Augusta, Maine.

# The New Charlie Chaplin

By J. B. HIRSCH

HERE'S a new Charlie Chaplin! The most universally known slapstick comedian of the film has burst the tawdry chrysalis of that Charlie Chaplin of the English music-hall manner and manners. The old Charlie Chaplin has seen that the very methods by which his personality achieved success now imperil his unprecedented reputation by alienating a great part of the American public, to whom the novelty of his fun-making appeals less as familiarity with his farce bares offensive vulgarities. He has realized the menace to his popularity, which has made him not at all "up-stage," and pursues a new fame, to be built on the basis of a more delicate art that will not countenance the broad sallies his old technique demanded—methods that his new metamorphosis eliminates as not in keeping with the American conception of humor.

This is the impression of the National Board of Censorship, gained by W. W. Barrett, of the executive staff of the board, in an interview recently with Mr. Chaplin in the Essanay studios in Los Angeles. Mr. Barrett, who returned the early part of this week from a tour of the United States made in the interests of the censorship board, had much to tell about his experiences with many of the world's greatest Motion Picture directors and actors. Charlie Chaplin, the director, actor, writer and manager of his own pictures, impressed Mr. Barrett more than did any of the other screen personalities with whom he came in contact.

Secretary Barrett explained that the National Board of Censorship had taken an unusual interest in Chaplin's work, and expressed his belief that there are great possibilities in the comedian's future work, both as a helpful influence in a community and as a factor in the artistic development of the Motion Picture.

An intimate afternoon spent with Chaplin in and about his studio served to convey to the censor impressions of Charlie Chaplin, not as we see him—cutting up funny capers and making faces—but "close-up" impressions which revealed Chaplin the artist and the business man. His critic found him to be—unlike and contrary to his stage appearance—a neatly and stylishly dressed young man; as charming and affable a boy—for he appeared to be but a youth—as anyone would wish to meet; a hard worker, who writes, acts, produces and manages; an unusually intelligent man, modest, not in the least affected by his great popularity, and very keen, businesslike and thrifty—not at all like the usual actor of the "get-rich-quick" variety. Such is Charlie Chaplin as the National Board of Censorship sees him.

A heart-to-heart talk between Mr. Barrett and Chaplin revealed to the former the comedian's thoughts and plans for the future. According to Mr. Barrett, Chaplin, who is only twenty-five years old, is very ambitious. He has shaped for himself the slogan, "Art for art's sake," and he has dreams of unmeasured possibilities for the future of the films—all from an artistic point of view. When he talks of the change he intends to make in his style of farce, it is in a very serious vein. He spoke thus to the censor man:

"It is because of my music-hall training and experiences that I am by force of habit inclined to work into my acting little threads of vulgarisms—not to hurt any one, but, in my opinion, and from an artist's point of view, enough to render the

CHARLES CHAPLIN, as he appears in real life

picture *vociferous* and inartistic. This Elizabethan style of humor, this crude form of farce and slapstick comedy that I employed in my work, was due entirely to my early environment, and I am now trying to steer clear from this sort of humor and adapt myself to a more subtle and finer shade of acting."

Mr. Barrett explained that Chaplin's desire is to give the American public the best that is in him. That there is latent in Chaplin a great force of original and productive material is the belief of the National Board of Censorship, and the sooner the new style of farce—approaching comedy—is adopted by him, the sooner will there be a realization of the better kind of Motion Picture farce. Chaplin admitted that the evolution of acquiring this newer and better style of acting is a slow and laborious process, after so many years of music-hall training; but that it eventually will be achieved by him is his one consolation. One of his latest releases, "The Bank," already has given evidence of Chaplin's tendency toward straight comedy. Chaplin, as an exponent of realism and spontaneity without equal, the Board of Censorship believes, is only on the crest of his popularity wave. But Chaplin is very candid and reticent about his own work, and would not agree with Mr. Barrett that there was no Chaplin equal. He feels that his brother Sydney is just as clever.

"Charlie Chaplin attributes his success," said Mr. Barrett, "to the novel character of his mannerisms, adapted from his pantomime experience. He bases his actions on little traits of human interest and eccentricities. He believes that the prolonged portrayal of the inebriate on the screen, and some of his actions when in a drunken stupor, are not really funny; they are extremely sad, to use his own words. But what Chaplin does believe in, and what went a great deal toward making his success, is the portrayal of a drunkard by human-interest touches, funny little capers that any well-meaning man in an intoxicated condition is likely to perpetrate. This has the approval of the Board of Censors."

Mr. Barrett, as it was stated in the beginning, made a tour of the country, and particularly of the West, in the interests of the National Board of Censorship, to effect a correlation between the board and the country's film producers on the basis of co-operation. Some sort of spirit of co-operation had existed heretofore, but it lacked so much in mutual interest and genuine co-operation that a better and firmer system of reciprocal and effective censorship had to be established. Hence Mr. Barrett's tour of the country.

Directors such as Griffith, Ince, Sennet and Reicher were interviewed and acquainted with the board's *delimitation* of the scope of the censor's work, and such general information that would result in nothing but harmonious co-operation between the manufacturer of films and the censors. The Board of Censorship feels that directors four thousand miles away often get out of touch with the work of the board, and when a producer loses sight of the censorship in the making of a film he is sometimes hastening the destruction of his own production and throwing away his firm's money.

Charlie Chaplin, *as a producer*, agreed with the National Board of Censorship's representative that, if there must be a board of censors, the present National Board *was* the one, not any other. He expressed his belief that there should prevail the existing system of constructive co-operation between film-makers and the people, thru criticism of films by a board of volunteers *that reflects* current morality in its decisions as ably as that difficult thing ever has been done. Mr. Chaplin prefers that kind of censoring to the one that is nothing but a system of legal censorship by small local boards of untrained individuals appointed for limited terms and possessing limited ability, but unlimited destructive power.

# POPULAR PLAYERS' PETS

ENID MARKEY (Ince)

# POPULAR PLAYERS' PETS

DOROTHY PHILLIPS (Universal)

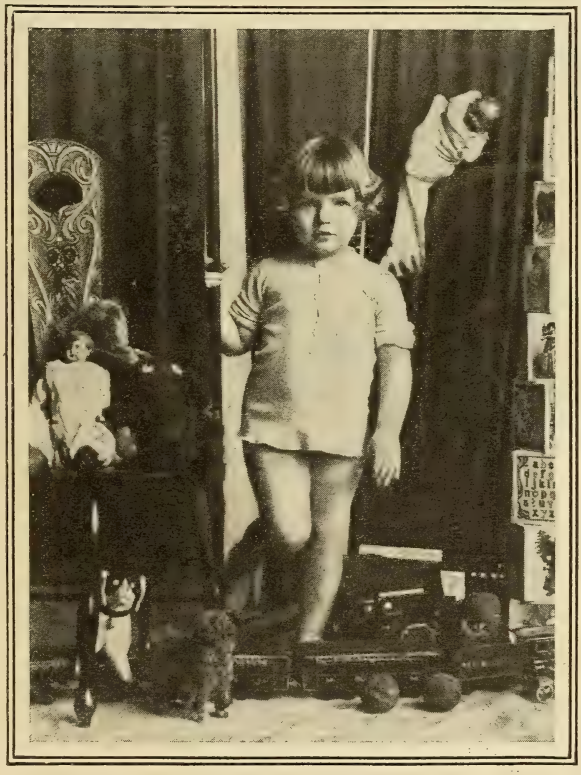
A BUGVILLE COMEDY
DIRECTED BY WALTER WELLMAN
"SUCH IS LIFE"
IN ONE REEL
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
"AW! JUST ONE"
ETC.
RARE SPECIMEN
OH WELL! THERE'S OTHERS

# CHRISTMAS LETTERS
FROM THE
# CHILDREN OF THE SCREEN

DEAR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

My Mama is sending you a picture of me last Christmas and all the things Santa Claus brought me. I got out of bed early to see them. The dolly in the chair had real curly hair, and it could go to sleep. I got two doggies—a white one with a bell on his neck and a woolly one that rolled on the floor when I pushed him. Santa Claus hung my other dolly up. It was a baby dolly and was dressed just like a real baby. You cant see all my trains, and there was a big engine, too. I got lots of books — more than was in the picture.

I hope Santa Claus brings me lots more things this Christmas, and I'm going to write him a letter. I want, oh! a great, great big dolly in a big buggy. I always put my other ones down so nice, but they both got broked.



BABY ZOE BECK

My Mama says Santa Claus wont like me if I dont wait and get dressed, and she says she will hold me tight next Christmas morning, but I'll get up away in the night time, and I guess Santa Claus wont be mad at me, 'cause I'll have my nightie on. I hope he'll bring everybody lots of nice things, and I hope you'll all have a Merry Christmas, too.

BABY ZOE BECK.

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DEAR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

I am just wondering what kind of Christmas the poor little children will have where there is war. I wonder if Santa Claus will bring them presents while their papas are away fighting. I am glad there is no war here, and we know we will have a Merry Christmas.

Last Christmas Mr. Carl Laemmle gave me a dandy big horse. Mr. Stern, his brother-in-law, said it was

the largest that could be bought in Los Angeles. I am very proud of my horse, because Mr. Laemmle is a great man. Mr. Pathé Lehrman gave me a ball-bearing tricycle with a real auto horn that says honk-honk and makes people get out of my way. I got lots more presents and have them yet this Christmas.

I want a real big engine that I can get inside of, with a bell that I can ring by pulling the rope, but Mama says that costs lots of money, so I guess only millionaires' little boys can have one.

When you see me in the Moving Pictures this Christmas with the LKO Universal Company, just remember that I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. "Little Billy" Jacobs.

"LITTLE BILLY" JACOBS

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Dear Editor:

Last Christmas I was at the Sterling Motion Picture studio, and we went to Mount Lowe to find some snow, so we could make a Christmas picture, but when we got up there no snow could be found, and Mr. Thornby, Billy and my director said we would have to go back to Los Angeles, and we both cried, because we wanted to play in the snow. So we came back and had our Christmas at the studio. Mr. Thornby gave me a nice dolly dressed just like I do in the pictures. I call her my Thornby doll. I got hole lots of things that I couldn't tell of as it would take too long.

This Christmas Billy and me are going to wake up and see Santa Claus. We didn't see him last year. He comes here in an airship and flies over the houses. Billy is going to watch on the outside for him. I want him to leave me a bicycle so I can ride to the studio myself and not have the car call for me. I want Santa Claus to send Billy a camera so we can make our own pictures, 'cause we are going to start our own company—that's what we are going to do, but dont you tell Mr. Henry Lehrman 'cause he might not like it.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas, I am, Little Olive Johnson.

DEAR EDITOR:

I think Christmas is the happiest time of the year. On Christmas Eve I hang up my stockings, and, after saying my prayers, I go to sleep and dream of Santa Claus.

Every year my Auntie says, "Audrey, Santa is very poor, and I am afraid you wont get much,"

OLIVE JOHNSON (LKO)

a wrist-watch, a perambulator, a bicycle and a big set of dishes.

Dear Mr. Brewster, I want to thank you for all the kind things you have done for me, and I wish all my friends A Merry Christmas.

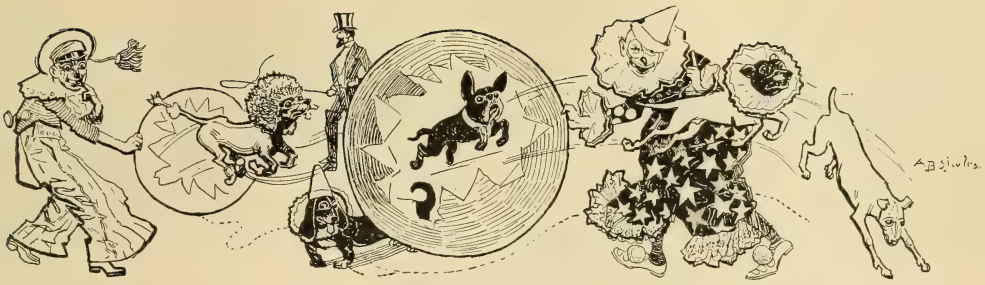
AUDREY BERRY.

and I always receive more than I expect.

Half of my Christmas is spent with my father, and the other half with my Auntie, so you see I am lucky, for I have two Christmas trees. This year I want

AUDREY BERRY (VITAGRAPH)

GRACE VALENTINE, the Mutual Dancing Girl



# THE TOWN CLOWN'S TALK

Recorded by A. L. HANDLER

Now that they have a leading man for Mary Pickford, Harry Ham by name, why not such melodious monickers as Peter Pork, Carrie Cabbage, Bessie Bologna, Sam Sardines, Susie Sirloin Steak, Patrick Pineapples, Lillian Lamb Chops, Bessie Bacon N. Eggs, etc., etc.?

They say Tom Ince, director general of the N. Y. M. P. Company, makes players go thru some scenes as many as twenty times before he is satisfied to "take" them. Bet my new $6 Panama that Irving Cummings didn't rehearse his "Diamond from the Sky" stunt more than nine times!

"Picture Palace"—any movie house that charges more than fifteen cents to get in.

"Superb portrayal"—according to the publicity department, the acting of any big star.

"Big"—Marie Dressler in pictures.

"Grand"—the acting of any movie matinée idol, as considered by the fannesses.

Speaking of minstrel shows, doesn't Carlyle Blackwell?

Ed Boulden must believe in a rolling stone gathering no moss; he is still boarding at Edison's.

Some Panamas may come and some may go, but the old, old Panama of D. W. Griffith goes on his cranium forever, we hope.

Frank Bushman has purchased a 20-section letter-filing cabinet in which to keep all the letters he receives and has advertised for a filing engineer to take care of them. Dont all apply at once, girls. Just think of reading all those perfectly lovely letters—and you could destroy the ones you wrote yourself!

## ITEMS of INTEREST

DID YOU EVER HEAR THAT—

Some of the picture play directors were going to put out some inferior pictures because they were getting tired of getting such constant praise?

Harold Lockwood, of American Film Manufacturing Company, is cast to play the part of little Lord Fauntleroy?

Any movie theater refused to show Charlie Chaplin pictures, claiming the people didn't like them?

Helen Holmes, famous in the Helen railroad pictures, will hereafter play parts of staid, quiet old women?

That Flora Finch was once the belle of Hackensack, N. J.?

Mrs. Leslie Carter's portrayal of a

young girl in pictures was declared to be "the most lifelike ever presented"?

There's many a slip betwixt getting in the movies and getting somewhere "in" the movies?

If handsome is as handsome does, how is it Jack Richardson, famous heavy of American, can play villain parts so much and still be considered an upright young man?

SOME DAY—

VIVIAN MARTIN'S acting will be called something else than "cute."

Augustus Phillips may get acquainted with a barber.

Francis Ford may get rid of those creeping hairs on his face.

Marc MacDermott will act without a cigaret in his face.

We will have a Lubin drama without the subtitle, "The Following Day."

Ditto for Essanay's "Later."

Mary Pickford will delight us in farce comedy.

Harry Myers will appear without his eyes made up.

Tom Mix, ye famous Selig cowboy, will look almost right togged in a dress-suit.

Girls may stop raving over Maurice Costello.

There'll be a Keystone comedy without the cops.

ANY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES—

"THAT'S the kind of a frock I was telling you about."

"Aw, that feller cant swim."

"O-oh!"

"Isn't he simply grand?"

"But you oughta see her offa the screen."

"They make up a lot."

"Wake me up after this feature so I can see Charlie Chaplin."

"I wish I got as much for my crazy spells as she gets."

"He's awful good—that fellow."

"Isn't that natural?"

"I'd just like to sit around and see *my* husband try that"—as picture comedian beats his better half or three-quarters.

"Watch how Elaine escapes"—in the "Romances of Elaine."

## Trouble at the Movie

By JAMES G. GABLE

All summer long I grind de org',
  An' maka de monk to dance;
It aint no fun, you tak' my word,
  Or you can bet your pants.
De bad boys yell, "Which is de monk?"
  An' de girls cry, "Aint he a freak?"
De old folks say, "De moosic is punk,"
  An' dat 'most makes me seek.

One day I go to a movie show
  An' tak' de monk along;
Wit' 'lectric fans it cool as snow,
  An' I lissen to de song.
Brava! dese Movin' Pitchers are swell!
  I lean clean back in de seat;
I feel joost like America man
  An' forget de dust an' heat.

De monk he watches wit' both his eyes
  When cocos wave in de breeze,
Wid odder monks a-pickin' de fruit,
  Dere tails all strung at ease.
He gives one jump an' hits dat screen,
  Den tries to climb dem trees;
De moosic stop; one lady faint;
  I guess she some surpreese.

De pictures quit; I catch de monk,
  An' den de main squeeze
He holler loud: "T'row out dat drunk
  An' de beast an' all his fleas."
Dey grab my arm; old Jock bites quick;
  My, but dey sure was sore!
Aint it a shame how dat monk behave?
  He goes wit' me no more.

# GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

## LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Now we know why George Ovey, Mutual, is so fond of fancy vests. He thinks they will detract attention from his face, which is becoming so well known he cant go any place without being followed by a crowd.

Helen Holmes, formerly Kalem's "Railroad Girl," will be the star of Mutual's Signal Film Corporation. Romaine Fielding has left Lubin to go to Universal. He will have his own plant at Phœnix, Ariz.

Even tho she does wear two more leaves than did her predecessor, Grace Valentine says being Eve this cold weather isn't the most pleasant occupation in the world.

Mary Anderson says she likes realism, and Webster Campbell echoes, "You're right." "He Got Himself a Wife"—and a black eye.

"Micha" broke loose and feasted on some papers, so the appearance of "Mr. Crex of Monte Carlo" had to be postponed. Well, goats cant be expected to know that there are papers and papers.

"The Blindness of Love" will be shown by Metro. Selig goes further and shows you "Why Love Is Blind."

It took quite a lot of cigars, but Harris Gordon, Thanhouser, thinks it was worth the price. The New Rochelle cops turn the other way when he goes speeding by.

"My Lady's Slipper" should be a trifle larger, so Vitagraph wouldn't have to spend such a long time putting it on.

"Change is constant." Alice Dovey has left Famous Players to go to Mutual; Gerda Holmes goes from United to Equitable Motion Picture Company; Isabel Daintry, who has been with Reliance, joins the Eastern Film Company; Celia Santon, from Pathé, and Irving Cummings, from Mutual, are now with David Horsley; Robert Edeson, Vitagraph, joins Feature Film Corporation.

News has been received of the death of William West, whose last part was as the old music-master in Kalem's "The Dream Seekers."

Fifteen Japanese dancing girls, who had come down from the Exposition, were guests last week at Universal City, and enjoyed posing for several scenes.

Jackie Saunders, Balboa, is "The Ugliest Girl in the World"—reelly.

Zena Keefe, Vitagraph, is on the warpath. Some one has claimed credit for her original "little mother" in "The Fatal Wedding."

Edison's director ransacked every junk dealer's shop in New York, but couldn't find any automobiles old enough to use in "The Parson's Button Matcher." How did he expect to? They've all been shipped to do service as jitneys.

Jess Willard is no longer champion. He is laid up for repairs, and knows now that he is not the only ostrich in the Horsley Zoo.

"Junius" says that if Henry Walthall is not entitled to "The Edwin Booth of the Screen" title, he would like to know who is.

The secret of the quick step and spruced-up appearance of Daniel Gilfether, Balboa's veteran actor, has just been discovered—he received a mash note. Well, he admits, it does sort of make you feel you're still "in the ring."

It was quite the thing at the San Diego Exposition to be all "dolled up." The miniature dolls, representing Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman, were sold at auction and the proceeds given to the Oakland Baby Hospital.

Francelia Billington has left the Majestic-Reliance to join Western Lubin.

Stage people attracted to the screen: Kitty Gordon has signed with World Film; Constance Collier has been secured by Lasky; William Gifford, too, will be seen in pictures; Charles Inslee has joined Kalem; Emily Stevens goes to Oliver Morosco, as does Florence Rockwell; Eloise Clement will be with Equitable Motion Picture Company.

Edna Mayo, Essanay, expected to lose "A Bit of Lace"—that was in the picture—and she had planned to substitute a sample. But some one closed the door too quickly and spoiled her plans—and her $100 gown.

William Dangman, who made such a hit in "The Goddess," will appear in a series of Vitagraph comedies, "Freddie the Ferret."

At Nestor there is "Wanted a Leading Lady." But they have her.

# GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Our $10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "Jeanne Doré" (January Classic); the other two will be announced later.

At Vitagraph is being enacted "The Perils of Mike and Lizzie." Julia Swayne Gordon has adopted two alligators.

To get the full benefit of her Pullman roadster, Marta Goldon, Keystone, has moved far out into the country.

Being a human torpedo in "Colton, U. S. A.," was, Charles Richman says, not only thrilling, but freezing—especially when he struck the cold water.

"The Children of Eve" are at Edison. We understand they are allowed to visit their parents.

Naomi Childers, Vitagraph, is quite in the swim. Every available space in her home is occupied by a globe of goldfish. At the Fish Show she expects her Shubunken to win first prize.

Myrtle Reeves, Balboa, has accomplished the seemingly impossible—she has gone down to reach the top. For her aquatic stunts she is nearing the top round of the ladder.

Victor Moore, as "Chimmie Fadden Out West," did some fancy and unrehearsed dancing steps when a misdirected revolver wad hit his pet corn—and it wasn't silent drama, either.

Beverly Bayne is living high nowadays. She is practicing aeroplane flights for some thrilling scenes she is soon to be in.

Margaret Joslin, Essanay, has the dancing fever, and is rapidly reducing her weight. What? A thin "Sophie Cluts"?

Viola Dana, Edison, believes that "bread cast upon the waters returns many-fold." She rescued and fed a stray cat, and when three kittens were needed for "Gladiola"—there they were.

New arrivals from the legitimate: Nance O'Neil to Lubin; Digby Bell to Universal; Marie Doro to Triangle; to Metro come Julius Steger, Frank Bacon, Grace Elliston and George Le Guere; Lorie Palmer and Alfred Swenson to Eastern Film Co.

The Vitagraph players in "The Mystery of an Empty Room" say it was decidedly empty, and Director Van Deusen says there should be a law against cold-water scenes in a prohibition county.

We have with us this evening: Bessie Love and John Emerson (p. 29); Fred J. Butler, William E. Lawrence, Lucille Young, Eric Von Stroheim and Raymond Wells (p. 32); Karl Formes (p. 33); Gretchen Hartman and Edward Cecil (pp. 34 and 35); Vera Sisson, Jack Mulhall and G. Raymond Nye (pp. 36 and 37); Sarah Bernhardt (p. 48); Ethel Clayton and House Peters (p. 57); Hobart Henley, Orrin Jackson and Kathleen Wilmarth (pp. 62 and 63); Louella Maxim (p. 66); Marguerite Clark (p. 71); Tefft Johnson, Norma Talmadge, Louise Beaudet and Lucille Hammill (p. 77); James Morrison and Charles Richman (p. 83).

News of interest: Eva Tanguay will soon be seen on the screen; Mary Anderson and Emma Calve have signed with Triangle, as has also Sir Henry Beerbohm Tree, and negotiations are now pending between Bob Hilliard and Thomas Ince.

A new Essanay director cast the play. When the consumptive was called forward, up walked Harry Dunkinson, made up as pale and ill as his 330 pounds would allow—the director recovered later.

Vinnie Burns, Lubin, has changed her name. No; Cupid had nothing to do with it. It was a score of admirers who prevailed upon her to choose June Daye.

Vitagraph cant afford to have Bobby Connelly in any more pictures like "Sonny Jim and the Family Party." Nothing would do but a real turkey in that dinner scene.

William Farnum is married, and most happily so. Pearl Gadis says never again will she be so gullible as she was in that interview that appears in the December Magazine.

Edward Brennan, Metro, has been spending his days in a children's court to familiarize himself with the procedure and atmosphere for use in a forthcoming picture.

# GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Guy Hedlund and Devora Parmer, Triangle—have you seen "His Picture in the Paper"?—brought back two bucks and a lot of smaller game from their hunting trip.

Here come the brides: Inez Wysong, Balboa, Zanetta Hawthorne and Mrs. Mary Darcy Goodwin, Washington, D. C. Alden Wiley and Eddie Peters, Balboa, and Julian Reed, Edison's character man, were the lucky fellows.

Anita Stewart will have as her new leading man, Richard Turner. Hereafter with her company she will work in the new studio at Bayshore, N. Y.

Richard Travers' friends are having a fish treat. He has returned from Canada with twenty-seven lake trout, weighing from six to forty-two pounds. Whoppers, aren't they? What? The fish, of course.

There's a sure-enough love-affair at Selig. Thomas Santschi is in love with his star, Jean Fraser, and she admits her love for him—but Jean is only two years old.

Anna Little is very proud of the silver-mounted saddle sent to her by an unknown admirer.

A few additional changes: Paul Gilmore goes from Triangle to Metro; Marta Goldon, old-time Keystoner, has returned to the fold; Billy Sherwood, who has been with Kleine, has joined Kalem; Dorothy Davenport, formerly Selig, is a member of Lasky's All Star Company.

"Aichey"—with that nickname Edward Elkas, Vitagraph, can never aspire to be a Christian Scientist. The power of suggestion would be too great.

Friends of Stella Razeto and her husband, Ed. J. Le Saint, the Universal producer, are looking forward to some parties to be given in that beautiful new home in Los Angeles.

Bryant Washburn won a silver cup for making the hundred-yard dash in 15 1-5 seconds, and the fifty in 8 seconds, at Essanay's athletic contest.

The wedding-dress Carolyn Birch, Vitagraph, wears wasn't made "On the Turn of a Card," but the result of two weeks' hard labor by Jane Lewis, head seamstress.

Carlyle Blackwell never liked shopping, but he is going to cultivate a liking for it. Fourteen dollars for a monocle to be used in one scene—and Laura Hope Crews thought it was so cheap!

Edwin Brady is getting fat on Lillian West's cooking. Well, heavy rôles always did agree with him.

The price of eggs need no longer be a cause of worry. Mutual will show "How to Keep Hens in a Broadway Flat," and if they cant be kept there—no smaller places are built—"it cant be did."

There'll be no close-ups of Kate Price and Hughie Mack—they just wont fit in.

Audrey Munsen, Thanhouser's "Inspiration," should play the part naturally. She has always been an inspiration to artists.

Leah Baird is the latest star to be attacked by the mania for building a new home. For three of her rooms she has imported Japanese furniture.

Tom Forman likes the out-of-doors, but is getting more than his share. His landlady says the skins he brought back from his hunting trip are to be cured out in the back yard.

Charles Bartlett thinks "Drifting" should be "Sinking." Luckily, he was pulled out of the treacherous sand.

In "The Gentleman from Indiana" the extras were a lifeless lot. Director Lloyd had an idea. Thru the megaphone went "You're thru; come—get—your—pay!" It was some mob effect.

No more golfing for Antonio Moreno—he has taken up croquet. He says he cant afford to have his arms getting too long for his perfectly good shirts.

To prize-winners to whom she presented a silver cup, Lillian Walker gave a liberal supply of kisses. Oh!—but the recipients were all babies. We agree—lucky babies!

Carlyle Blackwell has left Lasky. He has something big in view, but just now is enjoying a holiday at home.

In "A Night in a Show," Charles Chaplin appears in a dress-suit and a silk hat, but wears the same walk.

Grace Holloway, American, was not left "Waiting at the Church," but she was "Deserted at the Auto" by Jack Dillon.

LILLIAN GISH
in "Enoch Arden"

FRANK KEENAN

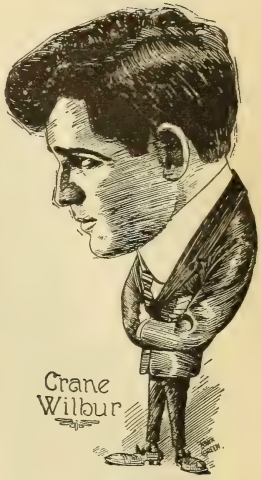
GERTRUDE McCOY

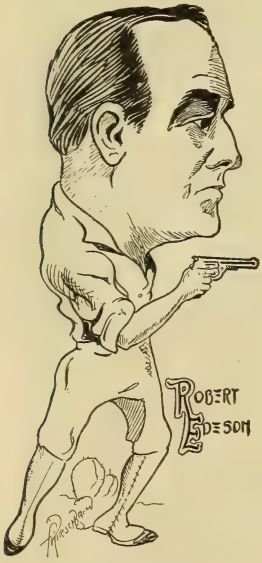
MARGUERITE
CLARK

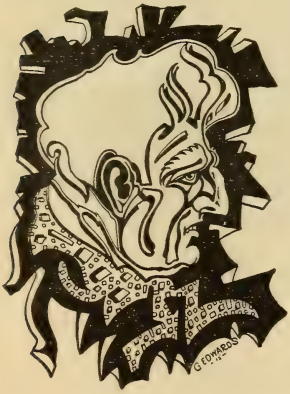
OWEN MOORE

WALTHALL

FRITZ ORLAMUND






ANDERSON

SCENE FROM "MATRIMONY"

The wife realizes that, thru her scheme of neglecting her home for society, she has awakened her husband to his home duties, thus accomplishing her end. "Matrimony" (Ince-Triangle).

MARSHALL NEILAN AND MARY PICKFORD IN "MADAME BUTTERFLY"
(FAMOUS PLAYERS)

This is Miss Pickford's latest play and one of the most difficult rôles that she has ever undertaken.

# A New Year Acrostic

By HARVEY PEAKE, Assisted by Several Old Literary Friends

A health to all those that we love,
And a health to all those that love us!
—*Old Toast.*

Here's to you Today, Tomorrow and for Always.
—*Army Toast.*

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!
—*Dyer.*

Petition me no petitions, sir, today;
Let other hours be set apart for business!
—*Fielding.*

Protest not a drop or three,
Now we're here in company.
—*Christopher Bannister.*

Yes, fill tonight, with hearts as light
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim!
—*Hoffman.*

Now shall my voice's tender lays
Of love remain unbroken.
—*John Quincy Adams.*

Ever shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.
—*Charles Sprague.*

What care we for grammar
As long as we are good friends?
—*Artemus Ward.*

Yea, here's a long purse to you,
And a great thirst to you!
—*Richard Hovey.*

Ever love I my friend,
His friend, and their friends,
We're all good fellows together!
—*John J. Holden.*

And now, God bless us every one!
—*(Tiny Tim)—Charles Dickens.*

Retain just one fond kiss before we part,
Then drop a tear and bid adieu. —*Dodsley.*

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARGARET AND CLARICE L. — No, Marguerite Snow is no longer with Thanhouser. Switzerland had a plan to amend our calendar so that every month shall be of the same length, but I doubt if it will ever be accepted. The Cæsars monkeyed with the calendar until they got it all tangled up into knots. Our leap-year provision (February 29 days) was made to correct Julius Cæsar's mistake.

LUCIA E. LUGO.—Thanks for all you say. Letters like yours are appreciated.

STANLEY M. M.—Mary Miles Minter was Juliet Shelby on the stage. Her sister is Margaret Shelby. Yes, football is a rather rough game, but they haven't got to using poisonous gases yet.

NILSSONITE NYE.—Anna Q. Nilsson is with Metro. Warren Kerrigan in Victor.

G. D. M., ST. LOUIS.—Your letter really touched me when you asked me to send you your mother. I will always be glad to hear your troubles, if you want to write them to me.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Edward Abeles and Betty Schade in "After Five" (Lasky). Jack Conway was opposite Lillian Gish in "Captain Macklin" (Mutual). Romaine Fielding was Dreamer, and Josie Sedgwick was Aida in "The Dreamer" (Lubin). Florence Dagmar was opposite Marshall Neilan in "The Country Boy" (Lasky). Anne Schaefer was Mrs. Lee in "The Offending Kiss" (Vitagraph). I am sorry you feel angry, but I think you are foolish to punish yourself with anger for the fault of another.

TRINITY, TEXAS.—You did not send your address.

MARGOT.—Really, I haven't written a personal letter for over a month. Some day I will surprise you all. Haven't seen those plays. Did you see "The Two Virtues"?—very fine—E. H. Sothern at his best.

JUNE MOON.—I cant tell you whether it was Charlie Chaplin who first said "Laughter is the gold of human emotions" or whether it is one of the several hundred bright sayings that are credited to this popular player and which he has probably not yet heard of. It is an easy matter to get up a joke-book and credit all the jokes to Chaplin, or Bunny, or anybody. More than thanks for that fee.

G. E. P.—Tom Mix is playing and all right now. John Cossar is with Essanay. We have used in our Magazine Gallery since October, 1913, pictures of just 304 different players. That looks as if we gave them all a chance, doesn't it? During that time the picture of Mary Fuller has appeared seven times, Alice Joyce four times, Francis Bushman three times, Crane Wilbur five times, Anita Stewart five times, Earle Williams three times, Mary Pickford four times, Antonio Moreno three times, Edith Storey four times, and Harold Lockwood three times.

F. E. M., BAYONNE.—Thirty pictures to the "Diamond from the Sky." No, those are not real liquor. So you dont care for Mrs. Sidney Drew's hair-comb, and you think she is getting too stout. I cant tell you, but A. J. Rea, M. D., says that the ideal woman of the eugenic age will be tall, plump, well rounded but not fat, and her complexion will be ruddy or brown.

THE ONLY FEASIBLE PEACE PROPOSITION THAT HAS YET BEEN SUBMITTED

JOLIE, PORTLAND.—Have handed your letter to the Editor, and you will see the photos you wish. That was wrong, because the height of waves in a storm at sea rarely exceed twelve feet, never over forty or fifty feet.

I. K., DENVER.—Dont know where Lottie Briscoe is, but she is not playing in pictures.

LOUIS D.—I would like to kneel before every Belgian soldier and kiss his hand. Hazel Dawn with Famous Players.

ETHEL C.—Edward Earle was in "The Land of Adventure" in last month's issue. The National Board of Censorship in four years has passed on nearly 20,000 film subjects, and has condemned over 1,500 in whole or in part.

DEVIL NO. 1.—You want me to cut off my whiskers and put it on my "naked dome." Oh, fie, fie! What's the use? I have a hat for my head when I go out, but none for my face—so, why?

BESSIE W. L.—Thank you, ma'am. Kind of you to say those good things.

DADEDEERS GIRL.—William Duncan, Myrtle Gonzalez and Natalie De Lontan and George Holt had the leads in "The Chalice of Courage." Mary Pickford and Arthur Hoops in "Esmeralda" (Fam. Pl.).

MISS MEMPHIS.—No, my dear child and children all, I do not betray my photoplay friends who are married and who do not want it to be known. I respect their wishes, just as I would like them to respect mine. I might question the wisdom of their secretiveness, but that is their affair. I heard of a marriage lately that would be startling news, but I promised not to tell. I also know of a famous leading lady who will not be seen for some time because she is about to become a mother. True, I am here to serve *you*, and not the players, but I am not here to betray confidences; and besides, I am not conducting a matrimonial bureau nor an official census. Will tell the Editor you want a picture of Mary Malatesta. That is done to save time.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS ADMIRER.—Paul Doucet was Lucio in "The Devil's Daughter" (Fox). Edmund Breese had the lead in "The Walls of Jericho." Robert Vaughan was the lead in "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Kathlyn Williams' picture appeared in April, 1915.

ANITA EARLE.—Donald Hall is still with Vitagraph. No; Earle Williams is not married to Anita Stewart, nor to any one.

JULIA S.—The adventuress answers in the main to the male villain, and the emotional actress answers to the male heavy, but either may have the lead. The laws against witchcraft in England were not repealed until the year 1736.

MARCELLE S.—So you frame all the pictures that appear in the Classic. I never counted them, but there must be several thousand letters a month.

GERTIE.—Thanks a whole lot for the cheese. I enjoyed it. Yes; I am a carnivorous animal, also an amphibious one.

C. G. S. S. S.—In the pictures, a tragedy usually ends with a marriage; in real life that is the way it often begins. Bessie Scott and Brooks McCloskey in "His Children" (Lubin). Yes, "Oil and Water" was a reissue.

DIRECTOR JIMMIE—Come on, now; git down that chimbley, quick!

INQUISITIVE, BUFFALO.—I have no information as to whether Leon Collignon ever played opposite Earle Williams on the stage. Out of my line to look up such things.

HIME BASE.—We had a chat with Lillian Gish in the August 1914 issue. Shoo fly, sweet flatterer.

AILENE.—Releasing means placing on the market, on which day the film may be shown at the theaters. Thanks for your letter. I think I could never tire of reading letters from you.

J. WILLIS M.—A "light comedian" interprets a comic character. He offers amusement mostly by tricks of manner, gesture, voice or witty lines.

ELLA.—But, Ella, you must sign your full name and address next time. Doris Baker was Dumont, and Paul Byron was Billy in "The Swinging Doors" (Big U).

STAR NAN.—Yes; Lillian Herbert has left Vitagraph and is now with Edison. Marion Leonard pictures are released thru the Knickerbocker brand. Yes, we ought to have a chat with Lillian Drew, and we probably shall.

N. E., KANS.—Some of the companies will accept a synopsis of a play, but why not write a complete scenario? "Good enough" is not good enough until it is your best.

CLARA H.—Leah Baird was Fanchette in "The Way of the Transgressor" (Vitagraph). I wont tell you the number of teeth *I* have, but the average that other people have is 32.

B. J. R., SPRINGFIELD.—José Ruben was West, Claire McDowell the wife, G. Raymond Nye was Pierre, and Ilean Hume was Yvonne in "Ashes of Inspiration." Ormi Hawley was Alice in "The Second Shot."

LINCOLN, 17.—You say that I will soon be out of a job, because all the companies are now giving the casts on the screen. Dont you see that people dont remember the names? They see them at the beginning of the film, when they are not interested, and forget them. At the end they find themselves interested in one or more of the characters, and then they write to me to find out who the players were. But, even so, there are plenty of other things to answer. For example, this question of yours. Emerald Company has Dolores Cassinelli.

M. E. EVEREST.—George Anderson in "Little Pal." Conway Tearle in "Seven Sisters." There were 20,010 books by title published in this country last year, so I guess there are a few photoplays yet to be had for M. P.

MAE A.—Thanks for all you say. I fear you are better at preparation than at performance, and lots of people are thus afflicted.

ELLEN M. M.—Ben Hendricks was John in "The Leather Goods Lady."

F. A. AHL.—Melvin Mayo was Andrew Morgan in "The Power of Prayer" (Lubin). There might be a Zenith Company. I cant keep track of them all. I appreciate your comments on the war, but mine are expressed in these pages elsewhere.

ADELE H. Z.—My thanks.

MILDRED V. J.—Have a heart, Mildred. It would take my whole 20 pages to answer your questions. *Diva*, or *Diu*, is Hindoo for *island*.

EDITH C.—Neva Gerber is with Beauty, and Vitagraph produced "The Christian." You are extremely clever.

GLADYS.—Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "The Lure of the City." That was a Lubin, not an Edison. You say "Yansci Dolly is nobody's good-looking child." I haven't seen her.

AMBLERITE.—Your envelope was original. I cannot find an answer to your question in any of my reference books, and it is not important enough to warrant further research, so please excuse.

KATHRYN P.—My humble thanks. Mother Goose was a real character, her real name being Elizabeth Foster, born in 1665 and married to Isaac Goose, of Boston, in 1693.

THE CHALET.—Chat with Romaine Fielding in June, 1912, and March, 1915;

THE REASON SANTA CLAUS WAS LATE

E. H.—You refer to Charles the Great (Charlemagne), who sat upon his throne for nearly 350 years, even in death. Of course I like to hear which players you like best. If each of my readers were to submit a list of his or her ten favorite players, no two lists would be alike.

HARVEY A. H.—Nicholas Dunaew was the violinist in "My Lost One" (Vitagraph). Dorothy Kelly was the girl in the above. Harry Schumm was King in "The Broken Coin."

MRS. C. W.—Yes, the Classic has won her place in the sun. Louis Leon Hall was Gaston in "The Chevat Mystery" (Victor). Milton Sills in "Under Southern Skies." Yes, he played on the stage in New York last season.

Gallery pictures in February, 1914, Sept., 1914, and August, 1915; and "How I Became a Photoplayer" in October, 1914. Write our Circulation Department for these copies if you want them, price 15 cents each.

MAZIE T.—I think you are sorter sassy, but you have my forgiveness because of your wit.

TOTSIE.—That was a Japanese player in "Mother of the Shadows." Florence La Badie is playing. *Chevalier*, being French, is pronounced *sher-vah'le-ay*.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—Thanks for the fee. You must write your questions first, and leave a space between them. You write too close. Elsie Albert in "Lass o' Killikrankie" (Universal).

J. C. S.—Helen Leslie, Frank Lloyd and M. K. Wilson in "Trickery." No, there is no connection between Ormi Hawley, on the front cover of our December magazine, and the Swoboda ad on page three, altho Miss Hawley looks as if she had a thoro course in physical culture. "Beef Trust?" No, no!

PHOTOPHAN, 41.—Was that a Rex? Herbert Rawlinson is with Rex. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford with Gold Seal.

A. M. G., ATLANTA.—Write to our Photoplay Clearing House. We will have a chat with Viola Dana soon.

ZONE, 19.—The World Film Co., 130 W. 46th St., New York. Pat O'Malley was Abner in "Gladiola" (Edison). Pauline Frederick was Zaza.

ZIDA C. I.—I have no card for Bill King; only Carleton and Henry. You think yourself smart, and I must admit that you are. Your letter was interesting.

TRUDA.—Pat Rooney was the lead in "He's a Bear" (Lubin). William Shay in "Kreutzer Sonata." Jean Dumar was the girl in "The Simp and the Sophomores" (Edison). Ida Waterman and Fuller Mellish in "Esmeralda" (Fam. Players).

THE UNIVERSAL GIFT

MELVA, PORTLAND.—The leader was not on the cast. Thanks for all you say. You say that my writing will live long after I am dead. Thank you, but if either of us have to die just now, I prefer that it be my writings.

PINK.—That was a real eruption in the first episode of "Neal of the Navy." It was taken at one of the real earthquakes. I will tell the Editor you want a chat with House Peters.

CLARA P.—We had a chat with William Farnum in December, 1915. My thanks are due, and here they are: Thanks!

IGNATZ.—Yes, the hair you see on Mary Pickford is real hair, and it grew there. Glad to see you.

MAE G.—Yes; Francis Bushman is in New York City. You might address him in care of Metro Studio. I like to read letters when they are as interesting and well-written as yours.

RHEA R.—You want to know how the German citizens could have driven 10,000 nails into the statue of Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg. It was a wooden statue. That was another one of those great German drives. Mary Miles Minter is in New York, playing for World. Dorothy Davenport with Balboa. Lottie Briscoe is not playing.

JONSIE.—You ought to get busy. Indolence is the key to poverty. That was Antonio Moreno.

DUNCAN A. D.—I am sure Hector Ames would appreciate your verses for him, so I will quote them, but let the question remain unanswered:

There's information in your book,
But fie! A million shames!
We readers want to know who is
This great man, Hector Ames?
His thoughts are deep, and rare, and wise,
We like them in your book,
'Cause reading them gives us food for thought—
They get more than a look.
So, Answer Man, if you can tell us
This bit of information,
Who is this Hector Ames,
You'll please your "M. P. Nation."

MARY JANE.—Alice Joyce and Tom Moore have joined the All State. Yes; Arthur Cozine is with Vitagraph. It is not known just how many Motion Picture theaters there are in this country, but the figures seem to be somewhere between 15,000 and 18,000. Approximately $1,000,000 a day is paid for admission in Motion Picture theaters, or about $360,000,000 a year.

P. W. P.—In our August 1912 issue we gave the difference between the Licensed and Independent films. There are no Licensed now.

. NELLIE.—Pauline Frederick in that Famous Players. You want the Editor to put Webster Campbell on the cover. We haven't half enough covers to go around.

P. D. Q., NEW ORLEANS.—Address all the players in care of the companies. Lester Cuneo was Gabriel in "Graustark." Ilean Hume was Yvonne in "Ashes of Inspiration" (Biograph). Frank Bacon was Spring in "The Silent Voice." Cleo Ridgely was the chorus-girl in "The Chorus-Girl."

TRAILING ARBUTUS.—Yours was very bright. You have your favorites, and the rest of the fans have theirs.

FOND MOTHER—Baby seems to have a natural taste for the movies.
HOPEFUL FATHER—What makes you think so?
FOND MOTHER—He has half of our tickets chewed up!

MRS. C. R.—So you dont believe that I am an old fellow? I admire your nerve. I cant help it if I am old, can I? If it is true that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks, possibly I'm no older than thou.

NELLIE L. — Ethelmary Oakland was Dorothy in "Always in the Way." Mary Martin was Eleanor in "A Wonderful Adventure." Dorothy Green was Mazora in "Frederick Hand," and Grace Darmond in "The Millionaire Baby."

ETHEL C.—Both those films were taken in New York. The German language is spoken by about 120,000,000 people.

CHARLES OF TROY.—You say you wish there were 80 pages of Inquiries, 50 pages of Letters, 60 of Chats and 100 of Greenroom Jottings. Alas, alas! Thanks for the beautiful leaf. I appreciate those.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—Dustin Farnum is with Triangle. Thomas Holding was Donald in "Sold." Yes, he is a handsome man. Thanks for all you say. Glad to hear from you any time.

JUDY X. Y. Z.—You dont think it is fair to nag at Mr. Bushman. I haven't said a word against him, and he is a good friend of mine and I of his.

DOLLY H.—The soubrette applies to any pert, frivolous, sprightly and youthful female character. Star soubrette parts are not uncommon. I never heard of Richard Hook in the pictures; Hook and Eye are not acquainted.

ALICE.—Theo. Babcock was the husband. Walter Hitchcock was the Connoisseur. Emily Stevens was Mary in "Destiny" (Metro). The measure of a man is the quality of his hope, is it not?

Milady's gowned, and now will go
To see a Moving Picture Show.
Her maid is waiting near, and she
Is happy, for she's going to see
The Movies when her work is done—
For Movies are for every one.

CALLER.—Say, I'm just about ter beat up me husband. What'll you give me fur th' Movin' Pitcher rights?

MEB, CANADA.—No; I am not. You should not ask about religion, and I wish you would not ask those statistical questions which you could just as well look up yourself.

NELLIE.—You here again? Sometimes I get in free in the theaters, and often I get passes for New York theaters. Lordy! otherwise I couldn't see many on $8 a week. Ah, you give yourself away, but you are no philanthropist.

GLADYS E. M.—Always enclose enough postage for return of photograph. Your fee was much appreciated. It is always a good plan to learn to write with your left hand, as you do, because some day you may lose your right hand.

ETHEL M. F.—You ask if Blanche Sweet ever combs her hair. I really dont know, but, judging from appearances, she does—sometimes. She evidently likes it fluffy-wuffy.

DAISY H.—Conway Tearle in "Helene of the North." George Anderson opposite Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

EMILY X.—You ask "if Edith Storey, accompanied by a young man, in a low auto, passed thru Newark on Broad street about noon Sept. 20th." The Sphinx sighed, but was silent.

H. C. B.—G. M. Anderson is in Niles, Cal.; Charles Chaplin in Los Angeles, and Beverly Bayne is in New York. Edward Cecil was the foreman in "His Brother's Keeper."

ETHEL C.—Thanks for your card. So you are a friend of Franklyn Thomas. And all the good things you say about him! He is O. K.

ERMINE E.—There is no reason why an actress should not marry, except that when traveling with stage companies they become separated from their homes and families. It is not so in the Motion Picture business, however. I think it was Alice Nielsen who said. "I haven't found that motherhood interferes with my career." J. Barney Sherry was Col. Scranton in "The Word of His People."

PEG OF ST. PAUL.—Conway Tearle in "Seven Sisters" (Famous Players). Elsie Jane Wilson had the lead in "Lure of the Mask." Wheeler Oakman was known as Broncho Kid in "The Spoilers."

A. M. C.—Robert Walker was Milton Lacy in "Bondwoman" (Kalem).

ELSIE D., OREGON.—Frank McQuarrie was Craig in "Black Box." The Cunard girls are sisters. Mary Fuller really walked on the wire, but you were partly deceived.

MARION A. B.—So you have saved up a thousand dollars. Well, what kind of an auto are you going to buy with it? Ernest Pagani was Maciste in "Cabiria." That was Edwin Arden.

JAMAICA GINGER.—I enjoyed your long letter much. You're most kind, J. G. There are no accurate figures available, but it has been said that over $500,000,000 are invested in the Motion Picture industry in America, and it gives employment to more than 100,000 people.

BETTY R.—John Himes is with the World Film. You're very welcome. I must say that you are very fortunate, perhaps wise, to have made so much money at your age. As the old saying goes, "He that is not handsome at 20, strong at 30, wise at 40, and rich at 50, will never be handsome, strong, wise or rich.

CURIOUS.—You want a beauty and brains contest? Nobody home! We dont do this sort of thing.

JO M. J.—You should subscribe or send for a copy of the Classic. I really dont know why Warren Kerrigan smokes so much. Probably because he enjoys it, but I'll try and find out if he has any ulterior motive.

L. Q., DALLAS.—Clara Young, Earle Williams and Darwin Karr had the leads in "Love's Sunset." My grateful thanks are yours.

TOMBOY.—Your questions are mostly out of order. I really dont know how many correspondents I have in Hoboken. Thanks for the program.

JUDITH FROM MONTANA; A. H.; and WILLIAM C. B.—Yours are interesting, but there is no answer.

ANNA M. J.—You dont know that I live around the corner from you. You give the wrong title on that film. You want more pictures of Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison. That's right, everybody, let your wants be known.

MAY B.—Write to Rogers Lytton in care of Vitagraph.

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—the sugar wafer that is daily delighting thousands of lovers of exquisite confections. It is new; it is novel; it is entirely different from anything you have ever tasted. A cream-centered chocolate-flavored wafer that blends in perfect harmony. In ten-cent tins.

ADORA—A delightful dessert confection with a filling of flavored cream.

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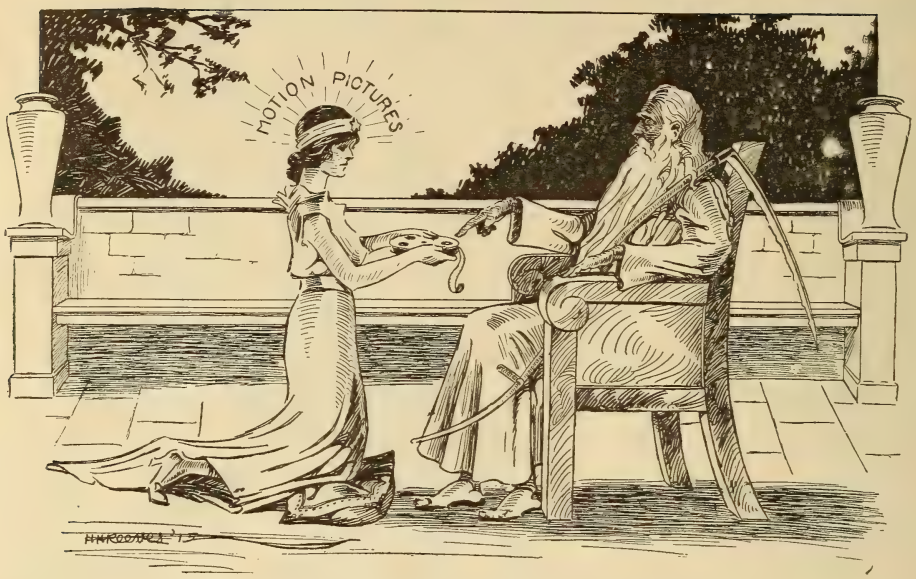



A PROPHECY FOR 1916 AND FOREVER

FATHER TIME—Thou shalt be with us always, because thou hast unlimited power for doing good.

GENEVIEVE E. G.—Miss Wallace was the girl in "Fatty's Jonah Day" (Keystone). I do not think I can advise you wisely on what to do with your money. Perhaps you would appreciate the advice of May Irwin, who says, "If your savings amount to $2,000, put them in four banks."

LAWRENCE B.—Marjorie Beardsley was the girl in "Ethel's Burglar" (Big U).

EDITH W.—Webster Campbell and Neva Gerber in "Jimmie on the Job" (Beauty). I am not particularly strong on woman suffrage, but I am not one of those who believe that woman's place is in the house. I believe that President Wilson came out for woman suffrage, but, at the same time, he has shown that he thinks that a woman's place is in the White House. I observe that Mrs. Galt was clever enough to arrange that she should not enter the White House until after the fall house-cleaning was over.

MAY H.—The "X" stands for "Xavier." Your letter was just a little too long. I believe that the fastest trip of an Atlantic ocean liner was made by the Mauretania, of the Cunard Line, in September, 1910, time four days, ten hours, forty-one minutes.

PEGGY.—Walter Spencer was Bert in "The Exile of Bar K." W. E. Lawrence opposite Dorothy Gish in "Minerva's Mission" (Mutual). Mayme Kelso was the aunt in "Runaway June" (Reliance).

FLOSSIE, 17.—Thanks for the picture of yourself and friend. Will put it with my collection. Anna Little has joined the Mustang American.

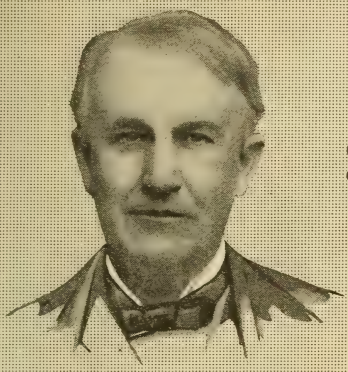
BERTHA N.—An actor who habitually plays the leading rôle is called the star. Plays in which the leading rôle is strongly marked are called star plays, and important rôles are called star rôles or star parts. The remainder of the company is known as the support. Not many star plays give strong individuality to the remaining characters. Jane Novak was Sylvia, and Hobart Henley was Paul in "A Little Brother of the Rich."

JACK, ABE 99.—There were 30 instalments to "Diamond from the Sky." S. Rankin Drew was the villain in "The Island of Regeneration." Warner Richmond was Sir Michael in "Lady Audrey's Secret" (Fox). John Barrymore was Frank in "Are You a Mason?" Kalem produced "Col. Carter of Cartersville."

QUIDNUNC.—Hilda Sloman was the housekeeper in "Jewel" (Universal). So you have really seen Ella Hall in person? Wonderful! I cannot answer your question on poker. All I know about poker is that it is a game usually played with 52 cards and a couple of fools. I have no time for such frivolity.

ERNA B.—Mary Anderson was the sister of the Ferret in "The Goddess." Yes; James Young is playing and directing for World, Peerless brand. The game of Cast has not been published as yet, but it is under way.

EVA H.—You want to know if I believe that all marriages are made in heaven? Certainly! Heaven only knows why some are made. Edith Roberts was the girl in "Toymaker of Leyden" (Universal).



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Thos A Edison

"I've often thought if I could have had the opportunity of a course in the I.C.S. when a boy, it would have saved me many a sleepless night." John Mitchell

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"If" what? If you weren't so "overworked," with such "long hours," or had more strength and energy? Didn't John Mitchell get his training after working 12 hours a day as a mine boy?

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Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

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| ☐ Electric Lighting | ☐ Window Trimming |
| ☐ Electric Railways | ☐ Show Card Writing |
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| ☐ Telephone Expert | ☐ ILLUSTRATING |
| ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEERING | ☐ DESIGNING |
| ☐ Mechanical Drafting | ☐ BOOKKEEPING |
| ☐ Shop Practice | ☐ Stenography and Typewriting |
| ☐ Gas Engines | ☐ Higher Accounting |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEERING | ☐ Railway Accounting |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ MINE FOREMAN AND SUPT. | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH FOR EV'YONE |
| ☐ Metal Mining | ☐ Teachers Course |
| ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEERING | ☐ English Branches |
| ☐ Marine Engineering | ☐ CIVIL SERVICE |
| ☐ ARCHITECTURE | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| ☐ Building Contractor | ☐ AGRICULTURE |
| ☐ Architectural Drafting | ☐ POULTRY |
| ☐ Concrete Engineering | ☐ Textile Manufacturing |
| ☐ Structural Engineering | ☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish |
| ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING | ☐ Chemistry ☐ German |
| ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ AUTO RUNNING ☐ French |
| ☐ SALESMANSHIP | ☐ Motor Boat Running ☐ Italian |

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No. _____

City_____ State_____

STANLEY C.—Lila Chester was the wife, and Leland Benham was the child in "The Plugged Nickel."

J. R. AFFLECK OF THE GYPSUM CANNING CO.—I thank you for your correction and for your statistics on the canning industry. However, I think my figures were correct, and even you admittedly cannot prove to the contrary. You say, "The real answer to all the canning questions this year is, buy early, for the price is going away beyond anything in recent years. Speculation in canned goods is warranted."

JUDITH B.—Four companies produced "Mother." Which do you refer to? A chat with Creighton Hale soon, I understand.

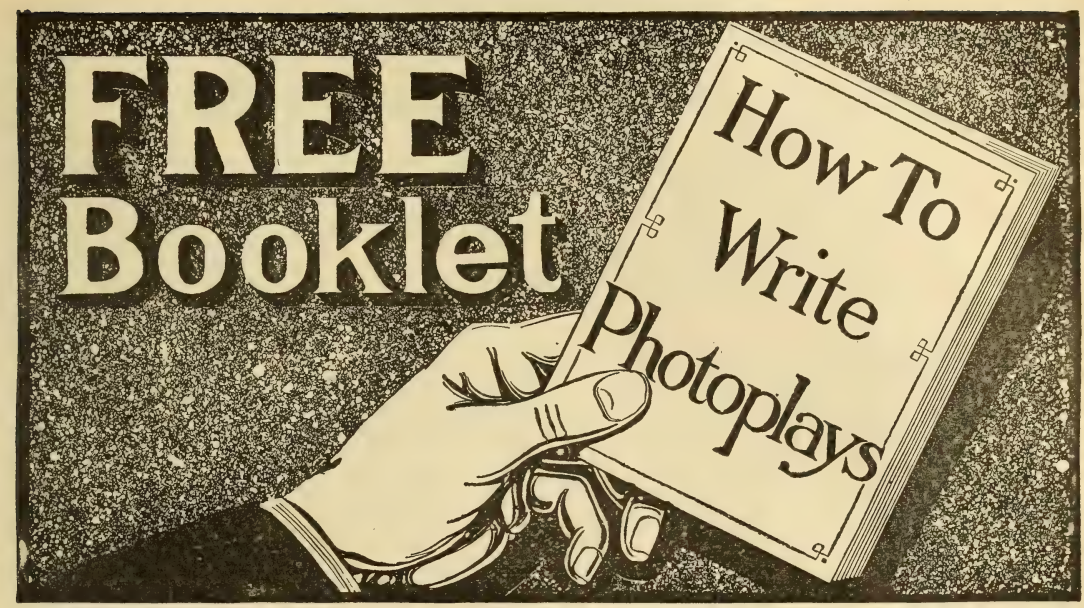
BEVERLY BAYNE ADMIRER.—Yes, you may vote for the same players as you did last month. Kleine and Edison release together now.

R. H. D.—Hal Clarendon was Tom in "His Last Dollar." Milton Sills was William in "The Deep Purple." Robert Cain was the district attorney in "The Running Fight."

MRS. G. M.—You are wrong when you say that W. J. Bryan is "the greatest lecturer we have on the subject of peace at any price." His price is $200 a lecture and no less. You have quite the same tastes as Ruth Stonehouse.

HERMAN.—Of the thousands of letters I receive every month, 5% are delicious like yours, 10% are unreadable, 15% give me indigestion, and 20% put me to sleep. The rest of them are passable, and help me to earn my salary of $8.00 a week.

MARGARET L.—Yes, we have some pictures of "Dust of Egypt" for sale, but only those that appeared in the Magazine.

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*The Chicago Daily News says:*

"Money considerations are almost negligible factors among the "movie" manufacturers in their endeavor to outstrip each other in the film race. Not many years ago $25 was considered the high water mark for a single reel scenario, and today Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, casually remarks that he is considering a proposition to produce a series of fifty-two single reel plays, each scenario of which will cost his concern $1,000."

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CURICUSE.—Edith Storey was born in New York. That was "The Other Girl" with Ruth Stonehouse and Francis Bushman in the lead. Adele Ray was Marion in "The Moth and the Flame."

SUNSHINE. — Margaret House was the judge's daughter in "The Human Menace." Yes. Vitagraph has a new studio at Bayshore, Long Island, N. Y.

LOUISE S.—Owen Moore in "Mabel Lost and Won" (Keystone). So you think I am only 47, and not 74. Work is a fine birthday eradicator. The drawings were fair, but not fine.

DOROTHEA H., NEW LONDON. — Alice Dovey was Floyd, Donald Crisp was Col. Archer in "The Commanding Officer." Edythe Matthison and May Allison in "The Governor's Lady." Why, Petrograd is 1,339 miles from Constantinople, 1,091 from Berlin, and 1,774 from London.

KATIE PAYNE.—George Stillwell was the German officer's son in "In the Name of the Prince of Peace."

DOT, 17.—Yes, but after all the American heart is stronger than the Almighty Dollar. Glad you like the Magazine. Yes, we get all the trade papers here, and there are millions of Motion Picture publications now, more or less.

CLAIRE G., JACKSONVILLE.—Ruth Sinclair was Julian Estrange's wife. Yes, I admire muchly the efficiency of the German people. I doubt not that they will shave the beards off all those Russian prisoners and make hair mattresses out of them.

DOROTHY M. C.—I have no other cast with Hamilton Ravelle. "The Mating" was taken in California.

NANEEN.—So you want more Pauline Bush. Arthur Hoops was Marquis in "Esmeralda" (Famous Players). James O'Neill in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." Again I am stuck. I cannot tell you whether the Germans are fighting for the enslavement or for the liberation of the world. Anyway, they probably will not have much to say about it when the end comes.

"The Greatest War Drama ever filmed"—*New York American*

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Vitagraphed by Wilfrid North
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and at other prominent theatres in the leading cities thruout the United States

"The Uncle Tom's Cabin of pictures"—*New York Evening Journal*

DOROTHY P.—Kingsley Benedict was Frank in "The Mystery of the Tapestry Room." Méliès produces MinA films.

MARY M. D.—No; Mary Fuller has never played opposite Warren Kerrigan. She is in New York and he is in California. Yours was very clever and entertaining.

CURIOUS.—Thanks for the information you gave me. Frederick Chaplin was the author of "A Child of the North." Probably Vitagraph would forward your letter.

KATHLEEN C.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and Bobby Connelly in "Following the Scent." No Essanay by that title. Millicent Evans is still with Biograph.

CHARLES CHAPLIN FOREVER, INDIANAPOLIS. —I owe you an apology, and here it is. Your long letter was so clever that I gave it to the Editor, and he has just returned it to me, stating that while he appreciated your comments, it was entirely too long to publish. Address Mr. Chaplin, Los Angeles, Cal., care of Essanay. I note what you say about Essanay, claiming that they put out more good films than any other famous company. I think you are entitled to a niche in the Hall of Fame for discovering that there was a "Ha, ha!" in Charles Chaplin's name.

OLLIE B. S.—You were too late for December. Subscribe again! There is a Fox Features, and Famous Players. They haven't the child in "My Lost One."

L. L., NEW YORK.—Yes; Ralph Ince is producing "My Lady's Slipper." That picture was taken in New Jersey. Donald McBride was the husband in "Mr. Wigg's Revolt."

A. M. M. C. C.—No, we have not interviewed Rhea Mitchell. No; Edna Purviance plays with Charles Chaplin. Ann Luther and Rosemary Theby in "The Double Life." Viola Dana was the fairy queen in "The Blind Fiddler." Ruby Hoffman was Juanita in "The Dictator" (World). So you dont care for Lottie Pickford as well as Little Mary.

MAGNETA.—We have not printed Louise Vale's picture in the Supplement (Classic).

JEAN MC.—Helen Hall was the girl in "The Crucible." Gertrude Norman was the aunt in "May Blossoms."

"LAND SAKES! SI, WE CANT STOP AT THIS HERE HOTEL, WITH THEM MEAL HOURS—WE COULDN'T SEE A SINGLE PICTURE SHOW!"

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## Every Motion Picture Studio Is on the Still Hunt for New Material

### PRICES DOUBLED IN ONE YEAR; WILL DOUBLE AGAIN

### The Policy of the Photoplay Clearing House Has Contributed to Bring This About

In 1912 Photoplay authors were glad to receive $10 to $15 for their product. Last year competition, an open market, and the demand for stronger Photoplays forced prices up to $20 and $30 per reel. And now many of the leading studios are writing us, offering to pay $35 to $100 per reel. The art of Photoplay writing is just beginning to be worth while. Another constant call of picture manufacturers is, "Send us the work of new writers—the old school is running dry. Vital, dramatic, new ideas will be bought on sight."

There never has been a period in the history of literature when a new field has so suddenly opened and has so rapidly expanded. Over 10,000 new Photoplays are demanded by the public each year. While it is true that many studios have taken on staff writers to help supply the demand, the services of outside writers of Photoplays are eagerly sought after.

**The Photoplay Clearing House** was established three years ago to aid and counsel new writers and to market their plays. Our records show hundred of sales, and over 14,000 photoplays reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market. We are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We tell you: How to go about it; where to market your plays; how to revise and cure their weak points; the kind of photoplays wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario. The high standard of our aims has received the unqualified endorsement of all of the leading studios without exception. During that period we have spent over $15,000 in systematizing our sales bureau and in assembling a staff of well-known photoplaywrights and critics. In order to serve authors, our editors must be well qualified—must be successful writers themselves. Our editorial staff consists of the following established photoplaywrights who personally pass upon all manuscripts submitted: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall, Herbert C. Chesnut, Bennecke Peterson and others. We have received over 5,000 unsolicited letters from both unknown and successful writers endorsing our method of critical advice and marketing of Photoplays.

### THESE ENDORSEMENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES—5,000 OTHERS ON FILE.

Photoplay Clearing House:
We enclose check for $70.00 in full payment for your scenarios entitled "The Power Within Us," by S. E. Barringer, 2007 Daly Ave., New York, and "One Woman's Loyalty," by Miss J. Salcher, 951-A Elizabeth Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.
Kindly have two persons witness authors' signatures, after executing the enclosed assignments, and return them to us promptly in the enclosed addressed and stamped envelope.
BIOGRAPH COMPANY.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed herewith you will please find release slips made out to the amount of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) for the scenario entitled "Sh-h! Dont Wake the Baby," by H. G. Calhoun, 473 W. 158th St., New York. Immediately upon receipt of these slips properly signed, we will mail you a check.
UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
William H. Lippent, Editor, Scenario Dept.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed please find our check for forty dollars ($40.00) in payment of all right and title to the photoplay entitled "For He Loved Much," by Raymond Madden, as per agreement.
THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Your favor of the 19th has been received. According to my understanding, the Gaumont Co. buys the "Psychic Law" for $25.00, of which you get $2.50 plus 14 cents postage; total, $2.64. The balance, $22.36, comes to me. If the above is correct I will accept the offer of the Gaumont people.
E. E. KELLER.
905 Stephen Girard Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed please find our check for one hundred dollars ($100.00) in payment of your manuscript, "Bluff; or, Jerry's Landslide," by Mrs. John L. Russell, 520 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Your criticism regarding my photoplay just to hand. It came to me as a very pleasant surprise, I can assure you. "Mischievous Flo" was more as a try-out, as I was working in the dark, but now that I understand your requirements better I hope to steadily plod ahead. Your system of criticising certainly points out the weak spots to a beginner, and I am very glad I took the bull by the horns and sent my first attempt to you instead of taking an expensive correspondence course.
JOHN WILSON.
1203 Government St., Victoria, B. C.

### THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once for his correction, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and reliable teachers to select from.

Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, $1.00 per reel), but to readers of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

This Coupon is good for 50 cents. When accompanied with 50 cents more it will entitle holder to list one single-reel scenario with the Photoplay Clearing House.

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175 Duffield St., B'klyn. N. Y.

MARGARET K. T.—That was Johnnie Walker in "Her Happiness." So you liked him. Letters from you are always welcome, and you can hardly say too much.

HELEN G. K.—I am indeed sorry, little one. Also Imp. Not by that name. Perhaps she changed it since going into pictures. Anything you care to send.

OLGA, 17.—Aloha! as they say in Honolulu. So you have been going out to dinners, have you? Yes; I saw Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen." She was fine, but not so voluptuous, attractive and beautiful as I expected. I haven't seen Theda Bara, but am looking for her.

BERNICE C. B.—Address Mary Pickford in care of Famous Players, New York. You ask me how long the war will last. Zounds! Search *me!* My guess is, however, that it cant very well last much longer than Aug. 1, 1916, for by that time the Central Powers will have run out of men and the supply will have been wellnigh exhausted.

DOROSEY.—George LaGuere was the boy in "Destiny; or, The Soul of a Woman."

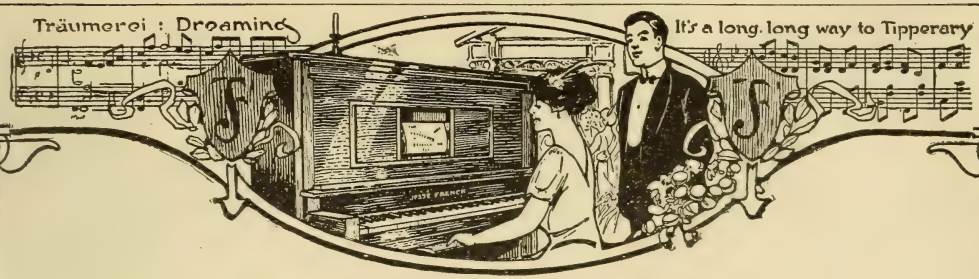
HEARTS ADRIFT.—You ask, "What book of Cyrus Townsend Brady's is Mary Pickford's photoplay, 'Hearts Adrift,' taken from?" None. Dr. Brady sued, however, because it seemed to infringe on novels that he had written.

ABE, 99.—Of course I voted "No" on woman suffrage, for the simple reason that I dont want *all* women to vote, because we have too many ignorant voters now. I haven't a list at hand of the latest "best sellers," but I should say that they were probably shrapnel, rifles, cartridges, uniforms and dynamite.

KATHERINE E.—That company still exists. A cow's tail droops down, yet never drops off. Anna Luther was La Glou in "When Love Is Mocked" (Selig). Winona Winters was Sally in "The Man from Mexico" (Famous Players). A picture of Creighton Hale soon.

JANICE C.—William Welch and Jane Fearnley in "Lady Audrey's Secret" (Imp). Now, dont all write in and say, "Were there two 'Lady Audrey's Secrets?'" There were!

"SPECIAL FEATURES"

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ALINE N.—Boyd Marshall and Peggy Bourke in "Glorianna's Getaway." Theda Bara also played in "Vampire" and "Lady Audrey's Secret."

BARBARA S.—Forrest Stanley was Narrie in "The Wild Olive" (Morosco). Mary Ruby was the girl. You may rail, and you may rant, but you cant suppress slapstick comedies. A fog cannot be driven away with a fan.

YELLOW CANARY.—Cleo Ridgely was the duchess, Marjorie Daw was the Countess Elsa in "The Puppet Crown" (Lasky).

ELLEN AND DORA.—There are about 60,000 post-offices in the U. S. Germany has about 51,000 and Austria 16,000. Mahlon Hamilton was Paul in "Three Weeks." Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "The God of Tomorrow" (Majestic). I dont remember that play from your description.

RADCLIFFE D. N.—What you need is a little talking to on sticktoitiveness. Failure at first often means success at last. Dont lay down and take the count, but up and at 'em. Success is a coward, and always yields to persistency.

G. U. S.—I really dont care for your name. I am glad you are pleased with the result of the contest. Seems to me that you are looking for trouble. If you do, you will surely find it. There is lots of it scattered all over this little anthill of ours. Trouble is a thing that many are looking for but nobody wants.

M. P. O. K.—I was glad to get your letter from "The land of the wattle and where the 'Kookaburra' calls." Frank Jonasson was in "The Frame-up."

CLEO MADISON LOVER.—Write to Universal for a copy of "The Trey o' Hearts." Your aunt doesn't live far from this office.

ROANOKE.—You refer to James Kirkwood. Begone, sweet flatterer!

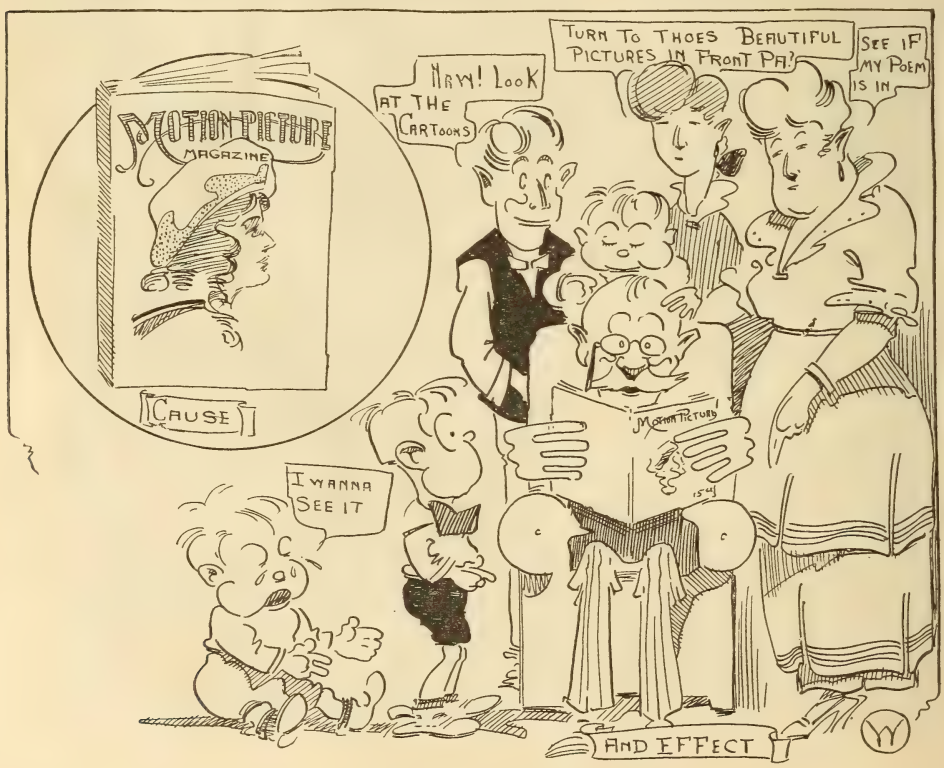
INQUISITIVE.—No, no! It is not true that Henry Walthall left Essanay. Bessie Eyton is still with Selig. I had a royal time reading your brilliant letter.

FANNY S.—Vivian Wessell, Wayne Nunn, E. T. Roseman, George Mass and Harland Moore in "The Dancing Doll" (Kalem). Herschel C. Parker scaled Mt. McKinley to within 300 feet of the top in 1912.

E. M. F.—John Oaker was Lloyd in "The Majesty of the Law." Charles Clary was Brian in "The Rosary." Reprove me kindly and I am doubly indebted.

LESTER B.—Thanks for your kind sayings, but I dont know what I can do about that Bushman-Williams debate. I am strictly neutral. "Chalice of Courage" was taken in California. I certainly enjoyed yours.

JUDY.—Thanks for the clipping. Write to Lasky about Marjorie Daw.




CAUSE AND EFFECT

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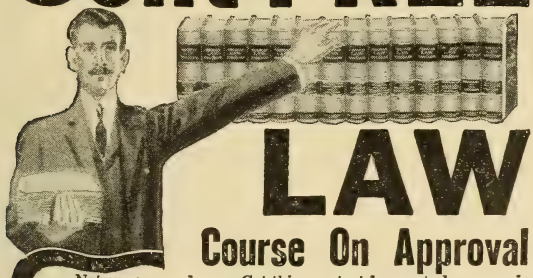

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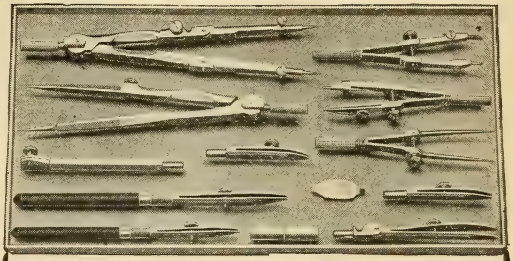

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.....

ANITA M.—I am glad to welcome you to this department. You should read the rules at the top, and, of course, obey them. Then you may join the merry throng.

GORDON B.—Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. I do not believe in taking much medicine. If your medicine-chest is well stocked with pellets from the pill-shop, buy your son a putty-blower. Madge Kirby was Edith in "Divided Locket."

LYRIC E.—You seem to think you are all right and that you are infallible. That's right; hold your head high, for the world will take you at your own estimate. Anita Stewart in that.

MAINE MOVIE FAN.—Norma Talmadge is the daughter in "The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph). Henry Walthall and Miriam Cooper, Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish in "Birth of a Nation." Stop worrying—forget it.

HE SAID I LOOKED LIKE ALICE JOYCE AND COULD OUT ACT HER AT EVERY TURN AND—
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES
I KNOW I LOOK LIKE CRANE WILBUR, MANAGERS TELL ME I CAN HAVE A LEAD NOW IF I WANT IT BUT YOU SEE ETC.
IS AS TIRESOME AS THE MALE.
THIS INVENTION OF MINE WILL STOP THE FLICKERS, BLURS, SPOTS AND EVERY THING ON THE FILM. ALL YOU NEED IS $1,000,000 TO GET IT STARTED. EDISON HAS NOTHING ON ME AS A GENIUS. YOU CAN ALSO USE IT AS A FIRST CLASS ATOMIZER
?
I AM BUSY
SAY IT QUICK
MANAGER
THE MAN WHO CAN OUT INVENT EDISON.
NESBIT
RIGHT AFTER THIS HE STEALS THE SHOES AND THEN ETC.
THE FELLOW WHO SAW THE PICTURE BEFORE
IT SEZ—THE W..LL WAS FOUND UNDER THE BED
THE FELLOW WHO READS THE LEADS ALOUD
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
GRRRR
GRR
BUZZ
THE FELLOW WHO SLEEPS OUT LOUD
BUZZ
BUZZ
BUZZ
THE ORIGINAL MOVIE PESTS FROM JERSEY.
THE YOUNG MAN WHO TALKS OVER THE BACK OF YOUR CHAIR.

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**P. O. Box 322, Allentown, Pa.**

**AUTHOR'S ADDRESS WANTED.**

We trust that this notice will be read by Raymond Madden, or by one of his friends who will communicate with him. His former address was General Delivery, Lansing, Michigan. We are holding a check for $35.50 to his credit for the sale of his photoplay, "For He Loved Much," to the Vitagraph Co., and will forward as soon as author gives us his corrected address.

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TO close out the balance of a lot of pictures that we offered as subscription premiums a year ago, we are now making this extraordinary Christmas offer.

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*Signed*.....

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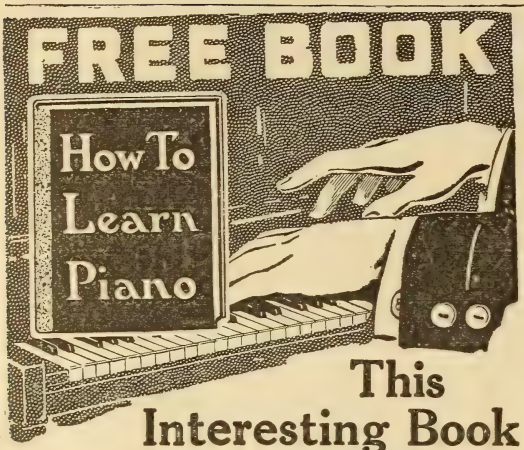


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R. D. S., HOUSTON.—Heap much thanks. Also sorry, but I cannot tell you where flies go to in the winter. But I wish they would go there in summer. Miss Page was the king's favorite in "His Prehistoric Past" (Keystone). Yes, your No. 3 is strictly out of focus.

H. H. H., HOBOKEN; COOMBS ADMIRER; IRENE H. L.; HELEN AND EDITH K.; FRANK E. P.; RUTH D.; MARTHA S.; and EDITH A.—I enjoyed all of your letters, and hope to hear from you again.

JANET MC.—Tom Forman was George in "The Explorer" (Lasky). I advise you not to try to get into the pictures, but to remain home—home, the father's kingdom, the child's paradise, the mother's world. Of course I like fudge—send it along, please. I will try anything once.

ROMAINNETTE.—Wahneta Hanson was Ruth in "The Failure" (Majestic). George Larkin and Edith Johnson in "Orang-outang" (Selig). Peggy Burke was the girl in "The Graceful Life-guard." James Cruze and Marguerite Snow in "The Patriot and the Spy" (Thanhouser).

W. T. H.—I have just finished reading the brightest letter of the month, and it is by you, William. If all the letters I receive were as bright, witty and helpful as yours, my task would be an easy one, and I would be willing to pay a good salary for the privilege of holding down the Answer Man's chair. You have done your part to help keep me from occupying a padded cell. Glad that you are still loyal to Little Mary, to The Imperial One (Rosemary Theby), and to the several others who still occupy a place in your heart and memory.

EDITH B.—Darwin Karr in "Hearts and Roses." Harry Carter in "Hearts and Masks."

STEWART AND WILLIAMS ADMIRER.—Charles Chaplin did not accept that offer. Thanks for the picture of Anita Stewart that you snapped. It is very pretty.

E. N. H.—You ask, "How much greater than three-fourths is four-fourths?" I would not bother to work this out, but I happen to know the answer, which is one-third (of three-fourths). Your other question is against the rules.

ALICE MCL.—I haven't heard about that ball yet. It is well known that Kate Price is married. She probably made a very strong impression on her man—particularly when she sat on his lap. Thomas Meighan was Burton in "The Fighting Hope."

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne with Metro. Yes, we shall chat Edna Purviance soon. You must come and see me, Virginia. We would be glad to see you here.

KERR.—You took offense? Dear me! Then I apologize. You take me too seriously, my dear. I shall now go to Earle Williams and find out for you if he is a Mason. Will you, then, call it all off?

CLARA, CLARA.—Thanks very much for sending me that little dog. It now watches my desk. MinA films have not been discontinued. They used to be owned by Horsley, and now they are produced by Méliès, and they are better than ever.

CLARA W.—King Baggot is with the Universal Imp., 573 Eleventh Avenue.

MARGARET K. T.—Yes, just send your canceled stamps to Ann Schaefer and she, no doubt, will be glad to get them. We have had lots of requests for a chat with her, and it shall be did. Yes, that was some villain of Bryant Washburn's. "When he wished to clink he clunk; when he wished to steal he stole; and many an evil think he thunk, and many a wicked smile he smole."

CONSUELO.—Your letter was very clever and interesting. Thanks.

BUDDY.—William Williams, Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling in "The Frozen Trail" (Pathé). Rosemary Theby in "As You Like It."

THERESA R. H.—Just write to our Photoplay Clearing House at this address. That play was taken in New York. Yours was interesting, but a little long.

CLIO.—Yes, come right along. Of course you may join the Correspondence Club. Ethel Clayton is still with Lubin. I am sorry for you. The most we can do is to hope for the best till we know the worst, and to make the best of the worst when it comes.

A. D. D., MONTREAL.—They are one and the same. You want a picture of Dustin Farnum on the cover. You may come again any time. The principal street in Rome is called the Corso.

FRITZ, OKLAHOMA CITY.—Really, I have received over one hundred copies of that prayer, and I have no time to send it to nine people within nine days.

OLGA, 18.—You here again? That's nice. Your friend, Rogers Lytton, is still with Vitagraph. There are three things your friend seems to require and does not seem to have—knowledge, ability and energy; knowledge to know, ability to do, and energy to push.

E. C. L., WINNIPEG.—Mayme Kelso was Mrs. Bix in "The Three of Us."

RADCLIFFE N.—Come, come, cheer up. You hitched your wagon to the star, but you let go. Take another grip on life and whoop her up.

EDWARD G.—Did you know Anthony was looking for you? Melvin Mayo was Jim West in "Jim West, Gambler." Frederick Church with Universal last.

ETHYL, A. T. W.—Why send only the International Coupons? I have forwarded your letter to Mary Pickford. Yes, but some beauty is not even skin deep.

DOTTIE D.—That is the same Ernest Shields. He is now in "The Broken Coin." Bessie Barriscale played in "The Mating" and "The Cup of Life."

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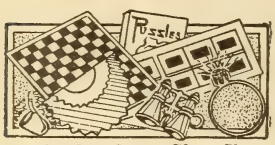


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PEBBIE B.—Sessue Hayakawa was Nogi in "The Clue." Lamar Johnstone was Jack in "The Winning Loser" (Gaumont). Charles Waldron was Dave in "Esmeralda" (Famous Players). Thanks for the Thanksgiving card.

MAIDA.—You like the Drew comedies much better than the slapstick? So do I. Vera Sisson is with Biograph in Los Angeles. Your philosophy is good, and I agree with you entirely.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—Have handed your verses to the Editor. Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Barren Gain" (American). Duke Worne was Jacques in "Gene of the Northlands" (Universal). Cleo Madison is still with Universal.

KATHLYN E. W.—You are the only one, and they must have been your answers. Mary Pickford is still with Famous Players, and Harry Carey was in "Just Jim."

MAE G.—I will hand your letter over to the Editor. I have nothing to say. There are some players of promise, and many of promises. Every player thinks that sooner or later he will make his mark in the world, but only a few will do so.

NELLIE A.—You ask, "Do you think, if I met any movie players on the street and stopped them and asked them to sign in my autograph album, that they would?" I am quite sure they would, because they would feel flattered and not annoyed.

MIRIAM F. H.—Thanks immensely. Pat O'Malley was Jack in "The Struggle Upward" (Edison). Theo Roberts was her guardian in "The Case of Becky" (Lasky). Arthur Hoops was the Marquis in "Esmeralda" (Famous Players). Your friend has not called as yet. Will be glad to see him.

LOCKWOOD & CLARK.—Harold Lockwood and Elsie Jane Wilson had the leads in "Lure of the Mask" (American). So you want Harold Lockwood and Marguerite Clark to play opposite each other. I fear, I fear, but let us hope.

J. B. M., MONSON.—Jean Sothern was Louise in "Two Orphans" (Fox). Edna Mayo is with Essanay. I am terribly cramped for space this month.

NELLIE.—Yes, I believe he is a very good husband, but I would hardly call him a model husband. The only model husband I know of is made of wax. You might write to Webster Campbell.

OLGA, 17.—Gladden James was John in "The Scar." "The Gods Redeem" was released October, 1915. That limerick was very fine; I shall hand it to Mr. La Roche, who has charge of that department.

FANNY FAN.—That's the wrong title. Marin Sais and Frank Jonasson in "The Wolf's Prey." Herbert Brenon was Pierre in "Two Orphans" (Fox). Otto Lederer was Stephen and Natalie de Lonton was the wife in "Chalice of Courage." Marjorie Reiger in "Mustaches and Bombs" (Essanay). Jewell Hunt in "On With the Dance" (Vitagraph).

## As Others See You

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

IF Miss Geraldine Farrar could have seen the avalanche of people who poured continuously into the theater to see her pictured as "Carmen," and who came away slowly as if loath to leave, she might realize how great is her conquest in a new world. "Carmen," as presented by Lasky, is a triumph of superb acting and magnificent scenery. No small share of this artistic success is due to Mr. Wallace Reid's sympathetic interpretation of Don José.

"Out of the mouths of babes": A little girl in back of me was closely watching a Pathé cartoon of President Wilson, entitled, "Everything Comes to the President." As a funny little Cupid, carrying a bow-and-arrow, shot at the President's heart, and the President held up his hands, saying, "All right, little fellow, I surrender," the small girl behind me lisped, "Serves him right!"

"I like her," said one fellow of Grace Cunard, "because she hasn't false-looking hair and loads of powder on."

Lillian Lorraine was surpassingly beautiful as La Belle Rose in "Should a Wife Forgive?" However, the public has an odd way of disliking too much "weepy stuff." Mabel Van Buren, as the young wife in this photoplay, registered sadness, and then more sadness, when the neglectful husband refused to attend her birthday luncheon, whereupon a man ejaculated, "Oh, what's the use? Go ahead and eat your sherbet."

"Sally Crute is the best villainess in the business," said a girl during a performance of Edison's "The Magic Skin." Truly, Miss Crute was the most enchanting adventuress, wearing the most gorgeous gowns ever in this photoplay. She reminds us


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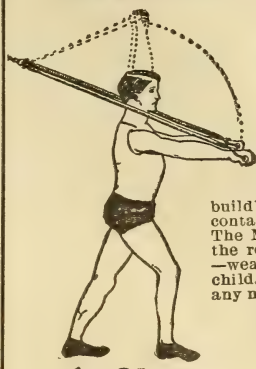

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of the proverb, "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Hearst-Selig Pictorial News was showing a battalion of smiling Italian soldiers eating their midday meal, when a youth joked, "I wonder if they stop fighting promptly at twelve?"

Violet Mersereau has a way of cuddling right into our hearts. Her sunny smile always makes the world seem a little sweeter to us. As a

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR
(ONE OF THE "OTHERS")

young girl said, succinctly, "She's a perfect dear."

I think it would pay the first-class film companies to employ a sub-director to see that the society scenes are correct. In "The Little Gypsy," at the début of Lady Babbie, Dorothy Bernard, who impersonated Babbie, posed effectively on the staircase and descended *after* the guests had arrived. Now, every débutante in real society *awaits* her guests in a receiving line with her parents or guardian. Before another scene, a leader told us that it was the following evening. Miss Bernard then appeared clad in jumper and skirt. Can you imagine

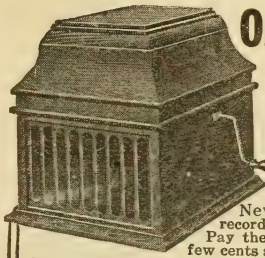
a Lady Babbie wearing an American jumper in the evening?

Shush! Whisper this softly, lest Henry Walthall shave off his lovely mustache and wavy, black locks. Three giggling schoolgirls gushed one after the other as Mr. Walthall appeared: "He looks just like Charlie Chaplin"; "I bet it is Chaplin"; and then—"It isn't, but he must be his brother."

We were so on edge because of the slowness with which the characters in The World Film Company's "The Heart of Blue Ridge" acted, that we were all unconsciously telling the hero to hurry, and Clara Kimball Young to be careful and get out of the way quickly, etc. Still, they leisurely pursued their way thru four reels. They knew they would come out safely in the end, and—so did we—long, long before the finish.

The lightning scene in "A Wonderful Adventure," featuring William Farnum, was a marvel of camera-craft. Somehow or other, every one enjoys the strong, virile types that Mr. Farnum presents.

There has been much agitation lately over "educational" pictures. I saw three last week—a bank educational, one on "The Modern Dairy," and yet another, "How Winter Flowers Bloom." If the good that such pictures could do is to reach public popularity, I suggest that they be made entertaining by having a simple, interesting story woven with the knowledge to be imparted. Otherwise, the general public will have as little use for them as they have for the public libraries, museums, historical buildings and art galleries—most of us have not had our interest sufficiently aroused.

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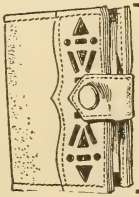

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# Screen Masterpieces

THE Screen Masterpieces Contest is now an assured success. It has made a strong appeal to the Motion Picture public, who seem only too glad to give the artists of the screen the recognition that this contest affords. Heretofore nearly all contests have favored beauty and personal charm, while this one practically eliminates the mere "matinée idol" and gets down to specific instances of real artistry and fine acting. Our readers have already selected the best photoplays that have yet been done ("Photoplay Classics"), and now they are selecting, with keen discrimination, those players who have distinguished themselves in specific rôles. A vote in this contest means the placing of a laurel wreath on the head of the player voted for, and it is indeed the highest honor that can now come to a player. We ask all of our readers to take advantage of this opportunity to *applaud* and *crown* the Screen Masterpieces of acting. A coupon for that purpose will be found on another page, and when properly filled out it should be mailed to "Editor, Screen Masterpieces, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.," or enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine. No player can be voted for twice on the same ballot for the same part, and no person may vote more than once a month. Following is the result up to November 14th, but contains only the leaders in the contest, for want of space:

| | |
|---|---|
| Earle Williams, "The Christian".. | 2,250 |
| Mary Pickford, "Tess of the Storm Country" ..... | 1,990 |
| Henry Walthall, "Birth of a Nation". | 1,670 |
| Antonio Moreno, "Island of Regeneration" ..... | 1,140 |
| Theda Bara, "A Fool There Was".. | 1,090 |
| Marguerite Clark, "Wildflower".... | 1,050 |
| Henry Walthall, "The Avenging Conscience" ..... | 1,040 |
| Francis Bushman, "Graustark"..... | 1,030 |
| Edith Storey, "The Christian"..... | 990 |
| Mary Pickford, "Rags"..... | 850 |
| Edith Storey, "Island of Regeneration" ..... | 780 |
| Anita Stewart, "A Million Bid"... | 760 |

Pearl White, "Romance of Elaine".. 720
Mae Marsh, "Birth of a Nation"... 710
Earle Williams, "The Juggernaut". 710
Anita Stewart, "Sins of the Mothers" 670
Warren Kerrigan, "Samson"..... 670
Mary Pickford, "Hearts Adrift".... 660
William Farnum, "The Spoilers"... 630
George Beban, "An Alien"..... 620
Mary Pickford, "Esmeralda"..... 620
Anita Stewart, "The Goddess".... 600
Francis Bushman, "The Silent Voice" 570
Henry Walthall, "Ghosts"..... 550
Robert Warwick, "Alias Jimmy Valentine" ..... 520
Beverly Bayne, "Graustark"..... 500
Marguerite Clark, "Helene of the North" ..... 480
Harold Lockwood, "Wildflower".... 480
Anita Stewart, "The Juggernaut".. 460
Kathlyn Williams, "The Spoilers".. 460
Blanche Sweet, "Judith of Bethulia" 450
Cleo Madison, "Trey o' Hearts".... 420
Marguerite Clark, "The Crucible".. 420
Clara Kimball Young, "My Official Wife" ..... 420
Viola Dana, "The Stoning"..... 420
Marguerite Clark, "Seven Sisters".. 400
Earle Williams, "Love's Sunset"... 400
William Farnum, "The Nigger".... 370
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# Echoes of the Great Cast Contest

THE Great Cast Contest, which recently came to a close, is not yet ended, after all. We find it is no easy matter to get twenty-four different players to select their prizes, particularly when they reside at widely distant places—some on the Pacific Coast, some on the Atlantic Coast, and some midway between. And it is doubly hard, because the prizes must be chosen one at a time, beginning at the top of the list. Mrs. Maurice, winner of first prize, selected the $550 Columbia Grand Grafonola and records. Charles Chaplin selected the $100 gold watch and chain. Bobby Connelly chose the $175 Columbia phonograph; W. Chrystie Miller, the $75 gold watch and chain; Mabel Normand, the $250 painting by Tupper; Antonio Moreno, the $50 painting by Gilbert Gaul; Mary Pickford, a phonograph and records; Earle Williams, the marine painting by J. G. Tyler; Beverly Bayne, the set of Shakespeare, and that is as far as we have progressed up to the time of this writing. Next month we shall publish the selections of the other winners and their letters of acknowledgment, and thus will end this memorable contest. The first acknowledgment came in the form of a telegram from Charles Chaplin, as follows:

EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

That the great American public, thru the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, has found something finer, more lasting, something deeper to my fun than mere slapstick, is a tribute I shall ever try to be worthy of. I regard this signal honor as a compliment to the comedy side of the screen as well as to me personally. I have always preferred the smile to the tear, comedy to straight, the subtle combination of the two as an ideal, for in life we find the tear and the smile but a heart-beat apart.

I am proud to follow Mary Maurice in public esteem and proud to win the affections of your great reading public. Let us not forget the many who have not won prizes, but who richly deserve them—the great army behind the screen who are helping to make this new profession an assured art.

I am proud, indeed, Mr. Brewster, of my many friends. I hope they will always like me. As for that handsome gold watch you awarded me—watch out; I will have it on in my very next picture.

Gratefully yours,
CHARLES CHAPLIN.

Next came a letter from Earle Williams:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

To those who remembered me so kindly in the Great Cast Contest, I extend my heartiest thanks. To win in competition with the world's greatest Motion Picture stars is an honor one should be justly proud of. To the loyal friends and admirers who so generously and faithfully rallied to my support a second time in this great annual event, and without whose aid victory would not be mine, I owe a debt of sincere gratitude and doubly appreciate their efforts in my behalf.

Hoping that you are well, and with my very best wishes, I remain,

Very cordially yours,
EARLE WILLIAMS.

Then came a letter from the mother of little Bobby Connelly:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Bobby has received the Columbia Grafonola—his prize for the Great Cast Contest—and wishes me to write and thank you; also, thru your Magazine, all the people who helped him to win; and to say he has enjoyed it many hours since it came, and only wishes he could have you all here to hear the beautiful records. Thanking you again for your selection of prizes which gave him the opportunity of possessing such a wonderful instrument,

Yours cordially,
FRANCES M. CONNELLY,
For BOBBY CONNELLY, "Sunny Jim of Vitagraph."

It will be remembered that the winners were as follows, in the order named: Earle Williams, Charles Chaplin, Bobby Connelly, W. Chrystie Miller, Mabel Normand, Antonio Moreno, Mary Pickford, Earle Williams, Beverly Bayne, Anita Stewart, Flora Finch, Bryant Washburn, Jack Richardson, Warren Kerrigan, Helen Dunbar, Thomas Commerford, Ford Sterling, Mary Anderson, Francis Bushman, Helen Costello, Norma Talmadge, Julia S. Gordon, Romaine Fielding and Harry Morey.

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A series of interesting pictures will be used in this contest, showing well-known photoplayers in various poses, but it will not be necessary to recognize them all, nor to have an intimate knowledge of them nor of Motion Picture plays. To solve correctly the mystery of these photos will, however, require a keen knowledge of human nature; and, while the experienced adult will naturally have an advantage over the children, it is quite possible that the latter may win some of the prizes, because, as is well known, children usually have a remarkable intuitive faculty for reading character and emotions from the expressions of the face.

It will not be necessary to have any coupons, nor to pay any fee, and there are no "strings" to this contest. The prizes will be as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First prize | $100.00 | Seventh prize | $5.00 |
| Second prize | 50.00 | Eighth prize | 5.00 |
| Third prize | 20.00 | Ninth prize | 5.00 |
| Fourth prize | 10.00 | Tenth prize | 5.00 |
| Fifth prize | 10.00 | Eleventh prize | 5.00 |
| Sixth prize | 10.00 | Twelfth to thirty-sixth prize | $1.00 each |

Total, $250.00.

The contest will begin in the February number and end in the March number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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K. P.—I agree with you, and get your point. So you thought "The Coward" had more correct military performances than "The Birth of a Nation." If you knew how I enjoyed your letter you would have been as happy as I was.

GUSSIE J.—So you were up in the mountains. No, this Magazine has no editorial department, but it has an editorial policy, and it is stamped on every page. President Hadley says that a newspaper owes its power to the fact that its readers think as its editor wishes them to think. It is somewhat true of a magazine.

JUNE BEVERLY.—Beverly Bayne is stopping at the Biltmore Hotel, New York. Dorothy Phillips with Rex. Gypsy Abbott also in "The Exploits of Elaine."

DOROTHY A.—You want a chat with Marshall Neilan. I will tell the Editor. I am sorry, but I dont know how or where to find work for you. It is a strange dispensation that about one-third of those who are born to work cannot find it, and that another third live on the toil of the others. Hence, one-third supports two-thirds.

SEASIDE.—Thanks for yours. You ask us to give the cast of characters at the head of each story. We cannot do this, but please observe that in Greenroom Jottings every month there is a paragraph which gives you the names of the principal characters and the pages on which their pictures appear.

O. U. KIDD.—Did you send the addressed, stamped envelope? Did not get it. So you are mad and absolutely refuse to write to me any more. Very well, you can go where the woodbine twineth and stay there until you cool off a bit. You must be standing on your head, because you see everything upside down.

P. P. K.—So you are for Mary Pickford. That's good. Harold Lockwood still with American.

OLGA, 17.—Crane Wilbur is with Mutual, and Mrs. Crane Wilbur (Cecile Stanton) is playing opposite him.

CEDAR MANOR.—Why do you call me "an old faker"? I am not. Did you mean Quaker? Arthur Johnson is not playing. Please remember that I do not consider myself a teacher, but a companion in the struggle for information.

MELVA.—It is true that Mabel Normand has been very ill. Of course I like you. How could I help it? You are irresistible. I do not know why they took Anna Little away from Herbert Rawlinson, but I suppose it was because he was tall and Anna was so—dear me! I nearly perpetrated a pun. 'Pun my word!

JONSIE.—You say that Earle Williams looks intellectual because he has the brow of a philosopher, but that his eyes are too deep-set. When he sees this no doubt he will promptly go and have them reset. Address all players in care of studio.

SAPPHIRE, RICHMOND.—Thanks for all the clippings. Because you didn't like "St. Elmo," you should not dislike Henry Walthall. Rockcliffe Fellows was Duncan in "The Regeneration."

MARION.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for list of film manufacturers. Thanks for the fee.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
### TO OUR READERS

YOUR opinion of this Magazine is important. It concerns us vitally, and we want to hear your views. Write us, therefore, that we may know how you stand. Criticise us, if you will, for that may help us in our efforts to make a better book; and if you can truly say a word of commendation for our policy, or for any of our departments, it will be encouragingly appreciated and please us mightily. Only one thing we ask—do not expect an acknowledgment of your letter, nor its publication, for we cannot promise that, as much as we would like to. Every one of the many thousands of letters received is read, digested and passed along, but hardly one in a hundred can either be answered or printed, altho the others may be just as good and just as helpful. It is an impossible task to please all, but we try hard to please the greatest number. We take this opportunity of wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and of indulging the hope that among the blessings to come, not the least will be many a pleasant hour that you and we shall spend together among the pages of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

THE EDITORS.

J. Warren Kerrigan has an enthusiastic champion in Vyrgynya. She *doubts* if he can be *equaled* and *knows* that he cannot be *surpassed*:

Oh, I know you discourage lengthy epistles, but I've no objections to your running this on the instalment plan. No—none, for speak I *must*. My wrath has long smouldered, but now it burns—an inextinguishable flame. My hitherto unwritten words must work themselves into


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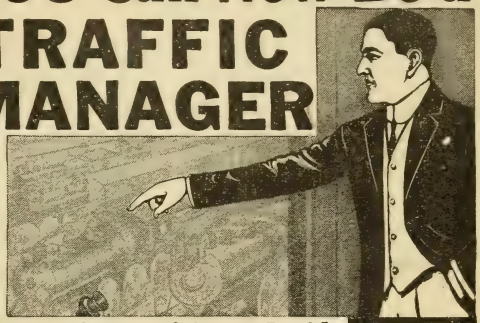

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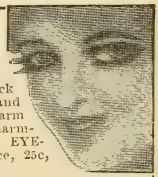

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sentences. Ah, sir, dont tell me to *swallow* my wrath, nor my words, for both are likely to give me dyspepsia, and, being humane, I'm sure you'd not have me suffer. Remember, please, that up till now I have been "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief." But *now* subjugation of feeling is not to be thought of.

As U read this letter I want U to feel that I am actuated by a spirit *not* "ugly" in its tenor, but one arising from opinions long formulated and discussed.

U know Daniel Webster said in his first Bunker Hill oration, "Yonder proud ships are *not* means of annoyance to U, but your country's means of distinction and defense." Then let this letter be not an annoyance, but a summary of much discussion and a defense for one Jack W. Kerrigan.

(*Continued on page* 171)

## THE DANCING GIRL OF THE MOVIES

(*Continued from page* 100)

Waltz, and many other attractive figures originated by her, soon found their following among the best dancers in the country.

The modern dances, however, gave her small outlet for the spirit of Terpsichore within her, and she studied and gave exhibitions in the ancient and folk dances, giving her original interpretations of Egyptian, Persian, Grecian dance motions and delighting her admirers by her artistry. She is probably destined to become known as "The Dancing Girl of the Movies."

Jewell Hunt is small, slender and athletic. She drives a motor, plays tennis, swims and is an adept horsewoman. French ancestry shows itself strongly in her face and manner. The combination of Gallic vivacity and Southern poise is delightful, evidencing itself in charming and varying moods. Her hair is lustrous black; her eyes are bright and expressive, and her face is a perfect oval. She has dimples, too.

Her first feature film soon to be released by the Vitagraph Company will show her in the character of a pickpocket, ragged and unkempt, and calling for highly emotional powers. That she will rise to the demands upon her is not doubted, for she is a natural actress of unusual powers. The career of "The Dancing Girl of the Movies" is well worth watching.

(*Continued from page* 170)

From time to time I've noted that this actor has been the subject of much criticism, said criticism varying in its degree of truthfulness and justice. Howbeit, the *very fact* that he is *so* widely talked of only helps to emphasize the fact that he *is* noticed—and then *some*.

On divers occasions he has been called "conceited." Well, is this not a human trait? Goodness, yes!—and lots who R not as great as J. Warren rival even the famous peacock when it comes to "blinding oneself with one's own merit." But the truth of the matter is this—Mr. Kerrigan is *not* "conceited" (his *personal* acquaintances hold that he is "singularly unspoiled," considering his fame), he simply knows his own worth, and—good land! it's a poor man who doesn't know his own worth. Remember that, Ebenezer.

Again, we have some folk who, without the slightest conception or appreciation of true art, *try* (only *try*) to criticize Jack's work. (Some one has said that electric bulbs are the nearest approaches to vacuums, but—oh, well, we now know that this ought to bear correction.) Why, *his* true dramatic instinct has founded for him an emotional basis *so* splendid that he can depict *any* phase of human life, not only artistically, but well. *If* he *be* equaled in his capabilities, then, believe me, he is *not* surpassed.

It's a great pity that the people who *try* to criticize Mr. Kerrigan do not watch for his releases. How grieved they would be at their woful display of ignorance (their futile attempts to "criticize") after they had seen him *act!* Verily, this seems to be an age wherein people arrive at conclusions before they have anything on which to base their wholly absurd assertions.

No—this for the curiously uplifted eyebrows—mine has not been the "inexpressible pleasure" to meet the actor in question, therefore I am *not* swayed by any *personal* feelings. Nor do I admire him "to the exclusion of *all* others." Neither do I see his releases "to the exclusion of all others." In both cases, were they true, would I be showing poor policy. As it is, I see Mr. Williams' and Mr. Bushman's releases, and every other picture that I possibly can, for this is the only true way of making comparisons.

Right here I might say that I manifest no great desire to follow the Chaplin comedies, and I favor the stand many are now taking regarding them; yet, if the "inimitable Charles" produces laughter and happiness for *some*, let him stay in the movies, for, as Little Mary once said, I say, "There's a good deal of happiness rotting for the want of being used."

Passing that, we come to another subject of contention, namely, J. Warren's

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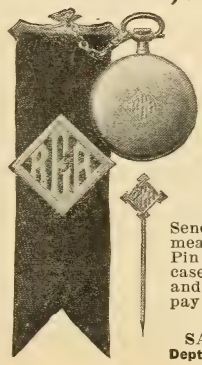

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handsomeness. Oh, dear! Was ever man's looks so discussed? Never! Many have spoken of it pro and con. Frankly speaking, those who have *not* amused me have bored me, and I truly believe that those who fail to recognize his claims to manly charms are either extremely jealous or lack all sense of beauty. Verily, Shakespeare *must* have written, "Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit is *poorly* imitated after you," because he knew that it would some day be applicable in a certain J. W. K.'s case.

Why, it is a well-known fact that J. Warren *is* the handsomest man in the movies, and yet in this last contest we find that Antonio Moreno has "beat Jack to it." (Jack, oh, Jack!!!) How awful! Of course, we are dreadfully peeved that Jack didn't come out in the *first cast*. Mr.

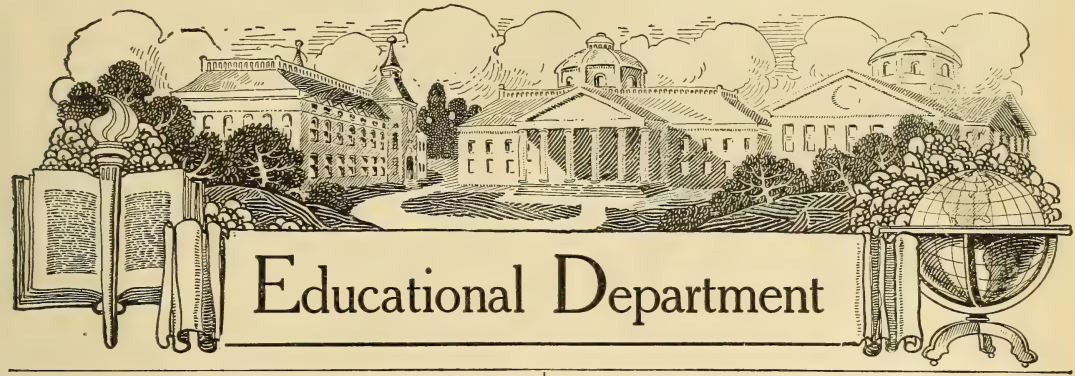
(*Continued on page* 174)

### THE SCARLET BAND

(*Continued from page* 33)

And suiting the action to the word, he hurled it to the floor, where, instead of blowing the building to atoms, it bounced harmlessly into the air, where Clavering caught it dexterously. It was a rubber ball!

You have all read of the battle of Los Angeles and of the terrible slaughter among the Teutonians and Slavonians, caused by an enormous fleet of American aeroplanes shooting thousands of aerial torpedoes. All that is history: how in one great victory the United States retrieved itself from what seemed certain ruin. And those of you who have read of the life of William Haverman, the national hero of the war of 1921, know of his subsequent marriage with Adelaide Thompson, daughter of the martyred inventor. But there may be some who have not heard of the ultimate fate of the international crooks: how the leader and the druggist were shot as spies and the others deported. There are few people who have heard the straight of it, for Clavering seldom tells it to any one except the three little Havermans, who are great favorites with him—perhaps because they form a trilogy—when they beg him to tell them once again the story which is more exciting than any they find in their books—the story of the Scarlet Band.



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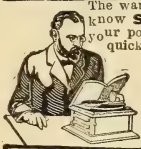

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List of portraits and further instructions are given in the attached letter.

Name.....

Address.....


(*Continued from page* 172)

Editor-man, dont you think that your "counters" made oodles (no, I didn't say "noodles") of mistakes all over? Didn't they forget the votes coming to "His Royal Kerriganess" as leading man, character man and 'andsome young man? Oh, they must have. And I sometimes feel that were it not for the fact that the public *demands* some news about him now and then, why, you'd forget him entirely. You know that isn't fair. It isn't—it *aint.* (Remember, Diogenes, I'm making a "Kerrigan Book" of "cut-outs.")

Some other day I shall confide my opinions of Cleo Madison, the greatest emotional actress; of Herbert Rawlinson, the chap who can, with his clever work, make any "normal-pumping heart jump into 'double-quick action'"; of Edward Earle, the sincere artist who is imbued with a wonderful sense of humor; of Romaine Fielding, who *makes* you admire him after you've decided not to; of Earle Williams, who, after many years of photoplaying, is at last—under sweet Anita Stewart's auspices—losing his "ministerial" look and acting somewhat more natural; and last, but by by no means least, *more* of "the" artist—J. Warren.

Mr. Thomas W. Gilmer sends us the following interesting criticism on "The Two Carmens." Which will you have, O readers, Geraldine or Theda?

The Lasky "Carmen" with Farrar has been heralded by New York critics as superior to the Fox photoplay with Theda Bara as Carmen. The former was directed by Cecille de Mille, the latter by R. A. Walsh. One is tempted to believe that the New York criticisms were written before seeing both photoplays, possibly without seeing all of either.

I have seen and studied both and have no hesitation in giving decided preference to the Fox production in spite of the scenic advantages which Lasky had in California. Theda Bara is the most convincing type of vampire ever shown on stage or screen. Carmen appears alternately as vampire and spitfire. Farrar shows only the latter trait successfully. Neither woman is beautiful; but Theda Bara has, or simulates, a charm more effective than beauty. Farrar does not simulate love convincingly.

The Fox play shows many scenes of great daring. Many of the Lasky scenes are plain fakes. The Fox play has delightful touches of humor, Lasky nothing but stagy melodrama. The Lasky play lacks dramatic surprises and has no ingénue as a contrast to the vampire.

The public will lose faith in criticisms showing so little judgment.

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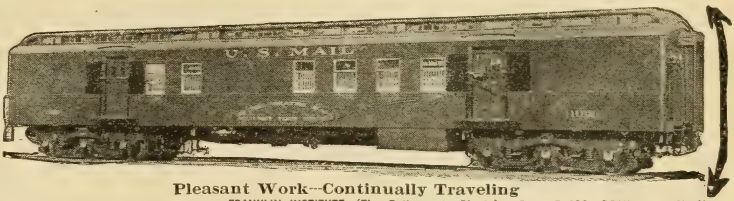


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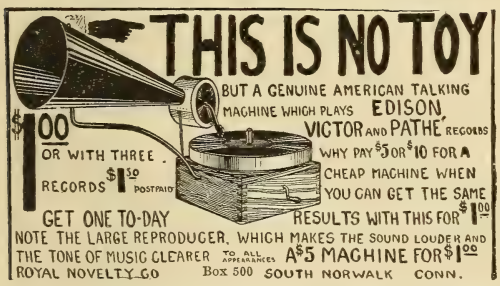
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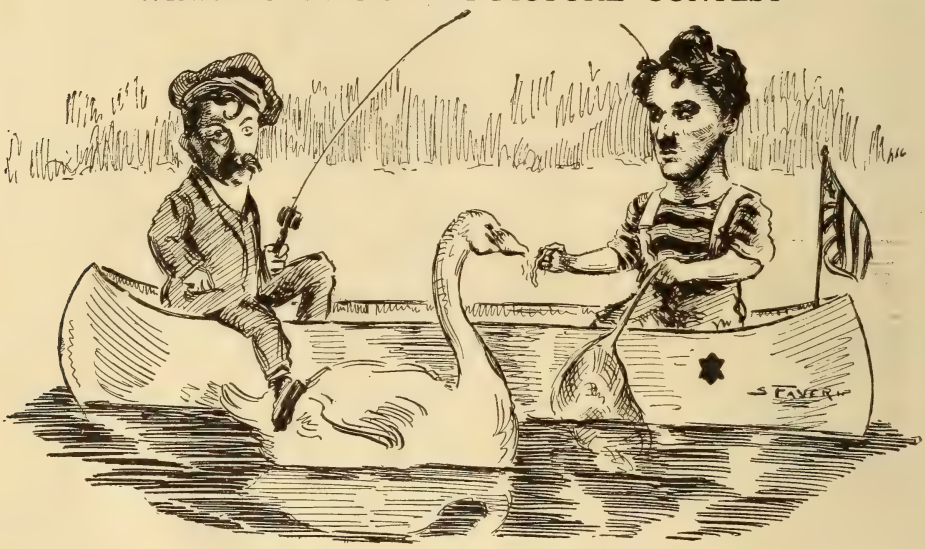
## WINNERS OF PUZZLE PICTURE CONTEST



In the October issue we offered $5 in prizes for the best title and description of this picture, in fifty words or less, received on or before November 5, 1915.

While the answers came pouring in by the hundred, we were disappointed to note how few people recognized the characters in the drawing and the spirit of the picture. However, the judges have decided to award the following prizes:

CHARLIE'S REVENGE.

Conklin said to Charlie, "I'll take you out a-fishin'."
"Right," says Chaplin, with a grin; "that's just what I've been wishin'."
Out on the creek, a swan so slick
Approached them with a swish;
Charlie gave it all the worms,
That's why they caught no fish.

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Charlie—Well, I SWAN.
Chester—What is the NET result of the DUCKING we are going to get?
Charlie—I cant figure it out—CAN-OE?

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A SQUARE MEAL—TWO NUTS AND A DUCK.

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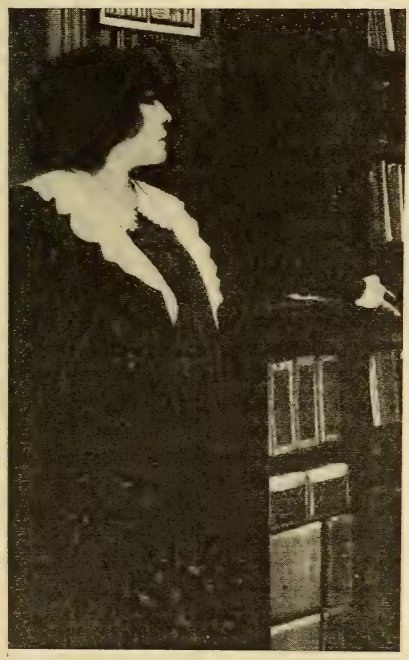
## WINNERS OF "ODE TO THE PLAYERS" PUZZLE

FOR the best solution to the Popular Player Puzzle, given on page 145 of the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, we offered five prizes. This puzzle was an "Ode to the Players," containing in the lines of the verses the names of many popular photoplayers. The winners were to be judged not only for the greatest number of correct names found, but also for the neatness and good taste displayed in getting up the answers.

Some wonderful designs were received, and many are to be compli-

(*Continued on page* 178)

## "The Divine Sarah"



¶ This is the great Bernhardt in "Jeanne Doré," the story of which will appear in the January number of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out Dec. 15. Many superb illustrations help to make this one of the greatest stories of the year. Besides, it is beautifully written. You will want to preserve these pictures—probably the last you will ever get, anywhere.

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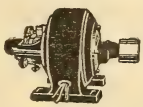

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(*Continued from page* 177)

mented on the beauty and skill of their work. To choose the most artistic has been a difficult task, but the following have been finally decided upon:

The design submitted by Miss Marion Crowell, 665 Belgrove Drive, Arlington, N. J., gets the first prize. It is the "Parade of the Players." In the order that they appeared in the lines of the verses they appear in the line of march, done in pen-and-ink sketches with photographic heads.

In verse, artistically arranged, with water-color design at the sides, is the "Ode to the Players" of Gladys V. Olsson, 259 West Forty-third Street, Los Angeles, Cal., winner of the second prize.

Clever work is shown by Marjorie Zander, 2036 West Thirty-first Street, Los Angeles, Cal., to whom the third prize is awarded. Her players are grouped in the center of the page, the names being artistically printed at the sides.

A pen-and-ink sketch, too, is that of Mrs. A. H. Brucker, 1011 East Jefferson Street, Louisville, Kentucky. Her drawing represents a portico, the columns vine-covered, the names of the players printed in the center.

Unique is the answer sent by A. J. Farwell, 345 Barbour Street, Hartford, Conn. On a small card, written in letters too small to be read, are the names of the players. A magnifying glass is attached.

Tho we had announced that five prizes only would be given, there were so many artistic designs submitted that we have decided to give five additional prizes, the winners being:

E. L. Davies, 920 West Market Street, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Ruth Van Cott, Wells Bridge, New York; Miss Cora Johnson, 1514 N. De Street, Richmond, Ind.; Esther Nessell, 524 Circle Avenue, Forrest Park, Ill., and Thelma Bishop.

Following are the correct answers:

Line 1—Lyons, Hope; 2—Ayers; 3, 4, 5—Winters, Snow, White; 6—Gray, Hill; 7, 8—Standing, Barr; 9—Marsh, Field; 10—Morrow; 11—Fairbanks; 12—Wade; 13—Rich, Price; 14—Bright; 15—Cummings; 16—Brooke, Bush; 17—Young; 18—Hale; 19—Sweet, Williams; 20, 21—Learn, Payne, Joy; 22—Vane; 23—Green or Greenwood, Hunt; 24—Cruze, Lake; 25—Larkin; 26—Drew; 27—Ford, Sterling; 28—Van, Daly; 29—Fuller, Day; 30—King; 31—Foote; 32—Joyce, Sweet, Little, Joy; 33—Standing; 34—Bright, Fair; 35—Summer, Glory; 36—Storey; 37—Prior, Best; 38—Mann, Love, West; 39—Hill, Dale; 40—Vale; 41—Summer; 42—Joyce, Joy; 43, 44—Karr; 45—Brunette; 46—August, Gold, Summer; 47—House; 48—Boardman, Reid; 49—Fielding, Berry; 50, 51—Hall; 52, 53—Reid; 54—Joy, Joyce; 55—Heart, Learns; 56—Akin, Burns; 57—May, Church; 58, 59—Davenport, Bayne; 60, 61—Wise; 62—Brush, Darkfeather; 63—Summer; 64—Moore, Dunne; 65—Bright.

## Hang Up the Cynic's Christmas Sock

By HARVEY PEAKE

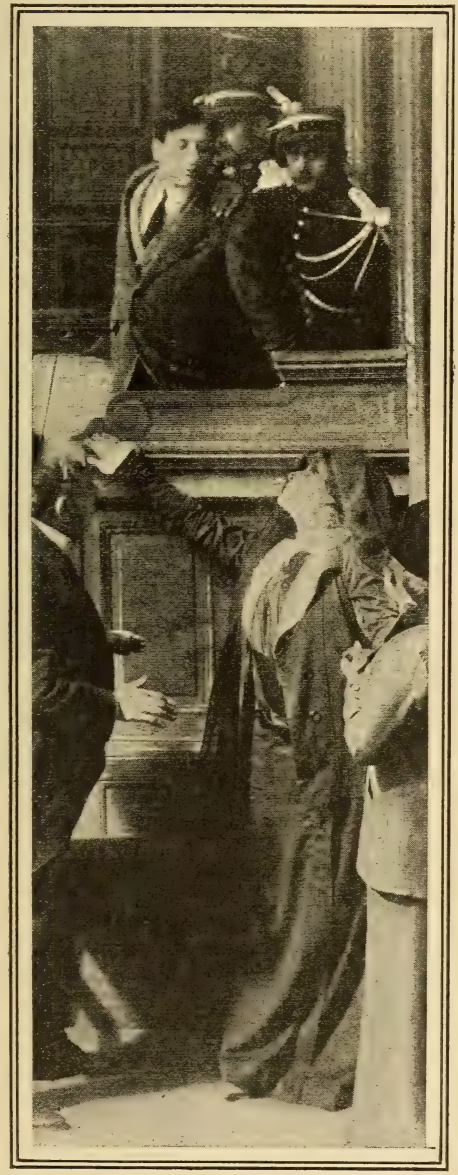
One
pair of
s l i p p e r s,
much too big;
a b r i g h t green
necktie, f a r f r o m
trig; a s m o k i n g-coat,
s i z e thirty-four (my
size is f o r t y, maybe
more); cigars of paper
and of rope, that do
not h o l d a r a y of
hope; a book I hate
with all my heart; a
pipe from which I'd
gladly p a r t; a rack
for same, of grotesque
style (all things of burnt
wood I revile); a neck-
tie-case of padded s i l k,
and other things of kindred
ilk—I wonder why, when
Santa s h i f t s a b o u t these
useless Christmas g i f t s, he
always gives the things to me
with which I never can agree,
and gives the things I'd like
to own to everybody else
in town; he'd please me
more in every way
w i t h tickets for
a M o t i o n
Play!

# Dont Miss This Story!

"JEANNE DORÉ"

By GLADYS HALL

which appears in the January MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out Dec. 15.



¶ This is one of the scenes from the play, showing Sarah Bernhardt in anguish as her son is sentenced to the guillotine.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**FEBRUARY NUMBER**

of the Motion Picture Magazine. Out Jan. 2nd, at all newsstands.

# Beauty Hints

*By Janice Lockhart*

NO beauty hint is too insignificant to chain a woman's interest. We of this generation seize upon every new discovery as eagerly as did our grandmothers or their grandmothers. No beauty secret is permitted to remain a secret any longer than it takes to tell it.

No doubt you have expected, as I have, that when discovered the Great Secret would prove to be a chemical formula. It is not. In a little instrument, no larger than a hair brush, the inventor has imprisoned a wonderful, mysterious power—a modified form of the elemental force that exists everywhere in nature.

But you are waiting for the secret. It is not so new that you have not already heard of it, but I do not know *one* woman who has yet learned the tremendous scope and power of the force employed by the vibrator.

There, you have it! It is true that although the vibrator is still new, it is no longer a novelty. Yet I'm sure it has a hundred virtues that you have not yet learned about. I did not know of them myself until I set out to gather facts.

Many women of my acquaintance know the vibrator to be the ideal agent for clearing the complexion. Lazy pores open and discharge their secretions, pimples and blackheads disappear and the ruddy glow of health returns to the cheeks under its percussions.

Other women are familiar only with its wonderful virtues as a flesh reducer. The way superfluous flesh disappears under the little vibrator is positively weird.

Or, it may be that you who read this have had no experience with the vibrator except for treatment of the hair and scalp. For no dermatologist, beauty specialist, masseuse or hair dresser with any claim to proficiency practices her profession to-day without its aid.

Have you any idea how much repair work the blood in your body is required to perform? Scientists tell us that the entire human body is reconstructed and replaced each seven years. The body you lived in seven years ago is gone—not a vestige of it remains to-day.

Nature's cures are wrought through the blood. And in this day no practitioner of medicine is so bigoted as to argue that nature is not the greatest of all physicians. No curative or healing agent can do more than assist nature. And the closer its processes simulate those of nature, the more effective and speedy its benefits. Whether you suffer from consumption or blackheads, you must look to the blood for relief and help. First enrich the blood with good food, fresh air and exercise. Then transmit it by vibration to the affected parts to perform its natural function of repairing and building up broken-down and wasted tissues by carrying off the poisons and depositing new flesh-building material where it is needed.

For there is a wide difference between hand massage and vibratory massage. All the results yielded by thirty minutes' rubbing with the hands are secured in five minutes or less by the vibrator, and many benefits are secured from the latter that no amount of hand-rubbing will produce.

Stimulation of the spinal column is very effective treatment for constitutional invigoration. Osteopaths depend largely upon manipulation of the spine for correction of disorders of the nervous system. Such stimulation is easily and quickly accomplished by means of mechanical vibration.

I have the testimony of a dozen personal friends to prove that, as a cure for backache, the vibrator beats anything ever found. Those women tell me that if they got no other service from the little machine, it would be worth its weight in gold to them.

That form of vibratory treatment for the entire body known as the Swedish movement, has won wide favor in America. Under this method vibration is given to the entire body while the patient reclines in a vibrating chair. The equipment employed is elaborate and costly, and high prices are charged for treatments. But recently one of the manufacturers of vibrators has devised a simple device by which the hand vibrator may be attached to a common chair, transforming it into a vibrating chair.

Which brings me to the cost of the vibrator for home use. A little more than the price of a good quality manicure set pays for a first-class vibrator.

Recently I have met many women who did not know that it was unnecessary to have electric wiring in the house to use the vibrator. These little wonder workers can be had for use from an incandescent lamp socket, or they are furnished with a little dry-cell electric battery at practically the same cost.

But you can find out more—much more—if you will but write to some of the manufacturers and get their literature. There are "beauty secrets" by the score, and good, sound advice about giving the body proper attention.

# The Vigor of Youth

Strength that is more than mere muscular strength—the power of the stronger man now within your reach through vibration. Aren't there times when something is wrong—just a little something, that takes the edge off things—takes away the keenness of appetite and enjoyment. Usually there is just one thing wrong—circulation. The blood doesn't flow with the same tingle it used to. If you only knew how much vibration would do, you would not allow yourself to go another day without trying it.

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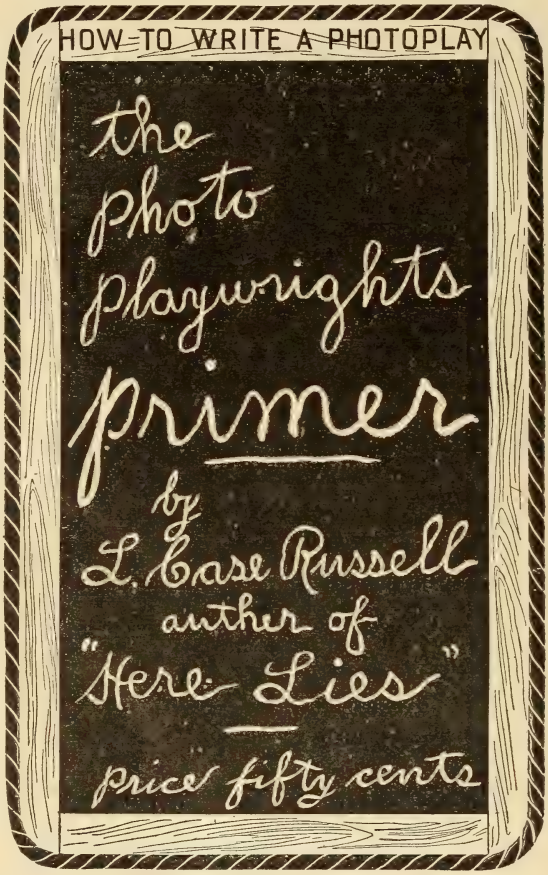


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